

When McGuire Puts the Baby to Sleep.
I have a faint recollection, close be the bridge,
I had three pairs of stairs on a farm.
The farm is on the roof, but it's elegant just
For to keep the rain from coming down.
The rain is high. Sure it's tired they get
From playing 'puss in the corner.'
An' 'would do you the favor to let the twilight see
Ould McGuire put the baby to sleep.

McGuire is my man, an' a daisy he is,
For after that I was a daisy to him.
He comes with his pair (faith), the coal on his face
Gives the shake to the boys of the town;
Then he sees down wid me, an' his polite, on his
chair.

Comfortable, cozy an' deep,
Wid the kid in his arms; it would break you to see
Ould McGuire put the baby to sleep.

He sings him the chune of "The Old Phiskey"
An' "Singles him up on his knee,
As light as the mist from ould Erin's green turf
That floats from the bog to the sea.

Then the gowson, an' a hum like a wing on his
An' the shadous across his eyes creep,
I'll lay you to rest a beautiful sight
Wid McGuire put the baby to sleep.

Then the ould man says, "Phisew!" as the first
darning done
Conceded of these of the child;
An' he steps to the cradle as aisy as mud,
An' the drop of a pin makes him wild.

"The Yagie take care of that baby," his prayer
Comes out of the heart low an' deep.
It would kill the ould man if the kid should
refuse.

John McGuire for to put him to sleep.

HUSBAND'S RELATIONS;
Lov'd.

The People Loved Her Much.

"I wonder how many men and women
are really happy in their marriages?" he
says, meditatively. "Killen wasn't, I
know, poor fellow, though he was patient
as an angel with her ladyship, and always
tried to make the best of his poor bargain;
and I should think that the Annesleys'
domestic life is one of untraced bliss."
"Neither of the women you have
mentioned has it in her to be friend as well
as wife," she says; and she is a trifle
disappointed when she drops the hand he
has been holding all this time, and starting
up, exclaims:

"No! you're right there! That's just
what Darrough would have been, though—
friend, guide, love—everything that a woman
should be."

"More 'guide' than anything else, I'm
thinking," Mrs. O'Leary says, indignantly.
"Your beautiful Darrough is born to love;
you are not born to be ruled."

But though she says this in her most
doleful, most convincing tones, Lord Killen
is not won back to his seat by the siren's side,
nor does he hurry to the maternal clasp
of her sustaining hand, thus day after day.

By and by, away from the influence of
her subtly shaped room, and great personal
charms, he reads in the columns of a
frantic little free and fetterless journal the
speech she has made this morning, and he
reads it with unmolested disgust.

Later in the day two men are arrested
on the charge of having shot, with intent
to murder, Mr. Annesley, and of having
shot and killed Lord Killen.

To Darrough's indignant grief and horror,
one of these is a man whose fidelity she
would have staked her own life—the Clad-
dagh girl's lover!

Mrs. Annesley has an overwhelming
sense of responsibility upon her as soon as
her eyes fall on the terrible telegram. It is
from Robert! There is great comfort to
be in the midday glare, in the fact that
Robert at least is alive and uninjured,
but her heart sickens as she reads:

"Killen has been killed; the shot was
meant for me, I am sure. You must break
the awful news to his poor widow."

For a few moments she sits down crushed
and almost paralyzed by the weight of the
burden that has been laid upon her, and
wonders if it is possible to evade the pit-
iless task. But quickly the real woman-
liness asserts itself, and she rises, praying
the she may be granted grace to tell the cruel
truth tenderly and sympathetically.

If she can only catch Lady Killen before
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with a gasp that prepares him for the
words that follow. "Lord Killen has been
killed, shot in mistake for some one else,
Mr. Annesley telegraphs, and I must go
and tell her."

"No," the servant says, wiping his eyes
undisguisedly; "her ladyship must be
fetched home, and hear it from you here,
ma'am; your face would tell her the truth
before you could speak, and to hear it in a
backroom—her ladyship must be fetched
home."

All that is best and womanly in Marian
Annesley springs into stronger life as she
sits waiting for Lady Killen in the still
lighted salon, in which they have all been
so merry but an hour ago. But for the
merest chance of a speedy arrival, perhaps,
or the failure to disarrange her, the
two men—her own husband would have
met with Lord Killen's fate, and she
would have been the bereft woman to
whom the grim tidings still have to be
broken.

"As this reflection is borne in upon
her mind, a sharp twinge of conscience
for having let him go into peril without her
seizes her, and with unfeigned feeling she
says:

"I will be a better wife if it pleases God
to spare him!"

The nutes that she has to wait seem
like hours, and yet she dreads their passing,
dreads the moment that must bring her
face to face with the poor wife who is to
learn from her (Marian) that she is a widow,
when she hears the carriage stop, and a
moment after hears Lady Killen's rich
robes rustling as she hastily sweeps through
the anteroom, and then across to the spot
where Marian stands, the latter feels her
heart cease to beat, and fancies that the
words, "Your husband is murdered," are
printed on her brow.

There is a pale gleam of some sorrow
ahead in Lady Killen's mind, but she is
far, poor thing, from guessing or suspecting
the extent of the calamity which has over-
taken her until Marian looks up and holds
her hands out. Then, in a flash, it all
reveals itself, and with a pitiable, helpless
sob she cries:

"Tell me how—tell me everything!"
Then the two women, who have been
united in the fellowship of frivility and
fashion for some time past, are drawn
closer together in the holier fellowship of
sorrow and sympathy.

It is only a moment that no outbreak
of violence against, no fierce denunciations
of those unknown ones who have murdered
her husband break from Lady Killen's
lips as the story, so far as it is known to
Marian Annesley, unfolds itself.

"He met me as I was going to be of use to
Robert," Mrs. Annesley cries, bowing her
head down as she kneels by Lady Killen's
side. "Will that thought stand between

us?—will