

KNOCKNAGOW OR THE HOMES OF TIPPERARY.

BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE "DEAD EAST" AND THE "LIVING PRESENT"—MRS. DONOVAN'S SAD FATE.

Bessy Morris tripped lightly up the hill, still she came to the clipped hedge. And there she began to walk more and more slowly, with her eyes bent on the ground.

"You're welcome!" said he, with that odd smile of his. He thought there was something very cold in her manner as she placed her hand in his. Not the faintest pressure could he feel from that dear little hand.

"You're welcome!" was all he could say. And as he said it a second time, for want of something else, there was a very little pressure upon his fingers, just as if she could not help it.

"I'll call in again to-morrow, or after, Mrs. Donovan," said Bessy, as she stood up and rested her hand on the little old chair. "But I promised my grandfather to be home early; and he might be sending Peg Brady to know what is delaying me."

"Go wud her a piece up the road, Mat," said his mother, looking reproachfully at him, as if she thought he ought to have at once volunteered his services.

"Oh, no," Bessy exclaimed; "it's a fine bright night. An' sure I ought to know the road well."

"I'll put you upst the strathme," said Mat, stretching out his arms and yawning, as if he felt tired and lazy, and would much prefer being left to doze upon the bench with his poll against the partition, and a bright little star looking down through the chimney at him from a patch of blue sky.

"Indeed she had her trials," replied Bessy. "This little any was thought he'd turn out as he did," rejoined the old woman. "But 'tis hard to judge uv people by their looks. It might be better for her if she married some honest by she knew always. But 'tis 'sley to talk now when we see the difference; but no wad 't think so at the time."

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"See—I was near forgettin' to tell you," said Mrs. Donovan, as Mat and Bessy were going out, "to tell your grandfather about the soger."

Bessy Morris looked at her with surprise, not unmingled with alarm. And Mat, too, stopped in the doorway, seeming at a loss to understand what she meant.

"Bad case to him," continued Mrs. Donovan, "he tuck a great start out uv me, when he walked in an' nobody wud be but mysef, as they worst the weddin'. I was hardly able to scower him when he axed me where Phil Morris lived. Id brought the time uv the Coercion Act to my mind."

alone at a window. Her face was pale and very beautiful; and her white arm gleamed like snow in the moonlight through her abundant dark hair, which had fallen down and flowed in glossy waves over the little table upon which the arm was leaning.

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Mr. L. J. Moloney of Orono, Me., has written an interesting article for the *Bagor Commercial* which we print below. He says: How strangely fascinating and affecting, even more so than the widest flights of fiction, are the individual and national stories of heroism and self-sacrifice handed down to us through the medium of history attuned to the never-dying melody of fame.

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A SIGNIFICANT ADMISSION.

Boston Republic.

A writer in the Westminster Review calls attention very pertinently and very suggestively to the enormous growth of the Catholic Church in the United States within the last few decades. It must be somewhat unpalatable information for the average Englishman to find that, after centuries of persecution and proscription of Irish Catholics at home, they have grown powerful and numerous in America.

"The little house under the hill, Mat," "God be wud our times," returned Mat, with a shake of the head and a smile, in which shone something so sad that Bessy Morris fixed that thoughtful, inquiring look upon him, and she looked down at the moonbeams shimmering in the little stream.

"What did he mean? Might it be that he had been told something about her, and that he was sorry she was no longer the Bessy Morris of 'old times'?" he thought, after blinding them "good-night."

"I'm looking at the moon again, and seemed to forget that he had held of her hand, when they were both staid by the words: "Widh, is id there ye are?"

It was only Peg Brady, who had been sent by Bessy's grandfather to meet her. And Peg laughed, as if Mat Donovan holding Bessy Morris by the hand and looking at the moon were the best joke in the world. But there was something in the laugh which Bessy did not like.

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