NORA BRADY'S VOW. BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

CHAPTER V.

But now, too great for fetters grown
Too proud to bend the slavish knee,
Loved Erin mocks the tyrant's thrall,
And firmly vows the will be free.

But mark you treacherous, stealthy knave

One bright sunny morning, just four weeks after Dennis Byrne left Glen-dariff, he returned, footsore and weary enough. Parting with John Halloran under the gloomy circumstances of their last interview had been the saddest trial which had ever wrung the heart of the blacksmith of Kildare, and, almost unmanned, his tears now and then fell in torrents, sprink-ling the wild rocky paths he was descending. Once he met a cowherd searching for a stray heifer, and not long after, in a narrow gorge, came abreast of two or three shy, sullenlooking men, wearing a look of terror on their countenance, who, having been into the valley to buy meal and potatoes, had heard and seen enough to make them fly back to their mountain sheelings, perfectly satisfied to forego the necessaries they were in pursuit of, for the agreeable certainty of knowing that they had escaped hanging and quartering. Dennis soon discovered that their alarm was not groundless; for as he approached nearer to the low-lands he perceived detachments of Eng lish soldiers galloping in every direction over the country; he saw that they were stationed at the farm houses and at the crost-roads, and knew that, unless the providence of God delivered him, he should have a narrow escape, if indeed he did not really fall into their hands. But danger and peril always whet the edge of an Irishman's wit; his love of adventure imparts a zest to the most unequal rencon re, while all the chivalry and will of his nature are roused to defeat the purposes of those who would trample on him; and, when he finds that mere physical strength cannot serve him, his keen wit, like a legion, is ready to grapple with an army of difficulties. Dennis Byrne's disguise was perfect, and his limp in imitable, although it added a heavy weight to every mile; while with the vacant, simple look he assumed, and a brogue which was absolutely terrible, he succeeded in passing unharmed more than one Saxon corion, who were en-gaged in torturing and tormenting the harmless peasantry with an abuse of authority of which the Vandals of a remoter age might have been ashamed. Whenever he splea them in the distance, he began to sing, with a voice which indicated a pair of lungs as tough and strong as his own great bellows in the smithy at Kildare, some wild Gaelic song, which, to those who were near enough to hear the words, was about as intelligible as the clatter of a mill-wheel, until they surrounded him with curses and questions not a few; when, by his half witted answers, his rough Connaught brogue, assumed for the ocwonder, he not only secured the free dom of the road, but succeeded in learning much that he wished to know, and on several occasions absolutely re-ceived as many shillings as blows.

He learned that the principal chiefs in the late outbreak had been arrested

and imprisoned; it was believed and hop d they would be hung, certainly transported. He heard John Halloran's name loaded with imprecations and curses, as one who had escaped; they feared he had got safe out of the coun try; if not, such means were provided for his arrest as must certainly prove effectual in his capture.

At last Dennis found himself within the Park-gate at Glendariff. As he ap proached the house, he saw at once ho it was. Sentincle in the uniform of the 4th regiment of Highlanders were stationed here and there about the mansion and grounds; and if at first he felt surprised at the circumstance of no guard being placed at the lodge, he understood it now; but he thanked God fervently that the hunted fugitive unwarily into this well-contrived ambuscade. As to himself, "he didn't care a snap if they took him prisoner; it was just what he wanted, unless they would put another face intirely on the

The shutters were all closed, and only the kitchen-door was open. Tarough this he saw Nora flitting around as usual; perhaps more heavily and silently, for no wild melody trilled out with the gladness of a pure and motion of her busy hands. Limping up toward the kitchen, thinking at the moment only of Nora, he was suddenly grasped by the arm on one side, while before him glittered in his eyes. He turned, and found himself in the cus tody of two soldiers, who demanded the

countersign. "De what? My granny used to niver was wise dat way," said Dernis, dropping the corners of his eyes and

ath together. What be your business, and where you from last?" asked the old

' An' surely yer honor's scaret me wits out or me intirely. I a most for-got whedder I was ever been or not," exclaimed Dennis, the picture of a

fool. "Come, ye hirplin' gaberlunzle, to Captain Saunders: he's the chief that'll make ye glow'r. Hech, s'rs! but ye'll tell him where ye come frae ast. Dennis Byrne's ragged collar and lead ing him into John Halloran's library Captain Saunders with one of two of his officers was at breakfast. He was a man past middle age, with the harsh physiognomy of his nation; (It is said that the Scotch officers and soldiers, greatly to their honor, at this period in Ireland, behaved like men from whose bosom humanity had not taken flight) his hair was crisp and

Covenanter's, while his small, keen said the Scotchman, laughing.

gray eyes were almost hidden by the haggy, black brows which overhung

"Now, I rede ye, speak the truth,' whispered the sergeant to Dennis, after he had paused for an instant, bolt upright, to make a military salute to his commanding officer.

"Who are you?" asked Captain Saunders, after hearing his subordin-

ate's report.
"Only a poor innocent baccah man

beggin' here an' there a crust an' a bone, yer honor," replied Dennis, com posedly.
"And do you know the premises you

are on? That I could imprison you, transport you, for daring to put your foot on these grounds without authority? Oh, you are a douse laddie, my ragged reend!" said Captain Saunders "Christ pardon an' save uz, an' where am I at all then? yer worship axes me; ah' surely it's I ought to be axin' you where I be, seein' you're here, an' I, a poor baccah lad, wid his staff an' bag, jest from de hills of

Tipperary," replied Dennis.
"The devil you are!" exclaimed the captain, excited by this piece of news; and pray what were you after in that

Is dat a Shanghai, sir ? My grannie had lots o' hins, but I nivir h'ar her mintion any sich breed as dat, said Dennis, looking perfectly innocent while the young officers, angry, but amused, endeavored to suppress a laugh. 'I say, rascal, what business had ye in Tipperary ?" roared Captain Saund

ers. 'I dunno, yer honor. I h'ard I was born dare : but, bein' a poor orphin, I can't swear to de fact, and be rayson of me beravement, for I was a destitute orphin, yer honor, I bad to take de wallet on me shoulder, and ax de hos pitality of me neighbors an' the coun pitality of me neighbors an the coun-thry peoples; but, save us, sirs! I'm druv off me ould bate intirely by de sogering an fighting dat's goin on sure. Betune de sogers takin me for a rebel, an de rebels takin me for a divil of a informer; an yer honor, I was glad to git out of it intirely," said Dennis, with an emphasis and strength of brogue which was deafening even to

Scotch ears. "Gude's sake, mon, ye deserve hangng for the thud (Confused noise,) and claver ye make. Can't ye speak Queen's English?" exclaimed Ca exclaimed Captain Saunder, about the corner of whose

Lord's sake, sir! Can yer hono pake in de grand ould Celtic diction, dat I bin used to all my born days?
If you can do dat, sir, I'm at your sarvice from mornin' till night: me tongue gets on de right groove den, sir, an' runs like a stame-carridge; but de English is a furrin' lingo to me, an' my tongue goes blunderin' over de brogue her he's safe, of it, till I don't zactiy know what I across the sea."

says myself. No; and I'm glad I don't, you paw key," said Captain Saunders. "Here Jock Hazel, search this fellow. He fore knave than fool, in my opinion.' And without ceremony they proceeded to search the person of Denais. They tore away the shreds of lining from his ragged hat, looked u der the borrowed and rusty old wig he wore, emptied his wallet and poked carefully among the bones and crusts which were scattered on the floor. They divested him of his coat, shors, and stockings; in fact, the quisition extended from his head to his heels, leaving none of his tattered garments unexplored. But of course they found nothing, except the dark, glossy curl of John Halloran's hair, which Captain Saunders held carefully, yet cautiously, between his forefinger and thumb, while the investigation

"I am not yet satisfied, you vaga-ond, but that you're a rebel." "Me! — ullalu — Chorp an dacul 1" Me!" shouted Dennis, with a wild look of a samed terror.

"Yes; and you are my prisoner, until impart. I am satisfied that you are a leal subject of her majesty's. If you attempt the grounds of this-eh-ah-Glendariff, you'll find a bullet in your head before you know what you're She had shed but few tears, and ex-

An' may I stay, yer honor, undher yer lordship's purtiction?" exclaimed Dennis, apparently overjoyed; "an' an I have a little clane straw to slape r, an' a sup to ate? An' will yer honor afther givin a poor, disolate orpbin ist bit o' hair betune yer fingers?

"For what? Whose hair is it? I tapping on the back of a book, uspect, if this hair could talk it would ell tales. It is strangely like the hair t that portrait in the drawing-room, said Captain Saunders, ad-Donald,'

dressing one of the officers.
"Dher Chorp agus manim" (By my soni and body) exclaimed Dennis; an' thin yer honor's eyes desave you intirely; for dat bair belonged to cousin's husband of me own, dat wid de small pox last Whi'suntide.

In an instant the dark curl was lving at Dennis Byrne's feet, while, half wild with the dread of contagion, Cap'ain Saunders vociferously ordered him out of the house, and called for brandy, camphor, and vinegar. Glad to escap Dennis snatched up the precio and, again thrusting it into his bosom, was led under guard to the kitcher where Nora, with her back to the door was bending over some fine article of

dress she was ironing. "Mistress," said the soldier, "here's a fellow you'll be gade enough to take care of : he's a sonsie-looking chiel, an nae doot he'll have your wits in a creel

afore night. Poor Dennis! This is the most anxious moment of all. Suppose Nora should turn suddenly and exhibit an emotion which would betray all? brave Nora, she was not one to break down in that way. She raised herself up, and looked at both; she recognized her sweetheart at a glance, but, except the quickened and joyous throbbing at her heart, she was quite calm.

"And what is it I'm to do with him?" she asked, scornfully.
"He's to be fed and housed — that's gray, cut as close to his head as a the order, lassie. He's a prisoner,

full on Dennis Byrne.

"Why, ma'am," he whimpered, "I'm a poor orphin from Tipperary hills, an' ud like a bowl o' stirabout, an' a rasher, an' a mug o' ale or whisky, an' a could towl, if you has de likes of it by

"I shall have to set the table for the gentleman from Tipperary," she said, with a light, merry laugh. "Perhaps yer honor'll take a bit of venison, and me bottled sherry ?"

"Anything your ladyship plazes !"
"If was a man, I'd shake you to smithereens," said Nora, bustling around, while Sergeant Hazel, with a laugh, wished her good luck of the bar gain he had brought her, and went away. Neither of them uttered a word until he was out of hearing : for he was too good a soldier to go out of sight.

Nora dear ! "Thanks be to God, Dennis Byrne, that you re back to safety."
Both spoke in Irisa. "Did you see

him, Dannis?"
"I did. I saw him, and think he is

safe. "Oa, thanks be to God !" exclaimed Nora, while tears flowed over her checks. Now tell me about it, dear." He told her. "Oh, how glad this news will make the broken heart in there! Dennis, she's been drooping like a flower when the first bitter wind from the Reek blows on it; but, oh, Dennis Byrne, there's worse news for you to hear yet

What ?" he asked while his cheek

paled.
"The lady and her children are poor -so poor-so very poor, Dennis. You and I, with our strong arms and stout hearts, is richer than they,' said Nora, with a short sob. "Glendariff is theirs no longer."
"Not theirs? Whose then, in the

name of the world, is it?"
"And who but Donald Dhu More, the vile informer, that's a disgrace to his blood, his name, and his country who but he is master nowat Glendariff?

He wasn't like a hound at Mister Halloran's heels for nothing." heel on the "I wish I could put ay murdering villain's neck ! for, by my soul, I'd scorn to touch him with my hand," said Dennis, bitterly.

All this time, and it was not long, Nora was getting a meal together to the beggar-man, and the soldier from his post watched them narrowly.

When you put that plate down beside me, a suillish mahuil agus machree, Light of my eyes and heart.) take up lock of hair I'll put down. It's Take it to Mrs. Halloran, and give it to her with his love, and tell her he's safe, and by this time is

Nora did as she was directed, with great dexterity, and thrust it into her pocket just as Sergeant Hazel came into the kitchen, ostensibly for a drink of water, but in reality to see what

was going on. "An' now, you pittiogue," broke out Nora, "there's a dinner for a king; and if you're a good Christian you'll thank God for it. And you're welcome in His holy name. Could you stop a minit, sir?" she said to the sergeant. "I must run up and see what Mrs. Halloran wents: may be it's a dish of tay, poor lady : she didn't ate a morsel to-day, by rayson of the headache that's racking her, laving the heartache out of the bargain : an' there's heaps of silver laying about on the dressers, spoons and the like that it would be easy to slip in a wallet like

proceeded. Concluding their fruitles search, they gave him permission to put on his clothes; when Captain wandering beggar; but, when it came to thief, he could scarcely hold his peace. But he did, right manfully, peace. But he did, right manually, and Nors, with a mischlevous twinkle in her eyes, ran up to cheer Mrs. Halloran with the tidings she had to

> She was lying on her couch -the hibited scarcely any emotion. McCarthy had seen her every even he could not rouse her from passive heaviness of her grief. The delicate bloom had waned and faded entirely from her beautiful face he eyes had grown larger and bright and her fingers were even in moti writhing and twisting around eac other, or tearing to shreds, scraps (paper and the fl wers that little Gra orgat her every day. poke upless some one addressed has but lay, the live long day, silent, pros trated, and hopeless. Whenever th little children came in and hung cares ngly around her, she would kiss the gently and send them away; and the innocent ones, awed into silence by her strange mood, would slip away with noiseless steps, glad to go from the darkened room out into the sir and sunshine.

"How are you feeling now, maire has -my own dear loving lady? said Nora, kneeling down beside her, and taking up the long, slender hand

Well. — well enough," she said; without unclosing her eyes. have news -good news," whispered Nora.

Mrs. Halloran started up, and, push ing back the long curls from her face, gazed wildly at Nora, then, letting

"It is no dream, asthore, but awake you are; and don't for the world's sake cry out, for fear them that's on the watch will suspect us. Denois Byrne's come back. He saw him : h is well, and is by this time over the say. "Escaped! Alive! Well!" gasped Mrs. Halloran. "My God, 1 thank thee. But is there no message—no

"There is," said Nora, interrupting her while she took out the crisp, Scotchman arose and saluted her with mind, we'll go before the priest.

"It's well for them that's made so many beggars to have 'em fed. It's an ould game, well understood in Ireland, robbing Peter to pay Paul. What do you want?" she said, turning her eyes full on Dennis Byrne.

"Why, ma'am," he whimpered, "I'm a poor orphin from Tipperary hills, an' u'd like a bowl o' stirabout, an' a "oh, John! my John! my husband!" she whispered: "my noble John!" she whispered: "my noble John!" she whispered; "my noble John!" Then a tear like a single, heavy rain-drop fell on the dark hair, where it lay

like a gem.
"Yes," said Nora, who saw that tear, and hoped it was the harbinger of others; "for such a one as he to go wandering in a strange land —may be sick, and anywise lonesome an' ho

"Oh, my husband! why cannot I be with you in poverty and exite?" Then tears began to flow more freely. "Where is he, Nora Brady?" "I den't know, ma'am, only that Deanis Byrne seen him on Ballyhowry

Mountain, where he came to hide."
"Hide! John Halloran, the noblest and best of God's creatures, skulking ike a hunted beast !" cried Mrs. Halloran, while torrents of tears drenched her cheeks.

Nora was satisfied. "The tears will do you good, dear lady," she said, "and in a little waile I will send poor Gracie and Desmond up. The child-er's lost their smiles and color, and coes moping around like orphans.

"Yes, send them up — poor little ones!" said Mrs. Halloran. "Bat one word, Nora: where is my cousin

"Faith, ma'am, he's been away these four days. Mrs. Shea says he has gone to Dublim; anywise, it's a good riddance."

"He's safe-my husband! my heart's own love -safe said Mrs. Halloran clasping her hands together. "A of God guard and guide him! "Angel This news gives me life. I dety all now, and, and trusting in the providence of my Father in heaven, I, His creature, will bear all in His holy name."

Ere long the sound of little feet out-

side and a timid knock at the door was heard. Mrs. Halloran went with feeble steps to open it, and found the two children standing, with a half-frightened look, on the threshold. She stooped and kissed them tenderly, and, olding the little soft hands in hers, ed them to the couch, where, leaning against her pillows almost exhausted, she gathered them to her bosom in s ong, ender embrace. Desmond was a ble child. He was now eight years I. His eyes were large and blue, his forehead bold and broad, surmounted a coronal of short, crisp, carling ir. His nose harnonized with his other features, while his mouth, with out losing the sweetness of childhood, wore an expression of firmness and sweetness truly remarkable. Gracie was five summers old. Her brown hair was smoothly braided back from her round, childish forehead; her eyes were blue, and full of thought and gentleness, and her complexion very fair and pure. But there was a deep, tranquil thoughtfulness in the child's countenance, a tender grace and a calc repose in every movement, which had gained for her throughout the demesne the sobriquet of "Little Lady." Her father used to call her "Little Poet;" for not only would the fair and beauti-ful in nature call forth sweet responses from the child's soul, but her language often expressed the most exquisite ideas. A bright star, a rainbow, a rich sunset, the singing of birds, the rustling of leaves, and the odor of flowers, were the quiet raptures of a life which was full of heaven.

Mrs. Halloran, while holding them that warm embrace, spoke cheer ingly to them, asked them a thousand questions which dispelled their timidity and soon won them to smiles.

"But, mother," said Desmond,
"where is my father? And what are these grim, ugly soldiers doing at Glendariff? If I was a man, mother, Mrs. I'd let them know what it was to stay where they were not wanted. does not father come home ?"

She was lying on her couch —the same low couch that her husband had He has just sent his love to you; but bitterly.

"The has just sent his love to you; but bitterly.

"The black, murthering informe

" Not tell that my father sent his love ?-Oh, mother !'
"No, Desmond; you must not speak to any one except myself. Come always and talk to me about him."

Would they kill him, if I did ?" " They might. They are watching and waiting here for him, to put him in prison, because he loved his country oo well; but he is safe and far away from them; but they must not know i

"Mother! That is the reason they called mega little rebel the other day, cried the boy, while indignant tear forced their way into his eyes. Yes. Now you will be careful, for dear father's sake, both of you?

Yes, mother.' "Yes, mamma," said soft voiced little Gracie; but I shall never, never see my papa again

"Child, do not say so," said Mrs. Halloran, holding her off, and looking eagerly and anxiously to see if there were any signs of illness in her face; but she could see none, and, kissing her tenderly, she sent them away until evening. After that the child used to come every day to talk, in a low voice about her father, asking a thousand questions, while her quivering lips and lushed cheeks betrayed how often her

heart was full almost to agony.

Thus some weeks passed away. De nis quite satisfied to be a prisoner of war at Glendariff, and Mrs. Halloran pared wildly at Nora, tues, teems them. The officers and soluters them shoulder, whispered, "Is it real, or am shoulder, whispered, "Is it real, or am were rigorous in all that appertained they cartainly inflicted to their duty, they certainly inflicted no gratuitous insults on the family. A message came to Mrs. Halloran one day-Captain Saunder's compliments, and a request that she would meet him in the drawing room on business. Agi tated and excited, she scarcely knew why-for she imagined that she had drained the cup of her bitterest sorrows in the separation from her hus- not stay here like outcasts. When I band—she wrapped her shawl about do all I want to do, if I'm not too ould, her and went down. The rugged an Dennis Byrne does not change his

blunt courtesy, and wheeled a large softly cushioned chair nearer the fire or her use. He "hoped she was well."

"Thank you, I am quite well," she replied, courteously.

"Madam," he said, in his broad
Scotch accent, which we leave to the
imagination of the reader, "I hope—
ahem—that what I have to say will not be quite unexpected. At any rate, it is painful; but you understand that I

am vowed to military obedience and the like, and therefore am only the medium of those in authority." "Does it concern my husband sir?"
to broke in. "If it does, for God's sake let me hear it, without a waste of

words. Has Mr. Halloran fallen into the hands of the government?"
"I fear—that is—shem—I believe not, madam. There is a rumor that he has escaped."

"Thank God!" she ejaculated. "But his estate, madam—you know that in these unfortunate cases estates

are generally-"
"Confiscated, of course," she said quietly. "But here is a letter, madam, for

you. It came from Dublin with my official papers to-day, and will probably explain the thing more to your satisfaction than I could do." Mrs. Halloran tore open the letter, and

My Dear Cousin :-" The govern ment, as a reward for services render ed, has been pleased to bestow on me a grant of the Glendariff estate. Do ot, however, allow this to alter any of your plans, or cause you to leave until it is perfectly convenient. If I

can serve you, command me.
'Your affectionate kinsman,

DONALD MORE "I understand the matter fully, now, sir," she said, calmly, but deadly pale. "Mr. More is now the master of John Halloran's possessions."

" He is, madam. "I presume he has been engaged in the honorable occupation of discover-ing and denouncing from time to time those men who have proved how well they have loved their country by sacrifleing everything for it. He has, Judas-like, sold his honor, his kindred, his country, for gold; and, base as he s, England, still more base, rewards him with honors and possessions. In short, onald More is an informer !" aid, with withering scorn.

Captain Saunders shrugged his houlders, then handed her the cfficial documents, which corroborated all that

her kinsman had written.
"Will you please to write, sir, and say that I shall leave Glendariff in two

days?"
"Madam," said the officer, touched with profound respect for grief borne with such submissive dignity, "do not go. Make some arrangement with this man. He is your kinsman." "Never, sir! No consideration, al-

though I am next to houseless, would induce me to remain. There is a frag-ment of land on which stand a few cattered ruins, bequeathed to me by my ancestors, which cannot be alienated, to which I shall retire. I thank you now for the consideration you have shown toward me and mine. A different person might have added much bit terness to my sorrows. Adien I" said Mrs. Halloran, rising from the chair and retiring with dignity from the apariment. Here her courage failed er, and for a few moments a storm of adignation and grief shook her to the When it passed away, she rang for Nora, then, opening her cabinet and bureau, she began to wrap her iew is and valuables in separate par-

Is. I am here, ma'm. Can I do anything for you?" said Nors, coming in. "But what in the world's name are you afther, Mrs. Halloran ?"

Nora, listen my friend, we are to eave, Glendariff; it is ours no longer. Sold, ma'm ?" said Nora, choking

ack her tears.
"Sold! Yes. Sold for John Halloran's life; the purchase money is paid in his exile and the rain of his namily. My cousin, Donald More, is now master of Glendariff," she said,

May St. Patrick's curse rest on him! cried Nora. "Its just what I thought he'd do, so I did. I knowed he was false-hearted to the core; and now he's robbed what't worse than the widdy, for whin a woman lays her husband in a quiet grave, knowing his soul to be in the hands of a werciul God, she knows that what's done is ight an' best, an' not like he was druy ut into the wide world, without home or friends, in a strange land, laving his nearted, with a traitor to the fore to rob an' rack-rent and presente his orphane. Ochone!' cried Nora, wring-ing her hands. "It's a hard triai, maire ban asthore, my darling, but there's a God above us, an' He hears me now," she said, snatching Mrs. Halloran's crucifix from the oratory and holding it up toward heaven, "and the Blessed Virgin hears me say, the cross of her dear Son, that I'll spend the rest of my life for them that's been all to me, nor think of me own until they come to their rights ag'in.

"Nora! Nora! Why did you do it?" exclaimed Mrs. Hallorau. "I cannot permit it. Your life and happiness shall not be wasted because mine are. We have a home —s poor one, it is true—where, by the sale of my jewels, we can live. Tre old Abbey will shelter us and give us lood. shall come with me-you and Dennis Byrne,

"Dennis Byrne! of course Dennis will stay there; he can farm and do the likes; but for me! I'm going to look for Mister Hallcran the hear he gets to Ameriky, an' workwork my fingers off till there's a home there ready to bring ye all together once more - That's what I'm going to do; for Ireland's no longer a place for the Irisb, an' you an' the childer shall

"Let us begin to get ready to leave Glendariff. Tell Dennis and Mrs.

" Mrs. Shea, madam! Mrs. Shea will stay to keep house for the born villain that's coming," cried Nora, "Oa, it was beautiful, sure, to see what cronies they got to be, an' how polished she was with the sogers! Mrs. Shea, indeed!"

"Well! well!" said Mrs. Halloran wearily; "let us prepare to go." "Or course we must ma's wish it was to right, since Glendaris no longer in the tamily. My pride's up; an' if I only had Donald More here now, I'd make his hair rise on his head with the harangue I'd give him."

CHAPTER VI.

"I'm biddin' you a long farewell,
My Mary kind and true;
But I'll not forget you, darling,
I a the land I'm going to.
They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there;
But I'll not forget Old Ireland,
Were it fifty times as fair...

The next day a police-constable, at tended by four subordinate officia made his appearance at Glendarit "He had been sent down from Dublin, he informed Captain Saunders, "by Donald More, Eq., to protect the property, and see that nothing except Mrs. Halloran's personal effects were removed from the house."

'You've come on a brown except

You've come on a braw errand. said Captain Saunders, with bitter irony, "an one weel suited to such a hoodie craw. There na mickle to fe for yer thrapple, and there's only desolate ladye and twa bairnies spend your valor on. Yes, yes, your documents are all correct. You will have perfect indeemity for any auda-city you may commit; but, I rede ye, city you may commit; but, I rede you insult to the ladye. None of us, and a burning spot glowed on the cheeks of the honest old Scotchman-"none of us were sent here to inter-fere with her."

The brutal countenance of the man expressed merely a blank and passing look of amazement and annoyance. He evidently had not expected such a reeption, and could he have understoon the meaning of that the old officer said he would have sent up to Dablin favorable report of his loyalty. As was, the cool irony of his tone, and th uncourteous reception he gave him stung him is such a manner that, had e been with his canals or his inferior he would have given vent to the rage which he now thought it was mos

rudent to suppress. It's the law, captain'; it's not ME ir. It's the law. Taey might all to the devil, sir, headlong, if the law et 'em, an' I d not put a jack-straw their way," he replied, sullenly. "Bu somebody must see this Mistress Hal loran, and read these documents to

"Come with me " said the old so dier, rising from his chair, and striding through the hall toward the drawing room, which he had seen Mrs. Halloran enter, with her children, a short time before. He tapped lightly on the door, which was opened by Desmond, who sprang back, and stood scowling at him out, and his clinched fists were ex tended forward. Captain Saunders laid his large, brawny hand gently on the boy's head, and passed in. Mrs Halloran arose, with her accustome grace and courtesy, to receive him although the appearance of a strange with him evidently agitated her. She was every instant expecting news from her husband, and if this was the senger who had come to tell her he was aken, she must die. So she though nd Captain Saunders, who read her fears in her pale, anxious countenance

nastened to relieve them, by saying "Do not be alarmed, madam. Th gentleman, who is of the law, has only come down from Dublin on a mere legal formula, which, I believe, is usual on such occasions; and I, thinkin', perhaps as you have -- no, ahem -- no friend near ye, took the liberty of breaking the

ousiness to you."
"Thank you, from my soul, sir," re plied Mrs. Halloran, with a grateful look, and inexpressibly relieved. What is your business with me, sir?
"I was sent down, ma'am, from Dub

lio, by Donald More, Esq."
"To drive me from the shelter of my own roof," she said, in a calm but bi er tone. "It were a needless pre-aution, however. I shall leave, as ter tone. intended, in the morning. It being his even though unjustly, cient to drive me from it, if I had m other shelter than those ruins below us or the vastnesses of the hill.

Madam, this relates to the graith and effects belonging to yoursel. over the in-the hand it to Mrs. Halloran, sir,

I don't know that it will be strictly

accordin' to law' sir.'
"It will. Mrs. Halloran, glanca over it. It's nae a fletterin' document I'll admit; but may be the sooner it's ower the better," said Captain Saun-ders, passing the unfolded parchment rom the constable's hands to her.

Her eyes ran rapidly over it. A red pot was soon kindled on each pale cheek, her lins were firmly compressed until they come to their rights.

Now rest aisy, Mary asthore: you're not frindless; and what Nora Brady heart was throbbing, and know how sharp and deep the blow had struck sharp and deep the blow had struck that she'll do." I his own fair daughters in the quiet vale of Kinloch; and had he dared, could have done it without disloyalty, h would have made her wrongs his o After she had read it to the last word she refolded the parchment, handed it back to the man, and, turning to Cap-tain Saunders, said—

"The treachery of friends and kinsmen is harder to bear than injuries re ceived from strangers. My personal effects are not numerous, and, if my necessities were not so great, I would make Donald More a free gift of them, slong with the rest I brought John Halloran, still the noblest and best of men, though now outlawed and called rebel, for that which, had it been suc-cessful, would have ranked him among the world's best heroes. I brought him but little, except my love and an undying trust in the purity of his character. That no tyranny can rob me of. Have