

THE COLLEGIANS.

A TALE OF GARRYOWEN. BY Gerald Griffin.

CHAPTER XXXII.—Continued.

"Charles, my dear Charles!" said this sister in a tone of gentle remonstrance, while she laid her hand upon his shoulder. "Well, Mary, I will do whatever you like. Heaven knows I am not fit to direct myself, now. Ha! Kyrie, are you returned? I remember I wrote you word to come home to conclude the Christmas with us. I did not think you would have so mournful a home to come to. When did you come?" "You forget, Charles, that you saw Kyrie a while ago," said Mrs. O'Connell. "Did I, I had forgotten it," returned Mr. Daly tossing his head. He extended his hand to Kyrie and burst into tears. Kyrie could not do so. He passed his father and aunt, and entered the parlor which was now deserted. He sat down at a small table before the window, and leaning on his elbow, looked out upon the face of the river. The wintry tide was flowing against a sharp and darkening gale, and a number of boats with close-reefed sails and black hulls, heeling to the blast, were beating through the yellow waves; the sky was low and dingy; the hills of Cratloe rose on the other side in all their bleak and barren wildness of attire. A harsh wind stirred the dry and leafless woodbines that covered the front of the cottage, and every object in the landscape seemed to wear a character of dreariness and discomfort. Here he remained for several hours in the same dry and stolid mood of reflection. Not a single tear, not a single sound of sorrow, was added by him to the general clamour of the household. He never before had been tried by an occasion of this nature, and his present apathy filled him with alarm and astonishment. He listened to the wallings of the women and children, and he looked on the moistened faces of those who hurried past his chair from time to time, until he began to accuse himself of want of feeling and affection. While he sat thus silent, the door was opened and Lowry Looby thrust in his head to inform him that the family were assembled to say a litany in the other room. Kyrie rose, and proceeded thither without reply or question, while Lowry oppressed with grief, made his retreat into the kitchen. Here he was met by the nurse, who asked him for some half-pence, that she might lay them, according to custom, on the lips and eyes of the corpse. "I didn't like," she said, "to be tazing any o' the family about it, an' they in trouble."

coin of it was good for the use you're going to make of it." The nurse left the kitchen, and Lowry took his seat upon the settle-bed, where he remained for some time, looking downwards and striking the end of his walking stick against the floor gently and at regular intervals. The crying of the child disturbed his meditations, and he frequently lifted his head and stared with a look of stern remonstrance at the unconscious innocent. "The Lord forgive you, you little disciple!" said Lowry, "'tis little you know what harm you done this day! Do all you can—grow up as fine as a queen, an' talk like an angel—'twill set you to fill up the place o' the woman, you took away from us this day. Howl your tongue, again I tell you, 'tis we that have reason to cry, an' not you." The news of this unexpected visitation became diffused throughout the country with a speed resembling that of sound itself. Friend after friend dropped in as evening fell, and the little parlor was crowded before midnight. It was a dreadful night without, the same (it will be remembered) on which Eily O'Connor left the cottage in the Gap. The thunder clattered close over head, the rain fell down in torrents, and the reflection of the frequent lightning flashes danced upon the glasses and bowl, around which the company were seated in the parlor. It was yet too soon for the report to have reached the ears of the real friends of the family, whose condolence might have been more efficacious than that of the humbler crowd of distant relatives and dependents who were now assembled in the house of mourning. Kyrie considered this, and yet he could not avoid a certain dreary and desolate feeling, as he looked round upon the throng of persons by whom the hearth was girded. But though he could not receive from them the delicate condolence which his equals might have afforded, their sympathy was not less cordial and sincere. The night passed away in silence and watching. A few, conversed in low whispers, and some pressed each other by signs, to drink; but this courtesy was for the most part declined by a gathering of the brows and a shake of the head. The gray and wintry morning found the dwelling thronged with pale, unwashed and lengthened faces. Others thronged the room of death, where an early Mass was celebrated for the soul of the departed. At intervals a solitary cry of pain and grief was heard to break from some individual of the crowd, but it was at once repressed by the guests with low sounds of anger and surprise. The family were silent in their woe, and it was thought daring in a stranger to usurp their prerogative of sorrow. The arrivals were more frequent in the course of the second evening, and a number of gigs, carriages, and outside jaunting-cars, were laid by in the yard. No circumstances could more fully demonstrate the estimation in which this family was held, than the demeanor of the guests as they entered the house. Instead of the accustomed ceremonials which friends use at meeting, they recognized each other in silence and with reserve, as in a house of worship. Sometimes a lifting of the eyelid and a slight elevation of the hand, expressed their dismay and their astonishment; and if they did exchange a whisper it was only to give expression to the same feeling. "It was a dreadful loss! Poor man! What will become of the children?" About nightfall on the second evening, Kyrie was standing at the window of the room in which the corpse was laid out. The old nurse was lighting the candles that were to burn on either side of the death-bed. The white curtains were festooned with artificial roses, and a few were scattered upon the counterpane. Kyrie was leaning with his arm against the window-sash, and looking out upon the river, when Mrs. O'Connell laid her hand upon the shoulder. "Kyrie," said she, "I wish you would speak to your father, and make him go to bed to-night. It would be a great deal too much for him to go without rest the two nights successively." "I have already spoken to him, aunt, and he has promised that he will retire early to his room. We ought to be all obliged to you, aunt,

for your attention; it is in conjunctures like this that we discover our real friends. I am only afraid that you will suffer from your exertions. Could you not find somebody to attend to the company to-night, while you are taking a little rest?" "Oh! I am an old nurse-tender," said Mrs. O'Connell. "I am accustomed to sit up. Do not think of me, Kyrie." She left the room, and Kyrie resumed his meditative posture. Up to this moment he had not shed a single tear, and the nurse was watching him, from time to time, with an anxious and uneasy eye. As he remained looking out, an old man dressed in dark frieze, and with a stooping gait, appeared upon the little avenue. The eye of Kyrie rested on his figure, as he walked slowly forward, assisting his aged limbs with a seasoned blackthorn stick. He figured, involuntarily, to his own mind, the picture of this poor old fellow in his cottage, taking his hat and stick, and telling his family that he would "step over to Mrs. Daly's wake." To Mrs. Daly's wake! His mother, with whom he had dined on the Christmas Day just past, in perfect health and security! The incident was slight, but it struck the spring of nature in his heart. He turned from the window, threw himself into a chair, extended his arms, let his head hang back and burst at once into a loud and hysterical passion of grief. Instantly the room was thronged with anxious figures. All gathered around his chair with expressions of compassion and condolence. "Come out—come out into the air, Master Kyrie," said the nurse, while she added her tears to his. "Don't, a'ra gal. Don't now, asthóra ma chree. Oh! then, 'tis little wonder you should feel your loss." "Kyrie," said Mrs. O'Connell, in a voice nearly as convulsive as his, "whom she sought to comfort, 'remember your father, Kyrie; don't disturb him." "Let me alone—oh, let me alone, aunt Mary," returned the young man waving his hands, and turning away his head in deep suffering. "I tell you I shall die if you prevent me." And he abandoned himself once more to a convulsive fit of weeping. "Let him alone, as he says," whimpered old Winny. "I'm sure I thought it wasn't natural he should keep it on his head so long. It will do him good. Oh, vo! vo! it is a frightful thing to hear a man crying." Suddenly Mr. Daly appeared amid the group. He walked up to Kyrie's chair and took him by the arm. The latter checked his feelings on the instant, and arose with a calm and ready obedience. As they passed the foot of the bed, the father and son paused, as if by a consent of intelligence. They exchanged one silent glance, and then flinging themselves each on the other's neck, they wept long, loudly, and convulsively together. There was no one now to interfere. No one dared at this moment to assume the office of comforter, and every individual acted the part of a principal in the affliction. The general wail of sorrow which issued from the room was once more echoed in the other parts of the dwelling and the winds bore it to the ear of Hardsress Cregan, as he approached the avenue.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

HOW HARDRESS MET A FRIEND OF EILY'S AT THE WAKE.

He entered the house with that species of vulgar resolution which a person feels who is conscious of deserving a repulse and determined to outface it; but his bravery was wholly needless. Poor Kyrie was busy now with other thoughts than those of Cregan's treachery. He was shown into the parlor, in which the gentlemen were seated round the fire, and listening to the mournful clamour which yet had hardly subsided in the distant room. The table was covered with decanters of wine, bowls of whisky-punch and long glasses. A large turf fire blazed in the grate, and Lowry Looby was just occupied in placing on the table a pair of plated candlesticks almost as long as himself. Mr. Barnaby Cregan, Mr. Connolly, Doctor Leake, and several other gentlemen, were seated at one side of the fire. On the other stood a vacant chair, from which Mr. Daly had been summoned a few minutes before by the voice of his son in suffering. A little farther back, on a row of chairs which was placed along the wall, the children were seated—some of them with countenances dejected, and a few of the very youngest appearing still more touchingly unconscious of their misfortune. The remainder of the circle, (which, though widened to the utmost limit, completely filled the room) consisted of the more fortuneless connections of the family, their tradesmen and some of the more comfortable class of tenants. One or two persons took upon themselves the office of attending to the company, supplying them with liquor, and manufacturing punch, according as the fountain was exhausted. When Hardsress appeared at the door, his eye met that of Connolly, who beckoned to him in silence, and made room for him upon his own chair. He took his place, and looked around for some members of the family. It was perhaps, rather to his relief than disappointment that he could not discern Kyrie Daly or his father among the company. Shortly afterwards two or three clergymen made their appearance, and were with difficulty accommodated with places. While Hardsress was occupied in perusing the countenances of these last, he felt his arm grasped, and turning round, received a nod of recognition, and a handshake (such as was then in fashion) from Dr. Leake. "A dreadful occasion this, doctor," whispered Hardsress. The doctor shut his eyes, knit his brows, thrust out his lips, and shook his head with an air of deep reproof. Laying his hand familiarly on Hardsress's knee, and looking fixedly on his face, said: "My dear Cregan, 'tis a warning; 'tis a warning to the whole country. This is what comes of employing unscientific persons." Some whispering conversation now proceeded amongst the guests, which, however, was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of Kyrie Daly at the parlor-door. He walked across the room with that port of mournful, ease and dignity which men are apt to exhibit under any deep emotion, and took possession of the vacant chair before alluded to. Not forgetful in his affliction of the courtesy of a host, he looked around to see what new faces had entered during his absence. He recognized the clergyman, and addressed them with a calm, yet cordial politeness. "I hope," he said, smiling courteously, yet sadly, as he looked upon the circle; "I hope the gentleman will excuse my father for his absence. He was anxious to return, but I prevented him. I thought a second night's watching would have been too severe a trial for his strength." A general murmur of assent followed this appeal, and the speaker, resting his forehead on his hand, was silent for an instant. "I wish you would follow his example, Kyrie," said Mr. Cregan. "I am sure we can all take care of ourselves, and you must wait rest." "It is madness," said Connolly, "for the living to injure their health, when it can be of no possible use." "Pray, do not speak of it," said Kyrie; "if I felt in the least degree fatigued, I should not hesitate, Lowry," he added, calling to his servant, who started and turned round on his heel, with a serious eagerness that would at any other time have been comic in its effect. "Lowry, will you tell Mrs. O'Connell to send in some tea? Some of the gentlemen may wish to take it." Lowry disappeared, and Kyrie relapsed into his attitude of motionless dejection. A long silence ensued, the guests conversing only by secret whispers, signs and gestures, and significant contortions of the face. It was once more broken by Kyrie, who, looking at Mr. Cregan, said, in a restrained and steady voice: "Has Hardsress returned from Killarney yet, Mr. Cregan?" Hardsress felt his blood rush through his veins, like that of a convict when he hears from the bench those fearful words: "Bring him up for judgment!" He made a slight motion in his chair, while his father answered the question of Kyrie. "Hardsress is here," said Mr. Cregan; "he came while you were out."

"Here! is he? I ought to be ashamed of myself," said Kyrie rising slowly from his chair, and meeting his old friend half-way with an extended hand. They looked to the eye of the guests, pale, cold, and passionless like two animated corpses. "But Hardsress," continued Kyrie, with a ghastly lip, "will excuse me, I hope. Did you leave Mrs. Cregan well?" "Quite well," muttered Hardsress, with a confused bow. "I am glad of it," returned Kyrie, in the same tone of calm, dignified, and yet mournful politeness. "You are fortunate, Hardsress, in that. If I had met you yesterday, I would have answered a similar question with the same confidence. And see how short—" A sudden passion choked his utterance, he turned aside, and both the young men resumed their seats in silence. There was something to Hardsress infinitely humiliating in this brief interview. The manner of Kyrie Daly, as it regarded him, was merely indifferent. It was not cordial, for then it must necessarily have been hypocritical, but neither could he discern the slightest indication of a resentful feeling. He saw that Kyrie Daly was perfectly aware of his treason; he saw that his esteem and friendship were utterly extinct; and he saw, likewise, that he had formed the resolution of never exchanging with him a word of explanation or reproach, and of treating him in future as an indifferent acquaintance, who could not be esteemed, and ought to be avoided. This calm avoidance was the stroke that cut him to the quick. Lowry now entered with tea, and a slight movement took place amongst the guests. Many left their places, and order being restored, Hardsress found himself between two strangers, of a rank more humble than his own. He continued to sip his tea for some time in silence, when a slight touch on his arm made him turn round. He beheld on his right an old man dressed in dark frieze, with both hands crossed on the head of his walking-stick, his chin resting upon them, and his eye fixed upon Hardsress, with an air of settled melancholy. It was the same old man whose appearance in the avenue had produced so deep an effect on Kyrie Daly—Mihil O'Connor, the rope-maker. "I beg your pardon, sir," he said gently; "but I think I have seen your face somewhere before now. Did you ever spend an evening at Garryowen?" If, as he turned on his chair, the eye of Hardsress had encountered that of the corpse which now lay shrouded and confined in the other room, he could not have experienced a more sudden revulsion of affright. He did not answer the question of the old man (his father-in-law! the plundered parent!) but remained staring and gaping on him in silence. Old Mihil imagined that he was at a loss, and laboring to bestir his memory. "Don't you remember, sir," he added, "on a Patrick's Eve, saying an old man and a girl from a parcel o' the boys in Mungret Street?" "I do," answered Hardsress in a low and hoarse voice. "I thought I remembered the face and the make," returned Mihil. "Well, sir, I'm that same old man, and many's the time, since that night that I wished (if it was Heaven's will) that both she and I had died that night upon the spot together. I wished that when you seen us that time you passed us by and never riz a hand to save us—always if it was Heaven's will, for I'm submissive; the will of Heaven be done, for I'm a great sinner, and I deserve great punishment, and great punishment I got; great punishment that's laid on my old heart this night!" "I pity you!" muttered Hardsress, involuntarily. "I pity you, although you may not think of it." "For what?" exclaimed the old man still in a whisper, elevating his person and planting the stick upright upon the floor. "For what would you pity me? You know nothing about me, man, that you'd pity me for. If I was to tell you my story, you'd pity me I know; for there isn't the man living, with a heart in the breast that wouldn't feel it. But I won't tell it to you, sir. I'm tired of telling it, that's what I am. I'm tired of talking of it, an' thinking of it, an' dreaming of it, an' I wish I was in my grave, to be done with it for ever as a story—always, always," he added, lifting his eyes in devout fear—"always, if it was Heaven's will. Heaven forgit me! I say that I oughtn't to say, sometimes, thinkin' of it." "I understand," muttered Hardsress incoherently. The old man did not hear him. "An' still, for all," Mihil added, after a pause, "as I spoke of it at all, I'll tell you something of it. That girl you saw that night with me—she was a beautiful little girl, sir, wasn't she?"

"Do you think so?" Hardsress murmured, still without knowing what he said. "Do I think so?" echoed the father with a grim smile. "It's little matter what her father thought. The world knew her for a beauty, but what was the good of it? She left me there; after that night, an' went off with a stranger." Hardsress again said something, but it resembled only the delirious murmurs of a person on the rack. "Oh, vo, Eily! that night, that woeful night!" continued the old man. "I'm ashamed o' myself, to be always this way, like an old woman, moaning and ochoning among the neighbors; like an old goose, that would be cackling after the flock, or a fool of a little bird, whistling upon a bough of a summer evening, after the nest is robbed." "How close this room is!" said Hardsress; "the heat is suffocating." "I thought at first," continued Mihil, "that it is dead she was, but a letter came to a neighbor o' mine to let me know that she was alive and hearty. I know how it was. Some villian that enticed her off. I sent the neighbor westwards to look after her, an' I thought he'd be back to-day, but he isn't. I told him at call to my brother's the priest's, in Castle Island. Sure, he writes me word, he seen her himself of a Christmas Day last, an' that she told him she was married and coming home shortly. Aye, I'm afraid the villian deceived her, an' that she is not rightly married; for I made it my business to inquire of every priest in town and country, an' none of 'em could tell me a word about it. She deceived me, and I'm afeard here's deceavin' her. There let him! there let him! But there's a throne in Heaven, and there's One upon it, an' that man, an' my daughter, an' I will stand together before that throne one day!" "Let me go!" cried Hardsress aloud, and breaking from the circle with violence. "Let me go! Let me go!—can any one bear this?" Such an incident, amid the general silence, and on this solemn occasion, could not fail to produce a degree of consternation amongst the company. Kyrie looked up with an expression of strong feeling. "What's the matter?" "What has happened?" was asked by several voices. "It is highly indecorous." "It is very unfeeling," was added by many more. Hardsress stayed not to hear their observations, but struggled through the astonished crowd, and reached the door. Kyrie, after looking in vain for an explanation, once more leaned down with his forehead on his hand and remained silent. "He's a good young gentleman," said Mihil O'Connor, looking after Hardsress, and addressing those who sat around him. "I was telling him the story of my daughter. He's a good young gentleman—he has great nature." (To be continued.)

HARD ON THE BABIES.

One of the first effects of a hot wave, particularly in towns and cities, is a pronounced increase in the number of deaths of infants. Even in the open country the suffering of the helpless little ones would move the hardest heart. Stomach trouble and diarrhoea are the foes most to be dreaded at this time and every mother should appreciate the necessity of careful diet and attention at the first sign of these troubles. Medicine should never be given to check diarrhoea except upon the advice of a physician. A diet limited almost entirely to boiled milk and the use of Baby's Own Tablets will cure almost any case and keep baby in health. Mrs. W. E. Bassam, of Kingston, Ont., writes:— "When my little girl was about three months old she suffered with vomiting and had diarrhoea constantly. I did not find any medicine that helped her until we began giving her Baby's Own Tablets. After giving her the Tablets the vomiting and diarrhoea ceased and she began to improve almost at once. Since then whenever her stomach is out of order she is constipated we give her the Tablets, and the result is always all that we desire. They are the very best medicine I have ever used for a child."

Baby's Own Tablets are sold by all dealers in medicine or by mail postpaid, at twenty-five cents a box by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.