SATURDAY, FEB. 18, 1904.

## ONAL WRITERS AND THEIR THEMES

AT, FEB. 18, 1904.

Ith Culture," a monthly published in New York, heading "The Very Latfollowing comments some of the fads and fancharacterize the contribuare printed in the blanpublished on Saturday y in every important cen continent. making of fads there is no

long ago an enterprising an sprang into temporary through the promulgation trine that all the sickly, ad deformed people should cold blood Most people ed and disgusted, a few or unbalanced applauded ser ones smiled as at a hild clamoring for attenw shrieks from the "yel-als, a few hystenical letd con, and then the doced back into that kindly which covers a multitude

a frantic appeal from a aid that muscular exercise sible for all the ills to is heir. Again the "yel. it up; again the hyster. o are the prey of every ty rushed into print; and oblivion for fad and fad-

s another shriek. A Westast has denounced bathngenious reasoner trace of the country boy to t he does not bathe (a by the way), and attri-downfall of Greece and e fact that these great cople were ardent advobath. As we go to press are printing articles pro d the thoughtless ones, and jetsam of the ocean being carried along this

e be alarmed, howev f forgetfulness is yawnlatest faddist. Back inwill sink both faddist le the world, the decent t at least, will go on ng its daily bath.

nowledge is a dangero a clever poet. By the a cripple, and a cripple rld would have missed. orry times-times of su larship and careless, un nking. These, combined as desire for notoriety, its, some of which are ome of which are dan-

nost superficial view of natural selection could promulgation of a doccious as the deliberate the weaklings and upt Power that holds the cycles and that weight word-that great, beble has all of us in the s hand. Only He shall shall survive and who ed out.

me to the ingenious ininitiate crusaders a g hands and against st exercise and against rst impulse is to sm by without comment ifestly absurd. A little little deeper insight, nore in the cerebrum nt theorist himself will h deprecation upon hi

ately the men tims find editors eaged who proceed to scatter ed theories far and

was a chance word that, short ly after Gilchrist's departure, arous ed the serpent of jealousy in Peada o men were grooped at Corner in the September Ban. The Eamon's dusk for their accustomed gossip; the glow of their pipes made small points sip; the of light in the gloom; their voluble Gaelic speech flowed in a stream of mendly argument over this and that. Only Barty Dall, Blind Barty, the

(Concluded.)

fiddler, sat silent, contrary to his usual wont. "Now why is there no talk from Barty?" queried Ulic Mor, a brown cattle-dealer from the big. South Island. "What are you think-

ing of?' "It is of a woman I am thinking," replied the blind man. "Like enough!" Their deep laugh

ter rang out suddenly, but there was no answering smile on Barty's old white face. Yes, of a woman', he repeated.

"It is sad to hear the young go past with lagging footsteps and a sigh. Brigid ni Brian went by to-day slowly, and I heard the dropping of her tears. There has been no gladness with her since the strange gentleman, Mac Giolla Chriost, went from Inisgloir.'

Every eye fastened in consterna tion upon Peadar Ban. He was gazing at the old man petrified, his hands clenched, his teeth set. Then he turned his bewildered face to the They looked at him watchers. blankly without a word.

"There is no truth in it," he said stupidly. The remark was half an terrible to have those distainful eyes interrogation. No one answered. "There is no truth in it," he con-

tinued in a strangled voice, rising wiseand clutching at his throat with one good, maybe-and yet, and yethand. "No truth in it at all, God. He sees." He shook the other hand -this desperate and awkward one? at the stan-flecked sky in denial to And Brigid would certainly wither a God and man. What was this sudway unless her starved heart was saden disaster-did he dream, was he tisfied. Perhaps awake at all? The silence of his Chriost heard how thin and white comrades gave him the feeling of being alone in space, cut adrift from blue-black shadows under her tired love and hope and the warm clasp of eves, he would be sorry. Yes. mendship. Dazed and ashamed to and Mary might touch him with pity the heart, he stood searching their so that he would do this merciful dimly seen faces for some sign that thing, if Peadar could only find the the ominous sentences had ring only right words to use when he pleaded in his imagination. Still the silence Brigid's cause and his own. Surely remained unbroken, save for the he would not refuse to come, or if h long-drawn wail of belated sea-birds did, and gave no satisfactory explanfaring homeward, and the ceaseless ation, well, there might be som boom of the now darkening breakers other alternative offered him less welagainst the cliffs. "Oh God!" he come than a few hours' journey, cried frantically and abruptly, " Oh the triffing labor of writing a letter God!" Then, throwing a farewell to Brigid of Inisgloir. gesture round the staring circle, hurriedly disappeared into the sha-

dows. He went straight to Brigid. When Gilchrist turned round lazily as th he left her the blight of a love loor of his study opened. His eyes thrust back upon itself lay over him, first contracted at sight of and his heart quivered— a tortured thing—in a furnace of pain. stranger on his threshold, then widened in astonished recognition. Work. That was the panacea heavsprang to his feet with hand out-

en had generously granted him for his misery. He sent his earnest gratitude up night and morning to th King of Glory for the blessing of a untiring body which knew not fatigue. The fishing prospered more than ever before with him, and his little bit of land bore evidence of unceasing industry. A whisper went round the island that Peadar Ban must surely be making ready for a wife. The name of Brigid n Brian was never mentioned now in connection with him-but what other girl could. it be? That was the puzzle. He had sat as a suitor at hearth duning the winter months, nor had he left the island to seek a stranger. The handsomest of

the best-gathered. Surely he did not mean to live and die a bachelor. Meanwhile, the object of their sp culations, toiling strenuously to lull tormenting mor

tet how could th

all the young men of Inisgloir

The Passionate Hearts of Inisgloir

By ETHNA CARBERY in "Donahoe's Magazine," edge be imparted to her? Gilchrist | ty, without doubt, and what harm | had sent neither message nor sign is there in that? Most women are since his departure, but the school

all he had to say to Mac Giolla

native speech, and in which thoughts moved most freely.

could fancy the supercilious air

into being, he shook his head in he

the way to B'la 'Cliath and ask Mad

isgloir and bning back the happy

could not be, to confess that he had

never cared for her, that he had

merely amused himself as any young

Ah no, that way would not be

Mac Giolla

the

He

-it would do more harm than

What other way was there but this

if

had become of late, with the

. . .

"For sume this is the great sur-

sell your cattle, and taken a fancy

to see the city? Well, we must give

you a good time, now that you are

The islander ignored the welcoming

"I will be for taking none of your

welcome now, Mac Giolla Chriost.'

he said, "and maybe you will not be

for offering it when you hear what I

Gilchrist stared at him. "What is rong with you, man?" he cried.

about Inisgloir, and Dora and Sibeal

"It is to tell you about Brigid that

hing happened her? Is

Come, and sit down. Tell me

hand. He closed the door behind

him and placed his back against it.

"What has brought you

ty girl. If he, Peadar Ban,

to Brigid's eyes, or if that

willing enough to be admired." master had his address in N'la "Brigid was never that sort, gen-Cliath, and Peadar could obtain in tleman, and you know it." asily. But then, how was he with "She is a woman." his imperfect English, to write down

"Will you write to her then say what you have just said to me?" "No, I shall not write."

Chriost? He had never been taught to write in the Gaelic, which was his "Then I shall be telling you the other thing. If you do not come or write, Mac Giolla Chriost, it is kill-He ing you I will be." On Gilchrist' lips dawned the oi the other when unfolding and perus

ing the ill-spelt, ill-written appeal to ghost of a smile as he looked around his honor from his humble rival No the well-appointed cheerful room in no, that would never do, some other which this tragical utterance seemed way must be found. When the daring thought sprang so out of place, and then glanced at his visitor. But the glance assured him that the threat was no idle one. rified dissent. Oh, for sure it would Peadar still stood against the door not be possible! What! go, go all his fair head leaned back, and the firm, handsome outline of his fea Giolla Chriost to come again to Intures thrown up like a bas-relief from the wine-dark polished wood. There was no weakness in that face. Giltossed the book away, christ and stood biting his moustache silently and viciously.

man of the world might with a pret "It is true, Mac Giolla Chriost." repeated Peadar gravely. "I mean dared take such a liberty, how Mac Giolla Chriost would smile and shrug his

He spread out his freckled, shapely shoulders at a peasant's ignorance of a gentleman's feelings. It would be "My God, do you know what you

are saying?" cried Gilchrist, turning like an animal at bay. "You would moving slowly over one from head to kill me? What good would that do Brigid? And what good would my going to Inisgloir do her in any case, since I am to be married within the month?"

"Married?" Peadar gasped the word, "married?"

'Yes, married. Go back and break the news to Brigid. She will forget me readily enough then, I warrant The blood rushed madly into Pea-God dar's face, dying it from the tanned neck to the roots of his hair. "You will come and tell her with your own lips," he said sternly. "She would not believe otherwise-not if all the world was your messenger."

"Have done with this nonsense," Gilchrist exclaimed angrily. "Am to suffer your insolence in my own house?"

He approached the doop to open it, but Peadar dropped his hand quickly to the knob. "No, Mac Giolla Chriost, you must

come with me; or as I have said, J shall be killing you."

Anger, shame, helplessness, drev teans almost to Gilchrist's eves. He stood before the young islander, like a prisoner in presence of a judge, seeing no avenue of ecape, but one that was objectionable to every fibre of his pride. It meant humiliation, deep and lasting, and doubly painful prise, Peadar Ban." He spoke in that a woman, who had esteemed and loved him, must know him at last B'la 'Cliath? Have you been over to for the man he really was.

"It ir simply ridiculous," he burst forth again vehemently, "this melo drama. In a story, it might be all right, but in real life, and with thes surroundings, it is laughable." The jarring nervousness of his merrimen brought a heavy frown to Peadar's brow

"You forget, Mac Giolla Chriost the meason of my coming here; not to amuse myself or you, but for Brigid's sake."

"For Brigid's sake." Suddenly cross Gilchrist's memory flashed the picture of the girl as he had first beheld her that summer afternoon. The eyes were then unclouded purple grief had not carved furrows on the young, round cheeks. Poor, beauti-ful Brigid. She had loved him well, ly, "that I am not taking this step through fear of your threats. I am going for-well, call it justice's sake, and because-because-Oh man, know now why you are called the Passionate Hearts! It is a true name. You are deadly-every one of you-for all your calm and kindly ways. Brigid too-she will never fongive me; I feel it. It is she I fearnot you. I have gone through worse than death since you entered this room, through shame and regret and bitter humiliation. And now I go to greater abasement - perhaps, knows-to the end of all things. The God Passionate Hearts! Oh why, in my foolishness did I play with leaping

fire? . . .

When Brigid saw him entering the doorway once again, she nose from her chair, and stood grasping it tightly, for her limbs had grown weak and were like to fail her. Si beal's shrill volley of welcome rang in her ears without meaning, and she could not comprehend the greetings uttered in her father's deep accents. something wonderful had occurred, something that made her heart bound and grow glad as in the old days. What was it? Who was speaking now? Surely, that was dear and long desired voice. She was beginning to comprehend at last.

was Gilchrist who was speak-It ing. He had seated himself in familiar settle-corner and was lighting a cigar just as she had seen him doing many and many a time before "Yes," he was saying. "I met Peadar Dan beyond there unexpected ly, and thought I would take advantage of the opportunity to see yo all before I became tied down for life." He smiled significantly. out his cigar, and scrutinized the lighted point.

"Tied down for life," echoed Sibeal. "Now. Mac Giolla Chriost, what may that mean?" "It means that I am nearing my

marriage day and I came across to near you put the good wish upon me. O woman of the house!" "Listen to that now!" Husband

and wife laughed sympathetically, turning to each other. "It is a wife he is going to take." "Yes, a wife, Sibeal, no less. It is

an old story now. She is a rich girl and handsome, and I may tell you it is she who was the impatient' woman because I spent so much of the summen away from her on Inisgloir. But I was so enchanted with your island and its charming legends and songs that I really think" - his attempt at facetiousness was a miser-able failure-"I would have been here yet only for the letter she sent me that last day, ordering-yes, ordering-my return at once. It was her right, you see-and I obeyed, as I should."

"Well, Mac Giolla Chriost: that is what happens to most of us, and I put the good wish upon you from my heart," said Dara, almost crushing the young man's hand in his.

"And I put the good wish upor you too, gentleman, said motherly Sibeal, her pleasant rosy face beam ing with interest at the news, "that the King of Glory may shower bless ings and prosperity on your life and hers, and make your path easy to heaven.'

"Is there no good wish for me with you, Brigid?' She opened her lips to speak, but

"I want to say," he began abrupt- | fiercest that had been known in the island for many years. All day the sun had hung low, blood-red and awesome, with wisps of clouds floating away from it like torn fires. It was an unmistakeable sign of coming danger, and the islanders, seeing it, one and all, crossed themselves piously, "May God put his girdle of safety round all wanderers on th ocean," they prayed softly.

The dark hours, full of wild sounds of sea and wind, passed over them without sleep. Accustomed as they were to violent storms through which they lay undisturbed and dreamless, on this occasion some premonition of disaster kept them awake, except the very young who knew not fear.

It was near the breaking of dawn when a shrill whistle sounded above the storm. "A steamer! She has struch on

Carrigdubh!" was the cry that went from mouth to mouth. Then every man made ready to do his part, if needful. They came together on th western shore where the shrill appeal rang clearest, peering seaward into the blackness through lashing spray. "It is on Carrigdubh she is for sure," said one. "She must be the big steamer from Derry gone out of her counse. There will be hundreds on board; and maybe drowning, with none to help. Who will go? The risk is great, but-"

will go," said Peadar Ban Other voices gave the same response and speedily into the restless, mad whirl of foam the cunrachs were launched. The watching women on the beach made no lamentations as they saw them depart; they were vives and daughters of fishermen, knew full well what meant the sumnons of the sea.

Peadar rowed off, straining every muscle against the shore-sweep of the blast. He was alone in his boat, for a huge wave had lifted it out reach before his comrade could leap of aboard. He could perceive nothing in the obscurity, but the insistent scream of the whistle rang out or on his left and he headed towards the sound. After a time he heard what seemed the beating of the steamer's screw as it swished uselessly through the water. He dared not go nearor; it would be certain death. His boat was tossed hither and thither like a worthless thing; the foam blinded him. He could only wait there, baffling death, until the dawn cama. It came at last in pale streaks of grayness. He could see now a few yards on either side of him. A log went drifting by in the trough of a wave. Something else rose on the crest of the following one, was it. oo, a log? He shipped his oars, put out his hand as it went by, and caught it. Another hand clutched his tightly.

"He is alive!" Peadar's heart gave a big leap as he drew the drowning body nearer. He reached over and his disengaged arm under slipped that of the other, carefully balancing currach by thrusting his fee wide apart. He had almost dragged his burden over the side before he saw the face half-veiled by its drip. ping hair. He bent closer for an instant in horrified recognition; the withdrew his arms with a cry. "Mac Giolla Chriost!"

The othen had grasped the side as Peadar loosed his grip and clung there swaying helplessly in the rush of hurrying waves. The white crests jerked him upward with the currach.

unfamiliar Brigid disappear, and the song return to her lips. Gilchrist had once done a good deed-a hard thing in the doing-for Brigid's sake, Could, or would he, too, overcome this temptation-for the same sake?

IT

With great difficulty, straining his strength to the utmost, he drew the limp form into the boat. Gilchrist was almost unconscious by this time, and lay huddled up where Peadar placed him. A thick rope to which isually the cloch bhuadhai - the anchor-was attached, was coiled in the oottom of the boat, one end fastened to the bow. Peadar now gave a twist of it round Gilchrist's waist. tying it as tightly as he could with his benumbed fingers.

"Should we be upset that will keep him afloat," he murmured, as he tried to make the position of the senseless man easier. One strong sweep of the right oar sent the prow, of the currach shoreward, but in the act of turning completely round, an enormous, unbroken wave - a very wall of deadly water-struck her full on the side. She filled to the brim and keeled over, while the mighty wave went on its way.

Brigid waited restless on the shore for the re-appearance of hen husband. The cliffs rose tall and gloomy behind her, each scarp darkly outlined against the lesser dark of the dawning. The salt spray drenched her, the fierce wind buffeted her, so that she could scarcely keep her foothold on the slippery rocks of the little cove where she had taken her stand, away from the rest of the women. This cove was where Peadar usually, landed, as it lay below their home, and she felt instinctively that here he would strive to put in on his return. "Oh, sorrow of sorrows! What if he never returned ! What if he went unknowing that her coldness and silence was but the anguish of an everpresent shame, because he had seen her pride trodden under the feat of a man who had found her but too credulous. It was shame that had stilled her singing-it was shame that had built this barrier of reserve between them. Oh, why had she been so senseless a woman? Why had she not opened her heart to the faithful heart that had chosen her for its star? The fragrance of Peadar's love lingered about hen there in the dark with a sweetness that hurt her, until the tardy tears obscured her vision, and she pushed back the ruddy hair from her blinded eyes.

A large object, niding on a high incoming breaker, attracted her attention. She waded into the surf, up to her waist, to meet it. As it approached she saw it was an upturned curnach.

"Mother of Mercy, grant it be not his," she sobbed, struggling with the forceful surge. Something smaller bobbed up and down in the wake of the currach; something on which her eyes concentrated in dread. The breaker crashed in upon her, and threw her back breathless on the shore among the shingle.

She rose dazed, and crawled over to where the currach lay half in, half out of the water. She stumbled over something else hurled up among the little pools. With a cry she fell upon her knees. Who were these two locked in each other's arms? She bent lower and turned their faces up to the light.

"Merciful God!" her misery rang above shrick of storm and boom billows, as she saw what the sea had swept to her feet-"Merciful God!"

Very gently, and trembling in every limb, she unwound Peadar's arms from Gilchrist. Both were senseless, and on Peadar's forehead was a jagged cut where some wreckage struck him. Her hand groped inside his vest until she found a slight stir at his heart. "He has come back to she cried aloud, an indescribable flutter of joy tingling through every nerve. There was a slight tug at her dress and she twisted round to see Gilchrist's weak hand groping folds. He was gazing up at her with filmy, unseeing eyes. She drew skirt away impatiently, oblivious of his necessity, heeding, or thinking of naught save the passive figure of h husband Slowly and tenderly she strove to raise him until his fair head rested on her shoulder, then thanking neaven for her splendid strength, drew his arms around her neck and shifted her position until his weight rested on her back. With teeth face gleaming sharp in her sore stress, she crept from her knoes her feet, holding to the slimy boulders. Cautiously and steadily pant. ing until her heart seemed lile to burst in two, she made her way up the rocky slope to their cabin, and laid her beloved burden on the bed. And down on the shingly beach, to-And down on the sningly osach, to-wards which she cast not one back-ward glance, the other man lay help-less, watching with fascinated eyes, growing dimmer every moment, for the Ninth Wave—the drowning wave —that would sweep him sway into

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATEOLIC CHRONICLE

UNCONNED IN	
clous, unable to disvellow'' reports and es to their injury. y fon all this is edu- nentioned originates a or false thinking n regarding the be	to the change taking place in I The girl had grown subdued an less; her blue eyes gleamed ho out of a face that had lost its curves, and her lips had the p droop of stifled sighs. Curses, stronger for being silent, weller in Peadar's heart against Gilc
her similar organiz	"Can I endune to watch her su
demonstrate that	I, who would give my life for
exercise - and in	sake? What good is my strengt
are essential to it	my courage since it cannot spar
the last case	this woe?" Question after que
the structure of the	glided through his brain, leaving
natural avenue	thing behind save a baffling sen
the body's waste	impotence. He beat helplessly
ers are being cot	gainst the hemming walls of dif
	ty, to retreat again and again,
iny little openings	and ulsmaved
skin itself is suc	At last a light dawned in the c
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perpetrate an a	girl, that she might at least le
	the truth, and after a time come
	formula anter a time come

she ill? Is she dead?" The questions Brigid. l list came hurriedly. Peadar Ban gazed down from lowly ovely

-and Brigid."

I am here, gentleman." "Has anything happe

am come to say."

Gaelic.

hene.

and

no

de

great height into the blanched face. 'No, she is not dead, but she will the die, Mac Giolla Chriost, and up death will be at your door unless hrist you spare her." ffer-

her "Yes, you." Then, man to man, and Peadar told the other the cause of his coming. He found, thanks to e her stion God and Mary, whom he had invoked, the fitting words, and they rush ed in a torrent from his over-charged se of ficul-

After the first start of surprise listener did not stir, but sat with downcast lids and flushed countennce. When the islander had cease

he raised his head. had "Is this all you have to say?" he nny 'er asked quietly.

"All, Mac Giolla Chriost, except. art aybe, one other thing." Gilchrist rose, and walked to a ook-case at the end of the room. He icked out a book at random, and od turning over the leaves with gers that trembled. tood turn

"I have only one answer to give ou," he said, and had the grace not lift his eyes. "I cannot and will ot go. Your suggestion is prepost-ous. It is insulting. I never in-out he girl. I admired her here.

and he? God help him. What was this pain as of a knife sheathing in his his heart? Had she been able to wound him after all-else why should he dread the scorn that would ward the story he must tell her-although he had blindly imagined that his wary wings had kept safely beyond reach of the flame. He cared for her-he could not deny itand out of pity-nay, was not pity akin to love?-he would go and her idol of him shattered at his feet. He was not afraid of those brawny hands of Peadan Ban-even were they around his throat-there was s thing worse than such a death; was to see love and trust killed in another's soul. The shudder and chill that ran through him at the thought an actual agony. It was his vene better self in the ascendant once more. That instant he made up his mind to go through the ordeal with-

When did you intend returning ?'

he inquired in a low voice, covering his face with one hand wearily. "By the night train," answere

is at six o'clock the "It er will be leaving; at the turn

n we have little " replied Gilchnist. He went his bedroom and came out a-bearing a small traveling bag.

no sound issued. Her eyes glittered and on her cheeks two bright red spots bruned feverishly. "Ah, then, Brigid, am I to go a way without the wish from you?'

All at once some vital force seemed to become galvanized into actio in her rigid body. She took a ster nearer him, glowing with life from head to foot, radiant, beautiful as had he had never seen her even in her most beautiful moments

Giolla Chriost " her "Yes. Mac voice vibrated through the kitchen clear, strong, relentless. "I put the good wish on you-that the ho will be your wife shall never some know you for the man you are. As Gilchrist turned to go from he cornful eyes and Peadar's sterr aloofness, his stripped soul shivered

The time might come when the recollection of this night's virtue would own reward, but now, as he be its stepped down from the pillory elf-condemnation, the virtue of his

action was the last thing he thought of. He only knew that the world was cold and lonely, and that he was like a solitary reed shaken too cruelly by the wind of his destiny.

On a night in early winter, a months after Brigid's marriage Readar Ban, a fierce gale arose

beat the breath almost out of him tore at those desperate fingers holding to life. Every second it seemed as if he must disappear into a great unending gulf. Peadar watched him proodingly; his whole mind in a tumult of indecision. Here was his enemy, the man who had stolen Bigid's heart from him, who stood between them even yet. Let him drown. He could do no further harm then; he would be spindrift of the cean, endlessly sliding from peace to turbulence, from turbulence to peace, in the calm world of under-waters of on the peaks of storm-whipped bilows. Yes, let him drown.

The brine-scourged eyes opened and gazed at him entreatingly, then closed again tiredly.

"Where is your wife?" cried Peadar hoarsely, bending his mouth down to Gilchrist's ear. "Was she on board? "No, we go different ways." Th in the husky whispen remoteness ninted at death.

The islander had dropped his hands again on the clinging hands. Would he obey his first revengeful impuise and deny life to this man who had wronged him? He would be a murderer, then, yes, that was the word. How Beigid would shrink from him if she knew. She had loved Gilchrist -she still loved him, for her heart had never opened to the knocking of Peadar's devotion. If he brought Gilchrist to her safely would the sad,