BESIDE THE WINSOME KERRY SHORES.

"Tales of Ten Travelers" Series.

By EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

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Our Vagabond Traveler was not a vagabond in reality, but only in that genial amiability of tolerative spirit which had led him with receptive eyes and kindly heart among the lowly of many lands,

He had never yet essayed the relation of experience or reminiscence; and a of pleasant anticipation broke over our remaining travelers' faces, when, with a little half-apologetic "Ahem!" he began the following recital of tender hours among Irish hearts and scenes.

One has all sorts of good luck in get-ting at the real things of life when tramping in any country. Lingering about Killarney, hesitant

Langering about Klisarney, nessitation my purpose, I looked longingly to-ward the surpassingly beautiful southwest coast, but felt a trifle cowardly about explorations in that direction without knowing a single human soul

beyond Killarney.

In all that splendid coast line were seenes of indescribable beauty and granden; there nestled the homes of nine-tenths of the fishermen of Ireland; and over in the almost nuknown regions of Dunkerron South, Corkeguiny and Iveragh, were some of the quaintest people of Erin, among whom linger customs, usages and ways almost as odd and interesting as the Breton laws

In this mood of indecision I left Kil-In this mood of indecision lieft Killarney on a morning long before its hosts of beggars and guides were asir; and, taking my way toward Dingle Bay on the great highway to Valencia, lottered along past the northern shores of Lower Killarney lake, feasting upon the witching scenery half disclosed through the delicate morning mists. the delicate morning mists.

Before the little Gweestin river

Before the little Gweestin river was crossed, perhaps ten miles from Killarney, the daily "long-car" with its load of passengers and parcels-post hampers dashed by; and shortly after, a solitary foot traveler, of dubious appearance at a distance, came up from Killarney way as if desirous of overtaking me.
Glad of any excuss for companionship, I halted. But no sooner was the man close enough for inspection than I regretted my delay. He carried a tre-

gretted my delay. He carried a tre-mendous cudgel in one hand, a little package of belongings in the other and walked with a bent, woaving stride, un-like one accustomed to the pleasures of the road. As he neared me his face took on a

As he neared me his face took on a most forbidding aspect from the clump-ped and shagey hair that hid his features completely; particularly as his eyes were covered with a nondescript hat which had all the swalls and sags, hat which had all the swalls and sags, but none of the breezy niciursqueness, of a huge "sou wester," Nor did the hair stop with the face. His cont was flung over his arm, and his shirt, of some heavy woolen stuff like Connamara flannel, was open nearly to the waist, disclosing a breast of huge proportions covered as thickly as his face with hair massed and matted in deep, grotesque swirls. As the fellow halted, he stood a veritable grant beside me.

swirls. As the fellow halled, he stood a veritable giant beside me.
"Fine mornin"," he exclaimed in a voice like a hoarse clap of thunder.
"Same to you, and many," I answered civilly, but with some trepidation; for his two great fists clutched his stick in a most handy way, as one might grasp an aggressive bludgeon or rest upon a silent oar.

silent oar.

He looked at me curiously for a moment; and I now saw that a kindlier pair of eyes never beamed from a human face.

"Faith. I'm John L. Shea,

Av swate Port Magco,

Au I folly fablin".

"Upon th' deep say!"—

he resumed, with an air of confidential pride which at once set my apprehensions quite at rest.

"An' if yer a(thor goin' my way, an'

'll answer me thruly av yer own blissed selt, I'll divide th' road wid yez fairly; breeches!")

I "answered him truly" as to myself Then he told me with deliciously loquacions candor how he had been sent for, a month before, by Father Flannery, of Carne, away up on the howling coast of County Mayo, to come Bowling coast of County Sayo, decode among the poor fishermen of Blacksod Bay to "rig up boats and gear" that the wretched folk of that region, a class every whit as hopeless and helpless as the Arran Islanders, might attempt deep sea fishing; had executed his little commission, and was now proudly returning to the Kerry shores, having walked every foot of the distance in or-der to preserve intact his trifling stipend for those he loved in the little home-

nest at Port Mages.

I did not say so in spoken words, but my heart said: "Brave 'John L. Shea, av swate Port Mages, that follys fishin' upon th' deep say!' you are braver, better, truer than many that have title or tation, if you have seeks like a fish all. station, if you have scales like a fish all over you and your hair like a beast all over that; with no riches but your rich brogue and a cabin and thatch and those in it, between your kindly life and all manner of harm!"

And our hands came together with a loud, resounding whack, and our on and your hair like a beast all

loud, resounding whack, and our tramps' feet rang merrily over the an-cient Kerry road that leads by glens and loughs, over Iveragh mountains, to

From our mountain road we at last saw the san sink into its flaming bed on the Atlantic horizon; but we yet lacked two or three hours of complet-ing our journey from Killarney to the sea. So we left the heights above Dinsea. So we left the heights above Din-gle Bay, and after beginning the lovely descent toward Cahirsiveen through the winding valley of the Knocknado-ber, my companion shortly led the way over a rocky mountain boreen for near-ly a mile from the great stone road we had traversed.

Turning the jutting point of a huge Turning the jutting point of a nago cliff, rising from a deep gorge around which the footpath trailed, we came to a little cluster of cabins in the sweetest and tiniest of Kerry glens; all over-hanging, but inaccessible at this point

from the highway, which wound like a ribbon of pink along the base of the heights some hundreds of feet below. Here was a little cerie, where were perched an Irish "shebeen," which to one of an inquiring mind might have been given identification with a certain. been given identification with a certain secluded still farther up the glens; a

sociuded still farther up the glens; a few cabins where lived a score of souls who "mind" the hords of the graziers of Kerry; and a mite of a chapel, within which at least once a year a little alter is lighted.

We were among friends. Some plain and hearty food was soon at hand; and before the light had entirely faded from the upper peaks of Knocknadober, myself and my shaggy companion were sleeping peacefully upon a bit of fresh straw in the secure, if not spacious, loft of an ever-hospitable Irish cabin "Shoboon."

I the door of our tiny cabin.

the door of our tiny cabin. A regular and interesting order of events, distinguishable only by sounds, followed each of these series of rappings.

Our host-would stumble to the door; open a little wicket within it; and then as if in great elbort to adjure extraordinary silence, give vent to a "Sh-h-b-h!" that could easily have been

dinary silence, give vent to a "Sh-h-h-h" that could easily have been heard for a good quarter of a mile.

"Tear an' ages?" he would growl, "an' who are yes, ye spalpeen, that'd sphlit the mountain side enthirely wid yer crashin' av th' dure!"

"Arragh, ye ould shamer, its meself, Jemmy Dooley, from beyant th' Caragh (or Timmy Duff, av th' Dingle side; or Jerry Cooney, av Drung Hill; or Paddy Doran, av Coomasharn;) an' its a feather's weight o' th' rale right sort I'd be havin', swate bad luck to yez!"

"Divil a drop ye'll get here, ye blackmouth gauger! But I'll not be oncivil to yez, th' hour o' night. How's the woman that owne yez,"—Sh-h-h-h!"

"Better nor th' divil'a' luck ponny' in yer own purse!—I'll go bail to that same, by the elevens!"

"Sh-h-h-h!"

Thon, as by this time the night tray-

"Sh-h-b-h."
Then, as by this time the night traveler had entered, came a dim light from a "splinter" set allame in the smouldering peat of the fireplace and wedged in

ing peat of the freplace and wedged in an open cranny in the chimney angle.

This was invariably followed by the sound of soft and musical gargling of liquid from some heavy vessel and the silvery wimple of the same into a receptacle of lesser capacity.

Then a heavy clinging of coin like that of copper pence, suggesting a commercial transaction of well established character, would be heard; and after this, a gulp and a hearty smack, from

character, would be learly smack, from this, a gulp and a hearty smack, from the "parting cup," with the muffled tost, "Shuid-urth! (Here's to you!);" when Jemmy, Timmy, Jerry or Paddy would depart down the boreen, hum-ming soft, strains of satisfaction and cheer: at which our host would listen and growl for a bit, when the light would disappear and our potheen-mer-chant would tumble heavily into his bunk near the flichering peat eu bera beneath the hob.

beneath the hob.

These incidents, growing more frequent as the morning neared, finally so thoroughly awakened me that for some time I laid listening to a distant rumbling and rearing for which I could in newise count; and as there was a ladder leading from the loft to the thatch of the cabin byre, and thence into the little paddock below, I silently stole from my companion's side and gained the cliffs overhanging the main highway, as the first tremulous grays of dawn began the first tremulous grays of dawn began throbbing over the great heather-sweeps of the mountain above. A strange confusion of sounds arose

from the gorge below.

At first I could but dimly see down

there a ghostly jumble of moving things, sometimes massed and accom-panied by a Babelic medley of voices, or again separated into straggling objects making at best only sleepy and lent progress toward the hamlet of Ca-hirsiveen.

But as the low-lying fog lifted, and

hirsiveen.

But as the low-lying fog lifted, and the moraing light flooded in upon the wide stone read, the nature of the all-night intrusions at the shebeen and the cavalcade below me was clearly re-

vealed.

It was Saturday morning, morning of
the fair and market day at the old seaport town, and all the quaint folk from
the wilds of Iveragh, as was their immemorial custom, were "trandling to
the fair afore the break o'day."

And what a queer, kindly lot they

And what a queer, kindly lot they

And what a queer, kindly let they were!

Here was a group of "th' byes," wriggling along face to face, settling questions of mountain honor in tremendous though friendly harangue and dispute. Then followed a cart, driven by the "ould man," in which were the "ould woman an' childer, slapin rings "round their swate selves." Many carts there were with pigs snorting violent protests and surprise; with geese craning their needs in viciously-hissed defiance and interrogation, and with sheep bleating piteously.

All these were interspersed with or followed by old women with braideen covered baskets; young women with packages of yarn or flannel; lasses thumping donkeys laden with creels, or guiding recalcitrant goats and kids; but

guiding recalcitrant goats and kids; but every lass or woman knitting away vis-orously, in time to step and goesip; old men humped and severe, pegging along men numped and severe, pegging along with thump of stick and pull of pipe; and all full of whimsical importance and gosthering, whether they had to sell or the wherewithal to buy; and, of course, asquad of constabulary to remind them of their serfdom, tagging at their heels

or occasionally charging at a gallop through the motley cavalcade.

My shaggy companion was shortly ready for our morning march. We de-scended the mountain boreen and mingled with the fair-going people. Walking thus to Cahirsiveen, we lingered a moment at the ruins of the birthplace of great Daniel O'Counell, at Carhan Bridge; leitered for a time among the market-day scenes beyond—where I saw a face I cannot forget until the moment of all forgetfulness shall come-and by midday we were among the fishermen of the southwest coust, at the tiny fish-ing hamlet of Port Magee.

II.

An Irish fisherman's cabin is hardly a palace; but it often holds love and content, and the one to which my new found friend led me with rapid, homenearing strides seemed one of this pleasant, restful sort. Most of the habitations of the fishing village were wretched hovels indeed. This one was not only clean, but from corrag to thatch it disclosed the touch of loving hands.

we neared it I could see that As we neared it I could see that white flounced curtains showed behind the tiny panes of cabin and loft; some pretty vines were trained about the windows themselves, and the little curl of smoke above the thatch, which told of the humble hearthstone within,

escaped through a sturdy chimney in-stend of the usual hole in the roof. As the big fellow bounded into his cabin, I remained outside under the protense of enjoying the fine coast scenery; and this seemed wise, for the joyour riot within fairly signified that for the time being, there was little place

for the time tenager.

This shortly subsided, and the giant reappeared at the door, tossing his tiny, barefooted wife in the air as oneh she was a babe: while a broad though she was a babe; while a broad of little ones, the youngest as big as the little mother, danced wildly about him; and I was directly installed as a guest with great honor, greater garralousness and a ringing coad mills failts.

And what merry hustle and bustle were there about that home-welcoming meal!

Blocks of the finest turf were put upon the embers, and the little ones took perspiring turns at the dingy, straw in the secure, if not spacious, loft of an ever-hospitable Irish cabin "Shobson."

Shobson."

Although Islopt heavily, several times during the night I heard soft knocks at line in a jiffy the "white borses were gal-

lopin" above the "praties" in the pot: the "tay was watted by the fire," and everybody was falling over everybody else in very excess of loving effort. "Will it be three sigs, th' day?" the little wife blushingly saked her burly

little wife blushingly asked her burly husband.

"Three algs, is it?" roared the giant fisherman, taking his wite's little head in his two huge hands—hands so big there was no place left on her glowing face to kiss. "Three algs! Phat's three algs! to empty craythurs like ourselves, suillish machree?"

The big head doscended to the little head with almost alarming caresses.

"Sure impty sacks can't stand. It's rubbing grass to a fat pig to say it, but yez might drink wid this stranger in a coal-hole, wid yer eyes to th' slack. Make it sex—an'—an' a slewsther (kiss of fondness) a villish (my sweet)."

Not one, but many "slewsthers" were showered upon the blushing and protesting matron now.

"An' a two-eyed beefsteak (a herring) for th' aich av us; an' a fine miscaun (a cone of butter) from Misthress O'Neill's by th' cray; an' a gawlioge (large measure) o' milk: an' th' heartsomest fayst

by th' crag; an' a gawlioge (large meas-ure) o' milk; an' th' heartsomest fayst ure) o' milk; an' th' heartsomest fayst in Kerry enthirely, wid banaght Dhea orrin, ershi misha! (with God's bless-ing on us, say I.)" It was all that, in the pleasant cabin;

and then came the problem of my own housing for the time I should remain among the shermen of the region. The cabin, like all others of its class, had but one room below and a little loft

had but one room below and a little loft above. There surely no place for me in those. But in a little shed at the end, dry and clean, where all the boat and fishing gear was stored, we soon had a fine couch made on a well-folded seine, und though a clearly defined aroms of fish, tar and oakum pervaded the place, as one little window showed some aweet, fern-covered cliffs behind, and another gave a superb view of Vafencia Island, the sublime promonotory fencia Island, the sublime promonotory or Dray Head, and of the mighty sea be-yond, only a churlish traveler could have found else than congratulation in the sunny and winsome spot. And yet how little served these quaint folk fully! of Bray Head, and of the mighty sea be

There was not a chair within the cabin. Two stone "strangers' seats," one at either side of the chimney, and a few rude stools answered in good stead. A bunk against the wall was the bed of the fisherman and his wife. The bouchaleens and girshas (boys and girls) slept upon the floor of the loft girls) slept upon the floor of the loft above. Their only mirrors were each other's eyes. One table of heavy deal stood beneath the window. One cupboard, formed by a little recess in the wall, and another of ancient Irish cak, easily held all the household's scant though precious belongings. One or two case-knives, several fish-knives used in cleaning fish and in all seafaring work, two or three earthen bowls, a powter mug for the rare treat of sugar, one modern tin pan, a huge pewier one modern tin pan, a huge pewter one modern the pan, a mage pewer basin and two or three saucers com-prised all the ware for the table the fisher family possessed. Besides these there were a few of those rare old Irish methers or square

drinking cups carved out of solid wood precisely the same as those used in Erin twenty centuries ago. A strong bot, or tub, had its place boneath the table. A schrahag, or flat osier basket, with nar-row sides, always held the boiled pota-toes at the meal. And the cooking utensils were the same, and as few, as have been used by the peasantry since there were such in Ireland.

There was a great iron pot for the

stirabout, the potatoes and for beiling cabbage leaves and other delicacies for the pig: a smaller iron kettle in which an egg might be beiled or the "tay wetted;" and a great, round flat iron griddle in which black bread, the schow-

griddle in which black bread, the schow-ders and all extraordinary goodles were baked, either hanging from the crane above the fire, or set at an angle against it and turned as necessity required. The schowder, next to potatoes, being here the great staff of life, really de-serves moniton. It is made of a thick batter of caten meal, seasoned with salt, and, on festive occasions, with the drip-pings from fried pork. Strictly speak-ing, it is only the schowder when, as the oaten cake baked on the great hanging griddle, it is additionally toasted or roasted on the muddha arran before the greeshaugh or embers.

This muddha arran is the only other

utonsil of the fireplace of these fisher-men, or of the Western peasantry at large. It is an iron-forked stick with three legs, on which the schowder or fish, or any bit of meat good luck may send, are teasted or broiled; it is one of send, are tossed or ormal; it is one of the most ancient cooking utessils re-maining in Ireland; and I mention all these simple things minutely, because without John L. Shea's real environ-ment, the strong, brave mold in which his fine and humble nature was cast, could not stand forth so clear and lofty in its atways and moles went. in its sturdy and noble worth.

III.

In comparison, wondrously sweet and happy as seemed this little home-nest beside the levely Kerry shores, within it already lurked the demon of Unrest.

Dumb and voiceless as it might be

and was, a pitiful heart-tragedy was enacting here within one silent breast. To me, its recognition saddened every happy hour; gave frowning seeming to crag, headland and lonely islet, dark and bare; lent a shuddering dread to the magic of the sen; and swept a thrill of potent through all the whisperings of

of potent through all the winsperies of the breezes along the somber coast. Not until the first evening did I see Elleen. She was the fisherman's eldest daughter. She crept into the cabin hesitantly, demurely, but not without a certain hint of unconquerable determination and power in her stature, poise and movement, and with a light of strange inquiry in her great blue eyes as they rested upon the stranger diffidently

Her father greeted her fondly enough,

Her father greeted her fondly enough, but more like a rough companion and sharer of toil than a loved child, I thought, and still with a shade of anxiety in his honest, rugged face.

She stood for a little leaning against the fireplace, drinking in our words, and particularly all references to foreign lands, with almost fiercely hungry eyes, and finally, after partaking of a bit of food, disappeared with her brothers and sisters to their beds in the loft above. Whatever subject we spoke upon, we

Whatever subject we spoke upon, Whatever subject we spoke upon, we somehow always came back to Elleen. In a little time I found that the girl had been her father's constant companion for years in the dangerous work of the sea; could manage a beat with all the skill and dexterity of a man; had shared every manner of arduous task involved in mackerel and long-line fishing a beauty and the sea. stared every manner of arthous task involved in mackerel and long-line fishing; and knew every eddy of the sea,
every nook and cranny of the coast,
every rock, islet, shoal and fishing
ground, as familiarly as the canniest
Kerry fisherman, from Dingle to Kin-

sale.

Aside from the few Irish lasses at the fair at Calairsiveen, Elleen was the only maiden grown I had noticed that day—though I had seen her ones before in a way that now filled me with dread tor the peace of this fisher's home—and I asked her father where the bright-faced girls of Korry had gone.

"Gone, is it—Gone? "Heugh!" he answered with sudden spirit. "Over th' sny enthirely!"

"But surely they could not all go to America;" I yentured protestingly.

America;" I ventured protestingly.
"An' couldn't they though? Its bred
they are in th' milk av their mother's.

breasts to do that sume!" This with bitterness. "A girsha's no better nor ten year high, whin th'fayver's on her. Faith, an' she'll work like a baste, an' save like an onld bite, alver an' desaytiuller nor Ould Nick himself; an' whin ye' be thinkin' she'd marry some honest bye an' bide wild her own, like a dacent craythur—Pz-lipl—an' away she's seeps like an side over the sar!"

a dacent craythur—Pz-i-pi-an' away she's gene, like an aigle over the say!"
Here the fisherman drew his little wife closer to him with a gesture of wondrous pride and fondness.
"Arrah, an' this jewel o' me own cabin wouldn't be in it th' day—heaven bless an' kape her till me dyin' hour!— if I hadn't stole her wan night from Caragh-side, like a thief o' th' wurrld, an' thin bate th' three brothers sinseless, broke th' ould man's skull for a hint o' me tempor, an' sint word to hint o' me temper, an' sint word to eleven uncles for a meetin', at their own convaynance, barrin' any fast day o' th' seven."

"How, then, have you kept Elleen?"
I asked eagerly, thinking of what I knew and he did not.

He turned quickly to me with a stern face, putting his little wife almost rudely away. In another instant his huge fist came down with a tremendous crash

mpon the deal table.
"'Fore God, I'd kill th' man or woman that'd entice her from the dure. I'd see her dead afore I'd let her turn wanderer beyant th' say."

The little wife attempted to soothe

him with many crooning words, but he was terribly sweet by the storm of feeling upon him. He paced the cabin excitedly; plunged through the door into citedly; plunged through the door into the night and back again; and after a shrug of his whole frame, like some great animal flinging another off, he continued impetuously:
"Onld Ireland—save her!—is sorra enough, heaven knows; but th' heart o' her is alten out, more by th' fayver o lavin' than by th' wurra o' stayin'. Luk at her now!—th' young an' th' strong clutchin' th' very punnies from from her dead eyes to fly away wid an'

from her dead eyes to fly away wid an' enrich some other land, till on'y th' trimblin' ould au' th' rottin' dead re-I saw instantly it was the one subject

sore above all others in the heart of the majestic though simple figure before me. He had painted a woefully true picture of one of Ireland's causes of de-cay; but I was astounded at the revela-tion which followed, the truth of which

tion which followed, the truth of which I could no longer doubt after what I had seen searcely two hours before.

"Th' poor craythurs, they're not to blame!" He said this with a compassionate gesture which seemed to comprehend Elleen above us in the loft, where there had more than once been a rustling and stirring, as of some one impatient to hear and know.

"It's th' divil's own sowls that like snakes iver crawl over th' ould sod, wid their blisthering tongues, tayain' th' childer away. Many a bone o' theirs I've cracked already; an', by th' five crasses, I'll murther th' first wan that steps foot in Port Magoe!"

Pressing him for explanation, 'I

steps foot in Port Magoe!"
Pressing him for explanation, 'I learned this startling fact: That voritable human ferrets, if not in the direct pay of the trans-Atlantic steamship companies, yet still subsisting upon the profits of the nefarious traffic, penetrate the remotest regions of Ireland, sowing the seed of dissatisfaction and unrest the seed of dissatisfaction and unrest and persistently painting the rewards and delights of effort and life in foreign lands; until the country districts are constantly in such tremore of excite-ment and heartache for those who are

ment and heartache for those who are going or are gone, that there is no lowly home where is not hovering the shadow of a terror so great that it lacks even the consoling finality of death itself.

"And men really do this thing from year to year for a livelihood?" I asked in honest indignation.

"Min?—min! Things worser nor battes! No place is free o' thim. They're at ivery fair, weddin' or wake. They're at th' dure o' th' sanctuary. They'll mark'yer childer at christnin' an' niver lose sight o' thim till they're min an' women grown. They'll folly th' dead among th' livin' to snatch another livin' wan away. They'll crape in other livin' wan away. They'll crape in yer home, by day or by night!— Heugh!" he concluded with a gesture at his throat as if choking, "they crape upon yer life here in Ireland, till ye can't braythe widout smellin' th' divil's explex neces this gestral!"

can't braytae wisdet smeller in divise smoke upon thim etarnally."

He bent his shaggy head sorrowfully and ruminatively for a moment. Then, as if thinking aloud, he added:

"Yis, yis. Faith, John L. Shea's sat in his boat, strivin' for thim ashore,

in his boat, strivin' for thim ashore, wid Elieen beside him, fur many a year, watchin' thim staymers trailin' smoke across the water, an' wishin', wishin', wishin' ivery wan'd strike bottom afore they'd take away one body from this blessed Kerry home!"

I could not but give a blessed "Amen" to that; but, long, long into that night, in my couch upon the seines, troubled forms and scenes were woven into my half-waking dreams. With and across these, like pitiful wraiths of sorrow, passed and repassed the faces in this bandle, fisher's howe the trailing passed and repassed the faces in this humble fisher's home, the trailing smoke of the far, low-lying ocean steamers, leaving their wakes of woe be-hind, and that one pitless face I had now twice seen, and which could never be forgotten until the moment of for-getfulness should come. IV.

I had seen and heard but little the revening before; but that little, in con-nection with what had been accident-ally and so dramatically revealed while we sat beside the dying embers in the fisher's tiny cabin, told me that the dread and insidious influence the brave, home-saving soul had so long and va-liantly battled was about to triumph over all the mighty pleading of duty and

love and home.

In a short stroll I had taken along the craggy heights to the south of the slumberous old fishing hamlet, I had all unwittingly chosen an almost daring course around the peak of a shelving

promonotory.

Constantly tempted to loftier heights constantly tempted to lotter nogues for better view of the matchless scones of coasts and islets and seas, I picked my way around the dangerous cone, coming suddenly upon two figures in a little hollow of an angle of the rock.

From where I stood the man and

woman could not observe me, and yet they were plainly within view, while every word they uttered, from the con-formation of the rock partially sur-rounding them, was as distinctly aud-ible as though they had stood beside

Whenever they had met, and howwhenever they had reached the secluded spot I felt certain they had not preceded me in the dangerous pathway I had stumbled upon; and I was made further sure of this by the woman, or girl, now and then parting the branches above her, and peoring searchingly back along the partly wooded heights

She was a maiden of marvelous physical power and beauty, and her mauner clearly showed that no other motive than some overwhelming self interest could have brought her to tryst with the ambling, skulking wretch before her.

her.
Though he wheedled and binstered, blarneyed and builted, she still remained imperious and determined. Only once did she seem to betray emotion.
This was when the lenthery-faced dwarf -a humped, mildewed travesty of a human, with a face withcred and purs-ed in the ludicrously pathetic lines of an ailing baboon, and whose restless,

beady eyes never looked the girl fairly in her own—stung her seeming imper-turbable purpose by reference to the lad she loved.

lad she loved.

"Its yer only rale friend I am, Elleen, that's four year been waitin' t' give yez th' chance o' yer life. I'll hold yez it's true, Larry Dreen's no comfort t' yez in all that time. Isn't it on th' batter (tippling) he's been, these last tin daya, an' only this blissed day makin' love like a timpestt' ivery girl at Cahirsiveen fair?"

'I'm dene wid Larry," she answered

slowly.

Her tone rather than her action told what a deep hurt was behind her

Mer tone rather than her action tone
what a deep hurt was behind her
words.

"Give me th' money, thin, far th'
ticket to' take yez out."

"I'll not. Ah, Dennis Fahy, it's as
hard as th' divil's forehead, yer are. I'll
go me own way, or stay."

"Arrah, avick dear, ye'll desthroy all
me grand blans fur yez enthirely. It's
t' Killarney yez must go, thin. There
ye'll get th' rail fur Mallow, an' Cork, t'
th' next staymer, wid th' other fine
ladies that's goin' out?" whined the
little old gnome imploringly.

"I'll not."

"Year an' agos!" he fumed. "But yer
th' great fool! 'Twud take a proper rise
out o' yez, t' spake a soft word t' your
fayther!"

It was the direst threat the fellow

It was the direst threat the fellow could make, and I could see he was sure it would humble her.

"Th' veins o' me heart go wid yez in at, Dennis darlint!" she retorted the a contemptuous gurgle of laughter.

"Can yez swim, Dennis?"
"N-n-o, faith! An' fur what an' fur why?"

"Then it's lost ye'd be, Dennis; fur no prayat'll shrive th' likes o' ye. At th' first word ye nttered, Dennis, fayther'd toes ye over th' clift, as nisy as a stale fish from th' schrahag!" It was Dennis who had been con-

quered, and he now whiningly begged to know whatshe would do.

"It's this i'il do;" she returned with an impressiveness of tone and manner from which the miserable wrocker of homes apparently saw no appeal. "Go from which the miseranto wrotest of homes apparently saw no appeal. "Go you to th' others an' bid them bide at Mallow or Cort till I come. I'll row to Dingle by night."

"By all th' saints, 'tis twenty miles!" he fumed and blustered again. "Saturday night 'twill be, at th' turn

he fumed and blustered again.

"Saturday night 'twill be, at th' turn o' th' tide—that's tin o'clock that night. Thin I'll walk, on Sunday, from Dingle to Tralee. They'll not folly by water, an' if they go slatherin' up the Killarney road, it's not a trace of me they'll flud; an' thin they'll come powdhern' back to Port Magee, whin I'll be safe on my way from Dingle to Tralee."

The old wretch's face worked hideously for a while. He seemed to fear he

ly for a while. He seemed to fear he would at the last lose this one poor vic-tim. For years he had worked his mer-cless toils about her, as about others among the wilds of Iveragh.
"Bad cess t' th' divil's own mess, an'

"Bad cess t' th' divil's own mess, an' all th' trouble yer givin' me! But me heart's achie' t' see ye go where' in a year's time, yez can come back a lady fine t' shame thim that'd kape yez iver a toilin' baste! I'll come and go wid yez t' Dingle!"

The girl gave a little start at this, but

t' Dingle!"

The girl gave a little start at this, but did not oppose him.

"It's lavin' from th' ould pier I'll be, in th' little yawl. Ye'll not be late, Dennis Fahey? A sorra hour fur yez, 'twould be, if yez were found behind me at Port Magee!"

"Vho's th' stranger that's come th' day. He looked me o'er unfriendly, th' morn, whin I wor dodgin' yer fayther at Cahirsivcen."

The girl merely shook her head.

"Thin ye'll find a chance t' slip these in his pockets, if he bides th' full o' th' week. It's interestin' raydin' they'll make, whin on yer way t' be a grand, fine lady across th' sav!"

Without a word, she put in her bosom some crumpled sheets of paper he had handed her and, stepping back among the parted branches, was lost to sight.

This is what I had seen and heard upon the cray above the old fishing hamlet; and this, with the appearance of handsome Elleen in the cabin and what the evening had so startlingly evoked, is what swept the torturous wraiths through my half-waking dreams all that long, unhappy night.

Never before in all my wanderings

wraiths through my half-waking dreams all that long, unhappy night.

Never before in all my wanderings had I come to home or place where my own heart was so desperately torn by conflicting emotions and resolves.

Should I at once quit these somber Kerry shores and let the miserable events run their own cruel course? Should I secretly charge Elleen with her purpose and perfidy and beg her to turn back to the loyalty and love of the little cabin home? Should I seek out turn back to the loyalty and love of the little cabin home? Should I seek out Dennis Fahy and frighten him from this innocent victim and his remoras-lessness and inconceivable petty greed? Should I find Larry Dreen and make him know, if there was tenderness left in his reckless heart, of the great prize which was irrevocably drifting out of this humble home port? Should confide in the mother and trust to the Should I confide in the mother and trust to the mother heart and wit, as against the daughter's long matured determination and strange, imperious nature? Or should I at once, with brutal frankness, reveal to my fisher friend, how he had been deceived, and perhaps in the wild storm to follow see worse come to the now sheltered home-nest, than the

mere absence, through the hunger for better fortune, of one of the strongest of its rugged broad? As the week slipped by, my mental anxiety became intense and almost in-supportable. As in a dream, I seemed conscious of the unconscious relation of conscious of the aucossious relation of each active participant in some im-pending tragedy, and yet apparently hopelessly helpless to reach out hand or utter word to stay its resistless and

nopelessly neipless to reach out hand or utter word to stay its resistless and woful finality.

Half idly my fisher friend and his companions dallied with their "long-line" fishing tasks; for the mackerel fleets of the year had winged their way to neighboring ports, to Manxland and to France. Wholly idle and vagarous were Ellen and I, in our pleasant voyages to Bray Head; to Puffin Island, where the myriad sea-fowl whirl and strick and drown, even in dolorous weather, the hoarse ravings of the sea; to hideous Lemon Rock; to impestic Belus Head; and to Great Skelig, whose mighty crosses still sentinel the ghostly cells of olden monks. All, idle and restful and sweet and still like a dream, oven in the evening of that day when restriu and sweet and still like a dream, even in the evening of that day when the san sank in a bed of purpling, misty gray; and the old fishwives of the port, shrugging their shoulders with weatherwise sweeps of their frowsy heads, muttered of ugly weather soon

Still like a dream, that evening meal, delayed for the father's white-winged smack beyond Bray Head; with the peat flames leaping joyously in the eabin chimney and the purring home-side sounds; and with no sign, but of love and trust and hope, on the noble face of grave Elleen!
Then as I walked in the twilight, at

Then as I walked in the twinght, at last the quick awakening and its keen, swift torture of fatal delay; for somewhere in the gleaming fell across my way the shadow of a skulking form I knew.

I hastened back to the cabin almost pleading, would the father never come? The great blue eyes raised from the knitting were as calm as a babe's in their innocent surprise. Yes, now very their innocent surprise. Yes, now very soon; unless great grah (luck) was in the

shoels. Then, mayhap, not until morning. Away I sped towards Knightstown now; for I had learned of Larry Dreen's abode.

"At 10 o'clock and the turn

tide" kept time to my bounding feet like an impetuous kee! It lacked but an hour of 10 as I crossed the threshold of the Dreen cot-

It lacked but an hour of 10 as I crossed the threshold of the Dreen cottage. And where was Latry Dreen? Away gosthering "wid th byes." Could he road? Ah yes, and ever yes and yes and yes. A pencil scrawl on a bit of paper from my pocket, the heree command that it reach him at once and then away again, as all the Dreens, startled by the unaccountable intrusion, tremblingly made the saving size.

Back at the little port, but no white sail to be seen within the little even. A thread of loyal light still gleamed from the home-nest above. When I had its door, I staw but one form within; that of the loving, waiting wife, knitting, knitting, knitting; as is ever the way with the women of the west. And where was brave Elleen? Ah, good soul, just away to comfort Misthress O'Neill, by the Crag, for the misht; and to be home again by morn. And the father? May be running in from the to be home again by morn. And the father? May be running in from the father? May be running in from the shoals by oar under recied sais, the wind being off-shore this night. If he lands in half an hour, have him at the old pier by 10 o'clock and the turn of the tide? Again yes, and ever yes and yes; for John L. Shoa would waik the naif of Ireland o'er and back again, for the stranger without the sorra of askings, sure! ing, suro!

And then alone, heartsick and dis-And then atone, nearests and dis-traught I stole to the tumbling per, unused for years; and picking my way along its edges came quickly to aspot where a little yawl lar swaying back and forth upon the turning tide.

and forth upon the turning tide.

In a moment more, footsteps followed. I knew them and I could neither advance nor retreat. With a sudden and unaccountable impulse I swung myse, fover the pier-edge into the swellen waters below, clinging to the rotten timber to which the yawl was moored. I heard the taut chain drawn ughter over my head and a woman's quint voice ordering a whimpering companion to at once descend into the beat. He scrambled down with chattering teeth and trombling limbs. Two oars were handed him, when he crept like a dog into a seat in the stern.

Then the rustic of a woman's clothing above me, a nimble spring into the

above me, a nimble spring into the bont's prow, and the stealthy unloosen-ing of the chain from the rusty staple which held it.

As it was released a few links hung

As it was released a few links hung over the boat edge into the water. I grasped them with desperate dexierity and the full length of the chain played out instantly in my hand.

In the next moment of time I only knew that the fleeing girl was in her soat, had steadied the craft, was in full and powerful "back-stroke" upon her oars, that I had whipped the chain around the pier support and was chinging to it there with a power beyond my strength, and that a swift and heavy stride was thundering upon the tumwas thundering upon the tum oling planks above my head. "No human tongue could fitly tell the

"No human tongue could fitly tell the tragic incidents which instanty followed;" concluded the Vagabond Traveler, in impressively solemn tones. "I only know what I saw and heard and felt. I saw Elleen, silent and swif has a shadow of the night, slip over the beat side and disappear—all but an upreached hand, which clung like grapples of steel to the gunwale. I saw my fisher friend plunge into the yawl with upraised, avenging hands. I saw, by the light of swiftly gathering lanterns and torches plunge into the yawl with upraised, avenging hands. I saw, by the light of swiftly gathering lanterns and torches above, the skulking form of Dennis Fahy shrink into comething like a quivering ball, and, as the giant fisher advanced (thank God! no hand was laid on him!), with a face of unspeakable terror and a shriek as of the lost, roll into the darkened tide to blend with its everlasting silences for ever. I saw, too, the giant form, as with divine compassion, spring after him, turn quickly to encounter the face of his own child and then fight there as with death against her own life-taking; and I dimly heard and saw gad fait all the Droens and half the folk of Fort Magee suddenly in the turbulent current, floundering, calling, shruking and saving the three of us with life yet left in us; and then, with stifled cry I passed into the tide of tideless drams;—to awaken, it seemed a century thence; in the balm and shunshine of a Sabbath morning, with loving hearts re-united the balm and shoushine of a Sabbata morning, with loving hearts re-united about me, and a thousand tear-dimmed Irish faces pressing forward to pray for, and bless the savers and the saved, be-side the winsome Kerry shores."

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