By Christine Faber. CHAPTER LVI.

Dr. Burney was obliged to go up to the city, but as Miss Burram was in no immediate danger, and the nurse had very full and explicit directions, the etor felt he could safely remain away for several hours, and even the entir night, if he found it necessary. Rachel also had her instructions—instructions which the physician felt he need not repeat, so attentively did she listen and so promptly and carefully hitherto carried out every direction But Dr. Burney had hardly gone when both Sarah and Mrs. McElvain were

"May I never be burned nor drowned alive," said Sarah somewhat affrighted, while Mrs. McElvain also looked dismayed. No one had applied for entranee at that door since Dr. Burney came in response to Miss Burram's summons. And Sarah hesitated till another and louder ring sent her in Then her habitual ejaculation almost broke again aloud from her when she opened the door to young Toussel. He carried a large paper parcel about which he seemed to be exceedingly he seemed to be exceedingly and he appeared to be in a

state of great excitement.
"I want to see Miss Rachel, Sarah," he said, forcing his way past her into

'But there's smallpox in the house, Mr. Toussel," Sarah gasped, "and you mustn't come in—nobody's allowed to come in," and then realizing how derelict she had been in permitting the intruder such complete entrance, she felt that she must get him out as soon and as fast as possible; so she opened the terposed herself between him and the door of the parlor, for which room she thought he might aim. But young Toussel was extraordinarily agile, and before Sarah could imagine what he was about to do he was bounding up the stair. She ran after him, and Rachel. paused in affright almost at the head o the stair the young man was so rapidly ascending; he, seeing her, tear the wrap from his parcel and as

n as he reached her he sputtered: Oh, Miss Rachel, I've had such a time to get them here; but I knew they'd do you and Miss Burram good, I made up my mind you should

have them."
With a last violent jerk he got off the entire wrapper, and disclosed to both Rachel's and Sarah's astonished eyes two deep china dishes filled to overflowing with what seemed to be

very carefully prepared salads.
"I was so afraid I had injured them," he went on, his excitement somewhat subsiding and a ludicrous air of triamph taking its place. "I just dreamed of those salads for you and Miss Burram ever since I heard Miss Burram had the smallpox. I knew if she was fed properly on salads she'd get well, and f you have them to eat you won't catch the sickness. I didn't tell mother nor Mr. Burleigh I was coming, because they're afraid of smallpox and they'd think I'd catch it and bring it to them. But even if I was to catch it, Miss Rachel, and to die with it, I wouldn't mind so long as I knew I had done something to help you."

Amid all the ludicrous absurdity of the scene Rachel was touched. Poor fool that he was, he was manifesting his sympathy in the only way that he knew, and as she looked into his great bulging eyes, she felt the sincerity of his purpose, ridiculous though it was.
"I thank you, Mr. Toussel," she said,

"it was very good of you to take all this trouble, but I am sorry and frightened for you that you have run such a risk. Sarah will take the salads and see that I get some. As for Miss Bur-ram, she is not able yet to take any food

Sarah took the dishes in a very bewildered manner, but further than that men are fools. she did not seem to know what to do. 'May I never be burned nor drowned

Then Rachel, beginning to shiver and discovering for the first time that terly bewildered woman went to obey very slow manner. Both of her Is being engaged in holding the dishes, when she reached the door she pushed it with her foot, and still carryng the dishes she asceaded again to Rachel to know what was "to be don with him," meaning young Toussel.

"Because, you know, Miss Rachel, havin' once got into the midst of us, he can't go out of us the same way. Dr. Burney said we wasn't to let no one into the house on that very account.' "Perhaps," said Rachel, "Mr. Tous

sel, so long as he is here, can stay till Dr. Burney gets back. Dr. Burney will Toussel's inane-looking face lit up.

"I can stay, Miss Rachel, and wel-come—my mother won't mind so long as she doesn't know I'm here."

"Well, then," said Rachel, relieved, "will you go into the library and amuse yourself reading till dinner time ?'

"What do you say, Miss Rachel, if I just go down into the kitchen with Sarah, and show her how to make those salads? I had to stand over the fellow that prepared those," pointing to the china bowls which Sarah still held, "and I had to talk o him pretty severe to get them just right.'

"Is it to teach me how to make salads ! burst from Sarah in a kind of angry wonder that was as ludicrous as young Toussel's proposition, and which brought from Rachel the first laugh that had passed her lips since the beginning of Miss Burram's illness, and she laughed still more when Toussel turned on Sarah with:

"Sarah, the preparation of salads is a subject that has engaged the attention of the world from the time that Noah tried to make one in the ark, and didn't succeed, because his vegetables were stale—it is a subject, my good woman, that requires soul and mind to

comprehend. Noah! did Noah try to make that letter in his possession, he could

salads?" asked Sarah, her large eyes fixed with such solemn intensity Toussel, that Rachel, to her own prise that anything could move her to ich mirth, was convulsed with laugh-

ter. "Yes, Sarah, that venerable and biblical patriarch did try to make a salad, but, as I told you, he failed, be-cause his vegetables were too long in the ark: 'May I never be burned nor drowned

ve?" was Sarah's response.
"I can predict that you never will be alive? either burned or drowned alive, if you will take to the making of good salads; and if you'll bring me down to the kitchen I'll put you in possession of a few valuable facts relative to the making of salads, that will set you up, Sarah, as a benefactor of mankind, as a helper of humanity, as a benefit to the whole

'May I never be burned nor drowned alive!" she said again, and then she braced herself against the wall in order to relieve the weight of the heavy

fully Toussel's big words.
"You had better give him his way,
Sarah," said Rachel, still laughing, "it will amuse Mr. Toussel, and perhaps amuse you and Mrs. McElvain."
"Amuse! oh, Miss Rachel, how can

you use so light a word in connection rith such a serious subject? I am entirely in earnest, as everybody ought to be who has anything to do with the making of salads." And young Toussel looked so dejected that Rachel at once checked her mirth and said, as gravely

as she could:

"You see, Mr. Toussel, we do not feel about this subject as you do; we do not understand it as you do.' That's just it, Miss Rachel," he

said, his face brightening again, "and that's just what I want to do for you; I want to show Sarah, here, this wonder ful art; and then I'll know, Mis Rachel, that the salads you get to eat

"Very well, then, Mr. Toussel; Sarah will show you to the kitchen," and Rachel made a sign to the woman to lead the way, which that odd woman did with a violent inward protest at being obliged to have that "loon" in any part of her special domain.

Her feelings were entirely shared by

Mrs. McElvain, and when the young ntleman insisted on explaining to her in his most learned way why such ingredients were used, she could only stare at him and say in reply:
"Law me, young gentleman! who'd

have took all them big words to make a salad. Now, Sarah and me-we makes a salad with no words at all."

That's where your fault lies, my good woman; words are what move the orld, and you can't have a salad if you

## CHAPTER LVII.

On the morning of the day that Dr. Burney was called to the city, Herrick received a very bulky letter from London. Of late his communications thence had not been so frequent, nor so lengthy, owing, as Mrs. Hubrey wrote, to the indisposition of Mr. Gasket, which kept him from making his usual visits to her, and consequently left her with-out news, but this letter, if its contents were true, more than made up for any recent dearth of information. Five times Herrick read it, and each times very word in it brought to him renewed hope and courage; that is, if he could entirely believe the astonishing state doubt them, for they were all set down with convincing earnestness and con-ciseness; indeed, so determined did the writer seem to be in performing well and actually forborne her usual verboseness, and devoted herself alone to the work of setting down exactly what

she had heard from Mr. Gasket's lins. Extraordinary !" Herrick the that Gasket should pour his tale into the ears of such a woman; "but then, he said to himself with a sneer, " most

" Mr. Gasket, ' the writer continued did not impose any secrecy upon me he told me his tale he said 'to resince the first time I have told him all I knew of Miss Burram's Charge that the street door was wide open, directed she was the same Rachel Minturn his Sarah to close it, which order that utstill more convinced of it when his cousin, fresh from his tutorship of Miss Burram's Charge, came to live with him; and when I put before him the published accounts pertaining to the storm and to Rachel herself, he was quite convinced, and he became so un-

happy and so easy that it made him ill.

"He did not confide in his cousin, because, as he told me, his cousin is so impulsive and blunt that he would at ace set out on a tour of discovery, and, strange to say, that is just what the elder Mr. Gasket does not want; he has a morbid dread of anything like publicity, and he feared that, as Burram and her Charge had already become such public property, were his name to be attached to theirs he would yet, the inconsistency of the min's nature; he raved to me for an hour of his remorse for not having kept his pledge to his brother, and of the ex piation he would have to make

ss Burram's Charge be the Rachel Minturn of his brother's commission. "That she is the Rachel Minturn, have no doubt; nor can you doubt it when you have read all my letter. could remember it, the document which proves her to be such, and which document Mr. Gasket only suffered me to read, but I read it slowly, and more than once, so as to impress it on my

'Now, I send you these facts to make what use of them you choose. As you know, I owe Miss Burram a big grudge -I may say, a deep and bitter grudge for her treatment of me, and any disgrace you can put upon her, or her Charge, will be gratefully hailed by "Yours sincerely,

KITTIE HUBREY,"

Herrick smiled-the same expansive smile he was accustomed to bestow upon all his acquaintances; he felt with

that letter he had a weapon before respectability. She must now, as a gazing at them both, herself still a pic-

price of a silence, which he, Herrick, felt he could easily manage with Mr. Gasket, and by some adroitness even with Mrs. Hubrey, be willing to sell her property; but he must get her de cision speedily, or there was no know-ing what change of mind Mr. Gasket might suffer. All the morning he pondered over the matter, wondering how many days, according to the latest official report, which had Miss Burram whispered conversation would almost out of danger, it would be, be-fore he could make sure of any communication reaching her. Suddenly, it flashed upon him to see Rachel and giv her a message for Miss Burram. could be so couched that Miss Burram lone would understand it; and Burram would listen to Rachel; at least he. Herrick, would make the message so singular and impressive that Miss ram would have to listen to her, and he could call at another time for the answer. Acting upon that thought, he determined to see Rachel that very day, and before the afternoon had wane he was at Miss Burram's door, giving Sarah another start when he rang the bell. This time, however, Sarah positive it was the doctor, and leaving Toussel still in the midst of his wordy explanations to Mrs. McElvain, answered the summons, and she was promptly seized with horrified consternation when she saw Herrick. She could not do as she had done to

manner, besided a something that caused her to be more in awe of him than ever. Sarah!"-it was the same bland, oily voice he had used on former occasions, — "my visit at this time naturally surprises you, also my courage in actually coming into the house: but I have none of the silly fears of most people about this disease—in fact I have no fear at all."

too much determination in Herrick's

By this time he was quite within the hall, and seeing Sarah's irresolution about closing the door, he shut it fast himself; then he went on:

'My object in coming to-day is to see Miss Burram's Charge; I have most important business with her. Perhaps you liad better tell Dr. Burney am here, and for the open manner in which I have come upon my errand. Dr. Burney isn't in; he went to the

city this morning and he hasn't got

"Ah! that is perhaps unfortunate for me; but no—some one, of course, takes his place, as I understand he has "No; there ain't anybody but the

nurse, and she went to her room a half hour ago to get a rest. Miss Rachel takes her place—she's with Miss Burram now. A sudden thought broke upon Her-

rick's mind—a though. seem to smile all over. rick's mind-a thought that made him

gested itself to my mind to go up to
Miss Burram's apartments. I should
like to see for myself how far recovered
Both she is; it may be that she is well Miss Rachel, for my communication concerns her as nearly as it does Miss

"Mr. Herrick," burst from Sarah, 'no one is allowed into Miss Burram's Miss Rachel-even Mrs. McElvain and don't go in there."
"Probably not, Sarah; and that is a

very commendable precaution where you and Mrs. McElvain are concerned, but not with me. I am going to Miss Burram's apartment, and I wish you to ead the way. You may knock at the r and say my name, so that I shall thrust myself upon them without due announcement.

His smile had entirely disappeared, its place had come a l frightened Sarah to her soul, and that warned her to obey. She out a word and preceded him up the stairs, her very knees shaking in such a manner that it was with difficulty she nounted the steps. Herrick followed lbow when she knocked at the door of Miss Burram's bedroom. She happened not to know, or else she had forgotten, that entrance to and exit from that apartment were made, not through that door, but through the door of Miss Burram's private sitting-room, which was connected with her bed-chamber and opened also on the hall, and from that om Rachel emerged in answer to

Mr. Herrick wants to see you, chattered Sarah, hardly able to speak from the trembling that had extended from her knees to her whole person; he wants to see Miss Burram, too.

By this time Rachel had come quite into the hall, and she looked with startled wonder from Sarah to Herrick, recovering herself in time to say, as Herrick approached her and as he was

s mouth to speak : Mr. Herrick cannot see Miss Bur- In

Even Sarah, in her own unaccountable fright, was impelled to wonder at determined, courageous manner of Miss Rachel. She stood so erect that her height seemed greater than it was, and she looked into Herrick's face with a steadiness that appeared to disconcert hin, for his own eyes dropped for an instant; then he said blandly:

"Certainly not, Miss Minturn, if you do not think it proper that I should: but having a communication for her which it is most important that she earliest possible moment, and hearing that she was out of danger — in fact, in the convalescent state—I thought I might venture to try to see her. Since you decide otherwis I shall leave a message with you for her; I cannot give you the con munication, that is alone for Miss Burram but I can and shall give you some state ments which you will be good enough to tell her as soon as possible. And now, Miss Minturn, as the nature of my message to you is exceedingly private assailants:

afford to be jocular with himself. In and confidential, could you give me a that letter he had a weapon before few moments in some room where we which Miss Burram must cower, or else shall be undisturbed?"

He looked round at Sarah, who was

good nature."
"And you'll find, if you continue to ture of ludicrous fright.

As Rachel did not want to disturb the nurse, and as she herself could not go beyond Miss Burram's call, she felt there was no other resource than to ask Mr. Herrick into Miss Burram's private to answer, followed Hardman. sitting-room. As she had left Miss Burram apparently asleep, and as the TO BE CONTINUED. AN IRISH HERO. door between the rooms was almost en tirely closed, she felt that a brief

disturb the patient.

And Herrick, following the initiative sei by Rachel, who whispered very softly when they were both well within the apartment, began also in a very soft

whisper "Tell Miss Burram at the very earliest opportunity you can find, Miss Minturn, that I am in possession of a document which sets forth clearly and fully everything that Miss Burram fancies is entirely hidden. Tell her that it lies with herself whether these things shall remain hidden, or be made so public that her name will be in every public print on this side of the Atlantic Ocean, and perhaps even on the other side. Tell her that she knows the price demanded for silence-the same price that has been asked from her be fore, and that she refused to give, not thinking, of course, how unexpected events would bring into my hands the absolute proofs of everything.

Rachel's lip curled with involuntary shrank from the speake unconsciously to himself he was betray ing even to her, little as she knew the evil characters in the world, his own despicable traits: he, seeing her was goaded by it into raising his voice, and into saying much more than he had intended to say:

"Possibly you will be more intensely concerned, Miss Minturn, when I tell you the document is about you?" She shrank still farther from him, and he, goaded into further admissions, took a step forward, saying as he did so, in so loud a voice that his words reached Sarah where she still lingered in the hall — the words were not distinct words were not enough for her to make out all of them, but the high pitch of the voice was enough in itself to add to her fright, and she was undecided whether to go the room and remain with that if necessary he will bear witness to Miss Rachel for the purpose of protecting her, or to go below stairs and sum-

"Do you know who you are, Miss Minturn?" Herrick said hotly, and as if he had lost all of his former self-control. "I know—I have it here," slapping his breast-pocket, "and I can tell

been indefatigable in his care of Miss Burram. Is there another physician in Herrick," said Rachel, forgetful also of "I do not want you to tell me, Mr. her former low tones, and in her excitement speaking almost as loudly as he it is sufficient for me to know that I am Miss Burram's Charge-whatever else I may be, I leave to Miss Burram—entirely to Miss Burram." Herrick was beside himself

rage: You will leave it to her to tell you.

Both Herrick and Rachel turned as if they were shot; it was Miss Burram at the door of the bedroom. She had managed to wrap the coverlet of the bed over her night-dress, but beneath were shown her bare, red, swollen feet, while above the coverlet was a distort ed visage that Herrick never putrid spots were all over the face and it was swollen beyond all proportion; her jet black hair, hanging in a disheveled mass down to her evebrows. added to the horror of her appearance, and Rachel felt for the first few moments as if she herself were stricken dumb. Even the voice with which Miss Burram had spoken was enough to produce affright; it was louder than Herrick's tones had been, but so hoarse, and at the same time so savage, that, penetrating to the still listening Sarah, sent her in hot haste below to summon help for Miss Rachel.

Miss Burram repeated, begone from here."

But Herrick had recovered himself, and now, or never, must be make his bargain. Feeling also that further rage would have no potency whatever, he forced himself to be calm, and he said with astonishing quietness:

" Listen to me, Miss Burram; there is no time for further delay; I have everything about yourself and Charge. Consent to sell your and nothing shall come of it. thing shall be as hidden as the grave. " Beast! begone!"

That was her only reply, in the same unnatural voice.

"Then, before I go," his rage again getting the better of him, "I shall tell your Charge she is--" But before he could utter another word he found himself caught from behind by Sarah, while young Toussel was holding to his nose a dish of salad, and actually with his fingers striving to cram the cor tents of the dish into Herrick's mouth. n vain Herrick sputtered and truggled; Sarah had a good grip, and Mrs. McElvain coming to her aid, he was unable to extricate himself while Toussel kept Herrick's mouth so full of the salad that he could not even cry out. Rachel had recovered the her limbs and she ran to Miss Burram; but the momentary fevered strength which had sustained the patient had given way, and she fell unconscious, just as Rachel reached her. Leaving Mrs. McElvain to continue

the struggle with Herrick, Sarah ran to awaken the nurse, and then she sum-Hardman persuaded Toussel to desist from forcing the salad into Herrick's mouth, and Mrs. McElvain having unpinioned him. Hardman respectfully

uggested that Mr. Herrick leave the house as quickly as possible. Miss Burram had been borne back to and Rachel and the nurse were with her, the door of the room closed tightly upon them all. Herrick shook himself and then he glowered upon his

"You shall suffer for this outrage,"

he hissed, "every one of you."
"Keep your temper now, Mr. Herrick," said Mrs. McElvain, "we didn't do a hap'orth to you only out of pure

eat salads," said Toussel, "that you won't have any more such spells of temper." But Herrick, without deigning

By John T. Kelly. "Dear little Nona will be hard to manage. It'll be like trying to put a bridle on an angel. And sure the man that can handle the bridle hasn't appeared on Tunnel Hill yet," said Owen Connor, as he calmly smoked his pipe. Anyhow there doesn't seem to be nuch chance for me. When Nona much chance for me. When Nona makes up her mind to be "called out she'll choose some fine country-born young man.

Taking the pipe from his mouth Owen knocked the ashes from it and refilled it carefully, although it was evident his mind was not upon his task.

"Sure she is country-born and her ys are not mine," he muttered. While her father and mother came from the same place with me at home, I mustn't forget that Nona was born in America and looks at things differently But there isn't wouldn't do for her, the Lord between her and harm."

Owen Connor was a modest, unassum ing Irishman. Born of a respectable and semi-prosperous family on the west coast of Ireland, he had been fairly educated at Castlebar, times considered. He remained on the home farm until nearly thirty years of age, and Like many of his race in those days the only field that offered him employment vas the public works. He learned valu able lessons in contracting while aiding in the construction of the Chesapeake and Ohio canal. With the advent of the railroad he engaged in that branch ployed in the Virginia hills at Eaton's Tunnel, on the Baltimore & Ohio rail-way, the first steam road to cross the Alleghenies. He was sober, industrious and level-headed and was superintendent of construction. He had the confidence of his superiors and the re-

spect of his men.
Martin Tierney, Nona's father, kept a general store on Tunnel Hill. Such was the name of the little village that had sprung up on the crest of the hill beneath which the railroad was to run. Owen when not at work spent much of his leisure time at Tierney's There were two reasons why he liked to spend his time there. First, he had a chance of an occasional chat with Nona; second, he enjoyed talking with the proprietor about their old home in the far distant but well-remembered isle, where both had grown to manhood.

Nona never suspected that she had won the staid old bachelor's love. Owen knew she was heart free, and he was not a man to force his attentions upon her. If any one had asked Nona her opinion of Owen she would have then, that you are—''
"Beast! how dare you intrude frankly confessed that she looked upon him as her father's dearest friend and

respected him as such. One evening while Tierney was telling of the many miracles wrought at the holy wells located in the isles that lie off the coast of Mayo, a stranger—a tall, slender, young fellow, well-dressed

-appeared in the store.
"Is Mr. Connor here?" he asked. "That's my name," replied Owen.
"You are Mr. Gilmore, the chief
engineer's son. Your father wrote
you'd be here shortly. You are welcome to Tunnel Hill."

The young man warmly grasped Owen's extended hand.

"My father has sent me here to learn the practical details of railroad building. He considers you one of the most trusted and experienced men in caught sight of Ned. The tumultuously the employ of the company. He's happy crowd stood looking at him anxious that I should be under your waiting to express their gratitude for supervision. I trust, however, you the magnificent work h will, at least temporarily, not count my the rescue of friends and relatives inexperience against me, as this is my initial effort at construction work. Owen naturally blushed with pleasure

at such high encomiums from the chief

engineer of the road. Ned Gilmore, who was born and raised in Baltimore, betrayed the city dandy in his dress and certainly looked much out of place among the roughly

attired railroad workmen. He was a graduate of Mount St. Mary's, and his father, who recognized the important position that steam roads were destined o hold in the development of the country, was anxious that his son should have a practical knowledge of railroad

"We must be the best of friends," Ned continued, "as you are to be my instructor at this end of the railroad business. I carried a chain for dad al last summer, but I didn't fancy that sort of work and he finally concluded I wasn't cut out to follow in his footsteps as an engineer. If I don't succeed in this field then I shall have to take up nething else."

His hearers greeted this open confession with sympathetic smiles.
"I hope you'll succeed, Mr. Gil-

more," said Tierney as he glanced approvingly at the handsome young fel-Ned never really could say just what

eply he made to Tierney's well-meant wish. Just then his eyes had met Nona's and her father and Owen imediately faded away from his vision as he glanced admiringly at the tall slip of a girl who possessed all the rare beauty of the women of the race from which she came. In perfect health, Nona's natural mind and body had been harnoniously developed at the Convent of

the Visitation Nuns.

Two months had not passed when all the men and women of Tunnel Hill knew that Ned Gilmore was deeply in love with Nona Tierney. They all said it would be a good match and hoped that Nona would not make a "dolly" of herself and refuse him. Some of the women went so far as to hint to her that she should not let Ned slip away from her, and were laughed at for their pains. If Nona returned Ned's love none could

tell from her actions. But Owen, watchful and sad, believed that Ned had found the way to her heart.

Owen Connor had scarcely entered Tierney's store, when the door was burst open and Nona, wild-eyed, with drawn, blanched face, came rushing in. She ran up to Owen.

"Nona, for heaven's sake what is

he asked, anxiously. She grasped his arm to steady her-

There's been a fall in the tunnel." she gasped, "and Ned--"
Her voice failed her and the agony deeply written in her countenance caused Owen's face to whiten.
"Nona, what is Ned to you?" he

asked slowly, but in a hardly articulate voice.
"Oh, Owen, he is everything tome," Nona moaned. "If Ned dies my heart

Owen stood absolutely still for a moment, then gently unclass trembling fingers from his arm.

"God is good, Nona," he said solemnly; "pray that he may let Ned

It was the worst fall that had yet occurred in a tunnel so often visited by fatal catastrophes during its building. Fortunately, if the term may be used in this connection, it had occurred near the west breast. All knew that the men had escaped instant death, bu feared they would be suffocated rescued. Therefore, the men worked with extraordinary energy to reach their entombed comrades.
When one gang became exhausted another took its place. But one wan, with set, determined face, headed each succeeding gang as if the long strain had no effect upon him. He with a nervous, yet practical, energy that astonished all.

Owen Connor influenced his com-panions to redouble their efforts. Little by little the great mass of dir and stone that stood between them and the imprisoned men became lessened side of the tunnel to encourage the despairing crowd of men, women and children gathered at its such times he never failed to cheer Nona by telling her not to give up hope, as Ned would be surely saved.

Although Owen was putting forth uch wonderful energy and hoped that the men would be reached before the died of suffocation, nevertheless his training in railroad tunnelling made him aware that as the fall was by the giving way of the heavy timbers that supported the roof, other masses of and stone were liable tumbling down at any moment. Every now and then clods and pebbles dr from the treacherous above. The mer cast many an anxious upward glance a they worked with heroic rapidity under Owen's active and energetic manage

At length an opening large enough for a man to burrow through and Owen Connor, with no thought his own danger, crawled through it When it had been made larger he lifted the half dead men to those waiting to receive them.

Notwithstanding the apparent danger, when the people on the outside heard that the imprisoned men had been reached, so anxious were they to know the condition of loved ones that all rushed into the tunnel, and its inky depths were made almost as bright as

day by hundreds of torches. Owen found Ned lying up against the wall of the tunnel in a feeble condition He was the last rescued. Although weak and suffering from nausea, h waved his hand to the cheering crowd as Owen Connor pushed him through the opening to life and safety.

The many torches threw their flicker ing light upon Owen's face, covered with grime, yet smiling with a solemn joy, as he appeared in the opening. He had seen Nona's radiant look as she Just then there was a cracking, breaking noise from above, and Owen, wildly waving his hands, yelled to them: Run for your lives; a second fall is

coming !' When the excitement had somewhat passed off it was seen that all had escaped but Owen Connor. Then the cry went up: "Owen Connor is killed." Men stood still with whitened while women hysterically sobbed as they wrung their hands. They all re-membered his last smile as if it came from the grave. It was known from the first that Ower

as crushed to death beneath the fall. No mortal could live with that mass of earth upon his unprotected body.

After hours of ceaseless toil they recovered his body and carried it, follow

by the entire community, silent and with bowed heads to the village above. the entire community, silent and Owen Connor was laid out for burial. The crucifix, the emblem of his Faith, was at his head. The blessed candles were shining upon his calm features. The room was crowded with mourners. and old women had just cried his virtues in the "keen" of his native land.

A young man and a young woman kneit beside the body. Together in repeated the low voice they repeated the "Our Father" and the "Hail Mary." Standing up the young man supported the weeping girl "A kind and noble heart is stilled

forever," Nona sobbed. "Ned, don't you know that Owen died for us. I shall always remember him in prayers.' "Yes, Nona, dear," replied Ned gently, "he was brave and good. "I'm

glad, however, he left no sweetheart to mourn his loss," he added as he drew Nona closer to himself.
"I am, too," said Nona, "for the

sudden loss of such a noble character would have killed her. I'm sure," she continued, "that Owen never loved any one."

A grassy mound, within the shadow of the little white church that stands encircled by the cemetery at Silver Run, holds Owen Connor's secret.—The Watchman.

BEF

FEBRUA

Here in this l

Carry his boo Kings mus Kings climb Over men's So this man's Throw the es What was th Paper his ha Tight ere

Message or s Smooth the f Hardly the Oaly the t Words of a Prattie, that Just a few r Look. She i Morning a His—her fat Tries to be

Ah. if the he Slept with If the grief Death will From Proverbe REMARK Of St. Anthony Buffal

The extrao

am going to second-hand o

in a sense, it servation, in bruises and

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