

AILEY MOORE

TALK OF THE TIMES SHOWING HOW UNBROKEN, MURDER AND SUICIDE PARTNERS ARE MANAGED AND JUSTICE ADMINISTERED IN IRELAND TOGETHER WITH MANY STIRRING INCIDENTS IN OTHER LANDS

BY RICHARD D. O'BRIEN, D. D., DEAN OF NEWCASTLE WEST CHAPTER X MR. JIM FORDE

Six weeks were more than sufficient to make great changes in Kinmacarra. Mr. and Mrs. Salmer were seen twice as much as they have ever been before; Mr. Snapper had been made a stipendiary magistrate, and had become "the devil intirely"; and the lord of the soil had, in good earnest, begun to believe that "the country" might be converted from the errors of Rome...

When the sea began to feel the force of the approaching equinox, and the air of summer began to chill in the coming winter, the moor looked down tranquilly on the spot which we have been describing. It was about eleven o'clock, and the stillness was therefore gravelike, unless when the thump, roar, and splash of the neighboring billows gave "the voice of the great Creator" to the ear that would listen to His word.

It was not long until he reached what appeared to be his destination, for he turned off the main road, and proceeded to the fishing hamlet. He had no very cheering scene before him in "Goul na Coppul," that was the village's name. The beautiful moon was there, as we said—and the bright waves rolling in its pure light—and the blue sky, and the stars, all so lovely—as the good God made them; but, besides the light and loveliness, the canopy of what the good God made so beautiful, was the curse that man brought on "God's people and works."

Looking down from Moorefield, how desolate and lonely was Moorefield, looking down from Moorefield, the scene, as we have said, was very beautiful. The whitened cottages and substantial farm-houses spread on every side, now in twos and threes, now grouped together in little villages. From the hills around many looked down smiling in the bright sunshine; and a large number, half hidden by projections and hillocks here and there, were still more lovely in their little shaded nooks and cozy hiding-places.

Down near the sea shore, but not on it, that is, about half a mile before you reach the strand, and where your attention will be arrested by the bold cliff, and the towering light house, and you already walk in the sand, and among sea-stones, there is

a little hamlet. Two rows of houses run in parallel lines, but not facing each other, both partly, not entirely, face the water. Here are wooden seats outside the door, and large nets spread over the walls, and primitive-looking children, with their hands to their foreheads, looking out at the stranger; and little fat, red looking infants laid right across the thresholds, or half carried, half drawn along by little things not much older than themselves. Inside you hear the noise of a wheel, or of a pair of cards, and often the plaintive song of tradition, that speaks a half understood story in a language passing away! "Deanga whilish or wha-hair," the "sweet tongue of our mother," is beginning to retire before the language of conquest, and soon the ark which preserved the memorials of Celtic wrong and glory shall have shared the fate of that of Israel.

In behind the fishermen's homes, about a quarter of a mile or more, is a well slated establishment—well white-washed, well fenced, and quite smart-looking, though not genteel. It is too neat for the locality, if the owner be supposed to possess no land, and too mean for the residence of any kind of landlord. It is just the kind of place you would think ought to house men who had no interest in itself, or in anything else unless "duty." That is the police-barrack. Now, just between the police-barrack and the hamlet, are three other houses—"bran new." They are one story high; they are slated and white-washed like the barrack; in fact, like the barrack, they are the residence of occupiers, not owners of houses, and one is always able to distinguish such edifices. Well, these have been lately built upon the recommendation of Mr. Salmer and his wife, Mrs. Salmer; and they are strictly modelled upon the cottages of the "other converts" in other parts of the country. The work has quite commenced in Kinmacarra.

On a night in early September, when the sea began to feel the force of the approaching equinox, and the air of summer began to chill in the coming winter, the moor looked down tranquilly on the spot which we have been describing. It was about eleven o'clock, and the stillness was therefore gravelike, unless when the thump, roar, and splash of the neighboring billows gave "the voice of the great Creator" to the ear that would listen to His word.

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seven or eight years lay at her feet, while at her side was rolled in bed-clothes, and laid upon a door, a little daughter of four or five. The child had not gone to rest hungry at any rate, for a loaf of bread lay on a tray on one side of the wretched reek, and in another place was a "piggin," half filled with milk. Peggy was crying, and looking through her tears at her infant, when Shaun made a gentle noise—only just sufficient to awaken attention, to doubt if any had been made; for he did not want to frighten poor Peggy. She snatched her child off her lap—looked steadfastly at the door for a time, and then drew a deep sigh. She was a little, her eyes again fell upon the child, but evidently her attention was directed also to the entrance of the hamlet. She looked once or twice, when Shaun made a more decided movement. At length Peggy Walsh rose to her feet—quite pale, but not trembling, and she looked firmly towards the passage.

"Any wan there?" she demanded. "Shaun a Dherk," was the reply. "Shaun a Dherk," was the answer, and the Holy Mother and the angel—Shaun a Dherk!—put his blessing of the great God on Shaun a Dherk and she rushed towards the opening.

In a moment the boards had been removed; the woman rushed forward and down upon her knees she flung herself; and but for the baby, she would have kissed the poor beggarman's feet. "Oh! may the Virgin Mother be near you!—may the sweet angels keep you—may the holy dead watch you—whenever you are an' wherever you cum from!—an' may your heart nurr feel the dead misfortune you riz up off of mine, Shaun a Dherk!"

"Whisht, agr!" he said; "whisht! agr!—I'm only the messenger of God Almighty and the Holy Mother and the angel! Whisht, agr!—God put justice in my soul—an' all a thurifure (sister), he put the pow'r in my arm. Never fear!—keep your little flock; hush! don't stir 'em, keep your little flock, an' I nurr will be far away from yet till ye go beyond the say it the man ye love! So the minister was here agr?—wasn't he?"

"Och! he was—an' may God keep his shadow from crossin' my thrashill agr! Oh Lord, save me an' all poor Christians!" "He wanted ye to turn, an' the ould house would be set up agr—is it?" "Oh dhial ye, sir!" and she looked terrified, as if she saw a specter. "The cross of Christ betune us an' all harm! He wanted to get my child, her, Paddy Walsh's little boy and girl, an' bring 'em over to the lord's and the lord's house, an' I could pray for the bodach an' tend him, if he was in the favor. They left me out in the night wud my baby, but I would help 'em to morrow fur sake o' the cross an' Holy Mary; but to sell my childer—Paddy's childer!—that loved his Sunday Mass, an' loved ould Father Mick that nurr frowned on 'im!"

"Well—you sent him away?" "Yes, an' I never said a hard word to 'im!" she said, and she would sell her childer to the devil fur what they'd eat an' wear; an' that God an' the Blessed Virgin would give us a house in the next world if we hadn't sin here." "An, he was satisfied, Peggy?" "Och, no sir; he looked cross at the Virgin Mary, an' he said somethin' agr; but I said—'Sir, said, 'down there in the ould church is my people; an' the Protestants shot 'em an' burned 'em out an' robbed 'em an' burned 'em out the same. But see, sir! I said, leave us the Virgin Mary to be a mother for the little wans an' the comfort o' the poor!"

"An then?" "An then he said somethin' agr, an' my blood was bilin', because he spoke agr! God's mother! and I said—'Mr. Salmer, I said, 'leave me an' my childer in peace. Don't speak agr! the Blessed Virgin Mary, how'd you tongue, sir, no, not a word.' An' as he went on speakin', I lost my sensis, an' swore I'd slay 'im; an' I took somethin' in my hand, an'—

"God bless poor Peggy Walsh!" answered Shaun; and he took her hand, in which he placed a piece of money. "A friend sent you that; don't fear, agr—'tis an honest man's share, believe me. God gev you enough sense this day week till now; an' he'll give you enough till he send you to your husband."

There was much crying and thanks on Peggy's part and praises to the Virgin Mary and all the saints; and Shaun found it hard to depart. However, he did after a while; and kissing Peggy Walsh's hands and settling the old boards carefully, he departed. Shaun a Dherk was met a short distance from the village by a boy whom the reader knows; it was little Eddy or Neddy Browne, Biddy Browne's grandson. He came up and looked at Shaun earnestly. "Well avic?" "Yes," answered Neddy; and both turned in the direction of the police barrack. Only one of the nice little houses of the "converts" was occupied, but that was well occupied, because the brother of Mr. Forde was the happy saint.

Mr. Jim Forde had been a farmer's servant, a most graceless youth, and a bad man; but he won the heart of the farmer's daughter, nevertheless, and they say, broke it. She had been a gentle girl, although she happened to love a vagabond. He was drunk day and night. He beat her and starved her; and Father Mick Quinlivan bought a coffin and a shroud for her remains, and he buried her. She left one child, a half-year old, to be killed after her but it still lived. It was now seven years of age.

Mr. Jim Forde married a second time—a widow. The widow was "quite sure" the first little girl wasn't able to manage him. She was a soft "gomul" of a thing, she said; which meant that she, the widow, was "able to manage him," and was not a "soft gomul of a thing." So the widow married him. She obtained Mr. Jim Forde, and Mr. Jim Forde obtained two pigs, one cow, one steppon, and one whow. Had he hardened, the widow and the stepson, all would be right; but she could only drink the less valuable property; and the widow found herself one day with her eyes black, her arm broken, her son turned out of doors, and her hopes of managing Jim rather the worse for one year's wear. She had neither her dinner nor the price of it, and Jim was clearly "the man of the house."

Many advices and many prayers were all nonsense, and several of the villainy they were intended to save; till at length Father Mick threatened to denounce him as a scandalizer. And when he had crowned all his wickedness by mockingly assailing a young female of the parish, Father Mick did denounce him.

It was some short time after this that himself and his brother, having made up their minds that "works" were all nonsense, and "faith" in the Bible the real truth, became sincere converts to the virtues of their state, and even ministers of the gospel in a certain sense—for Mr. Jim became a Bible-reader. Mr. Jim wore quite a black coat, and a muddy white neck-cloth, and by the aid of the police, he contrived to insult as many each day as personal security and time permitted.

There were two rooms in the convert's house, and one of them had a back window. Shaun spent very little time at this back window, when he came round the entrance. Mr. Jim Forde was in bed from a beating and Mr. Jim was in the back room. Shaun and Neddy entered without hesitation, and saw at once that Jim was in high spirits. Mr. Jim Forde was proving that in "vino veritas," or "truth comes out in drink," was applicable, even though the drink was whiskey and water. He had placed the two children on their knees, and several times he made them say "Curse Mr. Joyce Snapper! Bad luck to Lord Kinmacarra!" and pray "To hell with the Prodesudun!" which the children loyally accomplished. They began to cry, however, in the end, they had been summoned so often.

When this had gone on for some time, Shaun a Dherk made his appearance in the inside room. "Taiching the childer, Mr. Forde?" said Shaun; "sorry to trouble you this hour o' night; but I'm sure you know me."

Mr. Jim Forde was taken aback; but he was far too drunk to be cowardly. "Yes," said Jim. "I like the ould faith, an' I'll die in it, my harty! the d—! take the parsons!" "Aishth!" answered the cautious beggarman; "the threes has airs ye know—'aishth!" "What do I care? it ten thousand d—s with them, an' hurroo for the Pope!"

The wife gave a deep groan. "Gie me yer hand, ould Shaun! Arrah you rascal, sinte we o' talkin' 'stoc' an' 'where's the use o' talkin'?" "Yes, but you see," answered Shaun, "Snapper is a powerful man, agr, an' he'll turn you an' yer childer out, you know, an'—"

"Shaun!" cried Mr. Jim; "Shaun!" he repeated; and he put his left thumb to his nose, and he joined the thumb of his right hand to the fifth finger of his left. "Di yi understand that?" asked Mr. Jim. "O faith, I understand, Jim, that he means these houses an' turn you out; he—"

Yes, ye'll hang Gerald Moore. The devil a bit. I'll get Snapper hanged, 'tis he paid for id an' got id done, an' paid me, an' I was there, an' I can hang Snapper by—I can. How'd me tongue for you?"

"Well, there's no use in talking to you, I see, so I'll call to-morrow," answered Shaun a Dherk. "I'm goin' over to the Hartneys." "Yes, but I tell you—"

"Oh, well, no matter now." "Well, I don't care for Snapper." "Bad luck to you! you old brute," said Jim, when the old man had departed.

"So far, so well, Neddy," remarked Shaun a Dherk.

TO BE CONTINUED

NOT SEEING

Ellie Lance danced through life as irresponsible as a petal on a wave. She was always swift on the trail of pleasure, harmless pleasure, yet harmless only in a negative sense. She loved dancing, gaily of all sorts, she wore gowns suitable to the gaily "fun," as she comprehensively described it. "What's the use of being old before your time?" she asked, and lived up to this philosophy.

But some one has to be old when another is prolonging youth: some one has to be tired when another loafs; some one must work when another plays, and the unequal division bears hard on that some one in the Lance household. Ellie and her mother lived together in the small house which they owned, "clear of mortgage," that ideal of respectable, thrifty dwellers in the country or in small towns. But there was not enough income to keep it up to its standard of fresh white paint and general well-being, and still hire some one to look after it. So Mrs. Lane did this herself, and always said and tried to believe, that she and Ellie "did their own house."

She was a tiny woman, pale and frail, "just keeping herself going by clear will," her neighbors said. There are plenty of people to comment on Ellie's light hearted way of shirking responsibility, leaving all of it to her mother, who had earned the right to rest long ago, as the same friendly commentators further said.

"Mama, dear," cried Ellie one day coming into the house in a flutter of skirts, ribbons and sachets as she always did, for no one is ever in such a chronic rush as the professional idler. "Mama, dear, I'm asked to spend the night with Molly and go out to see the new clubhouse on the Burside Road to-morrow. I told Molly I'd come; I didn't know of anything to prevent—there isn't anything you want me for, is there?" Mrs. Lane put her hand to her side and sat down quickly she did this often of late, but Ellie did not see it. Her mother sighed and a shadow crept over her smile of welcome. "I wish it had been another day, Ellie," she said, and she rarely suggested even as much as this to Ellie. "I don't know why I am so tired; it seems as though I couldn't get through each day. I fairly goad myself out of bed, and I read myself every step of the rest of the way until it comes time to drop into bed, and then I often can't sleep for the shooting pains that dart all over me—it's nerves, I suppose."

"I suppose it must be," said Ellie absent-mindedly, but kindly. "You ought to take a tonic; better get something from the doctor, then it will be the right thing. Why do you seem to think you would rather I went to the clubhouse another day?" "Yes, I know. It is only that the man is coming in the ceiling, and it makes a dreadful time; I felt as though I couldn't quite manage it alone, with the other work, and would like you here. But run along dear, don't mind, I didn't mean to say that," added Ellie's mother hastily, instantly afraid that she had clouded her child's youthful happiness.

She need not have been afraid: Ellie had not heard her in the sense of taking in what she said. All that sank into her brain was the final agreement of her taking this latest bit of pleasure. "Very well; I'll just stop long enough to get my bag ready and hurry off, because Molly's going too, and she will be waiting for me. Why don't you get the plasterer to put off this work till another day, when you feel more rested?" said Ellie.

"Oh, my dear, don't you remember that I've been trying to get him for weeks and he was so busy on Mr. Arnold's new house it was useless? If that ceiling isn't repaired before freezing sets in I don't know how I can make a fire on that side of the house. I must take him when I can get him," explained Mrs. Lane patiently. She had been talking of this ceiling to Ellie's inattentive ears for weeks past. As it was Ellie hardly heard her mother; she waited to be polite, then shot off upstairs to prepare to go out.

After she had gone her mother went up and set right her room, which always looked as if it were a cyclone center after Ellie had left in one of her flusters. Then she decided that she was too tired and not hungry enough to make tea worth getting properly, and she spread herself a slice of bread and drank a cup of tea standing, and then fell asleep in her sitting room over her mending.

She was discovered in this plight an hour afterward by an old lady who had been a friend of her mother's and who knew of Ellie's carelessness.

"Where's that girl of yours now?" she demanded, as Mrs. Lane hastily resumed her work, murmuring some thing about just having lost herself for a moment and resting for a hard day to-morrow. "Where's Ellie?" "She's spending the night with Molly and they're going to the new clubhouse to-morrow," said Ellie's mother. "I told her she might go, I'm not one bit sick, you know, but I'm so tired that it's almost the same thing."

"You are very much to blame for not keeping Ellie at home. It's not true kindness; you are wronging the girl," said her old friend. "To be sure, I don't see what she's made of to need showing, but since she's color-blind to your pallor, then you ought to open her eyes. If you break down, and everything you do now comes on her at once, it won't be easy for her. If you should do worse than break down, if you should die, Mary Lane, of overwork, as many a stronger woman than you has died, then you are laying up for your daughter a heartache that never will be cured."

"I shall not die of overwork, Mrs. Lennon," smiled Ellie's mother. "But if anything ever did happen to me I trust you to tell Ellie not to worry about it, nor blame herself, for she had no idea that I was overdoing and it was all my own fault for not telling her."

"Well, I never did believe in waiting to send flowers to a funeral," said the old lady decidedly. "I think instead of putting in the papers a notice that it is kindly requested that no flowers be sent, the dead, they ought to add to marriage notices." It is kindly requested that all the flowers, figurative and literal, that friends ever want to send to either of this couple be sent while they are living the life begun as stated above."

Mrs. Lane smiled. "It might be better to add that request to birth notices, in case one never married," she said. But she was so weary that she had hard work to talk, and her old friend, seeing this, mercifully departed to let her rest.

She departed with a resolution suddenly taken, and which she proceeded to carry out on the morrow. She lay aside Ellie on her return from the clubhouse, dismissed Molly, her companion, with scant ceremony, drew Ellie into her house, and talked to her without sparing her one iota of her decided and unmitigable opinion. "It's all very well to excuse youth by reason of its inexperience, Ellie, and no one wants you to be as old as I am at twenty three. But love should make you sensitive to feel for your mother what you have not counted in yourself. You have no right whatever to leave her alone as you do, working for you while you play. Play, of course; it is your right and she wants you to; but open your eyes to see that she is breaking down before it is too late, and share her burdens, you who are young and strong! And pray that you may have time to do this, or you will suffer beyond your actual desert. I have done my best for you child; now, if you don't do your duty you are guilty, for no one can plead ignorance for you again."

Ellie went away frightened, conscience stricken, yet in the end rebellious against her clutching fear, her new sense of miserable self disapproval. "Mrs. Lennon exaggerated, there was nothing wrong with her mother! She might be tired and perhaps needed a tonic after the summer's heat; she would see to it that her mother went to the doctor, as she had suggested only yesterday. And there was no quieting the sense of wrong that her grandmother's friend had aroused; underneath her reassurances lay the fact that her frail little mother had borne all the burdens while she, strong and twenty-three, had left her to go her selfish ways."

As she came into the house its quiet struck her. The ceiling had been repaired, the plasterer was gone, but the weight of his passing lay around, flakes of old plastering, powder of new material. Her mother had not tidied the house after her work was done. It was unlike her; Ellie suddenly felt panic-stricken.

In an inner room she came upon her mother sitting still, motionless in an armchair. "Mother, is anything the matter?" cried Ellie. "I'm so glad you've come," said her mother slowly. "Yes, something's the matter. I can't move my right hand and arm. It's a stroke, Ellie. Don't be frightened."

For Ellie had rushed to her with a cry and had fallen on her knees beside the still little figure and begun frantically to rub her stiffened hand. "It happened just after the man had gone. I know the house looks dreadful, for I hadn't a chance to clean up after—" Mrs. Lane's voice died away. "I'm going to put you to bed and send for the doctor," cried Ellie. "It's just tired nerves; it isn't a stroke." "Yes, I've been so tired, and those little sharp pains everywhere were nerve pains, I guess. Ellie, don't let any one tell you you should have been here, I liked to work alone. I wanted you to go. It was all right," said Ellie's mother. "Oh, God, just spare her, just give me time to make up!" prayed Ellie in her agonized heart. And somehow she managed to take her tiny mother up in her strong young arms and carry her up the stairs to her room.



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