or The Yankee in Ireland BY PAUL PEPPERGRASS, ESQ. CHAPTER XXI.

MR. WEEKS GROWS ELOQUENT AFTER THE SECOND TUMBLER, AND MAKES A CRACK SPEECH, BUT DECLINES A DUEL WITH THE LIGHT - KEEPER AS NOT BEING IN HIS LINE.

"Well," said Weeks, making another start, "Zeph lived at a place called Pratt's Corner, five or six miles from Ducksville. She was kinder related to us somehow by the Bigelows, and mother and she terrible intimate. Zeph used to invite mother to prayer meetings, and mother, in return, sent Meetings, and mother, in return, sent Zeph presents of apple-sass twice a year regular. Well, Zeph got to be considerable old, you know, and kinder wrinkly about the nose, and, as a matter of course, pious in proportion—but to balance the wrinkles, Zeph had the

"Ho! ho!" cried the captain, did the wind blow from that quarter?"
"She had two sawmills of her own and some twenty thousand dollars in railroad stocks besides. Well, I made up my mind one day to try if I couldn't induce Zeph to take a partner to help her manage her business affairs, and forthwith set about making the necessary preparations. I felt kinder green, then, you know, in the religious line, and so thought better religious line, better attend two or three prayer meetings in Ducksville beforehand, to get into the way of it,

like."
"Capital! capital!" ejaculated the

When the day came for my first trial, I shaved clean as the razor would cut it, mounted a black suit and half yard crepe on my hat, and then put for Pratt's Corner. As I entered the room, Deacon Lovejoy was holding forth strong against the old Pope, (his favorite theme;) so, sinking in with a face as grave as I could conveniently command, after so short a practice, I took my seat longside Zeph, without seem-ing to notice who was in it. After the deacon resumed his chair, Zeph turned her head a leetle mite sideways, and siz she, in a low, touching voice, 'O Mr. Weeks, how I do rejpice to see you at last among the servants of the Lord. 'Ah!' said I, looking up in her face kinder dreamy like—'Ah! how pleasant it is to dwell in the assembly of the

nful—O dear—'
'You've been a wanderer,' said

Zeph. "Alas! alas! I have,' said I, look ing up at her again. 'I've been a poor, sinful wanderer, seeking for the waters of life among the swamps and quagmires of a wicked world; but Heaven be praised, the blessed light hath come at last to guide me to the pure spring."

"Excellent! capital!" shouted the captain, rapping the table till the tumblers rang again. "Ha, ha, ha! by Jove, Weeks, you're a clever fellow. Gentlemen, let us postpone the courtship for the present; I see the ladies coming; and fill your glasses—fill them up; bumpers let them be—nothing less

than bumpers. I give you Mr. Weeks and the stars and stripes forever."

The company rose and drank the toast with a hip, hip, hurrah! and nine times nine; and Kate, no longer able to restrain her curiosity, came tripping in from the drawing room, accompanied by half a dozen ladies, declaring she could sit no longer among a parcel of silly, moping girls, with such distinguished company in the house. "Besides," she added, glancing archly at Mr. Weeks, "I want to hear a speech. I'm actually dying to hear a speech from a citizen of the great republic."

go in for three things in the religious 'Gentlemen, please take your seats, said Captain Petersham, with a wave of his hand; "I see Mr. Weeks is about to his hand; "I see Mr. Weeks is about to speak. As for you, ladies, you're a set of saucy, impudent baggages to intrude of saucy, impudent baggages to intrude upon us here over our cups."

"Mr. Weeks," "Mr. Weeks," "Mr. Weeks," "Mr. Weeks," and ought to be encouraged by every man who loves order and likes to see trade flourish. But I can weeks," and ought to be encouraged by every man who loves order and likes to see trade flourish. But I can never believe,

of the room "Ladies and gents," said the latter, rising slowly, and running one hand into his vest pocket, while he rested the other on the table—"ladies and gents, I ain't a goin to make a speech speech-making's not in my line. But I ain't a goin to sit silent, either, when But I ain't a goin to sit shear, such honor is done to the flag of my Ladies and gents, American born, of the true blue Puritan stock, a citizen of the model republic of the world." ["Hear! hear!"]. "I ain't given to braggin' much, I expect, and besides, it don't become a foreigner to brag of his country in a strange land; but speaking as this here gent and I were (turning to Father John) about religion. I ain't afraid to assert that you can't find, in all creation, a class of men professing more enlarged and liberal views of religion than the mer-

"We are liberal in all things when conscience merely is concerned, and conservative only with a view to preserve order in society, that trade may flourish under its protection. Yes, ladies and gents, whatever tends to cripple trade or impede the progress of social advancement, whether it new theory or an old theory, a new We strangle it as the heathens in olden times used to strangle deformed children. Business men in our country ain't so very particular as to difference in religious denomination. They don't care much whether the creed be Orthodox, Universalist, Episcopalian, or Baptist, if it only gives free scope to intel-lect, and a clear track for human progress. There's but one creed they object to; and that is — Excuse me, friend," said the speaker, turning to the priest-"that is the Roman Catho-Hear him! hear him Captain Petersham; "that's the kind of talk I like." "Hear him! hear him!' echoed half a dozen others, following the lead.] Well, the fact is, ladies and gents, they can't go that kinder doctrine, no how; it tightens them up so they can't move one way or other. The laws and rules of the Catholic Church hain't got no joints in 'em; you can't bend 'em no shape or form. Then they have what they call 'confession; and if one of their society happens | Methodist Bible-reader l' " The same, sir." "And what do you want here, sir?"
"Excuse me, sir, I—"

to speculate beyond his means, the priest brings him right chock up for it; so he

hain't got no chance to risk any thing in the way of trade, no how he can fix it. Again, if a Catholic happens to find a pocket book, for instance, with

five or six thousand dollars in it, he

must restore it to the owner right straight off, when, by waiting for twelve months or so, he might make a few hun-dreds by the use of it to start him business. Such a creed as that, ladies

and gents, no true American can tolerate. Well—he wouldn't deserve the name of a freeman if he did. The ques-

tion for Americans is, not whether any particular form of religion be young or

old, true or false, divine or human, but

began to warm up his blood, "our country is bound to go ahead of every

ments of every native born Ameri-

courage trade and commerce it don't

should our people be now ?-perhaps in

no better condition than yourselves,

ladies and gents, at this present mo

Weeks, catching the words. "The antiquated religion of our grandfathers would have acted like a strait-jacket on

the nation, cramping its energies and stinting its growth. Had we not shaken ourselves free from the tram-

mels both of pilgrim and priestly rules,

could we have become in so short a period so intelligent, enterprising, and powerful a nation? Yes, ladies and

gents, could we have flung our right arm across the Gulf, and laid hold of

Mexico by the hair of the head, as we

do now, and be ready to extend our left over your British American possessions,

at any day or hour we please to take the trouble, and sweep them into our

lap? I ask, ladies and gents, could we

have done that?"
"Hurrah!" shouted the captain—

"capital! glorious!"
"I don't profess, ladies and gents,"
still continued Weeks, "to belong to
any particular religious denomination
myself. My creed is, 'a first cause
and the perfectibility of man: that's
the length, breadth, and thickness of
my religious belief, and I stand on that
hetters firm and flatfooted. Still I

platform firm and flat-footed. Still, I

line, as strong as any man—almshouses, observance of the Sabbath, and reading

the Bible. These are excellent things

Founder of Christianity intended a nation so intelligent, so intellectual, and

so civilized as ours, should be bound

down hand and foot by the strict rules

of the gospel. No, sir; He intended we

should moderate and adapt them as far

as possible to the interests of the state

these ideas and these principles, ladies

and gents, we are bound to go ahead

we must go ahead-we can't help it-

prosperity forces itself upon us—we of our part have only 'to clear the track

for it. Nothing can bar our progress, for our destiny is universal empire.

Nothing can stop our course - no ob-stacle, moral or physical, on earth or

air, on sea or land. Yes, our energie

are immense, and must be expended.

Ladies and gents, were it necessary to bore the earth through, we should do

creation to find an outlet for our re

"Glorious, glorious!" shouted the captain; "hurrah! for the stars and

Yes, by crackie, tunnel almighty

and the requirements of society.

that the

capital! glorious!"

ir, (turning to

sources.

bravo! my boy."

other country in creation. Excuse me

"I shan't excuse you, sir; you have no business in my house, you canting rascal; out of it instantly."

"But the lady there, sir."
"Lady, what lady?"
"Hush, hush! brother Tom," whis-

pered Kate, catching him by the but-ton-hole, and whispering in his ear; it's Baby Deb.

"What one of the Hardwrinkles?"
"Yes, yes," she replied, convulsed with laughter; "her sister Rebecca—ha, ha, ha!—her sister Rebecca—ha,

"Cease your folly, Kate, and tell

me." Well, she's—ha, ha!—gone off with—"
" Eloped ?"

old, true or false, divine or human, but whether it suits the genius of the country; that's the question — the only question—to decide. Our country is young, ladies and gents; she has done little more, as yet, than just begun to develop her resources—the greatest resources of any nation throughout all universal greace; and we feel it's our "Yes, fled away with—, O, dear!"
"Rebecca Hardwrinkle eloped?
Nonsense, Kate, you're fooling me."
"It's a positive fact," said the lighthearted, mischief-loving girl—"ask universal space; and we feel it's our best policy to moderate the rigors of the gospel—to temper it, as it were —well, to make it as little exacting as hearted, mischief-loving guil Baby Deb, there, if you don't believe

me."
"O, dear! O, dear!" cried the lat-Hence our ministers, as a possible. Hence our ministers, as a general thing, especially in cities and large towns, seldom preach about sin, or hell, or the ten commandments, or ter, clapping her hands ; " she's gone !

"Well, there," ejaculated Weeks, that kinder subjects, because such themes are calculated to disturb and when he heard what had taken place, "there! eloped! if that ain't going it perplex business men, to the injury of trade. And we have long made up our minds that trade must be cared for, whatever else suffers. Yes, ladies and gents," continued the speaker, growing more animated as the old Innishowen strong, I don't know what is. By thun-der, if this ain't the most infernal country-

" Miss Hardwrinkle," said the cap-Miss Hardwrinkle, said the cap-tain, kindly taking the disconsolate young lady by the arm, "let me con-duct you to Aunt Willoughby's room. And tell me as we go how all this hap-

pened."
"Won't you send the police in search ladies and gents, for speaking my senti-ments right out on the subject; but of her, captain? I came all the way with Mr. Sweetsoul to entreat you to they are my sentiments and the senti-

send them. "Certainly, certainly, my dear young lady, I shall do so forthwith; but how did it happen?" can."
"Bravo, bravo, Weeks!" cried the captain; his fat sides shaking as he clapped his hands. "Bravo—that's the talk."
"Yes," continued Weeks, "I'm a

"Why, a man came to the house in Ballymagahey where we had been distributing tracts, and told Rebecca a dying woman wanted to see her immediately, and have some spiritual conversation with her before she depart-

Yankee, and them sentiments are true blue Yankee sentiments. We ain't a-goin to be fettered by any form of religion under the sun: if it don't en-Humph! I see ; well ?" suit us—that's the hull amount of it. Had the United States hung on to the old worn-out creeds of Europe, what "Well, poor Rebecca !-- you know, captain, how eagerly she thirsted for

the salvation of souls-"Yes, yes, I know all that—well?"
"The instant the man delivered the message, she started off as quickly as

"That's cool," muttered some one in ' Yes, of course-I understand you ; an under tone.
"It's a fact, nevertheless," said

Her holy zeal, you know-"Never mind her zeal. What the fury have I to do with her zeal—excuse me, Miss Hardwrinkle, but can't you tell me how she was carried off at once?" Miss Hardwrinkle, but can't you

"O. dear! you hurry me so-and nen I'm almost dead with the fright."
"Listen to me—did you see her then

See her ?" "Yes, yes, did you actually see

With my own eyes."

"Then how was she carried off?"
"Behind a man! O, dear! O,

dear! " Behind a man?"

"Yes; on—a—on—a" Here De-borah tried to blush and cover her

"Confound it, on what?" roared the captain, losing patience altogether. "Can't you speak at once if you wish me to take measure for your sister's recovery? How did he carry her off?"
"On a—on a—O, dear, on a pillion behind him."

"Phew! on a pillion! Ha, ha! By the Lord Harry, that was a sight."
"It was shocking—in broad daylight too; O, dear!"

"It was villanous," said the captain, endeavoring to smother a laugh—" most atrocious! to carry such a saintly young lady, and one so reserved in all her habits of life, over the open countries. try in broad daylight, on a pillion.

"And O. cantain." said Deborah. "I can never forget the terrific shriek she gave, as she flew past me behind the inhuman wretch. It still rings in my

ears—it was heartrending."
"Who could have played this trick, Kate?" said the captain, turning to his sister ; "eh-what does it mean?

-I confess I don't understand it. replied Kate. And how can I?' covering her face with her handker-chief; "how can I, if you don't?"
"Kate!"

What ?"

" Look up." There -what's the matter?"

"This is some of your devilry."
"Mine!"

"Yours. Come! come! no evasion now; you're in the plot, whatever it is, as sure as your name's Kate Petersham.

It's exactly like you-you needn't try to look serious. Why, brother Tom !" "Psaugh-brother Tom!-that won't do, Kate. I vow to Heaven, you're the

Well done, Weeks; bravo, most mischievous — but stop—wait a minute," he added, as a sudden thought seemed to strike him. "Miss Hard-And "Brave, bravo!" echoed from all parts of the room; even the ladies stood up and waved their pocket hand-kerchiefs. In the midst of this general wrinkle," said he, again approaching the afflicted young lady, "Miss Hard-wrinkle, do you remember to have seen acclamation, however, and just as Mr Weeks had hitched up his shoulders for What, the wretch who-?"

"O, you young trickster," exclaimed Uncle Jerry, shaking his finger at her as she turned back her laughing eyes

upon him; "the plot is of your making,

"What was the color of his clothes?"

n or appearance?"
Nothing—I could see nothing dis-

again inquired the captain; " or did you see any thing remarkable in his

so dreadfully all the time.

man to say so.

as sure as the sun.

another start, a loud, piercing shrick came from the entrance hall, which "Yes—have you any recollection of seeing him before?" startled and silenced the noisy company in an instant.
"What the fury is that?" demanded
there, James, " No ; for I could see nothing but his form, he flew by so fast; and besides he kept whipping the wretched anima the captain. Ho, there, James, Thomas—go instantly and see what that

"He, he, he!" chuckled Uncle Jerry to himself all alone on the sofa; noise means.' Kate rushed to the door, followed by it must have been an amusing sight."
"You're a barbarous man," said the other ladies, curious to learn wha had happened; and the gentlemen, Kate, overhearing the words as she passed him by-" your're a barbarous

fearing some serious accident, darted out pell-mell after them. "Who the mischief are you?" "Who the mischief are you?" growled Captain Petersham, grasping a tall, grave-looking man by the arm, as he hurried out from the parlor. the mischief are you, fellow?'

"Pardon me, sir," replied the stranger in the mildest manner pos-sible; "my name is Sweetsoul. I came with—"

with—"
"Who! what! the colporteur! the

tinctly, except that he wore a cap."
"A cap—what kind of cap?—black
or blue?"

I rather think," replied De-No. borah, "it was a sort of fur cap; it looked rough rather, and somewhat high in the crown

"Yet. Something like a hare or rab-bit-skin cap."
"That's enough!" exclaimed the captain, "that's quite enough; I know the villain! I know him!—I suspected who he was from the beginning; he's the most daring, impudent, reckless rascal, that, in all Christendom."

demanded Who is he—who is he?" half a dozen together. Lanty Hanlon, of course ; who else

could he be? No man but Lanty in the three baronies would dare play such a trick.

"Lanty Hanlon," screamed Baby Deb, in semi-hysterics; "O, my graci-"Don't be alarmed," said the cap-

"Don't be alarmed," said the captain; "your sister's in safe hands."
"O, no, no, captain; that man will murder her!"
"Not he; nor hurt a hair of her head, either."
"Why, you surely mistake, captain," said several of the company. "Lanty Hanlon's the most notorious robber and wrangler in the whole neighborhood."
"I can show you a wound he gave

"I can show you a wound he gave me here on the top of my head, cap-tain," said the colporteur, sneaking

into the room.
"What, you! Out of my house, you scurvy vagabond," shouted the burly captain, collaring the Bible reader, and sending him head-foremost from the room. "Ho, there, fellows, James, Thomas, bundle out that snivelling rascal. By the Lord Harry, if he come in my sight again, I'll horsewhip him."

"Well, but, captain, you must be mistaken about this Haulon," said one;

it was he beat my game-keeper."
"The same fellow robbed my salmon

box," said another.
"And peached on my premises," said

"Yes, and by crackie, it was that res, and by crackle, it was that tarnation villain drugged me first with poteen whiskey, and then danced me to death, at the wedding," put in Weeks.
"He the most provoking rascal, too, I ever met, for he keeps as cool as a cucumber all the while."
"Gentlemen" and the cautain "you

"Gentlemen," said the captain, " you may say what you please of Lanty Han-lon, and think what you please, too, but I know him better than the whole kit of you put together; and by the Lord Harry, he's one of the best specimens of his class I ever saw. He's an honest-hearted, reckless, rollicking, light-hearted I rishman, who likes his bit of fun as well as the best of us, and will have it if he can; but tell me the man ever knew Lanty to do a mean thing. He may have speared your salmon, and shot your game, and broken your bailiffs' head; but where's the harm in that? Can you call it a crime to kill the trout that swims in the nountain brooks, or the black cock that feeds on the mountain heather What right have you to forbid a man to catch the trout that jumps in the stream before his own door, or kill the game that feeds on his own pasture? May the devil take such game laws, say I and many the man that respects them never know the taste of a white trout at breakfast, or a black cock at supper. As for you, Mr. Weeks, you must have said or done something to provoke Lanty, or he never had put you through the coarse hackle in that way. Besides, you didn't matriculate here yet you're green in the country."
"Gentleman wishes to see Mr.

Weeks," said a servant, interrupting the speaker.
Mr. Weeks followed, and was con-

ducted to the breakfast parlor. As the door opened, the visitor advanced to meet him, with an open letter in his

Ha! Mr. Lee, glad to see you, sir-how d'ye do ?' "Good evening, sir," replied the light-keeper, stilly. "Pray. Mr. Weeks, is this your handwriting?"

My handwriting ?" "Yes, sir; Miss Lee received that letter this morning through Tammy post office; it bears your signature."

Why, what's the trouble? "Do you acknowledge it yours,

"Well, yes, I reckon so; what's the matter? you seem kinder put out about it."

"Mr. Weeks," said the light-keeper "you have managed in some way to get hold of my note of hand; may now ask how you came to know of the existence of such a paper-or was if through Mr. Robert Hardwrinkle you discovered it?

"Ah, I thought so. Well, sir, having bribed an old woman to play the black-

Weeks bowed his assent.

foot between you and my niece, Miss Lee, and not having succeeded as soon as you anticipated, you directed your attorney to mark a writ against me for debt; and now, at the heels of the writ, Miss Lee receives that letter, making her proposals of marriage, and assuring her at the same time of an account at your banker's of a hundred thousand dollars. What does this mean, sir?

"It ain't the first letter, I guess-is Not the first you sent, sir, but the

"Not the first you sent, sir, but the first came to her hands."
"Shoh! you don't say so! That infernal she devil then has played me false—well, there! Tarnation seize the whole darned pack-'

"Hold, sir. Did you or did you not take out this writ against my body with a view to compel Miss Lee to marry you?"
"How's that?" muttered Weeks,

affecting not to understand the ques tion. "Answer me, yes or no," said the light keeper; "I have no time to

spare."
"Look here, friend; I ain't a-goin to "Look nere, friend; I ain t a-goin to be catechised this fashion."
"Catechised — by all the gods in Olympus, I'll catechise you, my fine fellow, and the right way, too. Your villany's discovered at last, sir. Else Curley has revealed to me all your

plots and schemes."
"Well, but you needn't get into such

a fuss about it, my dear man," responded Weeks, quite coolly; "if you ain't disposed to let me have the girl, why don't, that's all; but you've got

Scoundrel, let you have the girl!" "Ain't I good enough for her?

"Why, yes. I'm an American born good enough, I reckon, for the best Irish girl ever stood in shoe leather— all-fired proud as they are."

"And why didn't you ask her like a man, if you thought so? No, you hadn't the courage, sir. Your mean-ness of soul wouldn't let you. You preferred to scheme and plot with Else Curley, and to sneak about my house day after day like a hungry spaniel. By George, if I suspected what brought you there when you first came, I'd have flung you neck and heels into the Devil's Gulch. What! because I'm poor, you tried to compel my niece to marry you through fear of my incar-ceration. Begone, sir! let me never see you within a league of the lighthouse again, or if you do, I'll horse-whip you as I would a dog."

"Say don't get into such a form Say, don't get into such a fury

about it. "Fury!" repeated the light-keeper,

buttoning up his coat, and darting a look at the crest fallen Yankee so full of contempt that the latter cowered under it. "Paugh, sir," he added, "you're beneath my scorn. Had you the slightest pretension to the character of a gentlemp. I should have acter of a gentleman, I should have compelled you before I left this room to apologize for the insuit you offered— but coxcomb and a coward as you are,

"Coward! guess you're mistaken— ain't you?" replied Weeks, shoving his hands down into his breeches pockets, and hitching up his shoulders.

I let you pass.'

"You're a disgrace, sir, to the name of America," continued the lightof America," continued the light-keeper, without noticing the reply.
"Your country is a noble country, sir;
your heroes of the revolution rank among the first soldiers of the world your orators and statesmen have already eclipsed some of the first celebrities of Europe, your people in the main, are a high-minded, generous people; but you, sir, and such sneaking rascals as you, with your godless liberalism, and your national vanity, are enough to bring your country into contempt what-ever you go. I have loved America ever since I was able to lisp the name; but if you be a fair specimen of your countrymen, I would rather be a dog than an American. If you're a Yankee degenerated since the revolution. Go

"Well," said Weeks, "can't say as to that; but I rather guess they're a leetle ahead of the Irish yet."

"Yes; you and such as you, in vending hickory hams and wooden nutmegs, may be somewhat smarter, I suppose But smartness, without either honor principle is a poor recommedation Go home, sir, go home again, and tell your countrymen—that class of them at least to which you belong—that huck-sters and speculators are less respected here in Europe for their smartness, than despised for their love of gold. Tell them you failed in your own speculation in matrimony, because you re lied too much on your low cunning, and valued too lighly the character of the people on whose simplicity you came to practise. Tell them you saw in Ireland a poor man proud—bankrupt in everything but honor—who, reduced to beggary and a jail, would rather see his child mated with the poorest peasant on his native hills, than give her to a peddling, speculating foreigner, with a hundred thousand dollars at his hanker's. There, sir'' he added banker's. There, sir," he added, flinging the letter in Week's face, "take back your vile proposal, and begone. I came with a brace of pistols here in my breast, to demand the satis other; but you're too contemptible a scoundrel to smell an honest man's powder;" and so saying the lightkeeper flung on his slouched hat and left the room. Weeks stood full three minutes

gazing at the door through which the light-keeper passed, without moving a muscle—his hands, as usual, thrust into his pockets. He seemed completely confounded at what had taken place "Well, there," he ejaculated at length throwing himself down in an arm chain and taking out his pen knife to whittle a small mahogany rule that lay beside him on the table, apparently without the least consciousness of what he was doing—"there, that's the end of it, I reckon. Humph! well, Mr. Charles B. Bigelow, or rather I should say, Mr. Bigelow, or rather I should say, Mr. Ephraim C. B. Weeks—since that's the name you have chosen for the present—I think you ought to feel kinder cheap—eh! four hundred dollars lost for spells and charms-that is, considering the sort of bills they were—not to speak of what the note cost me—and fooled into the bargain. Go it, go it my boy,—that's the way to make a fortune out of the ignorant Irish. Well. I'm in a fix, that's a fact—a tarnation ugly fix, too. O Else Curley, out of h—ll there's no such woman as you. I reckoned I was pretty smart myself, but I guess you're a leetle mite smarter Humph! of some twenty love letters, the girl has received but one, and that's the very one I mailed myself at the post office. And there's that darned cabin boy-only for him I might get along slick enough yet; for come to get the light-keeper into jail, Cousin Robert and I could manage to carry off the girl somehow. But the boy, if he recover, will reveal all, and then the whole secret is blown. Sambo says he'll go down to the light-house to Sambo says night and demand the young scamp— and Cousin Robert promises to send a constable with him to enforce his right of guardianship-but should he blad must put for Ducksville right straight off. As it is, I'm corned up rathe close to feel comfortable. O, Ireland Ireland—could I once get off with this girl under my arm, I should advise every stranger that values his life to keep clear of you a day's sailing least."

TO BE CONTINUED.

HERSELF AND HIMSELF.

MAY 21, 1904

He sat down under the shade of the veranda, and taking off his soft felt hat wiped the perspiration from his foreneas with the back of his hand, and then ran with the back of his hand, and then ran his fingers vigorously through his gray hair, combing it against the grain. His face told you many things, among others the following: That he was over fifty years of age; that he was of the Irish race; that there was grit in him; that he was flurried and in a bad humor; that something of an unpleasant and exasperating nature was crossing his mind, causing him to frown and scowl in a way causing him to frown and scowl in a way that was not at all encouraging. While one of the darkest frowns was on his brow, a figure came into the open door of the dining room, in front of which he was sitting. A solid, matronly figure it was, of a woman still lingering in the autumn of middle age, but with many a silver streak in her thick, brown hair. There were lines across the white brow There were lines across the white brow and a look of pain in the kindly hazel eyes, and on the sweet though homely face lay the shadow of sorrow. She carried a towel which she handed to the perspiring male at whom she looked wistfully, asking in an emotionless matter of fact way:

"Will I get you a drink of water or will you wait for the tea?"

"I'll have the water now if you puta

drop of something in it," he said after drop of something in it, he said after a pause, mapping his head and face with the towel and without turning to look at her. She re-entered the house and soon returned with the drink. She handed it to him in silence. In silence he finished it and gave her back the empty tumbler. Without a word she received it from him, but instead of going away she crossed her arms over the ample span of her apron and remained standing almost beside him. There she remained for full two minutes, neither of them speaking, Herself and Himself, man and wife, the partners of more than half a life-time—sharers in the weal or woe which had come to them, sharers ow, to all appearances, in a common misfortune.

"Were you far?" asked Herself at

Himself frowned a dark and sullen frown and mumbled something about having been "far enough." It was not polite, but Herself did not show any ign or resentment. She meekly and silently turned away and went indoors. Himself remained sitting under the

verandah, evidently a prey to unhappy neditations. Though the rifts in the leafy screen of the aromas and eucalyptus groves he could see broad stretches of the level camp beyond. Through the long vistas of the peach orchard behind him the camp breezes came in from the South and fanned him. In the branches of the tall poplars near by, the were cooing the soft, low, flute like coos some sweet dirge for a love that is lost. There was no other intrusion on the silence. Quiet, warm summer quiet, lay all around. The distant corrals, the large galpones, the wing of building subject the wing of buildings when the man at a mad slow in ings where the men ate and were steeped in sun-glare and silence. The dogs slept peacefully under the veranda, the fowls lay quietly in their cool nests of clay under the peach trees, the stately chief of the turkey family was off duty and lay dreamily on his side among his people, solemnly holding his tongue, and, for the moment troubling no one but himself with the conception of his individual importance. It was a scene good to look at. It spoke of comfort, order, industry, thrift and pros-perity. But Himself, as he contem-plated it, showed no sign of apprecia-tion, although he was the lord of all he surveyed : it was all of his own making. He it was who had built every wall, planted every tree, laid down corral; not a brick, or leaf, or strand wire, or grain of wood about the magnificent homestead but represented a drop of his sweat or a thought of his busy brain, or a pulsation of his toughened heart. He had found it years ago—a gently sloping swell of the bosom of the Pampa—treeless, house the grasses : and ow, after all the years, amid all the fruits of his endeavor, he sat there

brooding in sullen anger.
At length turning his head an inch or two towards the open door, but keeping wel, he asked: his eyes on the to

"Are you there?"
"I am," came back the answer from
Herself in even, quiet tones as she came
forth from the house. Himself now put his elbows on his knees and looking away into the distance he said:

"I'm goin' to put a stop to this non-sense once for all. I'll fix them scamps before they knew where they are. They think they can defy me, because the law of the land, bad luck to it! gives them the right to squander a certain share of what we made by the sweat of our brows, you and me, but I'll go to a country where the law lets a man do what he likes with his own."

He paused, but Herself said nothing,

although the pensive melancholy of her face grew visibly more intense.
"Yes," went on Himself presently, "you and me—we worked and slaved and struggled. From your marriage day until Tommy was sent to school you and me never knew a day's idleness. seen you many a time with one of them at your skirt draggin' out of you, and another of 'em in your arms, while you were gettin' the meals. I seen you stayin' up three nights at a time to stayin' up three nights at a time to make coffee for me and the men I had with me roundin' in wet weather. slaved, year in, year out, to get the price of a bit of land together, and if

we prospered we deserved it."
"God was very good to us," said
Herself. "We thought more about His odness them times than we did after. Maybe that's the reason—

"No, it isn't" broke in Himself, glaring round at her. "You're comin' over what the priest hinted at the other day. Don't be a parrot, woman. think meself just as good a man now that I own four leagues of land as I did when I only owned half a league. It's the devilment that is in the countryborns that's changed things, and not us that's changed."

'God knows!" said Herself sighing. "I know" insisted Himself. "Dang well I know where the trouble is! It's the curse that's on the country and everything born in it is cur leave it. I'm not goin to see the sons we reared a staped up nights and nights sickness, and that we held and hushed to sleep, an against us in love—I'm re wait to be bullied by them to law by the scamps that it on me now like over fed dog out and go home, and the bully me if they dare. I'll come up before they feel." come-up before they feel."

Herself only sighed, and her chin with her right sorrowfully at the ground.
"I'm not goin' to stand er "continued Himself do ing at his toes and harping same idea. "I'll sell out same idea. "I'll sell out I'll talk to them—to t there's little to pick or o There's the sons we to the dogs. The three to please themselves and y I told you so at the in to them now, says I, and on you bye and bye.' tryin' to do it."

"Indeed they're not" Herself. "They have th of trouble have the girls, them, without makin' it fo "Then why are they with the boys against me with the boys against me
"They're not sidin' we
what can they do, if the
them?—sure they can't tu
said Herself with a brea
and tearless agony twitch brave face.
"That's right," grov

"stand up for them. The for you, will they? A nid doin' it. Here we are i with an empty house — them we reared to stay them we reared to stay their duty. Tell me, hit since Tom was here las "He left last Tues weeks," replied Herself face with her hands and one of the pillars of the "He did, and ever s recognify from Bridget's

spongin' from Bridget's from Mary's to Ellen' here two days ago because a lazy-good-for nothin', hed at 8 o'clock in the and never a foot he'll I door again while I own self raising his voice ar

Herself shivered and leaned against the piturned away from him. I knew where he wa went on Himself, the his stormed in his heart sl every line of his stern fa in every tone of his v where to find him and to-day after breakfast. I'll not have it happe month or two more i led astray with bad ex regulate, right off the

"Oh, Jim, Jim," r "den't call the boy don't. I can't bear it. "Can't you! Well, bear worse than that. until you hear about pet. I found him wh him, down at Dunlen' cards with a crew of the pulperia. I told honce and come home w fused. He said a we hound! that he'll reme

day."
"Oh me boy! me bo self, the big tears con fingers. "Oh Mary Mo

Aye and ask her such a renegade. But with him. No man liv upon me before others free. The sneakin', c Did he think he could hanged and let him words—did he think stand that from him b and other blackguard he did, he made a bi stepped across the measured him wit -once, twice, left a

over each impudent e
"Oh Jim—Jim—I
Herself, as she three

her husband's neck on his knees. She like a log at his feet were it not that hi held her. He was utterly stupefied—fo it was only by inst it was only by inst The shock drove th heart, and when it with mingled throbs and despair. Himse pected, because he sionate to notice it, wounding her to the now, gazing on her st she was dead. I fainted before, and self believed the v with all his knowled ize the patient, sile ing heartache from g to conceal it to Himself could not another light than Dead! Limp, and Herself dead! Her his arms, but, at t away from him! go was cursing the chi him-gone without rest of his life with horrible thought! out hoarsely in te stabbed at his stu were a dozen peop woke him from his s him to let them c The only woman fol

> simple restoratives When she opene was standing over by name and caug both his own. Bu

dena, the cook, her

what to do, and by