

Sarsfield patted the horse's beautifully arched neck as he held a handful of oats to his nose; Charibert ate them up all the more eagerly and with greater relish that they were offered by his kind master, who stood there and watched him enjoy the food, wondering all the time what he would think could he understand that all his master's friends, that she, wanted him to be entered for the horse show, whilst the mother whom he wanted to please desired that he should not be entered.

"Charibert, old boy," he whispered to him, "do you know that you have been challenged?"

For a second there was a fierce look in the horse's usually soft eyes, as though he were angry that any one should dare question his superiority. And then they softened again and he almost brushed Sarsfield's hat off in his endeavour to show him how eagerly and willingly he would enter the contest. He as much as said:—"Let them try me; with you on my back, I will show these American horses what I can do; with such a rider I would accept a challenge from the whole world."

"And do you know, my beauty," Sarsfield continued, amused at the animal's intelligence, "that I ought to refuse that challenge at the risk of having it said I was afraid to enter my horse, because I knew he had no chance against the others?"

Charibert looked angry again. He could not understand why he should not be entered. He was in splendid condition, and he was not afraid; indeed he was anxious to try his activity with any horse they could produce.

"Ah, you splendid old fellow," whispered Sarsfield. "You don't understand. You don't know what it is to have to decide between a dear mother's request on one side, and the challenges of friends and a girl's wish on the other. If you did, old boy, I believe your pluck and your gallantry would get the better of you and you would forget your duty to your parent."

So saying, he slapped him affectionately on the back and left the stall—Charibert followed him eagerly with his eyes, and listened to his every footfall—and joined Bates who was at his work in the harness-room.

"Bates," he said, and the well-trained groom touched his hat and halted in his work, "I have been asked, challenged, more or less, to enter Charibert for the high jump in the horse show which comes off next month. What do you think about it?"

"Well, sir," answered the groom, touching his cap again, as indeed he did every time he spoke to his master, "I shouldn't refuse any challenges, sir, whatever. I should enter the horse, sir; he's used to win easily."

"That is not what is troubling me," said Sarsfield, as he stared out of the window and looked up at the sky, as though his thoughts were far away from his words. "The difficulty is that Mrs Sarsfield does not want me to enter him."

"That's unfortunate, sir," replied Bates, who felt that he should forget himself were he to hazard more on the subject.

Sarsfield still gazed out of the window. Of course he could not tell his groom all that he had whispered to the horse, and so Bates was bewildered and stared at his master, wondering what he was thinking about.

Suddenly he walked back into the stable and said good-bye to Charibert. Then as he was going out he looked in at Bates again in the harness-room and said: "I cannot say what I shall do yet, but I think I shall enter him."

"Yes, sir," said Bates with his customary salute, and as his master turned his back, a broad smile of satisfaction spread over his good-natured face, and walking into Charibert's stall, he slapped him over the neck and said:

"Charibert, my boy, we're going to knock smithereens out of them American horses and break the high jump record."

#### IV. MRS SARFIELD.

On both sides Charley Sarsfield came of an excellent family. When Cromwell and his extraordinary army were all-powerful in England in the days of the Commonwealth, the Irish Catholics amazed and alarmed on the one side by the actions of the Papal Nuncio and fearful on the other of the power of the English Parliament, elected that their greatest source of safety was in declaring for the support of the declining authority of the English King. A deputation was accordingly sent to Paris, and Ormonde, the Lieutenant, was invited to return and once more resume the reins of government in the King's name. One of the chief promoters of this policy was Patrick Jerome Sarsfield. He fought bravely with the Lord-Lieutenant's troops. He was present at the taking of Dundalk and Drogheda and entered those cities as a member of Ormonde's victorious army, at the time when Charles II., then living at the French court, was anxiously looking toward Ireland as the best stepping-stone to the throne which was his right. When this bright hope of the King's was dashed to pieces after Cromwell had secured his appointment as Lord-Lieutenant of the island, he was present at the sudden attack of Ormonde's army, and its disastrous defeat in the vicinity of Dublin at the hands of Colonel Jones and his English troops. One of his sons had

lost his life there fighting bravely for the cause in which his father had been so interested. Then came Cromwell's crushing victories and the disasters and horrors of Drogheda, Wexford, Kilkenny and Clonmel, till when the cause was broken and every hope was shattered, he left the island he loved so well with his family and numbers of his friends to accept service under the French King. His sons and grandsons and their progeny followed the army as their calling through the wars of Louis XV. and Louis XVI. When the American war broke out, and Franklin had been sent over to Paris as an envoy to solicit the support of the French, amongst whom the cause of the new country was very popular, at once on account of their hatred of England and also their own desire for power in the New World, one of the Marquis de la Fayette's companions, when that worthy soldier offered his assistance to the Americans, was a promising young officer named Harold James Sarsfield. This young soldier fought bravely under the American flag, no doubt mindful of the blood of his forefathers which had been spilt fighting against the arms of the English, at whose hands the Irish had always received such hard and bitter treatment. He fought with all his energy for the cause and country he had adopted. Every day of the war his love for America and his hatred for England grew stronger and more intense; he rejoiced over every American victory and wept over her slightest defeat, in spite of the fact that his forefathers had fought for the restoration of monarchy during the Commonwealth in England and that he himself had been brought up and educated in France, which country had grown to be perhaps the greatest power in Europe under an almost absolute monarchy. He rapidly imbibed the republican ideas which he heard on all sides from his companions in arms, and when Lord Cornwallis surrendered his army of seven thousand men to General Washington at Yorktown after the famous American Commander-in-Chief had so thoroughly deceived General Clinton, whose army he left behind him in New York, and after the English Parliament had decided that it was useless to prolong the war and voted to end it and the British had evacuated New York, Sarsfield decided to remain with the men by whose sides he had fought. These he had learned to love, and he joined them with spirit in the formation of the republic.

Mrs Sarsfield came of an English family, her ancestor, Christopher Bolton, a close friend of George Calvert, Lord Baltimore, accompanied that famous Catholic nobleman, who was anxious to secure a refuge for his co-religionists for the persecution they were subjected to in England, when he endeavoured to form a colony in Newfoundland, only to be obliged to give it up and return to England on account of the severe and inclement climate. Lord Baltimore returned and received from the King a grant of land which he named Maryland. Amongst the Catholic gentry who accompanied Lord Baltimore's brother, Leonard Calvert, in the "Dove," was Christopher Bolton, for a second time a fugitive from the indignities which were daily offered to his religion in England. During all the quarrels with the Virginians, who were intensely anti-Catholic, and the fierce struggles with Clayborne, he gave his best energies towards the successful foundation of the colony. He had a large family of sons, all worthy of an illustrious father, all of whom grew to manhood and in turn married, thus securing the propagation of a famous family and a good old name. Roger Johnson Bolton, the grandfather of Mrs Sarsfield, had made a name for himself in literature.

John Roger Bolton, the grandfather of our hero, became famous as a diplomatist and represented his country at Brussels, in which beautiful city Mrs Sarsfield had every opportunity of practising the religion she loved so much. It was common hearsay that the daughter of the American Minister had been seen in the Cathedral of St Gudule every morning of her four years' residence there. The Minister, at the expiration of his term, was appointed to the Court of St James, in London, and it was at this time that his beautiful and graceful daughter met and became engaged to Clarence Sarsfield. Their only child was Charles, whom we have met, and who was now on his way home from his visit to Charibert in the stable adjoining their cottage near Dobb's Ferry on the Hudson.

(To be continued.)

The Empress of Russia was the first lady to answer from a European throne to the invitation to take part in the women's work of the Columbian Exposition.

The *New York Sun* says that there are not so many poets in that city as some people may suppose: "We doubt whether, leaving out sonneteers, there are more than eight or ten thousand of them, all told, including epic poets, as well as lyric, dramatic, elegiac, cosmic, idyllic, pastoral and orphic poets, besides dithyrambists." This is a rather poor showing for New York. There are at least twice that number of poets in Boston, and they all write unkind letters to the editor when he does not publish their "pieces" in the very first number of his miserable old paper."—*Pilot*.

Mr Edison is afflicted with an incurable deafness. Mr Ponitney Biglow, a contributor to the *Speaker*, asked him if the inventor who has brought the telephone so near to perfection could not do something for his own hearing. "Easily, if the drum was sound," was the reply. "When I was a boy," he continued, "I sold peanuts and newspapers on the railway trains. One day a baggage porter lifted me from the ground by my ears—the membranes snapped, and that is how I became deaf."