

LOVE TRY NEIGHBOR.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

"Love thy neighbor as thyself."
When at dawn I meet her,
As by the garden wall she stands,
And gives me flowers across the wall,
My heart goes out to kiss her hands,
Are hands or flowers the sweeter?
I'm ready at her feet to fall,
And like a dove to labor!
Better than I love myself
Do I love my neighbor!"

"Love thy neighbor as thyself."
When at dawn I meet him,
As by the garden wall he stands,
And takes my flowers across the wall,
My soul's already in his hands,
It flows so fast to greet him!
And O, I grow so proud and tall,
And my heart beats like a tambour!
Better than I love myself
Do I love my neighbor!"

THE ROSE AND THE SHAMROCK.

A DOMESTIC STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FLOWERS OF GLENAYON."

CHAPTER XXII.

REPRISALS.

It was late in the afternoon before Kathleen was released from her captivity, nor did she dare to remonstrate with Miss Delany concerning it. Norah was in unusually high spirits. She had smothered her resentment at her aunt's conduct, and borne with her companionship, rather than lose the advantages she hoped to reap from Rosamond's instructions. Yet had she not been wholly forgetful of the disappointed prisoner, and the first time Miss Delany was too much engrossed to notice her movement, she drew a paper from her pocket, and threw it across the table to her cousin.

"I saw Mr. Dalton for a few moments," she whispered, "and told him the reason of your absence. He looked so dreadfully vexed, that, to console him, I said if he chose to write out some lessons for you, I would take care that you had them, and so here they are."

Kathleen slid the paper into her throbbing bosom, and hid it there till she was able to steal away to her own little chamber, and read the impassioned sentences, in which Frank poured out his sympathy and indignation.

He entreated her to summon up her courage, and expostulate with Miss Delany, or give him a right to be the champion of her cause; but Kathleen dared not do either. She knew too well that any symptoms of rebellion would only lead to greater severities, and so she bore the yoke of her aunt's harshness patiently; and found a solace in the thought of Frank Dalton's tender compassion.

In spite of a very energetic remonstrance from Norah, the scene of the former day was repeated as soon as she announced her intention of visiting Rosamond again. Miss Delany secretly chafed at the loss of her own time which this involved; but she loved the young girl passionately; she longed to see her happily married, and to compass this, she did not hesitate to sacrifice her own inclinations.

Turning a deaf ear to Norah's entreaties that her cousin might be permitted to walk with her, if only for once, she put her knitting in her pocket, and Kathleen, from the window, saw them depart.

She was still leaning on the window-seat, weeping tears of bitter despondency, when, to her astonishment, the door opened, and Molly, one of the dairy-maids, appeared at it, her finger on her lips.

"Whist, Miss Kathy! Take this leather, and this key, and, for the love of all the saints, don't tell on me!"

The girl scurried away, as if she thought her absent mistress would pounce upon her; and the wondering Kathleen opened her note. It was from Norah, merely saying that as she did not choose to be a party to absolute tyranny, she had contrived to get another key made to Miss Delany's door, with which she begged to present her cousin. Then followed a bit of advice, which brought a happy light into Kathleen's eyes:—"You'd best employ the interval of your absence in a constitutional. In the lane, leading to The Lodge, you'll find me find Mrs. Brennan, and she's waiting to see you."

Joyous as a freed bird, Kathleen flung a shawl over her head, slipped down the front stairs, which no feet were allowed to tread without Miss Delany's permission, and bounded away. The servants were too busy to notice her, and she felt no compunction in thus evading her aunt's restrictions, for they were unjust ones.

Her light steps soon carried her to where a stile gave access to the pretty, shady lane to which Norah's note directed her. And here she found Mrs. Brennan in a little pony carriage, with Frank, for whose benefit the drive was undertaken, reclining beside her. The interview was a short one, and but little was said, for both the young people were so full of the subject of the late interview, that they scarcely knew how to converse. Kathleen, with which she had provided herself, and even went to sleep over it. But they had seen each other; they had clasped hands; Frank had whispered hopeful words; and Kathleen went back to her prison contentedly.

Little did Miss Delany imagine what was occurring while she sat knitting in Rosamond's pretty parlour. She conjured up all sorts of waste and idleness in her household, and impatiently watched the progress of lessons, which, in her estimation, were not half so useful as a light hand at the butter, or a knowledge of cheese-making; but she went home when they were over, satisfied with her own good management, and never guessed why Kathleen bore her captivity so uncomplainingly.

The same process was followed every time Norah expressed an intention of visiting her fair instructor; and as Miss Delany was evidently determined not to relax her vigilance, Kathleen did not hesitate to comply with Frank's entreaties, and meet him at every opportunity. As he recovered the use of his injured limb, these interviews were easily accomplished. Too delicate to distress the lonely young creature with protestations of love, he gratified her thirst for learning and proved himself an able tutor.

Sometimes the foot of Miss Delany's garden; sometimes to the mossy bank of the stream, where he had once encountered her; and in consequence to the Abbot's Chamber, where Allie was persuaded to venture with her work, and smilingly look on, or doze away the time, that never seemed long to the eager, happy Kathleen.

Norah cared little for the studies that engrossed her more intellectual cousin. To be able to move, or dance gracefully, to converse without using rustic expressions, and to accompany herself in the gay, brilliant songs she aimed at acquiring,

With wonderful facility she caught the polished manner of her instructor, and learned to tone down her own *brusquerie*. Lord Glanora, coming in unexpectedly one day, scarcely recognised in her the sullen, listless girl to whom he had been introduced at the farm; and a pang of jealous annoyance shot through Rosamond's heart as she saw his admiring glances rest on the glowing face of Norah, who walked to the glass when he had departed, and surveyed herself with provoking satisfaction.

For once, her aunt was not with her. Business of some importance demanded a conference with her lawyer, and she had left her niece at the Daltons', promising to call for her as she drove home.

"Miss Dalton," she exclaimed, "you have wonderfully improved me. Lord Glanora's looks told me as much. How shall I ever repay you for this?"

"Do you set such a high price on his lordship's estimation?" asked Rosamond, dryly.

"I don't care for it a jot," was the frank reply, "except as a proof that I am adding to my ability to win it. When I feel assured that I can make a sensation—that I can hold my own with the loveliest and wittiest—then I shall be content, and not before."

"And what will you do then? Surely all these fascinations are not to be wasted on the squires of Galway?" her companion laughingly remarked.

"I cannot tell you all the schemes that rack my brain, Miss Dalton. You are too good, too fondling to enter into them, or to comprehend the dear delight of retaliation."

Rosamond grew grave. "Beware, Norah! It is a dangerous game for a weak woman to at-

tempt; and though I do not seek to pry into your secrets, I venture to give you this warning."

Norah curled her full lip disdainfully. "And yet you practise this same game you bid me beware of! Nay, Miss Dalton, I did not mean to offend you; but I cannot help seeing Lord Glanora's glances; nor how, though you affect not to perceive them, and keep him in check with an excess of politeness, your eyes brighten at his approach, and your face saddens at his departure. But you are not a skillful manoeuvre. You would never have the courage to lure him on, as I would do—bewildering him with smiles and soft words till he laid his heart at my feet, and then crushing him with my contempt!"

Rosamond was literally startled by the violence with which she spoke. "Why do you speak so unwomanly. It would be too cruel! What could justify such conduct?"

"Many things. Who would not give scorn for corn? Who does not exult in revenging the pain that has been ruthlessly inflicted upon us? Even you do this!" cried Norah, "you, who look so shocked at my conduct! Without knowing a word of the past, I am sure that all the coolness you assume to Lord Glanora is to punish him for some fault he has committed."

"I do not wish to pain him," faltered Rosamond. "I have endeavored to avoid him, but he persists in coming here. Why do you speak me of this?" she added, starting up in great agitation. "Are you combining with him to persecute me?"

"Not I, dear Miss Dalton; I do not feel sufficient interest in him to care whether his suit succeeds or fails; nor did I mean to be rude to you; only to bid you not judge me too harshly. In the future, I fearlessly strike a blow for myself which you would not have the courage to retaliate."

"I am quite in the dark as to your meaning."

"Then keep so. I intend to stand or fall alone. But I have made your head ache with my chattering. Go and lie down, dear Miss Dalton, and I will practise those songs till my aunt comes."

Rosamond was glad to go away. She had been confused and troubled by the glimpse into her own heart which Norah's impetuous speech had given her. It was quite true that all her old love for Viscount Glanora was reviving. Frank—absorbed in his passion for Kathleen, and always contriving some means of seeing or conveying notes to her—was not as careful a guardian of his pretty sister as he intended to be; and Lord Glanora's visits were permitted, if not encouraged. Rosamond never received him alone; never knowingly warmed from the quiet reserve with which she kept him at bay; but there were moments when a look, a smile, or a transient flush gave him hopes that he was not wholly indifferent to her; and he was no longer the feeble passion of a worldly man for the prettiest girl he had ever encountered. He longed to be worthy of her; he spared no pains to gain her esteem. With admirable tact he merged the lover in the character of Frank's friend. It was of him they talked, or of such subjects as brought with them no trouble, some recollections of the past; and though Rosamond had been wont to assure herself that her manner towards his lordship was irreproachable, she could not but acknowledge that she was treating on dangerous ground. She must either give him an opportunity of declaring his love, and decidedly reject him; or run the risk



KATHLEEN FINDS A REFUGE.

of being betrayed at some unguarded moment into a confession that he was still dear—very dear to her.

Presently, Norah tapped at the door of her chamber, and aroused her from her meditations. "My aunt does not come, although it is long past her usual hour, so I will not wait for her any longer. Good-bye. Miss Dalton; I hope you'll forgive me for all my saucy speeches."

Norah had reached the gate leading to the farm-yard when one of the servants met her. The girl's face wore such a look of significance, that she stopped to inquire if anything had happened.

"Ooh, miss, dear, I'm feared we'll have and doings!" was the whispered reply. "The mistress found out that she'd gone without her purse, and she came back for it, and went to her own room to see if she had left it in the pocket of her other dress; and, sure, Miss Kathy, that she'd looked in with her own hands, was gone, and, sorra a sign of her anywhere; and she's had us all up before her, and made us tell all we knew; which was nothing at all, at all, excepting that Molly stuttered and stammered, so that the mistress jumped up and shook the life out of her, till she prayed for mercy! It's kill I am wld the fright of it!"

Norah bit her lip. Here, then, was an end of the clandestine meetings, at which she had often chosen to connive, sooner than lose the chance of Rosamond's instruction.

"Where, then, is Kathleen?"

"Sorra a one of us knows! How should we, when 'tis spirited away who is, although look and key was turned upon her?"

"And my aunt—where is she?"

Under my care; I am her lawful guardian; and I refuse my consent to such a union."

Frank longed to resort to that he was resolved to wed Kathleen with or without her leave; but, for the poor girl's sake, he saw that he must temporise, and, accordingly, he curbed his anger.

"Miss Delany, we have both been too hasty. I will try and believe that the information you have given me respecting Kathleen's birth was kindly meant. But if I am willing to waive these objections—if I promise to be a tender and affectionate husband to your niece, surely you will not refuse me her hand?"

"She is too young to think of marriage, Mr. Dalton," was the frowning reply. "She is scarcely seventeen years of age. She is a child."

"Perhaps so. I shall not complain if you insist upon a year or two's probation. At the end of that time, may I hope for your consent?"

Miss Delany tried to imitate his conciliating tone; but her naturally violent temper was still further exasperated by the utter demolition of the hopes she had been cherishing for Norah.

"You shall never have her—never!" she shrieked, shaking her clenched hands in his face. "She has been the curse of my life, even as her mother was before her! Every wish I have formed has been thwarted by her, or through her, and I would sooner see her in her grave than triumphing over me!"

Shocked at this display of evil passions, Frank quietly replied that he would defer all discussion of this subject until she was calmer; and, lifting his hat to the furious woman, he walked away.

Norah, whose indomitable spirit rarely succumbed to her aunt's, could not enter into the terrors that made the cheek of Kathleen blanch and her lips quiver at the sound of Miss Delany's approaching step. But she promised to give her little cousin the support of her presence; and perhaps it was the defiant air with which she met her aunt's stern gaze, that made Miss Delany compress her lips, and go about her usual avocations in silence.

Kathleen presaged no good to herself from this apparent tranquillity. Could it be that Frank, disgusted at the alleged slur upon her birth, had voluntarily renounced her? Ah, no! he was too noble for that; and on the morrow he would surely contrive to communicate with her, and relieve the dreadful anxiety she was now enduring.

Thus hope sent her to rest partially comforted; but in the middle of the night she was aroused, to find Miss Delany standing by her bed, her deeply-lined features rigid with some inflexible resolution.

"You are awake! That's well! Now listen! You have not hesitated to deceive and dupe me! You shall not dupe others! Rise and dress yourself!"

Kathleen obeyed. She was in the power of a merciless woman, and she had not the spirit to attempt resistance.

Silently she permitted herself to be led into Miss Delany's chamber. Within this there was a dark closet, large enough to hold a narrow bed, on which her aunt ruthlessly pushed her down.

"Now sleep as long as you like! This closet shall be your prison till Frank Dalton has made Norah his wife, or quitted the country."

"My prison! No, no!" cried the indignant girl, roused at last into rebellion. "I will not submit to be treated thus!"

"Take care how you talk to me!" hissed Miss

Delany through her teeth. "It tries me to keep my hands from you, you cunning, scorching creature! You are not fit to be at liberty!"

"And why? Because I have revolted against the tyranny that would have kept me ignorant and wholly untaught?"

"Not for your disobedience only," was the retort; "but because you have shown yourself to be full of plots and contrivances. While you went about my house with soft steps and demure look, you were secretly outwitting me. But you shall do me no further injury."

"I have not done you any," Kathleen exclaimed. "It was not to speak of you that I met Mr. Dalton. Heaven knows that it is but rarely I have made any one acquainted with the severity I have had to endure!"

"You have said too much," Miss Delany replied. "Stay quietly here, and explain the silly pride that made you fancy yourself a fit wife for Frank Dalton!"

"I have never thought myself worthy to be his wife!" Kathleen murmured.

"Hypocrite!" cried her aunt, striking her. "Do you think to make me believe that you have not tried every cunning trick and wile to win him? But your day is over. I have detected you, and I will punish you!"

"Not in the way you propose," cried Kathleen, attempting to pass her. "I have borne too much already."

Miss Delany grasped her roughly. "Will you dare defy me? Attempt it, and I will tell the world that you are a dangerous fanatic. The over-wrought girl burst into a flood of tears."

"You shall not use me so cruelly! You will tempt me to proclaim your harshness to the world, and then every one will know the threats you have held out to the orphan daughter of your only sister!"

"And, I?" retorted Miss Delany. "I shall take a good care that you have no chance of getting to any such fashion! I will throw open your bedroom window, and remove some of your clothes, and then declare that you must have closed in the night. And as no one ever enters this chamber but myself, who shall discover that you are still here, till I choose to reveal the truth?"

Kathleen vehemently protested against such treatment, declaring that she would arouse the servants with her shrieks; on which Miss Delany, who was actually beside herself with fury, vowed to gag her. Fearing that she really intended to carry this threat into execution, her terrified niece endeavored to rush from the room, but the only result of this was a struggle, which left the unhappy Kathleen bruised and bleeding from the violence of her aunt's blows.

She had fallen on the floor, incapable of offering further resistance, and, fainting so with any help that even Miss Delany was alarmed.

"Have I killed her?" she muttered. "Why did she defy and oppose me? She is dead—had her parents were before her; and I have been justified in compelling her to obey me. I ask no more. It is her own fault if I have injured her."

Finding that Kathleen did not appear to revive, her uneasiness increased; and lifting her on to the bed, she bathed her face with cold water till a faint tinge of pink began to return to her cheeks and lips. Then, most unaccountably, she took the lump, and went down stairs to procure some wine and such food for her prisoner as the servants were not likely to miss.

Staggering to her feet, Kathleen strove to steady her trembling limbs. The very idea of a long incarceration was so terrible that it made her desperate; and to increase the horror of her position, she recollected that there was no window in the closet where her aunt proposed confining her, and that Miss Delany could add utter darkness to the other miseries of such an imprisonment.

Groping her way to the casement in the outer apartment, she pushed it open, and the rush of fresh air revived and inspired her. Must she, indeed, endure the treatment with which she was menaced? Was there no way of escape? Ah! if she were but once out in the fields that lay beyond the precincts of the detested farm—once more at liberty—she would fly; she knew not, cared not whether, so that she could no longer behold the relentless face—no longer feel the merciless blows of Ursula Delany!

A moment's hesitation, and then Kathleen climbed on the window-sill. A large elm-tree overshadowed the side of the house, and grew so near that she could touch some of the branches. Fearlessly, she grasped these as the wind swayed them towards her, and then let herself drop. A moment of dizzy terror, her head relaxed, and she fell; but she was too near the earth to receive any serious injuries; and the next minute she was flying across the farm-yard, and softly unbolting the gate in the high fence that surrounded it.

One backward glance showed her the gleam of Miss Delany's lamp, as that lady re-entered her chamber. Kathleen knew that her flight would be instantly discovered, and that in all probability she would be pursued. The first place where they would look for her would be at Killybeg, and therefore she dared not direct her steps that way. But she knew that wherever she sought an asylum, she would be hospitably received, and carefully concealed; and, after a little consideration, she hastened to the cabin of a couple named Dolan, who had often testified a generous sympathy with Miss Delany's harshly-used dependant.

Aroused from their slumbers by her entreaties for admittance, Mary and Patsy Dolan slipped on their clothes, and hastened to admit their unexpected guest.

"Sure if it isn't Miss Kathy!" cried the wife. "The Lord have her in his keeping! 'Tis shivering she is, and droned with the dew! Make up the fire, Patsy, while I take the shoes off her feet, and get some warmth into them!"

Too delicate to question the agitated girl, these generous Irishwomen watched over her till she had in some measure overcome the faintness which had attacked her, and then they insisted that she should occupy their bed, while they stretched themselves on the mud floor in front of the fire.

But Kathleen was eager to put a greater distance betwixt herself and her ruthless aunt. The yoke once thrown off, she would not bend her neck to it again.

"I dare not stay here! Already she may be upon my track! Oh, tell me how I may escape from this neighbourhood altogether? Help me to fly before she finds me, and endeavours to drag me back to her hateful dwelling!"

Patsy reached a stout blackthorn out of a corner, and flourished it over her head. "It's loth I'd be to hit a fymale woman; but I'm thinking Miss Kathleen Dolan would have to put up with a taste of his twig, if she shrove to touch ye, now ye're under Patsy Dolan's protection. 'Deed, then, Miss Kathy, me darlint, it's safe ye are here; and if ye're at all onsey, there's half a dozen, big, strong boys with a call, that would give and take a blow wid all the pleasure in life, for a look out of your own bright eyes."

"Whist, Patsy!" his wife interposed. "Don't ye see it's sinking the darlint's wld the fear and the trouble that's on her? What will we do

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