ITER SUPREMUM.

The Atlantic.

Oh, what a night for a soul to go!
The wind a hawk, and the fields in snow;
No screening cover of leaves in the wood,
Nor a star abroad the way to show.

Do they part in peace—soul with its clay?
Tenant and landlord, what do they say?
Was it sigh of sorrow or of release
I heard just now as the face turned gray?

What if, aghast on the shoreless main
Of Eternity, it sought again
The shelter and rest of the isle of Time,
And knocked at the door of its house of pain!

On the tavern hearth the embers glow,
The laugh is deep, and the flagons low;
But without, the wind and the trackless sky,
And night at the gates where a soul would go.

—(Arthur Sherburne Hardy.

A PHILANTHROPIST.

I.

"And when I had your own bottle finished, doctor, an ould man that was passing by to the fair of Kinvarra told me that there was nothin' in the world so good for a stiff arm as goose's grease or crane's lard, rendered, rubbed in, and, says he, in a few days your arm will be as limber as limber. So I went to the keeper at Inchguile, and he shot a crane for me; but there wasn't so much lard in it as I thought there'd be, because it was just after rearing a chitch."

"Well, we must try and get you a better one next time," said the Doctor, nodding farewell to his loquacious patient, one of those non-paying ones who look on a "dispensary ticket" as conveying an unlimited right of discourse on the one hand and attention on the other. But the Doctor was just now in a position of vantage, being seated on his car, on which he slowly jogged out of sight, leaving the victim of rheumatism who had stopped him still experimentally rubbing the joints of his arm.

It was the first of June by the calendar, but the outward signs of the season were but slightly visible in that gray West Country, where stones lay as the chief crop in the fields and innumerable walls took the place of hedges, and a drizzling mist from the Atlantic hid all distant outlines.

The Doctor had been all day face to face with such cheerless surroundings, and was on his way homeward. But presently he stopped at the entrance of a little "boreen," where a wrinkled, red-skirted dame was standing sentry, leaning on a stout blackthorn stick. "Is it me you're looking out for, Mrs. Capel?" he asked. "I hope Mary is no worse to-day."

"She's the one way always," was the reply; "and it wasn't of you I was thinking, Doctor, but standing I was to watch that ruffian of a pig of Mr. Rourke's that had me grand cabbages eat last night, and me in Cloon buying a pound of madder to color a petticoat. Ah, then, look at him now standing there by the wall watching me out of the corner of his eye!" and flourishing her stick the energetic old lady trotted off to the attack.

"I may as well go in and see Mary," muttered the Doctor, tying the reins to an isolated gate-post, and walking up the narrow lane to the thatched cottage it led to.

"God save all here," he said, putting his head in over the half-door.

"God save you kindly," was the reply from an old man in corduroy knee-breeches and a tall hat, who sat smoking a short pipe in the deep chimney-corner, and watching with interest the assault of various hens and geese upon the heap of potato-skins remaining in a basket-lid which had done duty as a dinner-table.

The Doctor passed through to a little room beyond, whitewashed and containing a large four-post bed. The invalid, a gentle, consumptive-looking girl, lay on the pillows and smiled a greeting to the Doctor.

His eye, however, passed her, and rested with startled curiosity on a visitor who was sitting by her side, and who rose and bowed slightly. The stranger was a lady, young and slight, with dark eyes and hair and a small, graceful head. He guessed at once she must be Miss Eden, the new Resident Magistrate's sister, of whose ministrations to the poor he had heard much since his return from his late holiday.

He stopped awkwardly, rather confused at so unexpected a meeting; but the stranger held out her hand, and looking up at him said: "I am so glad you have come back; we have wanted you so much."

The Doctor did not answer. The sweet, low voice, with no touch of Irish accent, was a new sound to him, the little hand that she gave him was fairer and smaller and more dainty than any he had ever touched. To say the truth, his early farm-house life and his hospital training and dispensary practice had not brought him into contact with much refinement, and this girl with her slight, childlike figure and soft, earnest eyes seemed to him to have stepped from some unreal world. Then, finding he still held the little hand, he blushed and let it go.

"How are you getting on, Mary?" he asked, turning to his patient.

"Middling, sir, thank you," said the girl. "I do have the cough very bad some nights, but more nights it's better; and the lady, may God enable her, has me well cared."

"I could not do much," said the lady, with an appealing glance, "and you must not be angry with me for meddling with your patients. But now that you have come I am sure that Mary will be better."

"Don't be troubling yourself about me," said the sick girl, gently. "I'll never be better till I see Laurence again."

"Oh, don't be giving yourself up like that," said the Doctor, cheerily; "we won't let you die yet awhile."

"I won't die," she answered, gravely, "till I same day that Laurence died: the 13th of September. There's no fear of me till then."

She looked tired, and her visitors left, the Doctor telling his new acquaintance as they walked down the lane what a strong, bright girl this had been till a year ago, when her brother had died of consumption. From that day her health had begun to fail, the winter had brought a cough, and Easter had found her kept to her bed. It was a hopeless case, he thought, though she might linger for a time.

"Indeed, and she's a loss to us," put in old Mrs. Capel, who had now joined them, having returned from her pursuit of the predatory pig. "She was a great one 'for slavin', and as strong as any girl on the estate, but she did be frettin' greatly after her brother, and then she got cold out of her little boots that let in the water, and there she's lying now, and couldn't get up if all Ireland was trusting for it."

The mist had now turned to definite rain, and Louise Eden accepted "a lift" on the Doctor's car, as he had to pass her gate in going home. His shyness soon wore off as the girl talked to him with complete ease and simplicity, first of some of his poor patients, then of herself and her interest in them.

She was half-Irish, she said, her mother having come from this very West Country, but she had lost both her parents early and been brought up at school and with English relatives. Lately her brother, or rather, stepbrother, having been made an R. M., and appointed to the Cloon District, had asked her to live with him, and this she was but too happy to do. She had always longed to give her life to the poor, and especially the Irish poor, of whose wants she had heard so much. She had even thought of becoming a deaconess, but her friends would not hear of it, and she had been obliged to submit herself to their conventional suburban life. "But here at last," she said, "I find my hands full and my heart also. These people welcome me so warmly and need so much, the whole day is filled with work for them: and now that you have come, Dr. Quinn," she added, smiling at him, "I can do so much more, for you will tell me how to work under you and to nurse your patients back to health again."

It was almost dark when they came to the gate of Inagh, the house usually tenanted by the Resident Magistrate of the day, and here Louise Eden took leave of her new acquaintance, again giving him her hand in its little wet glove. The Doctor watched her as she ran lightly toward the house. She wore a gray hat and cloak, and the rough madder-dyed skirt of the peasant women of the district. None of the "young ladies" he had hitherto met would have deigned to appear in one of those fleecy crimson garments, so becoming to its present wearer. She turned and waved her hand at the corner of the drive, and the Doctor, having gazed a moment longer into the gray mist that enshrouded her, went on his journey home.

His little house on the outskirts of Cloon had not many outward charms, being built in the inverted box style so usual in Ireland. A few bushes of aucuba and fuchsia scarcely claimed for the oblong space inclosed in front the name of a garden. But within he found a cheerful turf fire, and his old housekeeper soon put a substantial meal on the table.

"Any callers to-day, Mamie?" he asked as he sat down.

"Not a one, sir, only two," was the reply. "The first was a neighboring man from Killeen that was after giving himself a great cut with a reaping-hook where he was cutting a few thorns out of the hedge for to stop a gap where the cows did be coming into his oatfield. Sure I told him you wouldn't be in this long time, and he went to Cloran to bandage him up."

"And who was the other, Mamie?"

"The second first, sir, was a decent woman, Mrs. Cloherty, from Cranagh, with a sore eye she has where she was cuttin' potatoes and a bit flew up and hit it, and she's after goin' to the Friars at Loughrea to get a rub off the blessed cross, but it did no good after."

The old woman rambled on, but the Doctor gave her but a divided attention. He laughed and blushed a little presently to find himself gazing in the small round mirror that hung against the wall, his altitude of six feet just bringing his head to its level. The face that laughed and blushed back at him was a pleasant one: frank, blue eyes and a square brow surmounted by wavy fair hair were reflected, and the glad healthfulness of four-and-twenty years. He had been looked on as a "well-looking" man in his small social circle of Galway and with the girls he had met at merry gatherings, but without ever having given a preference in thought to one above another. Certainly no eyes had ever followed him in his solitude as the dark ones first seen to-day were doing.

He went out presently, the rain having ceased, Dublin, and had laughed and joked and danced and sauntered down the unattractive "Main-st" of Cloon.

The shops were shut, save those frequent ones which added the sale of liquor to that of more innocent commodities. In one a smart-looking schoolboy was reading "The Weekly Freeman" aloud to a group of frieze-coated hearers. At the door of another a ballad-singer was plaintively piping the "Mother's Farewell," with its practical refrain:

"Then write to me often, and send me all you can,
And don't forget where'er you are that you're an Irishman."

The Doctor might at another time have joined and enlivened one of the listless groups standing about, but, after a moment or two of hesitation, he turned his back to them and walked in the direction of the gate of Inagh. "There's Mrs. Connell down there, that I ought to go and see; she's always complaining," he said to himself, in self-excuse. But having arrived at her cottage, he saw by a glance at the unshuttered window that his visit would be a work of supererogation, as she was busily engaged in carding wool by the fireside, the clear light of the paraffine lamp, which without any intervening stage of candles had superseded her rushlight, showing her comely face to be hale and hearty.

Half unconsciously the young man passed on, crossed a stile and walked up a narrow, laurel-bordered path toward the light of another window which was drawing him, moth-like, by its gleam. It also, though in the "Removable's" house, was unshuttered, testifying to the peaceful state of the district. He could see a cheerful sitting-room, gay with flowers and chintzes, the light of a shaded lamp falling on Louise Eden's fair head, with it bent over a heavy volume on the table, an intrusive white kitten disputing her attention with it. He drew back, with a sudden sense of shame at having ventured so far, and hurried homeward to dream of the fair vision the day had brought him.

It was the beginning of an enchanted summer for the young Doctor. Day after day he met Miss Eden, at first by so-called accident; but soon their visits were pre-arranged to fall together at some poor cottage, where she told him he could bring healing or he told her she could bring help.

She had thrown herself with devotion into the tending of the poor. "I have wasted so many years at school," she would say, "just on learning accomplishments for myself alone; but now I have at last the chance of helping others I must make the most of it, especially as it is in my own dear Ireland."

"The lady" was soon well known among the neglected tenants of an estate in Chancery. Her self-imposed duties increased from day to day. The old, dying man would take no food but from her hands. The Doctor found her at his house one evening. She had cut herself badly in trying to open a bottle for him, and was deadly pale. "I can't bear the sight of blood," she confessed, and fainted on the earthen floor. It was with gentle reverence that he carried her out, and laid her on the cushions of his car, spread by the roadside; but the sweet consciousness of having for that one moment held her in his arms never left him when alone. In her presence her frank friendliness drove away all idle dreams and visions.

It was on a Sunday afternoon of September that Dr. Quin and Louise Eden met again sadly at the house where they had first seen each other, that of the Capels. They were called there by a sudden message that the poor girl Mary was dying, and before they could obey the summons she had passed away.

The little room was brighter now; a large-paned window, the gift of her ministering friend, let the light fall upon the closed eyes. At the foot of the bed hung a beautiful engraving of the Magdalen at the Saviour's feet, while a bunch of tea-roses in a glass still gave out their delicate fragrance. Neighbors were beginning to throng in, but gave place to "the lady." The old father silently greeted her and wrung her offered hand, but moved away without speaking. The mother, staying her loud weeping, was less reserved.

"It's well you earned her indeed, miss," she said; "and she did be thinking of you always. The poor child, she was ill for near ten months, but I wouldn't begrudge minding her if it was for seven year. Sure, I got her the best I could, the drop of new milk and a bit o' white bread, and a grain o' tea in a while, and meself and the old man eatin' nothin' but stirabout, and on Christmas night we had but a herrin' for our dinner, not like some of the neighbors that do be scattering. Sure, we never thought she was goin' till this morning, when she bid us send for the priest. And when she saw the old man crying, 'Father,' says she, 'don't fret. I'll soon be in Heaven praying for you with me own Laurence.' Sure, she always said she'd die on the same day as him, and she didn't after—it was of a Saturday he died and this is a Sunday."

Louise and the doctor looked up suddenly at each other. This was indeed the 13th of September, the day on which Laurence Capel had last year passed away.

They presently left the house of mourning, soon to become, by sad incongruity, a house of feasting, Louise leaving a little money for "the wake" in the old woman's hands. They walked toward home together, the doctor leading his horse.

"I hope there is nothing wrong, Miss Eden," he asked after a little, noticing how abstracted and depressed she seemed.

"Yes," she answered: "I have had news that troubles me. My brother has written to tell me that he is going to marry the lady at whose house he has been staying in Yorkshire; and that, as she has a large property there, he will give up his Irish appointment. They offer me a home, and I am sure they would be very kind. But what troubles me is the thought of leaving Cloon, where I have learned to help the people and to love them. I can never settle into a dull, selfish, luxurious life again." Her eyes filled with tears as she spoke.

The young man's heart beat fast. Might he—might he dare to lay himself at her feet? He nervously played with the horse's mane and said tremulously: "We can never do without you now, Miss Eden. We should all be lost without you."

He paused and looked at her. She was gazing sadly at the distant blue outline of the Clare hills, and the sun sinking behind them flashed upon her tearful eyes. She was on the other side of the horse and a little in advance, and he could not, had he dared, have touched her hand. The words came out suddenly:

"We can never do without you here—I can never do without you. Will you stay with me? I haven't much to offer you: £200 a year is all I am earning now, and I may soon get the hospital. I can't give you what you are used to; but if I had the whole world and its riches, it's to you I would bring them."

She had stopped now and listened to him, startled. Then she turned again, looked at the tranquil hills and the far-stretching woods of Inchguile, and the smoke curling from many a poor hearthstone. A vision flashed across her mind of a life spent here in the country she had learned to love, among the people she longed to succor, with for a helper the strong, skilful man who had stood with her by so many beds of sickness. Then she thought of what her future would be in a luxurious English household. She could see the well regulated property, the tidy cottages, where squire and parson would permit her help, but not need it. An old woman looked from her doorway as they passed and said: "God speed ye! God bring ye safe home and to Heaven!"

They had come to the high road now, and as they stopped to let a drove of cattle pass, she turned and met the doctor's wistful eyes with a flash of enthusiasm in hers.

"I will stay," she said. "I will give my life to Cloon and its poor!"

Then, as they reached the stile which led into Inagh, she crossed it lightly and walked up the narrow path, scarcely remembering to look back before she was out of sight and wave her hand in farewell to her happy lover.

Happy was not, perhaps, the word to describe him by. A sudden rapture had swept over him, blinding his vision, when she had said, "I will stay." Yet, now that she was out of sight without having deigned him one touch of her hand, one soft word, he felt as if all had been a dream, and was also conscious of a feeling, too subtle to be formed into a thought, that there was something wanting in this supreme moment which surely is not wanting when two hearts for the first time know themselves to be beating for each other. But she had always been such an object of worship to him, as one beyond his sphere, that he remembered how far away she had been from him but yesterday, and that doubtless the ordinary rules of love must be put aside when one so high stooped to crown the life of so unworthy a worshipper.

II.

Colonel Eden returned that evening; and for some days Louise was constantly occupied with his affairs, driving and walking with him and listening to his plans and projects, and thus giving up her own solitary expeditions and visits.

She was glad of the excuse to do this. The moment of exaltation in which she had resolved to devote her life to these poor Galway peasants had passed away, and though she kept pictures before her mind of a redeemed district, and children brought up in health and cleanliness instead of disease and dirt, and home industries taking the place of the idleness that followed spasmodic labor, misgivings entered with them as she saw herself no longer "the lady" who stooped from a high level, but a mere doctor's wife (she would not admit even to her thoughts the undesirable title of "Mrs. Quin"), living in that small staring house at the entrance of the town. Of one thing she was certain, she could not possibly suggest such an idea to her brother. She could imagine too well his raised eyebrows and sarcastic words. She must wait until he had broken all ties with the neighborhood, and then she could come back without consulting him. Her affianced husband's personality she kept as much as possible in the background. He was to be her fellow in good works, her superior in the skill and knowledge of a healer. She had only seen him during her ministrations to the poor, only talked with him of their needs and his own aspirations, had hardly looked on him as a being in whom she could take a personal interest, until that moment in the sunset when she had, in the impulse of a moment, linked her life to his.

A dread began to creep over her of seeing him again. How should she meet him? Could she still keep him at a fitting distance? Would he not feel that he had some claim upon her, even now?

One morning, hearing wheels, she looked up from her half-hearted study of an Irish grammar and saw the well-known car and the bony gray horse appearing. To fly out by the back door, catching up her hat on the way, was the work of a second. She ran down the laurel walk, crossed the stile, and was soon safely on her way to the Inchguile woods.

She was overtaken presently by a frieze-coat man. Martin Regan, who, though an Inchguile tenant and out of her usual beat, she had met once or twice, his bedridden father having sent to beg a visit from her. Their holding was a poor one enough, but by constant hard work the son had managed to keep things going. She knew the old woman who ruled in the house was his stepmother, but had not noticed any want of harmony in the family. Rumors, however, had reached her lately that the old man had been making a will, by which he left the farm and all his possessions to his wife, who had already written to recall her own son from America to share the expected legacy with her.

These rumors came back to the mind of Louise Eden as she noticed the trouble in Martin Regan's face.

"I was just going up to speak to your honor, miss," he said, "when I seen you going through the gate, so I followed you to tell you of the trouble I'm in."

"Is what I heard true, then?" asked Louise. "Surely your father could not be so unjust as to leave the farm you have worked on so hard away from you?"

"It's true, indeed, miss," said Martin. "And I'm after going to the agent about it, for Sir Richard is away, and if he could hear of it—he's a good landlord and would never see me wronged. But he says all the power is gone from the landlord now, and that if the old man was to leave the land to Parnell or another and away from all his own blood the law couldn't stop him. So God help us! I dunno at all what'll I do."

"Had you any quarrel with your father that led to this?" asked Louise, with sympathy that won the confidence of her companion, who had walked on with her to the woods, where their path was brilliantly bordered by the opaque red berries of the mountain ash, and the transparent hues of the guelder-rose.

"None at all," was the answer. "They made the will unknownst to me, and they have the little farm and the little stock, and all there is left to themselves, and for me nothing but the outside of the door and the workhouse."

"Do you think they threatened him or used force?" suggested the girl.

"Did they force him to do it, is it? They did not. But it's too much whiskey and raisin cakes they had, and me coming into the house after selling a sick pig. I never heard word or sound about it till a neighboring man told me they were gathered in the house with the priest, and looking for a witness, and I went in, and Peter Kane was in the house preparing to sign his name, and I took him by the neck and threw him out of the door, and the stepmother she took me by the skin of the shirt and gave me a slap across the face with the flat of her hand, and I called Peter Kane to witness that she struck me, and he said he never saw it. And why? Because he had a cup of whiskey given him before, and believe me, when he turned about, it smelled good. After that, no decent man could be found to sign his name, till they got two paid men. Sure there's schemers about that 'ud hang you for half a glass of whiskey."

"And who drew up the will?" inquired Miss Eden.

"The curate, Father Sheehy, that did it. Sure our own priest would never have done it, but it was a strange curate from the County Mayo. And I asked him did he know there was such a one as me in the world, and he said he never did. Then yourself'll need forgiveness in heaven, Father, says I, as well as that silly old man."

"Could you not speak quietly to your father about it?" suggested Louise.

"Sure I never see the old man but when I go into the room in the morning to wipe my face with the little towel after washing it, and he don't speak to me himself, but to himself he do be speaking. And the old woman says to me, 'Go down now to your landlord and see what he can do for you,' and I said I will go, for if he was at home, there was never a bishop or a priest or a friar spoke better and honester words to me than his honor's self."

Martin Regan paused to take breath and wipe his mouth with his coat sleeve, and after a moment's abstracted gaze at the vista of tall fir trees before him, burst out again:

"And now it's whiskey and tea for the old woman, and trimmings at two shillings a yard for the sister's dress, and what for Martin? what for the boy that worked for them the twelve months long? Me that used to go a mile beyond Cloon every morning to break stones, and to deal for two stone o' meal every Saturday to feed the childer when there was nothing in the field. And it's trying to drive me from the house now they are, and me to wet my own tea and to dress my own bed, and me after wringing my shirt twice, with respect to ye, after working all the day in the potato ridges."

"Could no one influence your stepmother; has she no friends here?" asked Louise, much moved.

Martin Regan laughed bitterly.

"Sure she never belonged to the estate at all," he said, "but came in the middle of the night on me and the little sister sitting by the little fire of bushes, and me with a little white coat on me. And we never knew where she came from, and never brought a penny nor a blanket nor a stitch of clothes with her and our own mother brought seventy pounds and two feather beds. And now she's stiffer than a woman that would have a hundred pounds. And now the old man's like to die, and maybe he won't pass the night, and where'll I be? Sure if he would keep him living a little longer he might get repentance."

"Had you not better ask the doctor to see him?" said Louise. "He might bring him round for a time, and then we must do our best for you."

"I was thinking that myself," said Regan: "and I believe I'd best go look for him now: I might chance to find him at home. I heard the old woman had the priest sent for: but, sure, he's wore out anointing him—he threatened to die so often. But he's worse now than ever I saw him." And taking off his hat with many expressions of gratitude, he left Louise to finish her walk alone.

An hour or two later she returned, her hands full of sprays and berries as an excuse for her wanderings. The Colonel was smoking contentedly on the bench outside the door.

"Ah, Louise," he said, "you have missed your friend, the doctor, you were so full of when you wrote to me. He seemed to want to see you—I suppose to have a crack about some of your patients; so I asked him to come and dine this evening."

No escape now! Louise bit her lip, and proceeded to arrange her berries.

"He seems an intelligent young man," the Colonel went on: "rather good-looking, if he had a drill-sergeant to teach him to hold himself up; and I hear he doesn't drink, which can't often be said of these dispensary doctors."

The red deepened in the girl's face. How could she ever say, "This is the man I have promised to marry?" With much uneasiness she looked forward to dinner-time. Dr. Quin sent no apology; nay, was worse than punctual. He came in rather shyly, looking awkward in a new and ill-fitting evening suit, for which he had put aside his usual rough homespun. Louise, furious with herself for having blushed as he appeared, gave him a cold and formal reception.

Dinner began uncomfortably for all three, as the Colonel, who had trusted to his sister to entertain their guest, found himself obliged to exert his own powers of conversation. The doctor's discomfort was intensified by what seemed to one to his simple habits, the unusual variety of courses and dishes. His fish-knife embarrassed him; he waited to use fork or spoon until he had watched to see which implement was preferred by his host. He chose "sherry wine" as a beverage; and left a portion of each viand on his plate, in the groundless fear that if he finished it he would be pressed to take a further supply. When dessert was at last on the table, he felt more at ease; his host's genial manner gave him confidence; and he was led on to talk of his work and prospects at Cloon, of the long drives over the "mountainy roads," and the often imaginary ailments of the patients who demanded his attendance, and their proneness when really ill to take the advice of priest or passer-by on sanitary matters, rather than his own. "But I'll get out of it, I hope, some day," he said, looking at Louise: "when I get a few more paying patients and the infirmary, I can give up the dispensary."

Louise listened, dismayed. It was the thought of succoring the poor and destitute that had led her to make the resolve of marrying their physician; and he now dreamed of giving up his mission amongst them! He, poor lad, only thought for the moment of how he might best secure a home for his fair bride not too much out of harmony with her present surroundings.

"And are you pretty sure of the infirmary?" asked the Colonel, with an appearance of warm interest.

"Well, I'm not rightly sure," was the answer. "I have a good deal of promises and everybody knows me, and the other man, Cloran, is no doctor at all—only took to it lately. Sure his shop in Cloon isn't for medicine at all, but for carrot-seed and turnip-seed and every description of article. But there's bribery begun already; and yesterday, Mr. Stratton asked one of the guardians to keep his vote for me, and says he, 'how can I when I have the other man's money in my pocket?'"

"And where did you learn doctoring?" asked the Colonel.

"Well, I walked St. James' Hospital, in Dublin, three years; and before that I was in Queen's College, Galway, where I went after leaving the National School in Killymer."

"Were you well taught there?" inquired his host.

"I was indeed. I learned a great deal of geography and arithmetic. There's no history taught at all though, nor grammar. But you'd wonder how good the master was at mathematics, and he nothing to look at at all. His name was Shee," went on the doctor, now quite over his shyness; "and he was terrible fond of roast potatoes. I remember he used to put them in the grate to roast and take them out with two sticks, for in those days there were no tongs; and one day I brought four round stones in my pocket and put them in the grate as if they were potatoes to roast for myself. By-and-by he went over and took the stick and raked out one of them, and took it in his hands and rubbed it on his trousers (so) to clean it, and not a tint of skin was left on his hand. And I out of the door and he after me, and I never dared go to the school again till my grandfather went before me to make peace."

The Colonel laughed heartily and was proceeding further to draw out his ingenuous guest, but Louise, visibly impatient, rose to leave the room. She was chafing with shame and mortification. Had she ever thought of becoming the wife of that man, with his awkward manners and Connaught brogue? Certainly she had never realized what it meant. She could never look her brother in the face again if the idea of the engagement should dawn on him. How could she escape it? Carry it out she could not. All her enthusiastic wish to spend her life in making this poor district better was now overshadowed by the unendurable thought of what her promise entailed.

Presently the doctor came in alone, Colonel Eden having gone to write a letter he wished to send by late post. He came forward at first gladly, then timidly, repelled by the girl's cold expression as she stood by the fire in her long white dress. She felt that her only chance of avoiding dangerous topics was in plunging into the subject of their mutual patients.

"Did Regan find you in time to bring you to his father?" she asked.

"He found me," said the doctor; "but I told him I couldn't come before to-morrow, as I was to dine here. I thought there was no occasion for hurry."

"But did he tell you how much depends on his father's life?" said Louise, unconsciously glad to find something definite at which she might show displeasure. "Do you not know of the unjust will he has made, and that if he dies now his son will be disinherited?"

"He was telling me about it, but there's no danger of his dying yet awhile," answered the doctor, unaware of the gathering storm. "That old man has a habit of dying; he was often like that before."

"I thought it was your duty to go at once when you are told there is urgent necessity," said Louise, with heightened color; "and until now I thought it was your pleasure also."

"I'd have gone quick enough, Miss Eden, if I'd known you were so anxious about it," was the rather unfortunate reply; "and I'll go now this minute if you wish me to."

"My wishes are not in question," said the girl, yielding to the irritation she felt against herself and against him; "but if you neglect the call of the dying on such a trivial plea as a dinner invitation, I do not think you are justified in holding the position you do."

Colonel Eden at this moment came in, and the doctor, feeling he had given offence, but rather puzzled as to the cause, asked at once that his car might be ordered, as he had to go and see a patient some way off.

"So late, and on such a dark night!" said the Colonel, good-naturedly; "surely he could wait till to-morrow. Don't you think so, Louise?"

"I have no opinion to give on the matter," said his sister, coldly.

She was now really vexed by the young man's quick obedience to what he interpreted to be her wish. He had no sooner taken leave than she went to her room and burst into sobs of mortified pride and real perplexity.

A day or two passed by, during which she stayed in the house and garden. The Colonel was away doing duty for some fellow "Removable" absent on leave. On his return he told his sister that he had found a letter awaiting him, calling for his immediate return to Yorkshire on business connected with settlements.

"I must go the day after to-morrow," he said; "and would it not be a good plan, Louise, for you to come with me and make friends with Agnes?"

A light flashed in the girl's eyes. Was not this a way of escape for her? Oh, that she might leave Cloon while no one knew of the momentary folly that now she blushed to remember!

She quickly assented, and next morning began to make her preparations. She knew, though she would not confess to the knowledge, that she was saying good-by forever to Inagh, the bright little home where she had been so happy; but a thought of changing her resolution never crossed her mind. She still nervously dreaded a visit from the man she was conscious she was about to wound cruelly, and in the afternoon, hearing wheels, was relieved to see only her brother driving up. He had called for a cup of tea, having to drive on and wind up some business at another village in his jurisdiction.

"I was sorry to hear of Dr. Quin's accident," he said as he waited. "I hope it is not so serious as they say."

"What accident?" asked Louise, startled.

"Oh, did you not hear that the night he dined here he went on up that narrow road to Ranahasey to see some old man, and in the dark he was thrown off his car and the wheel went over him? They brought him back to Cloon on the car, which was a mistake, and must have caused him agony. Dr. Cloran, his rival, is looking after him, and seems rather puzzled about the case, and says if he is not better to-morrow he will send to Limerick for further advice. I am very sorry, for he seemed an intelligent, good-hearted young fellow."

Louise remained alone, sick at heart. What had she done? Had she brought upon this poor lad, in return for his worship of her, actual bodily injury, even before the keener pain that was to follow?

The dignified letter of dismissal and farewell she had been meditating all day became suddenly inadequate. She must ask his pardon and break to him very gently the hard sentence of renunciation and separation. Keen remorse took hold of her as she remembered his gentle ways with the sick and suffering, his strength and wisdom, when fighting against disease and death. Oh, that she had never come across his path, or that she had had a mother or friend to warn her of the dangerous precipice to which she was unconsciously leading him. What could she do now? She could not write to him, not knowing into what hands the letter might fall. She could not leave him to hear by chance next day of her departure. It was growing dark, and there was no time to lose. She would go to his house, and at all events leave a message for him. It was hardly a mile away, and she was not likely to meet any one on the road.

The low terraced hills looked bleak and dreary, a watery sky above them. The pale sunset gleams were reflected in the pools of water on the roadside, not yet absorbed into the light limestone soil. The straggling one-sided street forming the entrance to Cloon looked more squalid than usual, the houses more wretched under their grass-grown thatch, the gleam and ring from the smithy the only touch of light and sound that relieved their gloom.

Louise Eden walked up the little path to the doctor's house, and, knocking at the door, asked the old woman who appeared for news of her master.

"Indeed, he's the one way always," was the reply: "no better and no worse since they brought him and laid him on the bed. You'd pity him to see him lying there, me fine boy."

"Will you give him a message from me?" asked Louise. "Will you say I have come to ask how he is, and to say good-by, as I am going back to England?"

"He'll be sorry for that, indeed," said the old woman. "Sure, you'd best go up and see him yourself."

"Oh, no," said Louise, shrinking back, "unless—his life is not in danger, I hope?"

"Danger," is it?" echoed old Mamie, indignantly, though not without a momentary glance of uneasiness. "Why would he be in danger? Sure he wasn't so much hurted as that. He bled hardly at all, only for a little cut on the head, and sure he has all he wants, and a nurse coming from Dublin and one of the nuns sitting with him now. It'd be a bad job if he was in danger, only twenty-four years old, and having such a nice way of living, and, indeed, he has the prayers of the poor. Go up the stairs and see him—here's his reverence coming, and might want me," she continued, as a car stopped at the gate.

Reluctantly, yet not knowing how to draw back, and unwilling to meet the priest, whom she knew slightly, Louise went up the narrow staircase. She knocked at a door standing ajar, and hearing a low "come in," entered. It was a small, bare room enough, no carpet save one narrow strip, whitened walls and a great fire smouldering under the chimney-board of black painted wood. Even at that first glance she noticed that the only attempt at ornament was a vase containing a bunch of the red-seeded wild iris; she remembered having gathered and given it to the doctor a little time before as a "yerb" sometimes in request among his patients.

The fading light fell on the low iron bed upon which the young man lay, propped up with pillows. His face was much altered by these two or three days of suffering. The fair hair was covered by a bandage, and the blue eyes looked larger for the black shades beneath them. But as he saw who his visitor was, a smile, very sweet and radiant, lighted them up, and a little color came into the pallid cheeks. A nun, dressed in black and with a heavily veiled bonnet half-concealing her face, sat by his bedside, and looked with curiosity at the girl as she came in and gave her hand to the patient.

"I have come to ask how you are," she said, "and to tell you how very sorry I am—we are—for your accident. I am doubly grieved because —" and she stopped, embarrassed at having to speak before a third person. The doctor's eyes were fixed on her with the same glad smile.

"I wanted to see you," he said gently, "but I never thought you would come to this poor place. I wanted to tell you I had seen old Regan before I was hurt, and I did my best for him, and I think he won't die yet awhile."

"I am sorry," began Louise again, and then hesitated. How could she explain for how much she was sorry? How could she at this moment make any explanation at all? "I am going away," she went on, "I am going to England with my brother to-morrow. I have come to say good-by."

The eyes that rested on her lost none of their glad look of content; she was not sure if her words had been understood, and went on talking rather hurriedly of her brother's arrangements, and who was to take his place, and of the long journey to Yorkshire.

"And now I must go," she concluded, "for I have a good deal to do at home."

The hand which lay on the counterpane sought a little packet beside the pillow.

"This was for you," he said, handing it to her.

She said good-by again and went slowly away, but, turning at the door, she was filled once more with a keen remorse at the sight of the strong frame laid low, and the glance that followed her was so full of wistfulness that she felt that she would have stopped and, in asking forgiveness, have kissed the white-bandaged brow, if it had not been for the nun's silent presence.

It was not until late at night that she remembered and opened the little packet. It contained a massive marriage ring, such as were used by the fisher-folk on the Galway coast. She was troubled at seeing it. The strong-clasped hands and golden heart were an emblem that vexed her. She felt that while she kept it she could not be free from the promise she had given, and that her farewell could not have been understood as a final one. She determined to leave it at the Doctor's house as she passed to-morrow, and wrote, to inclose with it, a letter, penitent, humble, begging forgiveness for the wrong she had thoughtlessly done to so good and loyal a friend. She did not care now if others read it; she must confess her desertion and implore pardon. The letter was blotted with tears as she folded it round the heavy ring.

But that ring of betrothal was never returned. In the morning, as Colonel Eden and his sister drove for the last time into Cloon, they saw groups of frieze-coated men and blue-cloaked women whispering together with sad faces, and a shutter being closed over each little shop window.

And when they came to the Doctor's house they saw that the blinds were all drawn down.—(Angus Grey in The Argosy.

THE GLORIANA'S LINES.

DIFFERING OPINIONS AMONG YACHTSMEN.

HOW MR. MORGAN GOT HIS SPEEDY BOAT—A YACHT CLUB IN SOUTH AFRICA.

For many years the Herreshoffs have been well and favorably known to all persons interested in yachting or shipbuilding. The recent victories of the Gloriana however have given the name a wider fame than ever before, and people are beginning to recall the former exploits of the Bristol firm. Years ago the Herreshoffs turned out such yachts as the sloop Shadow and the schooner Triton, boats invincible in their day. Then came that racing invention the catamaran, the Herreshoffs coil boiler, and such wonderfully fast steam vessels as the Stiletto and the Cushing. Now finally comes the Gloriana to crown their fame.

Critics of Burgess have always ascribed a large portion of his success in the building of the Puritan, Mayflower, and Volunteer to the influence of General Paine. Certainly in the Constellation, Moccasin, Tomahawk and Mariqueta, boats which Burgess is commonly supposed to have designed alone, he did not make a great success. At the regatta of the Eastern Yacht Club, a 46-footer, designed by General Paine, the Alborak, will be pitted against Burgess's boats of the same class and the result will be taken as an indication of who it was that put the speed into the great cup defenders.

After the special regatta of the Atlantic Yacht Club on Tuesday, a group of yachtsmen were assembled in the parlor of the Atlantic Yacht Club-house at Bay Ridge. Among them were E. D. Morgan, August Belmont and Bayard Thayer. On the table stood the $500 cup which Mr. Morgan had just won, and through the open windows, in the deepening twilight the Gloriana, Mineola and Nautilus could be seen riding to their anchors after the day's race.

"We will send you the cup, Mr. Morgan," said an officer of the club.

"Oh, never mind, I'll take it along myself," replied Mr. Morgan, and, tucking the trophy under his arm, he started for the horse-cars.

Then said Captain Belmont, of the Mineola, to Captain Thayer, of the Sayanara: "Well, what do you think?"

"I think," said the captain of the Sayanara, "that I have a boat, and its 'name is mud.'"

The captain of the Mineola only sighed.

The new steam yacht built for W. R. Hearst by the Herreshoffs was launched at Bristol, R. I., on Tuesday. She is 110 feet on the water line, draws 5 1-2 feet, and has a beam of 12 1-2 feet. She is expected to develop unusual speed. The contract calls for a speed of twenty knots an hour. Mr. Hearst will have an opportunity to test his boat with other speedy steam yachts at the regatta of the American Steam Yacht Club on July 16. If she makes the speed expected of her she ought to carry off the Gould Cup.

At the recent regatta of the New Thames Yacht Club, in which some of the best English boats were entered, some interesting experiments were made in canvassing. A large excess of canvas was put in the mainsails of F. W. L. Popham's White Slave and J. Sutcliff's Blue Rock. The experiment was not an unqualified success, however, and Lord Dunraven's Valkyrie carried off the prize.

The acquisition by Mr. Morgan of that wonderful boat the Gloriana was, it seems a happy accident. She was originally laid down by Herreshoff for Royal Phelps Carroll. Mr. Carroll concluded not to go in for yacht racing and looked about for some one to take the contract for the boat off his hands. E. D. Morgan agreed to take her and, it is needless to say, has not regretted his bargain. The price paid for her is said to have been $12,000.

It certainly does not speak well for the construction of the Mineola that she should have met with so many accidents. Her channels, lower mast and topmast have one after the other given way. The yacht has been subjected, moreover, to no strain which she ought not to have been able to stand.

The Boston people "view with alarm" the piling up of the Gloriana's victorious records. They talk as bravely as they can of the Alborak and Beatrix, but every now and then betray a nervousness which shows that anything but confidence is lurking on the "Rocks of Marblehead."

At the recent regatta of the Corinthian Yacht Club two well-known designers of yachts stood on the club's tug watching the Gloriana sail. One said: "I regard the Gloriana as a most beautiful exemplification of the wave-line theory. I do not think she is a radical departure from commonly accepted principles. I have seen boats on the coast of Norway with just such bows."

The other said: "She is not like anything we ever had before. I regard her as a great and radical departure from commonly received theories. She has come to show us that we don't know it all."

"The London Field" in a recent issue tells its readers that Trenor L. Park's steam yacht Sultana, which it reports at Dartmouth, is the largest yacht ever built in America. Some one must have whispered "Gloriana" to Mr. Kemp and shaken his nerves when he allowed such a glaring misstatement as that to appear in "The Field." As a matter of fact there have been many much larger yachts built on this side. The Sultana is 185 feet long over all only. The Atalanta is 243 feet, and the Nourmahal 233 feet over all, for example. The Sultana is to be refitted at Southampton for a trip to Norway.

Hollow spars, concerning which there has been much talk of late, are no novelty on this side of the water. They were used, it is said, on the old Maria in the days immediately preceding the building of the America.

There is a flourishing yacht club at Durban in Natal, South Africa, and the Queen has just been pleased to allow the prefix of "Royal" for the name of the club. Hereafter it will be known as the "Royal Natal Yacht Club." The Governor of Natal, the commodore of the club, the yacht owners and all the Durban "400" held a great feast to celebrate the event when the Royal permission arrived.

The performances of the Gardner 25-footer Smuggler in the recent regattas has rendered the success and popularity of that class of boats an assured thing. It is strange that the Smuggler should be so much faster than her sister boat, the Nameless, but strange things often happen in yachting. These little boats cost $1,600 each, a pretty good price to pay for a 25-foot boat, but the sturdy little craft are worth it.

A NEW AND PLEASANT FAD.

From The Jewellers' Weekly.

The old sailor man who has been laid up with sickness or put out of commission by old age may stay at home and hear the hours struck as if he were at sea. This is because what are called ship's bell clocks are among the new articles on sale in the jewelry stores. They strike the hours as they have been tolled on shipboard for centuries.

YOUNG RUSIE, THE PITCHER

SOME OF HIS WONDERFUL CURVES AND SHOOTS.

A BALLPLAYER WHOSE HEAD IS LEVEL AND WHOSE ARM IS A STEEL SPRING.

Amos Rusie will reach his twenty-first birthday within a week or two. This is the young man who has suddenly become noted as one of the finest pitchers this country has ever produced. Rusie belongs to sturdy Western stock and is a physical wonder. The Tribune a year ago maintained that Rusie was the coming pitcher of the country. His work this year seems to bear out this assertion. If his release were to be sold to-morrow he would probably bring more money than any other ballplayer in America. Rusie has many years of usefulness on the green-diamond field before him, providing he takes care of himself. He seems to be a sensible young fellow and will probably do it. He is not addicted to the follies so common among some athletes, and above all is not troubled with enlargement of the cranium, that silly disease which kills off so many promising young players.

AMOS RUSIE.

Rusie is as cool and collected on the baseball field as he is off it. He does not seem to know what fear is. As a general thing he pitches just as steadily against strong batsmen as against weak hitters. He has remarkable control of the ball, and his only weakness is his fondness for giving players their bases on balls. He is one of those everyday, hard-working men who are always worthy of the salary a club pays them. He never shirks his duty and would be willing to go in and pitch every day if his captain or manager requested him to do it; in fact, he seems to like the work, and is only happy when he is in the centre of the magnetic square. He is a modest, unassuming young man and does not seem to be fully conscious of his remarkable physical ability.

A good deal of nonsense as well as unnecessarily severe criticisms have been written about Rusie. One Western writer, whose long connection with baseball ought to have taught him something, makes the remarkable assertion that Rusie can pitch four distinct curves in one delivery; that is, he means that he can make the ball curve in, out, up and down with one throw. Such a statement, of course, is ridiculous. While Rusie has probably greater speed than any other pitcher, not even excepting the erratic Edward Crane, he has also wonderful ability in curving the ball. People who sat in the grand stand directly back of the home plate at the Polo Grounds have frequently expressed astonishment at the remarkable curves this brilliant young player is able to put upon the ball. Rusie is also able to utilize these curves even when he is throwing a ball at its greatest speed. This is a virtue possessed by few pitchers. Ninety-nine out of every one hundred pitchers when they throw a curve ball invariably lessen their speed. It does not seem to make any difference to Rusie whether he is going to throw a straight ball or a curve ball; they shoot over the plate like bullets from a rifle.

Rusie's most effective delivery—but unfortunately one over which he has not always perfect control—has been described by a crank at the grounds as a "loop" ball. It is a tremendously speedy ball and when it leaves Rusie's hand the chances seem to be ten to one that it will land several feet to the left of the catcher. After starting, apparently in an almost direct line it suddenly curves out and over the plate, generally a little above the knee with a slight down curve. The ball might be described as an "out-down" shoot. The writer has seen him deliver this ball many times this and last year and he does not remember ever seeing a basehit made when Rusie utilized this particular delivery.

The young mountain of muscle and brawn is not only a cool-headed player, but even in ticklish moments, when an older head would lose its cunning, he seems to pitch right along as if nothing had happened at all. It does not seem to make any difference to him whether there are three men on bases or the bases are clear. For instance, in Tuesday's game at the Polo Grounds, Chicago had two men on bases and one out. Old Anson came to the bat with murder in his eye. Nine times out of ten it would have been poor policy to fill the bases with only one out. Rusie did not think so. He knew that Anson would probably hit the ball and he deliberately sent him to first base on called balls. Rusie then took hold of Carroll and Cooney and retired them without any difficulty, leaving the three Chicago players on the bases disheartened.

He also utilizes a little strategic move at a critical point in the game made famous by Keefe, the Giants' other great pitcher. One of the features of great pitching a few years ago was when Keefe would put three bad balls out of the batsman's reach, and then strike the man out with three consecutive shoots across the plate. Rusie accomplishes this with equal ease. If he thinks the batsman is not over clever he will try to get him to strike at a wide curve which does not go anywhere near the plate. If, however, the batsman refuses to fall into the trap, Rusie instantly settles down, and three rapid shoots across the plate generally send the batsman to the bench.

Rusie is married and is a quiet and domestic young man. He comes from Indianapolis, where he first made his professional debut. "Black Jack" Glasscock has the honor of first introducing this pitching wonder to followers of baseball. When captain of the Indianapolis Club Glasscock noticed a big gawky country lout hanging around the grounds and in preliminary practice in the morning would frequently throw the ball at the big youth and tell him to line it back again. Finally one day Glasscock got at one end of the grounds and Rusie at the other. As everybody knows Glasscock is a wonderful thrower. With a great field separating them this big boy and the seasoned athlete began to fire the ball across the field. Glasscock found that Rusie could throw the ball back just as hard as he could. Finally one day Rusie went to "Jack" and with fear and trembling made a request upon which his whole heart and future career seemed to hang.

"Jack," said he, "I think I can pitch. Won't you try to get me a trial?" Glasscock promised, but it was many days before he was able to try the young man in a game. The captain, however, induced President Brush to give Rusie employment around the grounds to assist the players and to make himself generally useful, for which services he was to receive $10 a week. Glasscock suggested to Brush the advisability of giving the young man a trial, but Brush only laughed at Glasscock. Finally one day Boyle and all the other Indianapolis pitchers were on the hospital list and were unable to play. Glasscock went to the president of the club and said they would have to try Rusie because they did not have anybody else. The sturdy youth pitched a pretty good game of ball and has been doing it ever since.

Rusie's salary is $3,500 a year and he is worth every cent of it. It will be seen at the end of the present season that Rusie (unless some accident should befall him) will have pitched as many games as any other two pitchers in the local club, and nobody need be surprised if he wins more games than any other pitcher in America and has a smaller percentage of earned runs made off his delivery.

Some of the friends of the local club argue that Rusie cannot stand the terrible strain under which he is working and that he will break down before the season is over. If he does it is good-by pennant to New-York. Rusie, however, does not seem to think that too much work will hurt him and is entirely satisfied to pitch every other game if the club desires him to. Amos is a better pitcher this year than he was last. Some of Captain Ewing's suggestions to the young thunderbolt have been timely and beneficial. Last year in delivering the ball Rusie did not go through that swinging motion which characterizes his delivery to-day. Ewing argued that by winding the arm around the head before delivering the ball additional impetus would be given to his delivery. Such proved to be the case. Rusie is not only a fine pitcher but he is a good batter for a pitcher and is a handy man on the bases.

He will be able to sign his own contract next year; something his father has had to attend to the last two seasons he has been on the diamond. A quiet game of "craps"—that musical pastime so intoxicating to the Southern darkey—is about Rusie's only dissipation. Amos would rather shoot you "craps" for 5 cents a corner than eat a Delmonico dinner.