Where'er I go I hear anon
An endless twang and twiddle,
For all the ton are playing on
The banjo and the fiddle. I cannot make a call in peace, Upon my fair enslavers,

This new caprice doth so increase Their crotchets and their quavers. For scarcely now a word is said

Of archery or tennis,
They play instead "Old Uncle Ned"
Or "Carnival of Venice;"
And when in classic terms they speak, Arrayed in silks and laces, The whole technique to me is Greek Of Weber's polonaises.

From observation, I aver Each feminine designer, Without demur, doth much prefer A major to a minor. No longer claims of blood endure, Nor names aristocratic, You may be sure each ardent wooer Is weighed in scales chromatic.

A lovely girl essays in vain To harmonize this vandal; With each refrain she doth explain, Twixt Offenbach and Handel. But when her soul she seems to throw In tremulous appealings, I only know her fiddle-bow

Is playing on my feelings.

Oh, would I were the violin
Whose melodies enfold her,
That I might win her dimpled chin, And rest against her shoulder; And when my heart-strings she'd caress, With dainty, jeweled fingers, With tenderness I would confess The love that in me lingers!

## AN IRISH STORY.

-From Scribner's.

## The Grasp of a Withered Hand.

a bit. Shure now that we're safe out av it, an' a blue quilt over that for me t' sit on. our thrubble it's only too glad I am t' tell th' bad soart!

Well, sir, me an' Pat was coortin'-jist pullin' a coard, as th' sayin' is-for close on me for a long time; but shure, sir, usen't quare, angry way, "why wouldn't I throw "Go out, Mary," sez Tim t' me, "an' an' two year. Not that he said much t' I t' see th' heart in his face whin he'd meet | it back?" me in the chapel-yard after mass av Sunda', or at fair or market, or whin we'd sit sir, I cudn't say more nor that. But Tim discoorsin' anundher a hedge av a Sunda' evenin'? He was a fine straphin-lookin' stack.

asked me av I'd marry him. Av coorse no luck too. dacent girl would say she would all at kept quillin' up a bit av me apern as we Tim didn't spake much; an' sez I t'him, war sittin' anundher th' hedge that Sunda' evenin', an' the sorra word I sed. An' the sack av piatees for, for it's not even th' bedad, I don't mind tellin' yeh, sir, that I market day? don't think I cud say a word with th' joy, for I loved Pat-well, sir, no, not as well " an ye'll be tould no lies." as I love him now that he is me good husband; but I loved him as well as any girl in fun all th' time-" it's me own opinion, ness. cud love any boy before she's married t' him.

I rimimber iviry word he sed; an' troth I could hardly hear his voice-" faith it's th' breakin's o' me heart yeh are entirely! goin' t' come over me that away. It's for th' baste. The crathur was tired, too, I'm that fond av yeh, Mary, that I'd live nothin' t' you where I keep th' money." an th' clippins o' tin wid yeh, sooner nor in a slated house wid any wan else."

Well, bedad, I known Pat was in airnest, and it's no matther what I sed meself now; So we wint up th' steps, ould Tim carryin' anyhow, we agreed that as soon as it was the sack av piatees on his back. The very covaynant that Pat was to spake t' th' first person we met was Michael Neale, a any wan, an' th' stars was sparklin' up th' priest. I don't know whether or not yeh third cousin av me mother's, an' there he sky. an' he was an orfin, an' he always lived wid | coat an' brass buttons, bekase he was th' his ould uncle, Tim Sullivan. He was sarvint at th' bank. allaways called ould "Tim the Smaddherer" because he used to whitewash an' t' do jobs | glad I am t' see yeh; an' how are you, av plasterin' all through th' counthry. Aw, Tim, an' where are yeh goin' wid the but it's he was the miserly ould chap! piatees?" Afther a while he was near bein' kilt wan " Never mind," sez Tim. " I want t' see whin yer passing'," sez I. day, be raison av an ould wall that he was the masther; I want Misther Bradley.' plasterin' up givin' way an' fallin' on him. | " Hadn't yeh betther lave the platees sez he. He was near dyin', so he was. An' thin here," sez Michael; an' shure he was right, hand an' arm was no use t' him at all ; and glass doors he walked, an' me follyin' him. sharp stone ran right into me left hand. there they used to hang for all th' world as "Young man," sez ould Tim t' a gintledead an' as withered as av ne got a fairy man in a glass case, "where's your masblast.

"Mary," sez Pat t' me wan day, "d'ye know I'm onaisy about me uncle Tim? He has such a quare look in his face sometimes, jist as though he was hidin' somethin' from me, or thinkin' somethin' quare." "Troth, Pat," sez I, " me mother sed the same thing last Sunda' whin we saw him."

"Did she now?" he sez, quite glad like. says she thinks yer uncle must have some Come in here." money saved somewhere, and that he's from him."

Pat looked at me, an' thin he gives a smile, and he sez in his own quare way: but what yer mother's as cute as a pan- as pleasant spoken a gintleman as ye'd cake; but shure wha'd me uncle Tim be meet. "An' yer quite right to take Father thryin' to hide anythin' from me for?'

"I don't know, Pat; but yeh know he av Ireland." was allaways quare," sez I.

shure poor ould Tim Sullivan got quarer ye'll just keep th' money the way I give it an' quarer, an' at last Pat spoke t' Father | t' you." Mulcahy about it and asked his advice.

"Lave yer uncle t' me, Pat," sez Father acrass the table. Mulcahy. "I'll soon find out what's "Why, thin," sez he, in a woudherin' troublin' him. I know a good dale, but its voice, "an' have yeh th' full av that sack undher sale av confession; but I'll spake t' av money, me good man? It must be all yer uncle, Tim, as we'll aise his mind in coppers!" betchune uz."

th' door doin' a little bit av sewin', when " A sack av goold!" sez I. "Why, Tim who comes along be Dogherty's boreen but shure it's piatees yeh have in that sack." Pat? I seen he was in a great hurry, an' "Now, wimmin is too fond av talkin', I got up an' wint t' meet him. His eyes sez Tim. "See here, sur," an' he opens were dancin' out av his head and he sez in th' sack, an' there was nothin' to be seen a whisper :

made man I am an' a proud woman you Bradley, an' troth I think I seen a laugh ought to be this day!"

didn't tell him that, av coorse. "Array, tell me what its all about, Pat?"

"Just this," he sez, still in a whisper, as av he was afeard av any wan listenin, "Father Mulcahy got th' soft side av me uncle Tim, and what d'ye think, Mary, an' money by for many a year, an' he sez Who did I know might be listenin'?" alannah? but th' ould fella has been put-It's all for me, as I was like a good son t'

Poor Pat got very red whin he tould me to put in the bank?" him."

that, an' I sez-an' shure it was only th' truth, not a word more nor less-"So yeh war, Pat, as good a son as ivir he takes a sovereign.

brathed." "Well, th' say a good son makes a good hundhred an' twenty pounds, an' he keeps land keeps its money." them all in our own cabin."

away iverywhere, an' now Father Mulcahy hid sep-rate in a pratee. It's the way I chapel house for Father Mulcahy. got him t' promise t' take it in t' Misther kep them this many a year; an' when th' Now, me girl," sez Father Mulcahy, An' its he was th' quare, funny gintlemin, Bradley t' the bank in Clonmel, where platees begins t' get bad, thin I change as we wer comin' along over th' mountain too. Whin he was young he used t' be away they'd take care av it for him, an' there'd them, and put the sovereigns into fresh road, "tell me all about this terrible affair." in furrin' parts until he kem into th' probe no fear av him bein' robbed.

can't go wid him, for I have t'go t' Bracken | doin' it." fair wid the two pigs, so I want yeh t' take me uncle into th' bank wid yeh."

"Av coorse I will," sez I; for troth I'd do more nor that for Pat.

an' arm I don't like him t' go alone," sez Pat; "for it's lonely crassin' th' mountains; and thin some blackguards might know he had th' bit av money, an' set an him."

"Troth I'm not much use av th' did, Pat," sez I, laughin' an' Pat laughed too, for it was only in fun what he was sayin' about any wan doin' anythin' t' th' ould

uncle. "Och! Wirra, wirra! Shure wasn't it th' black bitther mornin' that riz th' next day? Ould Tim kem down t' our cabin, Aw, bedad, sir, I don't mind tellin' yeh drivin' th' low-back car wid a chaff bed an' myself, not to give yeh th' trubble, sir."

nivir had act or part in th' murdher av his an' hit ould Tim Sullivan's withered hand ivir that is, an' it's me own opinion that fine Christmas eve; for it's he that wasn't got red, an' he was goin' t' throw th' shoe long an' th' short av it all was that Tim av yer ought to go an' tell the polis at back; only I cried out:

throw back th' luck." "Arrah, whisht, girl," he sez, in his liked.

"Bekase it's unlucky, sez I; an' sure, home afore nightfall."

Sullivan wasn't like other people. boy, wid th' best behavior av any wan ivir said when he lost mass. I'll taiche yer help tellin' him av th' foolishness av old I met, but shure, sir, he'll be in in a minit; mother t' make game of me dead hand—so Tim Sullivan. he's only jist gettin' a creel av turf from th' I will." An' wid that he threwed back th' old shoe, an' och hone a-rie, shure not a lie | yer not in airnest?" It's jist about three years ago since Pat I'm tellin' when I say he threwn back th'

wanst; that 'ud be a disgrace t' her. So I was a good seven miles t' Clonmel. Ould piatees." "Arrah, Tim, what are yeh bringin' in

"Ax no quistions," he sez, quite short,

Tim, that yeh have all th' money in the "Mary Rooney," sez he-shure it's well sack, an' thats it's not piatees at all." Ould Tim gives a jump an' sez :

until 'we kem t' th' bank in Bagwell from me mother's. sthreet. It's a grand house, shure enough.

"Arrah, Mary Rooney," sez he, "it's au th' way home."

ther?"

"Who?" sez he. "Yer masther," says Tim. "I suppose yeh want Misther Bradley?"

"Didn't I say so?" says ould Tim, who had a short timper. Misther Bradley kem out an' he siz,

"Oh, so you're Timothy Sullivan, that "Ay," sez I; "and d'ye know me mother Father Mulcahy was tellin' me about. th' doore, an' listenin', "an' me uncle

Well, we went round be the back av th' afeared av bein' robbed av it now that he's glass cases in the purtiest little parlor Pat: not able t' use his right hand an' arm, av yeh ivir laid yer two eyes on; an' thin any wan was t' come to thry and take it Tim tould the gintleman that he wanted t' put his hundhred an' twenty pounds in th' bank.

"We'll take the hoight of good care av "Well, now, Mary alannah, I don't say it for yeh," sez Misther Bradley, that was Mulcahy's advice, and t' put in the Bank

"I'll let yeh take care av it," sez ould Well, sir, to make a long story short, Tim, houldin' out th' sack av piatees, "av

Misther Bradley stan's up an' looks

"Th' divil a copper!" sez ould Tim Three or four days afther I was sittin' in | quite smart. "It all in goold."

but piatees. "Whisht, Mary acushla! Shure its a "Let's hear all about it," sez Misther in his eyes. But who cud help it? For He looked such a fine, handsome boy that whin I tell yeh all, ye'll say it was no I don't deny I did feel a proud girl, but I wondher, sir, that I couldn't help laughin' meself.

> CHAPTER II. girsha. But I wasn't goin' t' be such a his clothes. fool as t' tell yeh what was in th' sack whin we war comin' down th' mountains. this for at all, at all?"

Bradley. "Where's the money you want near th' Creevagh Pass, an' some wan ran penal sarvitude.

"Here, sir;" an' ould Tim takes up a fine piatee-a Scotch Down-an' out of it

"Well, that bates!" sez I. "Bedad, Tim," sez Misther Bradley, an' husband, Mary," sez he; " anyhow let me he thryin' t' keep down th' laughin', "yeh tell yeh the rest av me story. What d'ye ave a way av yer own av keepin' yer money think but me uncle Tim has close upon a safe. That's not th' way th' Bank av Ire-

Tim Sullivan cud have such a fortune? | a hundhered an' twinty goold sovereigns | three sons, wint aff t' th' Creevagh Pass for Barronstown, was in the polis-station. "Ay," sez Pat, "he has been hidin' it there in that sack, an' iviry one av thim is poor ould Tim, an' meself set aff t' th' Misther Barron was a magestrate in th' piatees. Now, sir, I don't mind a bit "Bedad, it's a great day for uz, Pat," sez I. lavin' th' money with yeh, av ye'll keep it about me goin' wid poor ould Tim t' th' "It is Mary,' he sez; "an' now jist as it is, an' I'll come reg'lar an' keep bank, an' how he wouldn't lave th' money; what I want yeh't' do is this; me uncle an eye afther it meself, an' change the an' thin about how I was so cowld on th' Tim wants t' go t' th' bank t'morrow, so I piatees, not t' give yeh the thrubble av

couldn't take yer money in that way. Yeh must thrust the bank-shure yeh don't "Yeh see, bekase av his withered hand think th' Bank av Ireland 'ud rob ye of it?" t' th' doore.

"Now, see here, sir," sez Tim Sullivan, " I don't mane no offince in life; but yeh av money it often sticks to their fingers." death was on his face. Father Mulcahy

"Look here, Sullivan," sez Misther Bradley. "Only I know it's ignorance makes you speak so, I'd be angry with you." "No, sir, I'm not as ignorant as yeh think," sez Tim, "an' I'll only lave me money wid yeh in th' way I say; so that I can come down any day an' see that it's not touched. ' An' I'll change th' piatees

Well, me jewil, sure there was a great "Well, God be wid yeh both!" sez me talk betcune Tim Sullivan an' Misther th' story t' any wan that'll jist let iviry wan mother, as we war goin' away; an' she Bradley. The gintlemen sed a lot that I wouldn't lave the money in th' Bank av | wanst." "Tim, agrah, for th' love av God an'don't Ireland, onless he was let keep it safe in th'

look afther th' car. We must be gettin'

"'Devil may care," sez he, "as Punch at th' top av th' steps, an' shure I culdn't there was th' inquist th' next day.

we're goin' home agin wid Tim's hundred On we wint over the mountains, for it an' twinty sovereigns stuck in th' sack av thered wid stones, and want av further

"Troth, he's th' quare Tim," sez Michael. "Yez'll hardly be home afore dark." come home early just now."

" Ay, faith; but here's euld Tim." "Don' tell him I towled yeh," sez I, in "Troth," sez I-but, shure, I was only a whisper, knowin' th' ould fella's quare-

An' thin, sure, aff we wint again across av grey cloth! " Now look here, Mary Rooney. yer not snow an' ice and th' roads that med it hard crowner war talkin' about it.

"Tim," sez I, "I'm awful cowld." "It's a hard night," sez he.

An' so it was; it was freezin' fit t' kill

know it, sir, but Pat's people war all dead, was, dhressed like a gintleman, in a blue "D'ye know, Tim," sez I, "I'm that cramped an' could here sittin' an th' car that I think I'll get down and walk th' rest "Jist as ye like," sez he.

"Come in an' have a cup av tay or a taste av whiskey t' keep th' life in yeh, "Thank yeh kindly, Mary; so I will,

Well, off I wint, an', bedad, I soon got fine an' warm, whin all av a suddint I

Whin I got home I saw I was all bleedin', but I put a cobweb an' a bit av rag on it, and didn't mind it a bit.

Afther a while who comes up but Pat, I towld him all about what happened, an shure, he was angry at first, an' thin he laughed. We got th' tay ready, an' some beautiful griddle-cakes, an' fresh butther, an' we war waitin' for ould Tim Sullivan, for it was apast th' time for him t' come. " I don't hear th' car," sez Pat, goin' t'

ought t' be here by this." We waited another while, an' thin sez

"Bedad, I'm gettin' onaisy! Maybe th' horse fell an th' ice; th' roads is so slippy, an' me uncle hasn't th' strength t' help it up. I'll go down by th' Creevagh Pass." "Ay, do, Pat," sez me mother; an' as

soon as he wint out she sez t' me: "Troth, Mary alannah, I didn't like ould Tim throwin' back his luck this mornin'; people may laugh, but no good cud come from doin' such a thing. Why, even didn't

somethin' happen t' yerself? Yeh fell and cut yer hands." "Ay, faith, mother," sez I, an me' hands war smartennin me; "but shure yeh don't

think anythin' happened t' ould Tim Sulli-

"Throth, I dunno." she sez; " but shure he ought t' be here now."

rest aisy afther me mother sayin' that; an' about th' two av uz. Shure th' sed that be-I cudn't take a mouthful of tay or a bit av kase me hand was all bleedin'-and shure the griddle-cake, but kep goin' backwards | yeh know it was rom th' fall I got-that it an' forrards to the doore. It was freezin' was bekase I helped Pat-and he as inhard, an' there wasn't breath av air, nor nocent as a baby, sir !-t' murdher poor a sound anywhere; an' just as I was comin' ould Tim Sullivan that we might get th' away from the doore wan time, I thought I money he had hid in the sack av piatees! heerd some wan runnin' up th' boreen.

an' nearer, an' in a few minutes who comes av it could all have happened. For shure tenants by the Land League. The rent in runnin' up but Pat, an ketchin hoult av me enough there was blood an both Pat's one case was £15, Griffith's valuation behe comes into th' kitchen.

Rooney."

Av coorse that was all settled, an' me "Well, sir, it's about that I want t' mother got th' bed in th' room ready, an' "Pat," sez I; for who'd ivir think ould spake," sez Tom. "Yeh see, sir, there's Pat an' th' Closkeys, th' father an' th' it seems that wan day Misther Barron, av

Shure, thin, sir, I towld his rivirence all way home, an' got down an' walked th' rest av th' way; an' how Pat kem in en' thin "Me good man," sez Misther Bradley, wint down t' th' Creevagh Pass an' kem " yeh make a great mistake. Shure we back t' say his uncle was there, kilt interely.

"It's a bad business, Mary ma gra gal," sez Father Mulcahy, an' just thin we kem

There was poor ould Tim Sullivan lyin' an th' bed in th' room just as th' boys carknaw, sir, that whin people has the handlin' | ried him up. Shure any wan cud see it was wint over an' tuk hould av his hand for a minnit, an' looked very sharp into his face, an' thin he turned away, an' sez he t' me mother quite nice an' solemn-like :

"Biddy Roony, call in some av th' nabors, an' we'll say a mass for th' repose av his sowl."

Thin we all knewn for sartin that poor ould Tim Sullivan was dead. He was th awfullest sight, sir, yeh ever seen. Shure his head was reglar battered in wid stones.

"Now, me good people," says Father agin thim." know that me good husband, Pat Cassidy, threwn an ould shoe afther us for luck, didn't undherstand about intherest, what. Mulcahy afther mass, an' me mother an' "Stop," sez Mr. Barron; shure I rimim-He turned around quite quick an' his face | Tim didn't undherstand it aither; an' th' sarious an' dhreadful affair, an' some wan out, I gave to an ould sarvint av mine."

mountain."

So aff Pat set, sir, an' in a few hours Ireland." who comes but a whole lot av polis, an' a

"Bedad, I am," sez I; "an' shure here crowner, sed that 'Timothy Sullivan met av the same kind av cloth that was found wid his death athrough his head bein' bat- among Michael Neale's clothes.

## CHAPTER III.

" Bedad, we won't," sez I ; " for th' cows the whole thing was that afther poor ould Tim Sullivan was dead, what d'ye think but in his poor withered hand, that for th' many's th' day cudn't hould a rush-it was that wake-well, in his hand was tight

th' mountain road. It was about a week "It's wondherful t' think about," sez afore Christmas, an' there was a little Father Mulcahy, whin the docthor an' the

"It was jist th' terror an' th' strength av so that it was dark night afore we kem t' the death-struggle that did it," sez Docthor Afther that th' sorra word more he sed th' pass av Creevagh, just a mile and a half Crean; "he was in such a desperate way that it even put life into the withered

hand." grand funeral. All the nabours from far where we're as happy as th' day's long. an' near kem t' it, an' Pat an' me thought Yes, sir, it was a terrible day th' day was always good t' him, as quare as he misfortunate sowl. was; but, sir dear, it was terrible hard t' An' now, sir, that's th' whole story. But

nor light av it cud we git. comfort the poor boy; "niver mind, say: ivir he could be, whot d'ye think, sir, but But no, bedad. Ould Tim tuk no notice missed me footin' an th' ice, an' down I acushla! Shure wouldn't it be worse nor it was found out that poor ould Tim's right av what Michael sed; but in athrough th' kem. Me hands was all scraped, an' a An' me too the the beauth' power t' do in a through the beauth' power t' do in a through the beauth' power to do in a through the beauth the beauth' power to do in a through the beauth the beauth' power to do in a through cock when I sed such a bowld thing t' th' thin', He put power even into th' Grasp of boy that was coortin' me; but it was jist a Withered Hand!"

me heart said it, I cudn't help meself. "Yer right, Mary avourneen, yer right, agin'. acushla!" he sez. "But this, I'm detarmined on, Mary; I'll niver rest antill I fix me poor uncle Tim's murdther on some

Well, jist as Pat sed that, we heard Armagh. some thrampin', an' in walked some av th' polis. The sergeant walked over t' Pat, an' sez he:

"Pathrick Dionysius Cassidy, in the Queen's name I arrest you for being concerned in the murder of Timothy Sullivan. Pat jumped up; but before he could say wan word the polishman had the handcuffs | College, Dublin, a few days ago, spoke in

on him. I thought I'd have died wid th' shame an' th' fright, sir. I felt every dhrop of blood goin' back t' me heart, an' me head wint intirely whin th' sergeant kem over t'

"Mary Josephine Rooney, in the Queen's the murder of Timothy Sullivan."

Me poor mother nearly wint mad, sir But off we war tuk, an' that night we war lodged in Clonmel jail.

Och, weirasthru! but it was th' cruel day for uz both ! I cudn't hear inythin' about poor Pat, an' he cudn't hear inythin' about me. An' thin, sir, as I suppose you know we war brought up for trial one day, an I don't know why it was, but I cudn't th' foolishest things you ivir heard was sed

I don't deny, sir, but that what all thim I was right, too. The steps kem nearer lawyer gintlemin sed was very like jist as clothes an' mine ; but that was from his ing £12 10s., and in the other case £4 10s., "For th' love o' God' what's the matter?" thryin' t' rise his uncle whin he found him

away wid th' sack wid th' money in it." There was jist wan thing I always feel household.

"Kilt?" sez me mother. "OPat, what'll glad about, sir, an' that is that I got the same punishment as me poor Pat. I oudn't "I'm goin' t' run over t' Paddy Clos- bear 'think that he'd be sufferin' an' me key's, t' ask him an' th' boys t' come," sez free. But we both had wan thing that med Pat, runnin' t' th' doore as he was spakin'; uz look forward t' the long time whin we'd " an' you, Mary, run aff for Father Mulcahy git out av prison, and that was that both an' he'll bring me poor uncle up here, Mrs. | me an' Pat knewn it was all a mistake an' that he cud thrust me, an' me him, jist th'

same at th' end av th' time. So th' sorra weary months wint on, an'

An' wan day he was in th' polis-station, an he was lookin' at some things that th' polis had hung up in their barrack room, an' what d'ye think, but there was th' bit av curious gray cloth that was found tight in poor ould Tim Sullivan's hand th' very night he was murderhed. Misther Barron

felt it, an' he looked at it vairy airnest. "Will yeh tell me," sez he, "where yeh

got that ?" So thin the sergeant tould him all about poor ould Tim, an' about Pat an' me ; an' bedad, tould him the whole story av the thrial from beginnin' t' end.

"But, sir," sez the sergeant, "we nivir cud get a clue about that bit av cloth." "I can give you a clue," sez Misther Barron. "It's a piece tore out av a mornin' coat I had made from some stuff I brought wid me from the aist."

"Go on, sir," sez the sergeant, "for, sir, we're not quite sure that we hit on the right people whin we tuk up Mary Rooney an' Pat Cassidy; but yeh see, sir, we had t' do somethin' for th' credit of th' force, an' we were able t' make a very good case

"His name was Michael Neale," sez "I'm goin', yer riverence," sez Pat, "as Mr. Barron. "He left me whin I wint piatees, an' come an' look at it whiniver he soon as I see yer riverence home across the about two years ago, an' I got him a situ-

So, sir, jist as th' all did wid poor Pat an' docther; an' some av th' polis stayed all me, th' all began puttin' two and two So out I wint, an' found th' horse stanin' night, and niver lost sight av poor ould t'gether about Michael Neale; an' wan day quite quiet; an' there was Michael Neale Tim, an' thin, as I suppose yeh know, sir, th' took him up, an' took all his clothes— "Well, sir, at th' inquest they cud only that it was found out that th' piece av find out that poor ould Tim was batthered | cloth that was found in the grasp av poor "Arrah, no, Mary !" sez Michael; shure, t' death wid stones on the head, but th'oud ould Tim Sullivan's withered hand fitted in say no more; so then Misther Reilly, the exact t' where it was tore from a coat med

Shurely, sir, it was a wondherful time, an' a wondherful thing altogether. An' thin' shure I rimimber that I towld Michael Neale on th' bank steps all about poor ould But, sir dear, shure th quarest part av Tim havin' th' sovereigns in th' piatees. An' wan thing an' another, kem out; an' how Michael got a friend av his t' buy a small farm for him, an' so, wid wan thing an' another, Michael Neale, t' make a long story short, saw there was no use in denyin' grasped a good big bit av some quare soart it any longer, an' he confessed that it was

him that murdhered poor ould Tim Sullivan. Och, sir, sure it was worth bein' in prison, an' goin' althrough all th' thrubble for t' see how glad th' nabors were t' see me an' Pat, as soon as we war let out. Troth, our hearts came up in our mouths whin we think av all th' kind words was sed about us! An' it's all th' gintlemen that was kind-Misther Barron an' Misther Well, sir, poor ould Tim Sullivan was Bradley an' all av thim. Shure betchune waked in me mother's cabin, an' he had a them all th' bought this little farm fer uz,

it was very nice and respectful av thim too. that Michael Neale was hanged. Nayther So whin we war comin' home me mother me nor Pat 'ud go to Clonmel that mornin', axed Pat t' come wid us an' t' have his tay. | though there was plenty that asked uz t' Th' poor boy was very down in himself. It go; an' ivery night me and Pat sez a wasn't bad enough to lose his uncle that prayer for th' repose av Michael Neale's

lose th' bit av money too, for nayther sight | I hear Pat's voice, sir, an' here he is! He's as good as he's good-lookin', sir; an' "Niver mind, Pat," sez I, thryin' t' av yeh ask him anythin' about it he'll jist

"The good God always defends th' right.

Bannacht Ladth! Sir, maybe we'll meet

## Latest Irish News.

An anti-toll agitation has been started in

Amongst the troops to be sent to Ireland there will be the 2nd Battalion Royal Scots, on their arrival from India early in December. Lord Powerscourt, in addressing a meet-

ng of the Philosophical Society in Trinity

support of a peasant proprietary. A correspondent of the Edinburgh Scotsman writes: "I have reason to believe that the police returns from all parts of Ireland are far less gloomy than might be inferred from the reports which are appearing in the public journals. Rents are being name I arrest you for being concerned in paid very generally throughout the country,

except in cases of real distress." There are 11,000 in the Irish constabulary, divided into mounted men and infantry, which gives an average of 300 men to each county. To Mayo alone there have been sent 1,700 police, or 1,400 beyond the average. If every other county in Ireland were as well organized by means of the Land League as Mayo is, it would take something like 55,000 or 60,000 police to keep them in order.

At Swinford Land Sessions, recently, the County Court Judge of Mayo granted to two tenants on different estates compensation at the rate of seven years' purchase of the rent for eviction by the landlords, the judge holding that the rent was exorbitant. The claims were made on behalf of the Griffith's valuation being £2 6s.

sez me mother; an' I gev a screech, for lyin' kilt in th' snow at th' Creevagh Pass; The Earl of Bessborough, who joined the Pat's face was as whiteas the snow out- an' an my clothes too from th' cuts an me Land League a short time since, is not only side, an' his eyes burnin' like two cools, hand. An' thin Misther Bradley sed I was a very large land holder in Ireland, possess-"Ay!" sez ould Tim Sullivan, lookin' at an' there was blood on the front av his wid poor ould Tim, an' knew all about th' ing nearly thirty-five thousand acres in the me, "yeh may laugh av ye like, me dacint shirt, an' on his hands an' on the rest av money in th' piatees, and iviry wan knew me counties of Kilkenny, Carlow, Tipperary an' Pat was goin' t' be married; so all the and Waterford, which yield him a rental of "Pat! Pat, darlint!" sez I, "an' what's lawyers an' gintlemin put wan thing an' more than £20,000 sterling a year, but is a another together, an'-och ! va! shure I brother-in-law of the Duke of Richmond "Me uncle Tim," he sez, in a hoarse thought I'd ha' died whin I heard it-me and Gordon, Lord President of the Coun-"Let us come t' business," sez Masther soart av a voice-" he's kilt there beyant and poor Pat was aich give twinty year oil in the Beaconsfield Government, and has himself twice held high office in the royal