

LISHEEN

By Rev. P. A. SHEERAN, D.D. Author of "My New Curate," "The Unsettled," "Lisheen," "Gleanings," etc.

CHAPTER XXXV THE ROMAN WAY

Why did I do that? What did I do that? To leave the world of opium behind me, to lead into the night of eternity?

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which the bullet struck, that just at that height, and just beyond that partition, was the bed on which his ward was sleeping.

He stood still, and listened. No sound came to reassure him that she had been startled, but not hurt.

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existence by the harsh voice of Ned Galway: "For the love of God, yer' anner, come down out o' dat! If you fell over, nothin' on earth could save my neck from the hangman's axe."

For a moment, Mabel tried not to understand him. Then he laughed with grim humour, and silently sat down.

Presently, he asked: "How is that? What? If I toppled over, what is that to you?"

"Everything," said Ned. "On account of our dissections, you know, the whole say wouldn't wash me else before a judge and jury to his death."

"It wouldn't make me much difference, Ned, to the world, if you were hanged, and I was drowned."

A remark that convinced Ned fully of the "mystery" was watching in his head; and made him doubly eager to steer for that little light that burned far away across the tumbling seas in his little cabin.

But the spell of the temptation was itself Mabel. He sat very still, and said no more, not even when the boat had touched the side of the pier, and both sprang ashore.

But now, like an off-templed and conquered disease, that comes back with greater fury, and gathers fresh strength at each return, the terrible idea recurred more frequently, until it became an obsession.

Just a little inkling of her position might have been given by the presence also of a lady and gentleman, who sat about twenty or thirty yards behind her, on a little sand-bank where sea-thistles grew.

After about three quarters of an hour, during which the white figure never stirred from its position, the lady and man rose; the latter said something aloud so that the girl might hear; and instantly, just touching her turban and her black dress, she turned away with a gesture of feminine coquetry.

He had said to Mabel, just as they approached the hotel: "Here we can manage, I think, a quiet week or two. I understand the season has been a poor one; and we shall be almost alone."

men is not limited by that hidden and masked emotion, called Fate. And so it happened that one day Outram, who was feeling from Fate, fell into its arms; and explaining his sin, liberated at the same time the woman who had been his victim and pardon together.

One autumn day, unlike autumn, however, in a strong breeze that curled the waters down in Kerry Ford, which had also become a fashionable watering-place, a curious picture could have been seen.

There was a strong sunlight on the beach, where children were building sand-castles; and the old were sitting on benches; and the young were gaily emerging from the bathing boxes for the afternoon dip in the sea.

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He made no attempt to save himself or her. He swung up his hands, and went down like lead. Sata's dress, he kept floating even, on the turbulent waves for a while; but her courage too was departing, and see was beginning to see Fate in the coincidence of meeting Outram and her death; when a rough form clove through the waves, and a rough voice shouted, whilst he spat the water from his mouth:

"Hold on! an—for—the life—of—ye—don't ketched me!" With her Eastern stoicism, she complied.

"Hold on!" spluttered Darby, "just lay yer hand on me—shoulder—but don't ketched me for yer life!"

She calmly obeyed him; and Darby towed the girl ashore. When he had pulled her up amongst the sedge, and set her on her feet, and got back his breath, he was the most thoughtful man on this planet.

At last, impatiently he coiled up the rope in the boat, and sitting down, drew away from the pier. Then, in despair, at the thought of his escaping her, he cried to him, and stretched out her hands. He drew his gun; and he gently helped her into the boat.

When she had seated herself he pulled out into the lake. A wet and smoky half-moon rose in the south, and threw its silver over tree and lake and mountain, and the water above the sparkling waters beneath.

Darby Leary, in the free hour after his master's dinner, had come down to the lake, and with the view of catching a few trout or pike for Noney, had set his night-lines amongst the sedges, and was calmly enjoying the fragrance of a cigarette.

Once, as he was turning in his walks, he thought he saw a glint of colour amongst the sedges; but concluded that it was a mistake; and he gave himself up again to imagination, ending each stroke of his fancy by wishing he had that ring once more in his possession.

He drew further back, took the cigarette from his mouth, and then swayed and rocked on the light waves; Darby leaned down his head trying to catch a word of the conversation.

"They're ginty, begob," thought Darby. "But what a queer thing to come out on such a night! They have their own ways, like common people, and I misdoit but that there's some mischief there."

"This made him think of his own little wife at home; and he couldn't help saying: "Ah, Noney, sure 'tis you're the jewel intirely."

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THE PRODIGAL

Away on the outskirts of an Ottago township, the little section lay sleeping in the arms of a breeze. By the hour of noon, in the tiny garden red and yellow trees flared against a background of somber bushes, dead leaves drifted upon the grassy path, a few stray flowers bloomed against the wall by the door of the house. Beyond, where the evening breeze was blowing, twilight dawned straight from the sunset, and a golden haze hung over the soft hills and distant mountains.

The Air is Germ-Laden

In the Springtime—Disease is Ready to Make You a Victim When the Blood is Thin

Rich, Red Blood is the Greatest of Germicides—You Can Get the Blood Right by Using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

When the blood is rich and red, when it is largely composed of red corpuscles, there is little chance for disease germs. They cannot thrive in the system which is filled with good blood.

But in the spring the blood is generally thin, weak and watery. It lacks the vitalizing red corpuscles and you become an easy prey to the every disease which seems to lurk everywhere at this time of the year.

You can fortify yourself against the germs of disease by using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. This great restorative food not only forms new, red corpuscles in the blood, makes the blood rich and healthy.

Weakness, tired feelings, stomach derangements and disorders of the nervous system soon disappear when Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is used.

This medicine cures by the building-up process, and for this reason its benefits are lasting. Nearly everybody needs something in the spring to enrich the blood and tone up the system, and it would be impossible to get a more satisfactory spring tonic than Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50¢ a box, 6 for \$2.50, at all dealers. Edmondson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

"Father Co... Dan... The leap... her eyes... wife the... was good... one could... The day she... Her little... hooter, she... Outside the... shadows low... another ques... "Do you... sony?" "Not old... held trium... heard him... Ritchie said... other man... know who h... "Mr. Ritch... the mother... who it is so... The boy... the... in his voice... "I hate old... fault, isn't... He put his... She did her... "Don't bot... You've got... got to make... Her voice... now with... flames her c... and get t... "I'll wor... "I'm wor... "The m... his cheek pr... I could c... store ad d... for you, ma... She strain... "Not yet... got to go o... of things, I... different. I... bit longer... Silence r... behind the... little room... a shower of... lower. At... "If Bobby... of mam... was good... Carson!" The moth... "Bobby, y... Dan... than his mo... you'll be m... "But Bob... now!" The b... now... She let h... answer. B... the child w... Presently... the stiflne... of mam... "If daddy... You would... alive! He... "She saw... fire; took... lips that h... self the w... How could... father had... "Eight th... blow the l... the little... times the m... since the m... and she ha... the face of... her first b... come other... fallen when... that it was... of mam... lived and h... love. The... alone; in... sation, H... Dan... you, I wa... "I think... baby, Co... In the... of my own... while, Sh... "Come... to want d... come an... little hour... my knee, I... you, I wa... to want d... baby, Co... In the... of my own... while, Sh... "Come... to want d... come an... little hour... my knee, I... you, I wa... to want d... baby, Co...