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January 1, 1903.

Publisher.

MONSOON

"None knew thee but to love thee, None named thee but to praise."

It is singular that some of the most beautiful poetry ever written is exactly applicable to MONSOON CEYLON TEA, or Longfellow was not thinking of MONSOON TEA when he wrote these lines, but they describe this delicious beverage very accurately.

The Coming of Gillian: A Pretty Irish Romance.

Lady Jeannette has, of course, proffered the services of her own woman—a hard-featured, consequential personage of fifty, until Miss Deane can please herself in an Irish attendant; but the very idea of ringing the bell for the stout, dignified person, who is in dress and demeanor like a principal of a select school for young ladies at the hour of 6 a. m., is so alarming to Gillian that she takes her bath and arranges her hair and puts on her soft white flannel dress with its black ribbons and ruffles, with the utmost quickness and a nervous idea haunting her that the stern person, whose name is "Lynch," will address her and make her go back to bed like a naughty child, if she is not quick enough to be completely dressed and down stairs before Lynch makes her appearance.

The hall door stands wide open in the balmy stillness of the morning, and Gillian passes the housemaid-busy at her avocations, and with a pleasant, courteous greeting to which the housemaid responds with a pleased smile and cordial "Good-morning, miss"—the young lady goes down the door steps and looking first to the right and then to the left, takes the path to the left, which leads through a shrubbery of rhododendrons toward a white gate and a narrow shady road which disappears amongst trees.

"Good luck to her! But she's a nice young lady, an' a handsome young lady!" Kitty, the Irish housemaid, says to one of her colleagues of the dustpan, gazing after Gillian admiringly.

"An' the night an' something young, an' gay, an' handsome, is wanted about this house if ever a house wanted it!" rejoins the colleague, go m'ily. "Fals—that wid me boy—an what will Miss O'Neil—an' the best day he ever seen to George Archer! The 'not' is in it, but 'Sheorsha Ruah—'Red George,' as they call him—wid his fine, fair, foxy hair, an' his fine, fair skin, an' his grand broad shoulders an' his fine long legs, is the grandest an' the handsomest man in the barony."

"Thrus for ye"—good-tempered Kitty says again, smiling more broadly—"but fals I'm afraid, Honora, he haven't much chance at all of her! He's a real gentleman, Mister Archer is—thrus they sez quare things about him—an' a glance of deep intelligence passes between the owners of the dust, which are slowly rubbing the tables, 'an' if one favors him here, we knows another doesn't."

Honora abandons her duster as incompatible with oratory, and folding her arms, brings her head impressively to one side, and forces her arguments with a fluency that impresses Kitty to drop her duster and stand at attention.

"I don't care a thraneen what they says about him," she says, with a deliberate nod. "Mr. George Archer has the blood of a gentleman, an' the sowl of a gentleman, an' the looks, an' the education of a gentleman, an' what else d'ye want? An' sure it wouldn't take neither the clerk nor his reverence to tell the reason m' lady ad shut the dure agin him!"

"Fals, fals, true!" Kitty rejoins more emphatically than ever, and drawing nearer her companion in the absorbing interest of their gossip. "An' sure they sez that he—she begins, when Honora's duster suddenly rubbing with surprising dexterity, and Kitty is down on her knees polishing the central rail of a table the next instant, as Mrs. Lynch—Lady Jeannette's "confidential maid" and housekeeper—comes down stairs with her keys.

She stands at the white gate looking into the narrow lane, dark and cool in the close shadow of the trees over the dew-wet earth, until the hot sunlight beating down on the pathway through the shrubbery, helged high with foliage on each side, feels scorching on Gillian's white gypsey hat, with its ruffled black silk lining, and its wreath of black silk wheat-ears.

A golden gleam of summer glimmers here and there the shaded road, and after a little timid hesitation and a backward glance at the sunny lawn and the open landscape behind her, Gillian pushes open the white gate and walks on. Miss Simms the London maid's opinion of Ireland has found no echo in her young mistress's generous, trusting nature, but some of Miss Simms' stories of horrible deeds which she has heard traced or read from newspapers, carried from her knowledge by her tender mother's too watchful care, seem to start up with astonishing vividness in Gillian's memory this morning.

the unpleasant smile rather widening into a grin, as he sees the fear in the girl's eyes and the pale young face.

"Yes, I will give you something if you are in want," Gillian says, drawing back again, and speaking coldly and with dignity, though her knees were quivering beneath her.

Gillian sees out her purse and offers the man half a crown, which he takes eagerly.

"Pon my sowl, but I'll drink your health with this," he says, leaning at her the ridiculous assumption of gentility in his vulgar voice and broad accent, that his slop-made, shabby clothes possess. "But I'm very hard up this morning, miss, an' I want a trifle more from you."

"You will get no more, and you are very ungrateful," Gillian says, with trembling lips, trying to pass him.

The ruffianly fellow burst into a laugh, glad to have roused her anger.

"Begorra, me darlin', if you wasn't such a purty young woman, I would not be coaxin' ye!" he says, rudely clutching Gillian's wrist, holding her tight, and the most moss-grown steps over the most moss-grown earth. By and by, as the trees grow sparser, and the road grows mossier, with quantities of beautiful ferns flourishing luxuriantly in the sunlight, Gillian gets glimpses of the country beyond the woodland.

It is very lonely, bright, and calm, with the solemn grandeur of the dark purple mountains rising up to heaven on the horizon, and the fuzzy, green uplands, desolate and uncultivated, near at hand. The wild, sweet honey-scent of the sheets of golden blossom is wafted on the fresh morning air to her where she stands, and there is the soft, melancholy gurgle of the river running past the woodland, and the cry of the rooks, but no sound or sight of human life anywhere.

"I feel as if I were walking in an enchanted land," Gillian says, with a little shiver. "I feel as if there were nobody in the world but myself. I wonder if all the poor Irish people who used to live in this part of the country are gone away or dead?"

A little natural timorousness once or twice makes the London-bred girl falter in her lonely walk, but still she perseveres, waiting, and waiting, until the shady woodland way comes out on a barren hill-side with a fox-cover of broom and furze above and below the road. The grass-hoppers are chirping merrily in the hot sunshine amongst the dry grass, and Gillian stands just at the entrance of the wood listening to them, wondering earnestly what they are, listening to the rustling of the brook, which she can see rushing on below her down the course of the wide valley toward the dark mountains and the little white-walled hamlet, more than a mile away; and gazing over the wastes of blossoming furze and broom down over the valley, and its white-walled cabins nestling among trees, and the little distant village, and the gray, craggy mountains, which are slowly rising up before her, until the unbroken solitude begins to oppress her. The morning breeze seems to sigh and whisper sadly over the tossing pines of the broom, and rush away through the furze, with some mournful story of sorrow and wrong; the lonely river running on murmuring some ceaseless, melancholy tale to the dripping scree on its banks, and the sound of the wild, wailing note of the rooks is like a human cry of desolation.

"It is very beautiful, but it makes me sad," Gillian says, with a sigh, turning to go back, and taking out her watch at the same time.

It wants but a quarter to eight, for she has lattered on the way she has come, which is not more than a mile and a half, and with visions of breakfast and waiting, the young lady kept waiting for her eccentric guest flashing through Gillian's mind, she hurries on a few yards, and has entered the shadow of the trees again, when she hears a rustle of earth as some one comes blundering down the clayey bank almost beside her, and an under-sized, squarely-made man, in a shabby, ill-made coat, steps almost in front of her, with his hand to his hat, and a very unpleasant smile in his keen dark eyes, and on his long, lean, coarse lips, hardly covered by a ragged moustache.

"Beg yere pardon, miss," he says, in an insinuating tone; "would you be so kind as to tell me the time?"

Gillian looks at the man with dilatating eyes, for she has a terrified instinct that he does not want to know the time, and that his assumed civility is as false as his request, and that he is a cunning, dishonest-looking man, with a certain assumption of swagger in his unkempt moustache, his dirty, flashy neck-scarf, and even the cut of his vulgar quasi-fashionable clothes, that adds an element of the villainous to his appearance.

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"Comlan't a lady like you spare a poor fellow a trifle?" he says, with

thing my blackthorn would have been hurt first."

"Is that what Irishmen fight with?" Gillian says, curiously touching the hard spines and knobs of the shining, dark stick.

"That is what Irishmen used to fight with in the good old times," George says, laughing—"that is a shillelagh, which is a tough oak of the shilling, dark stick, and a blackthorn for smashing a man's skull! We're a lot of brutes and savages, you know, Miss Deane," he adds, rising, "and I'm sure if your belief in this respect needed any confirmation, you have received it this morning! You have met one of the typical Irishmen who are such a credit and blessing to their country, that by discriminating English folk we are all budget and ticketed as one class, to be dealt with and regarded as all alike."

"Oh, no! Not gentlemen, surely!" Gillian says, deprecatingly, with shy, gleam of mischief, and partisanship in the kindling brilliancy of her eyes as they glance at the goodly form, the handsome face—brave and strong and honest—of the man who is standing beside her. He glances at her in return, and his keen, blue eyes read her thoughts instantly.

"Oh! we were not speaking of the mere of the aristocracy or the well-bred, well-born men," George says deliberately, his firm lips relaxing in the lines of a cold smile. "I was speaking of the people, the people!" he says, gravely, in whom naturally I feel the greatest interest."

Gillian colors vividly up to the smooth, rose-white brow, and her eyes burn like arching flames.

"Are there no gentlemen amongst the people?" she asks, gravely, in spite of that shy blush and the girlish enthusiasm shining in her eyes.

In conduct and character I hope there are a great many," he answers directly to the generous light and glow in the pure eyes; "but that does not make a man of obscure birth and no position an equal of men who have a place and a name in the land."

He speaks very quietly and sedately, but Gillian notices the cloud that falls over the bright, gay face, the sombre shadow of the blue eyes, the hard, proud look that settles over the strong, large features.

"Do you feel able to walk home now?" he asks, after a minute more, and anxious to turn the subject, and anxious to be rid of his charge, Gillian thinks.

"Yes, oh yes," she says hurriedly; "I should have gone before. It is past 8 o'clock."

"You are speaking English time, Miss Deane," he says, smiling once more. "It wants nearly a quarter to eight by Irish time. The Saxons has the advantage of poor Ireland even in that respect you see."

Gillian laughs at the jest, but walks on, thinking that, if she only might, with propriety, she could introduce a subject of conversation of which Mr. Archer would not so soon grow weary.

If she could have talked to him of the dark-haired woman who is his sweetheart, George Archer would not so soon have turned away from her, and she would not have been so curious, swelling with loneliness or sorrow or envy.

"If you have a few minutes to spare, Miss Deane, and you can easily walk to Mount Osory in half an hour," George Archer says, pausing and looking back, "would you like to walk as far as the head of the road and see the view?"

The morning is so clear that you can see the spires of the country round up to far as Lough Ceinanech."

"Where?" Gillian asks, turning at once, and with a look of great interest.

"Lough Ceinanech," he repeats, smilingly. "That dark hollow there to the left, where the white mist lies—just below the dark cliffs—do you see?"

"Oh, yes, I see," Gillian answers, gazing eagerly down the long, wide valley to the rising green slopes and dark purple precipitous heights of the mountain range beyond. "How beautiful they look in the morning light! And what a fine village at the foot of the mountains, Mr. Archer!"

"That is Darragh—the village of Darragh," he answers, "and it is nearly two miles from the nearest mountain. The village of those mountains are four miles away from you, Miss Deane, though they look so near in the clear atmosphere."

"This is beautiful," repeats Gillian, standing in the long, wide valley, and looking up at the sky, which she had missed it. What is that gray, castle-like building on the hill behind the village, Mr. Archer?"

"It would not hurt me to admit the view is my case, Miss Deane, as Mr. Damer would be sure to have shown it to you," George Archer answers, carelessly. "You will have to do all the beauties of the country round, and I'll give you my passage-money to Lough Ceinanech."

"Oh, how beautiful!" Gillian says, with eyes of innocent gladness. "Do you often have picnics to the mountains?"

"I believe they generally have one or two every summer from Mount Osory," he answers, coldly, setting her right if she fancies he will partake of those aristocratic gayeties. "And now, Miss Deane, I think we had better turn. Mount Osory is only twenty minutes' walk for my long legs, but I doubt if you can do it in less than half an hour, and, besides, they may miss you and be alarmed about you."

"I hope not," Gillian says, her heart beginning to beat uncomfortably at the thought of being questioned by Lady Damer as to where and with whom she has enjoyed this highly unconventional morning ramble. "For I will be sure to have a very good view of the beautiful landscape spread out below, shining in the morning sunlight, the green fields, the bright, gold patches of blossoming furze, the dark river, with osiers on its banks, the snowy walls of the distant hamlet, the grand background of the purple mountains, and the gray-fortress-like building, on whose windows the sun is gleaming in burled specks of brightness, on the height behind the village."

"You did not tell me what that gray, castle-like place was," she says,

inquiringly. "It looks very grand and imposing."

"Distance lends enchantment to it," he says, smiling and walking on. "It isn't very grand or imposing when you are in it. I assure you. That is an Irish castle, Miss Deane—Darragh Castle."

"An old Irish castle! The very thing I wanted to see particularly," Gillian explains, reproachfully, turning back for another long look of earnest admiration. "Oh, who lives there? I should so like to see it inside! What a beautiful site, too! Just fit for a castle. What a grand old place it must be!"

"It is neither old nor grand," George Archer says, laughing heartily, but at the same time coloring and speaking with a slight embarrassment. "It really was built in the year eighteen hundred and two for military barracks. A detachment of soldiers was kept there for years after the rising of ninety-eight. It is a big, damp, draughtily dreary place, with huge empty rooms, and walls six feet thick and drill-yards and courtyards, with walls twenty feet high, with spikes on the top; and that is Darragh Castle, Miss Deane."

"Who lives there?" Gillian demands, with increasing interest. "It could be made such a splendid place, with gardens and terraces and fountains inside that great enclosure I can see."

"I dare say," he says, deliberately, "if the owner or tenant could spend three or four thousand pounds on it."

"And he cannot, I suppose?" Gillian says, regretfully.

"I don't think the owner could or would," Miss Deane says, and I regret to reply, with a slight smile, but looking at her curiously—"I am sure the tenant could not."

"Is he so poor?" Gillian asks, hastily.

"So poor as not to be able to spend a few thousands on adorning his abode!" he questions, sarcastically. "Strange as it may appear to Miss Deane, he is. I am the tenant of Darragh Castle, and I regret to state that my father generally covers all my worldly wealth," George Archer says, laughing.

"You—you live in that beautiful old castle?" Gillian exclaims, amazed.

(To be Continued.)

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