

ONAL WRITERS AND THEIR THEMES

(Concluded.)

ith Culture," a monthly published in New York, heading "The Very Last-coming comments are some of the fads and fan-characterize the contribu- are printed in the blan- s published on Saturday y in every important cen- tinent.

It was a chance word that, shortly after Gilchrist's departure, aroused the serpent of jealousy in Peadar Ban. The men were grouped at Eamon's Corner in the September dusk for their accustomed gossip; the glow of their pipes made small points of light in the gloom; their voluble Gaelic speech flowed in a stream of friendly argument over this and that. Only Barty Dall, Blind Barty, the fiddler, sat silent, contrary to his usual wont.

The Passionate Hearts of Inisglair

By ETHNA CARBERY in "Donahoe's Magazine,"

ledge be imparted to her? Gilchrist had sent neither message nor sign since his departure, but the schoolmaster had his address in N'ia 'Cliaith, and Peadar could obtain it easily. But then, how was he with his imperfect English, to write down all he had to say to Mac Giolla Christ? He had never been taught to write in the Gaelic, which was his native speech, and in which his thoughts moved most freely. He could fancy the supercilious air of the other when unfolding and perusing the ill-spelt, ill-written appeal to his honor from his humble rival No, no, that would never do, some other way must be found.

ty, without doubt, and what harm is there in that? Most women are willing enough to be admired." "Brigid was never that sort, gentleman, and you know it." "She is a woman." "Will you write to her then and say what you have just said to me?" "No, I shall not write."

"I want to say," he began abruptly, "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, I 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 forgive me; I feel it. It is she I fear—not 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, God knows—to the end of all things. The Passionate Hearts! Oh why, in my foolishness did I play with leaping fire?"

fercest 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 unmistakable 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 the ocean," they prayed softly.

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 dear sake? 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 usually the cloch bhuidh— the anchor—was attached, was coiled in the bottom 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.

forget? Yet how could the know-

III.

On a night in early winter, some months after Brigid's marriage to Peadar Ban, a fierce gale arose—the