Katharine Tynan in the London Illustrated News.)

It was a week after Maire, Terence Jally's wife, had died, at the birth of her fourth child, that the seal was flung up out of the storm on the sand-strewn slope before Terence Lally's cottage door. Lonely, lonely is Derrycan, where they laid Maire to rest, with its three tall oypresses blown slanting by the seawind, and the one gable of its ruined abbey standing shoulder high among the long grasses, grey with sea sand and whitened with the bones of the dead. Maire had ever been timid and scared of them that walk between the dusk and the dawn. It was hard that she must come to lie there under the earth with the dead bones for company while the feet of the living tramped away to warm fire ides and talk and laughter.

Terence Lally was for flinging the seal back in the sea at first, but as he stood looking at it, all wet and shining, it lifted its great piteous brown eyes to him with a more than human appeal. Terence started and turned pale.

"The creature has the eyes of Maire when I was angry," he said, as he crossed himself and turned away.

The seal dragged itself over the threshold, and none forbade it. It came to the chimney corner where the cradle was, and crept into the warm shadows. One or another of the neighbors came in to see the strange beast.

"Twill abide with you," said one "for his easy to see the creature is young, and not used to its own element." And another-

Tis a terrible lucky thing entirely to happen to you, Terence Lally. I wish it was by my door it had come insimiating itself. Lashins and lavins' o' gold it'll bring in its train, an' you mark my

Maeve Brennan, who said this was a wise weman, and her words weighted them that ever lived was eager after the

"I small bide then," he said, "and by to eradle, turned a look of gratitude | dist not matter. on la a that gave him a pain in his heart. Sons d Maire locked at him when he gav for the soft word, and that was n t and foreive him.

W. L whether there was anything in be whee woman's talk or not, as the tine passed the greatest presterity that ever was came to Terence Lally. His crops thrave and his sheep in eround, and he took to fattering a few only is now and again, and to rearisg an ed little horse for Cahercon Fair. The time came that the cottage was acand a red in gold and yell wricks that your ald hardly see it for substance, and the fields were dotted over with the little membany sheep, with here and there a fine block or strawberry call among them. The neighbors said that the and to live hard, as his father had done more than of old.

Terence was out mostly all day seeing to his land or his stock or his fishthe house, and minded the children. It man, and not much comfort in it when he was in the house. Still it was noticed that he never had an ill word for a baby of one year in the man in the man

soft brown eyes.

Every night it returned to its own element, and sometimes in the day as well. That would be after Terence was Presently they were buil cut of the way, and when the baby was askep. If the child happened to wake during these times it would miss the seal and begin to whimper, and presently the seal would come dragging up the field and hurrying into the house on its great wet flappers; and when the baby would hear the slooshing of it on the clay floor he would stop crying and put his thumb in his mouth and sleep again.

All the children loved the seal, and the seal them, but the baby most of all; perhaps because the first thing he took notice of was the sleek head and the kind eyes looking over the wattles of his basket cradle.

In the afternoon, when little Oona had swept up the house and set a few sods of turf on the fire, that was a happy time for the children. The elder-child, who was a little mother to the rest, would gather the curly heads about her and sing songs or make them stories, and the seal, you would have said, was the hap-

piest one in that circle. Then the time came when the baby began to walk alone, and in the long summer days, when the other children had gone off to school to the iron hut in the valley, to find his toys and his playmates on the sandy slope before the cottage door, with its drift of sea-weed and shells and gaily colored pebbles such as a child loves. There he would sit all day in the sun with no other companion than the seal which, if anyone came by that way, would make them laugh with its serious aid and its clumsy gait. Oona was weighed down with the cares of housekeeping, the scrubbing and cleaning, and washing and mending. She would not have known what to do if she had had a great, wilful baby-boy on her hands as well. How could she have followed him up and down, and put by her work to be his playmate? All this the seal did for her; and the child with the seal was like a lusty child with its nurse. coaxing and petting and confiding, and as often as not bullying. As the boy grew strong and big and would wander to the rocks and the shore, and would a lull in the storm, and the wind began to the rocks and the shore, and would a lull in the storm, and the wind began to the rocks and the shore, and would a lull in the storm, and the wind began to the rocks and the shore it is a lull in the storm.

NERVOUS Troubles are due to impoverished blood. Hood's Sar-Parifier and NERVE TONIC.

pursue his playfellows, the waves, as they confronted him and retreated, the at the wisdom that love had put in the growing full of water

heart of the poor beast. And so all went well till in an ill hour Terence Lally took it into his head to ing over the sands, wondered where the marry again. It was another Maire, but children might be. Not seeing them, whereas the first Maire was known as Maire Bawn, that is the Fair, because of looked all about, but there was no sign her milk white kin and pale hair, this of them. Then her eyes wandered to the Maire was known over the island as grey waste of waters, and far out on the Maire Rua-that is the Red.

If Terence Lally was led to her by the money, as people said, she was able to put her comether on him soon enough, money or no money. She lived the other side of the island, and was an heiress in her own right. Land and stock and beasts had come to her from her father, and nothing had lost value in her hands. She had had many seeking her in marriage, but she was suspicious that they wanted her gear more than her. Yet she might well be sought for nerself. She had the white skin of the red haired, powdered with golden freckles. Her bare throat was like a pillar of snow. The

great twist of her red hair she could hardly carry upon her small head, and her reddish brown eyes had a golden fire in them. But her temper and her tongue frightened away the lads.

She was no longer young when Terence Lally sought her in marriage. He was richer than she was, so that her gibe to other suitors was out of place to him. He was still handsome and young enough; and if he, too, had temper she thought no worse of him for that. The children, to be sure, were a drawback, but then little Oona was a useful child and would take much of that care off her hands.

Terence Lally for her sake spent some of the contents of the stocking in making the house fit to receive so handsome and well dowered a bride.

She would have the children in one end of the house and herself in another. She was not a bad-hearted woman except for her temper, and it was not to be expected of her that she should be ready to mother the dead woman's children. She was so busy with her dairy and her calf feeding and pig-rearing that she did not meddle much with the children. Oona looked to them as of old, and the step mother was a stranger with Terence Lally, for every Lally of to them, which was perhaps the best thing that could have hap ened.

For the seal she had never any great wormth, but so long as it did not conmy besing on it;" and when he had bringing its truli of ser with and sea tale, the poor dumb beast, erouched band in her end of the heave the thin

> She was mappy with her institud, who loved her with an array kita persion on coraminate in Isocia tak naj with him till the collet ever

A providentitivis, what while the bein Br Mair Rail vot h the normal on time since and

broast with a degree z alons plang then I be ex r she came on little Terence in the enild, bornt gold by the sun and the seawind, and round and strong and be in it is in the face of a corpse, rocking in her without comfort to him. ful to delight the mother's heart. How arrow edead baby. love was so much for her little Owen Lally's could have meat for their dinner | There are women who really love but the wasn't one to like spending. It pleased Marie Rus. The man felt the change in stood in the doorway.

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was happier so, for Terence was a surly fore he could stand upright to make a back to her no answer.

Terence accepted his fondness, though a baby of one year is a stupid thing and as happy as a much-petted dog, sitting Rus watched the friendship between the there in the chimney c rner by the children with eyes in which a spark of cradile, and looking lovingly out of its jealousy smouldered. But what could she do? The minute her eye was off of inward fire, and there were those who of the was creening to Terence, chuck- said that Maire Rua was dying. Owen he was creeping to Terence, chuck-

> Presently they were building shellcastles together on the sands, and laying out houses and fields and ditches with the round pebbles; and when the tide but the seal she hated worse. It had had gone out and left little pools of clear saved Terence, and it had not saved water between the rocks, the children | Owen. If you said to her that the creawould go wriggling over the slippery sea-weed to find tiny crabs in the sandy depths. The day was full of employment and pleasure for them from morning to night; and through the hours of the day the seal would lie basking on the rocks, watching over the children.

But, one day, when Terence was five and little Owen two, they were alone on the sands. There had been a tempest the night before, and now the clouds were broken up and drifts of watery sunshine lay on the waves that were crying and sobbing themselves to sleep like one whose passion is spent. That morning the seal had heard the sea voices calling her, and had slipped over the edge of the rocks, and away through the turbulent water to the caves beyond.

Now, as misfortune would have it there was an old boat of Terence Lally. leaking and half rotten, lying on the sands where it had been drawn up to be mended. But the high tide had caught it and set it loose, and it was now swaying about with the water lapping at its

The children had been indoors a day or so because of the storm, and Terence was as unruly as a strong little colt that has been in the stable for days. As he looked about him for some mischief to be doing he spied the boat, and clapped his hand with a great shrick of joy. Little Owen shrieked after him, and clapped his little hands, as he would have done if Terence had proposed to throw him over the gunwale.

The children clambered into the boat. Terence, as he had seen the fishermen do. work to be his playmate? All this the took an oar and tried to push off. His

to clap its wings and shrick like a multitude of seagulls. Up and down, up and down in the trough of the waves went saparilla is the One True Blood the boat, and there came a grey swirl of water about the children's feet.

Then little Owen began to cry, terrified at what be saw in Terence's face. seal's task was no light one to turn him | Terence, though he was growing full of from the danger and coax him to the fear, put his arm around the baby brother safe places. No harm ever came to the and tried to comfort him, hiding Owens child. The neighbors used to wonder, wet face against the sleeve of his jack et seeing the seal and the little lad together, The boat rocked less now, for she was

> It was at this moment that Maire Rua came to the door of the house, and, lookcrest of a wave she saw the children clinging to each other in the boat.

> dren! God in heaven, my Owen! God! what am I to do?"

> She ran to the edge of the sea distracted, and up and downthe sands crying on God. Unless a miracle should save them she knew they were doomed. Their father was away at a distant fair. Oona and the others were at school. There was no one to help her Theref ire she cried on God, though Maire Rua was never good at the praying.

Suddenly an answering shrick smote upon her ear. It was something so strange, half-human, half-brate, in its terr r and anguish, that the distracted body outside the door, and when they woman stood and trembled. The boat opened it, the seal, sorely spent, dragged was still churning about in the waves, but no longer up and down with them. It was settling heavily with its weight of water, and though she could not see it, the two little ones, still clinging together, w re half buried in the sea.

But the seal the seal? There it was bobbing up and down in the waves. She could but see its sleek olack hold, and it was miking tast for the children. She stood like one turned to stone, and the prayers in zo on her bps. She saw the boot sink at last, and then two little specks of white, the pin cores the chil- tain held his paim for the money. dren were wearing came to the top, and went rising in it along in the waves with horrible helplessness. They wer still tangled tog-toer, for herence and caught. little Owen's principle and hell it in a drowning cluten. She could not pray now nor scream. Sac 64; her crain and her heart nang deal witten her.

But still there was the word. The black head reached the entitien and then turned and made for land. The little write pinatore followed in its trol. More Rus's life come back to her assue wat and the seal struggling against the ute log tide.

A term I mg strunger it received the is an i dragged riself up. Mare Rea-- there before is a ther amore, with has relegiously for white the sent are ugut. the face was proused and ensigned to og tre other call! from mer sac d to the house, and stripologie r 1 ad nice before the fire. But at s'

that she thought less of Terence Lally like dy and brought to life, so that even as in father looked down on the dead solding her last breath. Pitconsly had every day if they liked; but Terence child of their h dy and of these was child, the living, snate ed from death, she tought the sea and tempest, and the

stocking stock in a hole of the thatch, wisely he took to noticing little Terence | young grass grew over him but the fire | and | side. And even as the enildren of his mother's anguish knew no abat- came running to her with cries of love But as soon as little Owen could crawl | ing. She was in rebellion against the | she untered a great sob and turned on his heart turned from his mother to his Will, and woe to them that are so! Why brother. His love and admiration for should Terence be left and Owen taken? ing, and little Oona, ten years old, kept | Terence was great, and he would go | All day she flung the question against creeping after him over the sea sand be- the walls of H-aven, and there came

Her beauty became disfigured. Her beautiful hair was dull and roughened; her golden skin had turned yellow, ex the seal, and the creature seemed to be a hindrance to a buby of four. Marie cops for the two fierce fires that burned in her cheeks, and in her eyes smouldered an anger and unrest terrible to see She looked like a woman devoured by an

There had grown up in her heart a fierce anger against the seal. To Ter-rence, indeed, she grudged the sun while her own little boy lay in the dark ture had done its best, she would answer that it brought the ill-luck on her and hers. She had always known it would be so. Didn't the world know that it had always loved Maire Bawn's child and hated hers.

The seal, as if it knew, poor beast, kept out of the house and out of the distraught woman's way. But that was not mough. Day after day, night after night, she blooded upon it that the seal must cease to trouble her. If it could be killed, so much the better; but if it could not, it must go or she would kill it with her own hand. Perhaps in her heart she knew that the seal would rather die than be sent away, poor dumb thing that had set its love on Terence Lally's children.

The man was lost with trouble over the change in his wife.

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"What is there to do for you, pulse of my heart?" he would say; "tell me, and no matter what it costs, it must be done."

And she, with the fires of madness in her eyes, and her hand pressed to her side, as though she had a mortal hurt, w uld answer—

' Can you bring back the dead? You cannot, and that you can do you will

Terence Lally stood out for long. The seal had brought him good luck, and had eaved the life of his child. But could he go on resisting the woman who had taken the heart out of his body?

The day came when, amid the screams "Oh, my God!" she cried: "the chil- of the children, the seal was dragged with ropes to a fishing-boat that put in below Terence Lally's house. The man stood by as white as death, his face turned from the imploring eyes of the seal, that were like the eyes of a woman,

and were full of heavy tears.
"Do not hurt it," he said to the cap tain of the tisher-boat, that was bound for Scotland, as he counted the coin into his palm. "Drop it overboard when you are a day's journey from land."

The second night after that, as the children sat lonely round the bearth fire, th re was the dragging of a heavy wet opened it, the seal, sorely spent, dragged herself over the threshold into the midst of them.

Terence Lally did not dare to tell his wife. Since the seal had been taken away she had been kinder to him, and something of the madness had gone out of her eyes.

Hastily in the grey morning his boat came to the shore. Once again the seal was dragged aboard, and the boat's head turned for Westport. There was a snip bound for America, and to her captain Terence Lally betook himself. The cap

"Don't hurt it, ' said Terence Lally, but, when you are two days from land drop it overboard." And he turned away his head so that

he should not see the seal's eyes, which were like the eyes of Maire Bawn, and had great tears in them. A week later, betwirt the day and

the dawn the seal dragged itself, faint and haif dying, to Perence Lally's thresh eld stone. Then he went to a wise man and asked

ais a lytee. " the beast is evil," said the wise man, "see sald she have come without

chart of compass these miles and mile of seal. Too tiding to do is to put on merges, tal then let her be e rriel ?

But for needledly cried that he would nave notable to a swith it, and his are till of joiner. But presently come to the bis man, and sufter the many as on I to done but he was a c lines, the day or hour; and so it will

. Many days possed and there was a word of the wall. Maire Rus looked . smost pay or our Terence to ked as I lineary selences had failen on him. B sure of earth could warm the cold leavily washered without coising, matto the? The life, vever very strong I tering to aliasely, and at night he would Attle 18d, but been washed in a burn out of his sleep, sweating and crystars' inc. Ference, her dead rivaled the beging place, and when Terence log that he had burnt out Maire Bawn's Later came home it was to find his wife, leves. And the love of his wife became Air and alas! One morning, when

33 of Terence the seal had warmed with Hittle Onk opened the cottage door to the dancing sun, there by the blind seal her side, and was dead.

After that neither luck nor grace had Ference Lally. His prosperity withered off him as the fl-sh from his bones. All at once he was an old man, and bitter. The love between him and Maire Rua ceased, and they sat in each end of the house with the width of it between them for hatred.

Once more men saw the seal. It was the night they were waking Terence Lally, and there was many a one saw, aye, and passed close to, the great black shape crouched by the threshold. But surely the seal came in forgiveness, not in anger, for a gentler woman than Maire Bawn never walked this earth. Her one sin was that she loved those she left behind better than the joys of heaven, and that ein God had permitted her to ex-

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### IN LIGHTER VEIN.

Guard: Now, miss, jump in, please; train's going on. Child: But I can't go before I have kissed mamma. Guard: Jump in, miss; I'll see to

She: No, Jack, it wouldn't be judicious for us to marry until after you have had your salary increased. He (pleadingly): But two can live cheaper than one, you know, Katie.

She: Yes, I know that's what people

say. As a matter of fact, they have to. A man strolled into a fashionable church before the service began. The sexton followed him up, and, tapping him on the shoulder and pointing to a

small cur that had followed him into the sacred edifice, said-Dogs are not admitted." "That's not my dog," replied the vis-

itor. "But he follows you."

"Well, so do you The sexton growled and immediately removed the dog with unnecessary vio-

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