

For fever, nursed by poverty, nourished by ignorance and dirt, was devastating the neighborhood, and there was no house, nor cot, nor cabin that had not lost some of its inmates.

Already three nurses were busy in the workhouse infirmary, but Margot found work ready and waiting for her.

The townsland of Dera, cleansed and purified as it was by the sweet bog air, had so far escaped the contagion; but some of her patients from other districts Margot had once known. To them, however, she was only a nurse from Dublin, and they told her nothing of her own people.

Since she had left them she had only written once to let them know that she had found work to do; but she had put no address on her letter, purposely, for she felt that if her aunt knew her whereabouts Darby would not be long learning it, and if he came to her—as most assuredly he would, she could never have the strength to send him from her, determined as she was to save him in spite of himself. Later even, when she tried to hope that Polly had become his wife, she thought it for his happiness that she should still be silent, and so pass quite away and be forgotten.

Nurse O'Leary had been a week and more in the fever hospital when one evening, going to the matron's room to give in her daily report, her eyes fell on the open book in which the inmates names were written.

Close to the end of the column, entered only yesterday, were four words—just the name and address of a patient: a name that she had repeated over and over again to herself, first in joy and gladness, then to steel herself against its sting; yet the sight of woke again the old, old pain. Now that she saw them in black and white she realised how, despite all that had passed, she had hoped against them.

'Mrs. Darby Clancy, Baughan,' they stood, and below was the nurse's comment: 'Very critical.'

'Are your hands quite full nurse?' asked the matron without noticing the sudden pallor of Margot's face, 'or could you help Nurse O'Brien with some of her patients? She was already very busy, and now a young farmer's wife had been brought in—Mrs. Clancy, whose husband is paying for her, and who wants almost undivided attention. If only I could get another nurse from the Board! As it is now it is impossible that some of the inmates should not be in danger of being neglected.'

The certain result of neglect in a very critical state flashed across Margot's brain. She had already as much to do as she could possibly manage without encroaching on her hours of rest, yet she answered the matron as though this extra duty was a favor for which she was entreating.

'Mrs. Clancy is my cousin,' she said, 'and if I might attend to her it would leave Nurse O'Brien free for the others.'

'If you can manage it I shall be only too grateful,' replied the matron. And so it was settled.

Poor Polly! She was indeed in a critical state, and the doctor, quite as much overworked as were the nurses, shook his head over her. 'She has not been half-starved all her life, like many of those I have to attend,' he said, 'so that gives one something to start on, but even with your devotion, nurse, I'm afraid—'

It was indeed devotion. For a whole week Margot hardly gave herself time to close her eyes—fortunately, she thought, the other nurses were too much occupied to notice this transgression of rules—and she seemed to live solely and wholly for her patients, and above all for the wan, senseless woman above whose head was the name 'Mrs. Darby Clancy.'

At first sight Margot had hardly recognised her cousin. The full, red cheeks had fallen in and faded; the soft, fair hair had been cut off close to the burning heat; the white hands, once so soft and comfortable, were nothing but bone and skin.

On the fourth finger the broad gold band hung so loosely that Nurse O'Brien had been obliged to take it off and put it away in a place of safety. With that gone, it was easier to identify the sick woman with the plump, placid Polly of long ago, and both for her own sake and for the sake of him whose name she bore Nurse O'Leary made up her mind to drag her back to life again. And her efforts at last were crowned with success.

The ward had been partly cleared—some had gone to rest for ever—and Nurse O'Brien had time to notice her companion's weary looks and drawn, anxious face.

'You're worn out, Nurse,' she said, laying her hand kindly on Margot's shoulder. 'Come; you've done more than your share of work these days past, and now you must rest.'

'Let me stay a little longer—don't send me away yet,' whispered Margot entreatingly. 'She is sleeping now, and when she wakes we shall know how it is to be.'

The doctor had come up to them, and now he bent over Polly's bedside. 'There is no need to wait,' he said quietly. 'You can go now, for your work is done. You've saved your patient, Nurse O'Leary.'

For a day and a night Margot slept the dreamless sleep of pure exhaustion, and on the second morning she awoke rested and refreshed, ready to begin her work again; but Nurse O'Brien had taken her under her charge, and she was ordered out for 'half an hour's fresh air to blow away the infection.'

The soft morning winds touched her cheek caressingly, and she stood for a moment enjoying the breezes, fresh and life giving as they seemed to her, though they did come over the grey walls of the workhouse. The world seemed brighter to-day than it had been for years past. It was as though she had at last conquered in the fight that had been going on for so long in her heart. As she came nearer to the porter's lodge voices fell on her ears. People coming, in all probability, to ask after their sick relations. The epidemic was wearing itself out, and there was sad news for some; for others—for those at Baughan and Dera, there would be hope and gladness. The doctor's voice she could distinguish from amongst the others,

'No thanks to me,' he was saying. 'It was the nurse's unremitting care, and that alone, that saved her. Yes, you will find the matron in her room.'

Then, before the door opened, Margot knew that she was about to see young Darby again.

The passing of years had changed him more than it had changed her. He seemed taller, straighter than before, his clothes were dark, and had a town-made look about them. He was more alert than formerly, and he looked and moved like a man accustomed to obeying orders and being obeyed.

Polly, whom she had brought to life again, was his wife yet, after all these years of struggling to forget. Margot loved him—loved him still. How should she meet him? As he approached she bent her head to hide the crimson blushes that dyed her cheeks, and he would have passed her by, merely raising his hat, if something familiar in the figure had not struck him and made him look again.

'Margot!' he cried, standing before her. 'What was there in his tone?' Margot dared not stop to think. He had loved her once, but now he was Polly's husband.

'Yes, it is I,' she said quickly, holding out her hand. 'I came back when I was wanted, and—and I have saved her life for you.'

'Saved her life?' he repeated, only half believing his eyes and ears. 'Whose life?'

With an effort she forced the words from her lips: 'Polly's—your wife.'

'My wife?' The reproachful tone smote upon her, but he went on: 'Though you scorned my love and left me, in the eyes of Heaven you were my wife, and no other woman will ever have a right to the name. I have learnt something of the world since we parted, and I see now what a fool I was to think you could ever care for such a country clown as I was, but I loved you truly, Margot, then as now, and ever.'

'But—but Polly,' faltered Margot, trembling, scarcely daring to hope.

'Polly' My father married Polly. She's been my step-mother these years back. Margot, Margot, you never thought I'd marry her.'

One look between them was enough.

'Forgive me, Darby, forgive me!' she cried, and Nurse O'Brien, coming to look for her model helper, found her, regardless of contagion, clasped close in the arms of a stalwart, blue-eyed man.

As soon as she could be spared Nurse O'Leary sent in her papers to the Dublin hospital where she had striven and suffered and labored, and went back with Polly to Dera. But in the meantime she had learnt, from Darby and from his step-mother, the story of the past.

Old Darby was so firmly set on getting these fields that when his son failed him the only thing was to marry the girl himself, and this plan had answered so well that he soon forgave young Darby and was willing to take him back to favor again. But the loss of Margot had unsettled him too much; he could not stay in the spot where he had lost her, and, wandering away to Dublin, he had managed at last to get taken into the police force, so that Baughan only knew him during his yearly holiday. Two days ago he had come down, and one of his first visits had been to the infirmary to inquire after his step-mother: so that a whole long month of summer days lay before him.

For Margot, basking once more in the sun-bine of love and home they passed by too quickly; but when he left her it was not for long. Before many weeks had passed he came back to her again with the necessary permission, and they were married as joyfully and as happily as though waiting and parting were things unknown. And though more gladness came than sorrow to their little home out in the world, they always loved Baughan and Dera best, and when, after some years, young Darby's time was up, they came back to the old homestead, where, with increased capabilities and a nice little pension, the son was invaluable to his father, and in the house a very young Darby reigned supreme in the hearts of the mother and the granny, who both could claim the title of 'Darby Clancy's Wife.'—*Catholic Times*.

### The Catholic World.

**AUSTRIA.—Remarkable Coincidence.**—A home exchange is responsible for the following—Some 60 years ago six young ecclesiastics of the Catholic diocese of Rosenau, in Hungary, completed together their theological course in the seminary, and were together ordained priests. For 60 years they labored side by side as priests in the same diocese. On the same day they celebrated the diamond jubilee of their ordination. United as they had been in life, they were united in death, for within the space of two months all six have died, at the respective ages of 82, 83, 88, 86, 89, and 81.

**ENGLAND.—The Progress of the Church in London.**—Catholicism is showing marked progress in London. On Sunday, July 22, the Catholic annual procession in honor of the festival of Our Lady of Mount Carmel was held in the Italian quarter surrounding Saffron Hill, and was witnessed by dense crowds of people. The procession, which was formed at St. Peter's Italian Church, Hatton Garden, and marched through the principal streets of the neighborhood, comprised the League of the Cross Guards, the members of the Confraternity of the Most Holy Sacrament, and the Women's Confraternity of the Sacred Heart, five bands of music, Italian girls in national costume, school children cross-bearers, acolytes, altar boys, and the clergy. The majority of the houses in the streets in the immediate vicinity of the church were profusely decorated with flowers, flags, candles, and colored lights, whilst at