

cloud that was spreading all over the land. "You see," Patsey was saying "if I was not a cripple I might go as a drummer boy, but no one would give me a drum to beat."

"Grandpapa told us the other day" said Clare, "that we can fight just as great battles when we conquer wrong and make ourselves contented, and turn our misfortunes into helpfulness for others, as if we were real generals and won victories on actual battle fields."

"I know that's true," said Patsey, a comforted tone sounding through his words, "I'm getting a good education that will in the end, Grannie says, fit me to work with my brains. I do wish, Miss Clare, you could see the men that comes in nights to hear me read the paper. Father says it keeps them out of the saloon and sends them home with money in their pockets and kind words on their tongues, to their wives and children. And Father Ryan, our priest, says I'm a real help to him in the Sunday-school by my good manners and neat appearance."

"Just see how much you have to make you happy," goes on Clare, "and you must not forget what Grannie tells you about your belonging to a very fine family with kings and saints in it in Ireland."

"Yes, I know that," says Patsey, glowing with undisguised pride, "they wore big crowns filled with real jewels, the kings and the saints both. We're near kin to St Patrick, why Mary Ann Clancy's grandmother's uncle's first cousin was an O'Shagessy, an' Tim Whalen, Grannie's first cousin's brother-in-law married an O'Grady from Dublin and they are all kin to St. Patrick an' likewise to Grannie an me."

"I'm glad," said Clare, that you belong to such a nice gentleman's family, and then she added, as if the thought had brought another: "this is going to be a bad war Patsey, and papa has come home to say goodbye to us before he goes away to fight for our country. What do you think about it all, Patsey? You see you read so much about it of nights in the papers." "Well," said Patsey Doonan, resting his elbow on his knee and rubbing his chin reflective-

ly; "the men talk-lots about it's being the (and here he whispered lest aunt Dinah should overhear him in her dreams) black folks that is making the trouble, and they get angry and excited-like when there's any talk of drafting in the papers."

It was at this juncture that Captain Aymar made known his presence. He took a seat beside the children and talked to them long and quietly of the terrible struggle now begun, and tried in simple way to make them understand that they were neither of them too young to be of some continual help to their mother country. There were prayers to be offered from pure childish hearts, that God would speed the right; and every small pair of hands might do some work for the boys in blue if they asked for it. There was lint to be made and pennies to be saved to add to the comforts to be given to the sick and wounded. Then he told them he meant to steal away, as the sailors do, who never like to say good bye to those they love, he said he would leave grandpa in Clare's care and keeping until he came back, that he felt sure Patsey would be a helpful friend to the family while he was away. That night as Captain Aymar stepped out from the house into the road he heard his name called softly and looking up he saw Patsey Doonan standing on one of the broad posts of the old entrance gate to Bellemont. "I want to say to you sir," said Patsey, "that I'll stay round here all the while you're away and look after the big house, and if there's anything I can do for you, sir, that you think of after you've gone why just write and let me know, and I'll do it. The captain looked at the feeble, tiny figure and sighed; then he looked up into the sweet, earnest, honest face, and putting his arms about the little fellow he drew him close to him. "I am comforted by your words," he said tenderly, "keep watch and ward over my loved ones for me. Good-night, Patsey," he said hastily, "good night; may the sun be shining when we meet again."

Days, weeks, months and a year or more had come and gone since Captain Aymar had said good-bye to Patsey Doonan. The black pall of

war hung over all the land, and there came a time in those dark days, when more men were needed, and since they did not come at call they were compelled to enlist or what was called "drafted." Many went peacefully, but others resolved to fight rather than submit, and in their anger and ignorance they chose to lay all the blame upon the poor colored people. Soon there came a time when mobs of rioters were looking everywhere for colored people to wreak their vengeance upon. Men, women and children with black faces were hunted down like wild things. Colored asylums were fired and colored churches burned and those who were unfortunate enough to employ colored people in their service were in danger of serious trouble.

It so chanced that a large number of drafted men lived with their families in what was then known as Dublin, a section of plateau land, most of which is now included in the upper part of Central Park. Here an angry mob had gathered and a wild desire to stone somebody or burn down something was strong within them. Where should they go? Who kept black help in that neighborhood? A voice in the crowd shouted out: "Its Gintilmin Aymar beyant that kapes a house full of the varmints!" "An he's a black republican hisself!" shouted another voice. "An he's got a son blacker nor hisself!" shouted a third. Then, "On, on, to Gintilmin Aymar's!" was the cry, as massing themselves into a disorderly yelling throng, they hastened with all speed to Bellemont.

It was a lovely night; no moon, but the stars shone out like gems on the bosom of the sky. And the old mansion stood a motherly thing among the trees, so calm and still when the howling, maddened mob burst upon the scene with cries of, "Bring out yer niggers! Bring out the black devils!" and the like.

In front of the house on the second story was a broad balcony; a large many paned hinged window opened out of it and the mob saw first that the hall back of this window had been brilliantly lighted, and then the glass door, for so it really was, turned on its hinges and out from it and upon