

country of late years and have been used by the Orange and English. Tory papers as an argument against Home Rule.

The National League of South Tyrone met in convention at Anghnooly May, 24. There were 100 delegates present, including the clergy. T. Harrington, M.P., presided. Letters of apology for non-attendance were read from Rev. Dean Byrne, Dungannon; Canon Cliford, Fintona; Father M'Keagney, and Rev. P. Fox. Mr. Hannigan, agent of the National League in South Tyrone, read the reports from all the polling districts, which were very encouraging. Mr. Harrington then delivered an address urging special attention to registration work in all the polling districts for the forthcoming revision. Resolutions were proposed by Rev. J. J. M'Cartan, Donaghmore, and seconded by Rev. Dr. Loughran and passed unanimously, pledging the delegates to use every means in their power to make the forthcoming revision a success, so that when an election takes place they will be able to return the indomitable William O'Brien as representative of the historic division of South Tyrone by a triumphant majority. There was considerable satisfaction expressed at the Convention over the glorious victory for Home Rule at Southampton, and Mr. Harrington gave his opinion that the tide was completely turning in their favour in England.

Waterford.—The following own over 1,000 acres each of the land of this County:—Sir C. Kennedy, 6,680 acres; Viscount Doneraile, 6,584; Lord Huntingdon, 6,450; Sir J. N. Humble, 6,435; C. J. Osborne, 6,410; and Sir H. Barron, 6,281.

During an eviction on the Waterford estate a bailiff fell into a well 40 feet deep and would have been drowned, but he held to his crowbar which spanned the chasm.

Westmeath.—The following own over 1,000 acres each of the land of this County:—John Longworth, 6,547 acres; R. Smyth, 6,287; Mrs. G. Magan, 5,604; D. P. Urquhart, 5,363; W. F. Tighe, 5,211, and Sir R. Levinge, 5,017.

Fathers Flynn, Skelly and Magennis, of the Dominican Order, ended a successful Mission at the Church of Tubber, near Moate, by the blessing of the Mission Cross and the renewal of the baptismal vows. Father Monaghan and Father Healy aided the missionaries.

At the recent meeting of Mullingar I.N.L., Rev. E. O'Beilly, chairman, there were present: F. Wickham, secretary; Thomas McDonnell, John Connell, and James Allen. A resolution was passed thanking Messrs. Tuite and Sullivan, the County Members, for their assiduous attendance in the House of Commons.

Wexford.—The tenants on the Devon estate have been served with eviction notices. Many of them owe two or three years' arrears and it is expected evictions will follow.

Wicklow.—The following own over 1,000 acres each of the land of this County:—Luke Brady, 5,837 acres; W. F. Dick, 4,770; C. S. Parnell, 4,678; Sir E. Hutchinson, 4,471; Mining Company of Ireland, 4,409; and Francis Hudge, 4,297.

A magnificent demonstration of Nationalists was held at Ashford, May 21, to further the National movement and denounce land-grabbing. The local Leagues and Gaelic Associations were well represented. Rev. Francis McKerny, Wicklow, presided.

THE BURNING MOUNTAIN.

(By CARMEN SYLVA, the Queen of Roumania.)

Yes, Paouna was proud, very proud. It was not in vain that she possessed such large eyes, finely arched black eyebrows, and a small aquiline nose. Her mouth, too, though somewhat large, was rosy and well-shaped, and when she spoke or laughed her teeth showed like two white rows of shining pearls. Her jet black tresses were bound around her head like a coronet, which made the country folks mockingly call her "Prim de Imparat" (the young empress); Her tall figure and well-poised head gave her so majestic a bearing that she well merited the sobriquet in question. She was not, however too proud to turn round when Tannas passed by, nor to listen to his compliments when they danced the "Hora" together on Sunday evenings on the village green; but when allusion was made to this love affair, Paouna grew very red and gave sharp answers to what she considered impertinent remarks.

Many other young peasants in the neighbouring villages, as well as in their own, became envious of Tannas, more especially when they learned that he and Paouna were really betrothed. But, alas soon a cruel war broke out; and Tannas had to march with the army to the banks of the Danube. Poor Paouna pent up her tears in the presence of strangers, and no one dared to ask her if she even shed them in secret. It seemed very long before news of the army reached her; but when she heard the villagers talking of a battle which had taken place, she had to lean for support against the stone cross at the entrance of the village, so sick and giddy did she become. From that time forth night brought her no repose, and she was compelled to burn her little lamp, so as not to see the phantom which constantly pursued her—Tannas, covered with wounds, dying or dead.

One gloomy night she was seated on the edge of her bed, her hands crossed on her lap, her eyes wide open looking into void, and heeding not footsteps which came stealthily along outside the house, when someone tapped lightly at her window. She sprang to her feet, and stifling a scream, turned round and tried to penetrate the obscurity. It seemed to her that Tannas was there, and at the same moment she heard her name softly called. "Paouna, Paouna, dear, come out to me. Fear nothing; it is I, Tannas, only Tannas." Paouna had already her hand on the lock of the door, and in an instant she was outside. Immediately two strong arms clasped her round the waist, but she quickly disengaged herself, saying: "Is it really you, Tannas, or is some one playing me a trick?" "It is no trick, Paouna darling," said he; "see, touch your own ring, and here round my throat is the little silver image you gave me. I could contain myself no longer, so I came to see if you were still faithful to me." "Who then has sent you away from the army?" she asked. "Why, no one, of course." "No one, and yet you are here! The war

then is ended!" "Oh no, they are still fighting, but I stole secretly away for love of you, Paouna." "For love of me!" she cried, bursting into a mocking laugh; "did you think then that I should be proud to have a deserter for my lover? Go away instantly, I implore you." "Is this your love, Paouna? You send me away to my death; you crush my dearest hopes." "Go where you will, but leave me and mark what I say: never will I become your wife, never will I take for my husband a man whom I should despise." "You love another then," said he. "No, Tannas, I still love you, and only you; for you only have I watched through all these long and weary nights, but never did the idea suggest itself to me that I loved a coward." Then Paouna hid her face in her hands and began to weep bitterly. "And I who thought you would receive me so joyfully, and put me in such safe hiding," said he in a disappointed tone. "Oh shame, shame to me," she cried, "that I should be your betrothed! But hear now what I say, the Bucegi itself shall burn before I consent to be your wife." Here the young couple exchanged such angry glances that their eyes gleamed in the obscurity of the night.

Suddenly the sky became illuminated by a roseate reflection, and when they looked up it seemed as if the summit of the great mountain, the Bucegi, were in flames. The brightness grew more and more intense, and a red fire seemed to shoot upwards from amid a mass of stars. The neighbours ran to their windows and doors, crying out that the forest was on fire, that the mountain was burning. Dogs barked, cocks crowed. Paouna seized the young man by the shoulder, and giving him a vigorous push, cried in a low voice, "Go away from here, go and hide your head, or I shall die of shame." Then hastily she closed the door and extinguished her lamp, in an agony of fear her eyes followed Tannas creeping along under the shade of the cottages. Little heed gave she when the neighbors called to her to come out and see the miracle of the burning mountain.

From that night Paouna grew pale and thin, and was no longer seen to smile; she who used to be so fond of jokes and smart speeches gave now but hasty and curt replies. All day she worked silent and pensive, pausing only occasionally to seat herself at the edge of the fountain and bathe her burning forehead. Sometimes she gazed on her own reflection in the water, or cast a terrified look up to the heights of the Bucegi mountain. Gradually the rumour spread that Tannas had been seen in the village. There were those who pretended to have recognised him by the light of the burning mountain, and had even heard his voice in conversation with Paouna. When they questioned her as to the truth of this, large drops of perspiration stood on her forehead, her lips grew white, and she trembled when she answered, "Was not all dark and silent with us when the Bucegi was in flames?" The mother of Paouna shook her head, bit her lips, and pretended that in this age of wickedness most extraordinary things would come to pass.

At length there arrived news from the Danube's banks, news of a fierce strife, of a bloody battle having been fought. This time Paouna was among the last to learn what had occurred, but when it did reach her ears she ran quickly home, made up a little bundle of linen with a piece of maliga (Indian corn paste), and some slices of baked pumpkin and a wooden flask of water, and saying to her mother, "Have no fear for me, you will see me home again very soon," set off to walk her long and weary journey.

Night came over the battle field, the dead and the dying lay here and there indiscriminately mixed, while horses struggled in their fierce agony and tried to get upon their feet, unconscious that they were riderless. The remnant of the army was encamped around large fires and had no ears for the groans of their quondam comrades now lying prostrate on the cold earth. One woman alone traversed the ranks, searching and inquiring for Tannas in every tent. Armed only with her courage, she went alike to friend and foe, giving water to some and examining carefully the faces of those who needed drink no longer. At length the round moon shone full on this scene of horror, and the young girl more easily continued her task, turning now on this side, now on that, kneeling here and there—seeking, seeking some one wearing a little metal image tied around his stained and swollen throat—some one with a ring which she could readily recognise encircling his stiffened finger. The camp was now plunged in sleep, but still guided by the moon's rays Paouna pursued her weary course amidst the dying and the dead. Sometimes she gently called, "Tannas, Tannas," and occasionally a feeble sigh answered her appeal; then she would hopefully approach, but after searching from whence the sigh came, and giving water to drink, and carefully examining in vain, she shook her head and went wearily and sorrowfully on her way. At last the moon disappeared, and the cold gray dawn replaced its friendly beams, when Paouna perceived something shining in the distance. She ran hastily along and found herself beside a seeming corpse, partly stripped of clothing, but with his stiffened hand clasped firmly around some object suspended from his throat. On one of the fingers was the ring that she knew so well, and crying "Tannas," she fell faint and exhausted by the side of a blood-stained and scarcely recognisable figure. After a few moments she came to herself again, and set to work to wash the face of her lost lover. Through her tears she could perceive that a sword cut had transversely the eyes and injured the nose; but, oh, joy! sure sign of life, the blood began again to flow. Speedily she moistened the parched lips, and bound up the wounded head. Tannas sighed heavily, and hearing his name he sought with his hands, to find the face of his benefactor.

"My Paouna!" said he, in a feeble voice, "leave me alone to die: I am good for nothing more on earth, for I am quite blind!"

"Yes, yes!" cried Paouna, "you are my beloved, you are my betrothed husband, and, if the good God only wills it, you will soon be my husband in reality. Only remain quiet now; you must rest, and be silent, while I watch by you."

Many long weeks have expired since that cold gray morning dawn, long weeks, during which by night and day, Paouna has watched by the hospital bedside of Tannas; she herself taking no rest, content only to be always near him—near him, her hero! Then came a summer day, when two pilgrims were seen coming up the