## -Messassannessassassassanananassassassassassassas THE STRONG WEAKNESS \* OF OINEY KITTACH.

BY SEUMAS MACMANUS.

Wherever there was fun and devillment from head to foot, and from ead to wynd, of the three parishes, there was certain to be found the Eskeragh boys. Accordingly, though the raffle was on this night in Shemeshin Ban's of Letthernacaigh, eight iong irish talles fr.m their native heath, the Eskeragh boys were at the head and front and in the middle, and likewise at the tail of it. The Eskeragh boys, with their ringleaders, Charley's Micky and Oiney Kittach, two archrascals, ranted and rollicked to their nearts' content, courted the girls, loked the boys, battered the floor and sang their songs to their hearts' dolight, and the delight of every mothers son (and daughter, too) at Shemeshin's raffle. "But where," said Oiney Kittack, as, mopping his forehead, after concluding the best lig of the night, "an' where," Oiney quarled of the company generally. Is the stirrange girl we have been hearin' so much of that has taken these parts be storm, an' that we surely expected to meet an' coort—plse I'll give yo my solemn davy we weren't soin' to thrudge our eight long miles to be here the night."

"Well, bad cess to you, Oiney Kittach," said Kelly McCaillh, firing up, "but it's handy ye are with yer compliments to the, girls present. Bad smuff to ye, I say again!"

"Nelly's as mad as a March hare with no," said Oiney, 'beca'se' I didn't give her a coor' the night, but, bad scran to yez, anyhow, sure I can't coort the whole I' yez with any sort of satisfaction all in the wan night. Sorrow be aff me, but I have a throuble some paice; but, och, an' heigh-lio I was iver an' always unfortunate."

"Throth an'," poor slandered Jalmie said, when he could get heard for the laugh that was against him, "the girl that throubles you, Oiney, has a good taste in her mouth."

that throuses you, Concy, that that in her mouth."

"Now, girls," said Oiney, advisedly, "don't blame poor Jamle for his ill-temper, God sees, maybe if yez was as bad-lookin' yourselves yo'd be as bittlier, too."

Then even poor Jaimie was compelled to join in the laugh against himself, "But," said Olney, "we were talking about the sthrange girl."
"Her that's in Proud Pathrick's?" queried Hughie Martin of Letthernacingh.
"That's hor," said Olney. "Who is she? or what is she? or why isn't she here the night?"

she? or what is she? or why isn't she here the night?"
"Oh, khe's Annio MacCabe; she's from the Oillegh parish, and she's neice to Proud Pathrick's wife. But Proud Pathrick, ye know the sort iv a proud, hear-goin' niggard an' miser he is, an' ho wealdn't let her blow her breath on the same acre a boy in this parish would be in. let alone lettin' her come to a raffle—not him; the sorrow go with him!"

"An' is she as purty as they say?".

Charley's Micky asked.

"The divil a purtier ye'd see—so far as we wir able to see iv her."

"An' do yez mane, without blushin' from the crown i' yer head down," said Oiney—"mane to tell me that yes to that near a purty girl, an' a sthrange girl, too, an' wan i' yez didutax to show coort to her yet?"

"No; nor the divil a wan iv us, Oiney, I wish to Providence you would thry! Proud Pathrick would give the dogs the makin's iv a hearty supper on yer breeches."

the making it of the breeches."
"Upon my word, a purty warm set
I' boys yez is, then;" and Oiney shook

his head deploringly.
"A purty warm set, in thr

Charley's Micky.

And all the Eskeragh lads had shook their heads and indersed Oiney's opin-

on.
"Be me faith," said Oiney, 'I'll not
se a week onlicer till I have a chat out
y Annie-what the hang did ye call

on.
"Be me faith," said Oiney, 'Pil not be a week culter still I have a chat out be a week culter still I have a chat out it Annie—what the hang did ye call her?"

"Annie McCabe."
"An' plaise the Lord," Charley's Micky said, "the same's my intention."
The remainder of the Eskeragh box. The remainder of the Eskeragh box heartly applauded this resolution, "An," they shouted, "If Proud Pathricks any three words well dbrownin in Pal-ma-brad-ham, an' then hang lim in Pal-ma-brad-ham, an'

we could meet an 'coort Anno MoCube under their near."

Faix, Oney, the same's my opinion,
An' I'm thinkin', boys all, we'll step
over, luck goin' with us, the morra
night an' coort her."

"An' I'm thinkin' wan botther, for
I'm thinkin', Olney said, "that it's always a surer plan to stirrike the irrow
while it's hot, an' that we'll step over,
luck goin' with us, the night an 'coort
her."

her."
"But, Oiney, dear, ivery soul in
Proud Pathrick's house is in bed three
hours gone, an' has the biggest part
o' two sleeps over them already."
"I don't care if they had twinty-two

"I don't care if they had twinty-two sleeps over them, Micky, I think we'll step over an' coort Annie."

Thie interest of all the Eskeragh boys was keenly excited.

"But how?" they asked. "But how? An' they in bed an' asleep."

"Yo mind the head line the masther give us the day afore yistherday, boys; Water there's a will there's all there's a way." How long is it beys—witchover 'y ez's is the best scholar, tell me how long is it since I ato me dinner the day?

The Eskoragh boys could not quite see the concetion. But Charley's Micky can asked that it must be nine or the day."

The Eskoragh boys could not quite see the concetion. But Charley's Micky can asked that it must be nine or the hours?" said Oiney, wonderingly. "Then it would be small shame for the hunger to take me, wouldn't it, boys."

"Hurral me boul' Oiney!" the boys shouted heartly, seeing the point.

"Small shame it would be for the hunger to take yez now—an' take ye bad, too,' they said.

"Ubhi uchl' said Oiney, rubbing his stomach, "It's takin' me bad—here, just here."

"Poor Oiney! God help ye!" said Charley's Mickey, in as serious a tone as he could assume.

"Ach, the divil hinself wouldn't bate ye, Oiney," she others erled as they best could for the fits of laughter that shook the conderfully agonizing shapes, and kept chaling the supposed aching parts.

"Uchl uchl Gl me an alsy place to sit down boys. Thanky, thanky, Jaimie Mhor. There's a sthrong walkness comin' over me boys. Pat yer han' till more of the walkness to take ye yet. Yet with a surface of the walkness of over the march ditch firms. For hir rom the house for the walkness to take ye yet. Yet was an of the walkness of over the march ditch firm walkness when he's with yez—yer. I'll give him small chance to do it."

"One on! Come on! Gray! We are with yez—yer. I'll give him small chance to do it."

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THOLIC REGISTER,

"The arrly sertin here alive, though," Micky repeated "Bo plaised to rise up a equicky as yo can, Machice Ulisophet (Total Patcheck, surname was the control of the plaised to rise up a equicky as yo can, Machice Ulisophet (Total Patcheck, surname was decided and control of the plaised to rise what can be done for "I'm force it's too late. An' may the Lord overand you an' yours, an' He surely will."

But the house was already aroused and out of their beds from mester to servant madd (for Proud Pathrick had, as we say, a good way on him, and kept both a servant buy and a servant girl, each of whom had to do the work of two, and in a very short time the door was thrown open, admitting staggered in with bis burden, and looked about for a place to stretch him.

"Hold on ye, a thaisage," said Mistress Gillesple, "Matthiws," to the servant buy—"hall down the old matthiness that yin' in the spare room an spread it be the side i' the fire here as fast as iver ye can. God help the poor boyl God help him!" she said with so much feeling that Micky and the troop of Eskeragh boys, who had througed in after him, sighed again in sympathy.

While Proud Pathrick an\_ the servant girl were pilling on the fire and oncouraging it to glow. Mistress Gill leaple and Aimle MacCabe—and she was protty, the Eskeragh boys instantly admitted—attended to the laying the warm clothing over him as far and these keepit hoys instantly admitted—attended to the laying the warm clothing over him and raised his head and cheek keepit hay a running companiment. The Eskoragh boys subdist the feur-gortack the chill.

"The feur-gortach, ayo," Charley's "The feur-gortack and hone," "Where did the four-gortack the him?" Proud Pathrick asked. "Not on Neil Harrghey's tully?"

"Just then upon the very self-same place," said Micky, "and place," and Micky, "An unlucky popt." said Proud Pathrick.

"He's not the first nor the thirteenth that the fur four-gortach take under the first nor the thirteenth that the four-gortach take upon the same poor,

Pathrick.

"He's not the first ner the thirteenth that the feur-gortach tuk upon the same spot," sald Hannah. "I think the halt's doin' the crathlur good. Annie, fetch me the holy wather bettle"

the hait's doin' the craithur good, annie, fetch me the holy wather bottle."

Mistress Gillespie blessed herself, and giving herself the first drop, then ast upon Olney a liberal shower of the holy water, and followed this upply giving the household and the Eskeragh boys the benefit of it. 'The latter needed it badly indeed, yet as the holy water was sprinkled over them they were one and all sized with a fit of coughing—they h. I noticed Olney's features wince as the cold drops floor in the first suppressed emotion.

"The color's comin' till his face rightly again," Anule MacCabe, who was kneeling over him with much so lictude in her air, said, "He's comiroun," "Yis," said Hannah, as she observed

vigney again, anne success, who was kneeling over him with much so licitude in her air, said, "He's comin roun,"
"Yis," said Hannath, as she observed him narrowly—"yis, the crafthur's comin' roun, God be thanked! See what it is to always have the holy wather bottle at han."
"Yis, yis," Charley's Micky said fervently, "God be thanked!"
"And God be thanked!"
"And God be thanked!"
"And God be thanked!"
"I think if I got down beside, man supported 'm a bit higher, he'd get his broath betther. Aye, the color's come to his face again. Ho's comin' roun' fast."
"Don't ye thicker, Aye, the color's come to his face again. Ho's comin' roun' fast."
"Don't ye thicker, and the Pretty Annie, "that a thrink of some kind might do the poof and Micky," only I was timorous!" and Micky, "only I was timorous! and Micky, "only I was to morous! natthir 'the goly occopie to too much throuble, I was on the point I' mentionin' the same messif,"
"Its on throuble—don't mention it," said Proud Puthrick, who, after ail, in a case of emergency, was not quite so niggally us he hand the name for "Itan on throuble her than and for "A throp of nice warm, sweet milk, with ginger and sugar," Annie proceed.
"Bottler couldu't be," said Micky, "Clery, Chuer authors, are no comb."

posed.
"Bother couldn't be," said Micky.
("I say, Oiney asthore, are ye comin'to?") But there was not answer from

"But there was not answer from ton") But there was not answer from toney. "A good rousin' bowl I' tay, no, but I say," said Rosie Briunan, the servant maid.

"There couldn't be betther," said "Rosie Briunan, the servant maid.

"There couldn't be betther," said "Rosie Couldn't be betther," But Olicy was yet unconscious.

"There couldn't be betther," Churley's Micky repeated, "aor either sweet milk with ginger an' sugar, or cousin' bowl I' tay-barrin'," he added inclinanting, "that yed has o'e en direp I' specific in the house handy."

And as the bland inshunation was timidly uttered a perceptible glow overspread the features of the unconscious one.

"Throth, an' there is that, now you mind me by it. There's just a little bottle I' prime whisky in the house it is under that uppermost dish upon the director. Pathrick, if ye'll hand it down to me," Hannah said.

'Musha, then long life to yo, an' may God reward yo," said Micky, "for yer belosses to the server.

it is under that uppermose one upon the dhroser, Pathrick, if yo'll hand it down to me," Hanunh said.

'Musha, then long life to ye, an' may God reward ye," said Micky, "for yer kindness to the poor boy—an' hell not forget ye, if my prayers an' all our prayers goes for anything. Wore forliver obliged to ye, Mrs. Gillespie, an' to your good man, Misther Gillespie, to your good man, Misther Gillespie, to you good man, Misther Gillespie, to you for forgettin' by no means this exceedingly kind young lady here—Mss MacCabe. I understan' yo call hor."

"Arrah, go long with ye," said Hannach, an' don't offend us be mentionid the name of obligement, indeed, to help a craticinal distress."

"Dor't mention of bligement, indeed, to help a craticinal distress."

"Dor't mention of the ye's thanks, and said she would be only too happy to you a much.

"Proud Cathrick, Indeed, had been clamoring about fotching the priest, but the Eskeragh boya assured him they was no need they thought.

"The poor boy's comit," your as fast a peggin't op. Hell be kimself again in another minnt or two."

At the instent, to the joy of Hamman and Annis, and to the delight of everyone, poor Oney skyled.

God be thankit! Hannah sall, clasping her hands and ralsing her eyes.

"God be thankit!" Hannah sall, clasping her hands and ralsing her eyes.

"God be thankit!" Hannah sall, and all celuced the same word of praise. Mickey bent over his patient and gently whispored, Omey!

All had pathered around, watching intently. Olney slowly opened his eyes, and let thom wander wonding intently. Olney slowly opened his eyes, and let thom wander wonding intently olney slowly opened his eyes, and let thom wander wonding her hands again, and a property her hands again, made a peculiar noise with her mouth and turned her eyes unwards.

Hannah the poly showly a grand, ye're in a dalcent house, an' among delects people-Misther Pathrick Gillespie an' his good wife, an' his kin index, his MacCabe. They're sparin no expense on ye, Olney, Olney dear, how do yo feel? Rach me a dtrop i' that whiskey now, Mrs. Gillespie, iv yo please, till I see can I coax in with it. How do yo feel Olney, a disabilit!

"Micky, a whic," Olney said, "what happened to me?" "Olh, the sorrow hap'orth happened ye, Olney, only the feur gortach overtak ye on Noll Haraghy's tull whiskey, Olney, that the good man is so kind as to insist on years, any, I mind it all now. Waen' "Yis, yis, Olney, that the good man is so kind as to insist on years, any, I mind it all now. Waen' while ye take this wee thimbient it comin' from Shemeshin Ban s raffle war?"

"Yis, yis, Olney, that's war we wir. Will ye take this wee thimbient it comin' from Shemeshin Ban s raffle war?"

"Yis, yis, Olney, that's war we wir. Will ye take this wee thimbient it whiskey, olney, I full do ye god."

"An' the other boys," queried Olney, "that was with us—where are they? Ochi there they are Boys, how are yearself again."

"Yis, yis, olney, intent Micky, I couldn't," "Ninkey and your whiskey, I'll make ye yerself again."

"One and only whiskey, I'll make ye yerself again."

"You and you war was well

by his side.

"Take it, a gradh," said Annie MacCabe, sweetly, "the dhrop " whiskey
"Il send the blood through your velns."
Oincy looked thandfully at Hannah
and tenderly at samile, and then wist
Oincy looked thandfully at Hannah
and tenderly at samile, and then wist
"Oth, the divil a pinch i' harm's in
a logshead i' the same stuff," said
Micky. "Took at me', and Micky carried it to his own lips.

But instantly Oincy's hand shot
forth with much more energy and
swiftness than were, perhaps, becoming in a man only lust recovering from
a bad attack of "sthrong walkness,"
and grasped the glass just in the nick
of time.

"Yle Micky; thanky, Micky, then I'll
just tasts it, since yoz is all presshi
me so hard. I'll venture to take a
much of it as would in.

"Yle Micky; thanky, Micky, then I'll
just tasts it, since yoz is all presshi
me so hard. I'll venture to take a
much of it as would in.

"Gillesple, no time girl, Miss MacCabel
Yel heatish, mo time girl, Miss MacCabe
in an time girl, Miss MacCabe
in an time girl, Miss MacCabe
in an winking the glass in Gleng's
in and was compty, and he looked at it
in amazement.

"Why, I'm blissed," he said, "but
I've empled it. Thero's a thrimble ha
me han'-seel a mighty thrimble—an
the glass went over afore I know.
Micky, do yo think it will do mo much
harm?" Jaintriely.

But Micky only glared back in a
half-concealed fashion at him.

"Arrah, botheration" said, "but
he gliesple, "Dy o Barts
sinced It's
what'll rise the well as supply
yo'll fin' yerself a new man."

"Oh, thanky, ma'am Thanky, ma'
and It's kill me with the fait dint
I'kinduess, yo vili, but yo know I—I—I railly could not take any morefor, at least, ten minutes."

"That's right—that's right," said
Mrs. Gillesple, "Then I'll not ax yo
to take any more—ten minutes, a
palselin."

"Thanky, ma'am, very much," Oiney
said, in graceful acknowledgment of
tindly foreberance.

"Maybe, darlin', you'd take a wee
moutfull yersell's ne said to Micky,
as she poured out and handed him
of thwith.

"How are ye feelin', dear!"



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much. But it disappeared at a guip, and Micky's genality returned to him forthwith.

'How are ye feelin', dear?" Annie queried, tenderly, as she bent over oliney.

"Oh, comin' to—comin' to quick, thanky, dear," Ohiney said, returning a tender look.

"A dirvoy of warm, sweet milk, now would do ye good, dear," Annie said. Lord love ye for yer kindiess," add Oiney, "I don't think 'I done roun' to the tender over yer indices," add Oiney, "I don't think 'I done roun' to the yer of yer kindiess," add Oiney, "I don't think 'I done roun' to "Out" of yea.

"Throthe weetheart. I know how how gind if gmil" aweetheart. I know how gind if gmil" aweetheart. I know it's yerself's gind. It's the kind heart an the tendher wan's in yell" "An' then a bowl of tay, atther the sweet milk—that's the thing to rouse ye up properly," said Annie.

"Aye, an' a bowl ' wan grace, Rosie, the maid said—that's what'll put the sthren'th intil yer lound in the same size it is mailing, take this, "Briefley he diener hand," "God bless yez!" said Olacy grate fully, "But, ah, ye know, i can't be good in the same size it a two bites in the diener man an' woman up out i' their beds—an' it's morning up out i' their beds—an' it's morning up out i' their beds—an' it's morning up out i' the diener man an' woman up out i' their beds—an' it's morning up out i' the diener man an' woman up out i' their beds—an' it's morning up out i' the diener man an' woman up out i' their beds—an' it's morning up o

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