

"Oh, send her up," returned Mary, spreading out the material for the new dress on the table, and assuming an air of business. "Let us lose no more time, Grace."

Ellie hurried back before she had reached the stair-head, and, with her hand on the door-handle, the following short dialogue passed between her and Grace:

"Grace, we are going to play hide-and-go-seek in the stacks. Will you come?"

"I'd look well."

"Oh! my dear!" And Ellie turned away with a scornful toss of the head.

"We may as well see Mr. Lowe," Mary observed.

"I thought so," returned Grace, with a meaning smile.

The young gentleman was reading a letter, which so entirely engrossed his attention that he did not observe their entrance. On looking up, and seeing Miss Kearney, he crushed the letter into his pocket, and stammered something by way of apology for his apparent rudeness.

"Oh, by no means," said Mary. "I'm glad you will have a fine day for your ride."

"Yes," he replied, glad of an opportunity to look another way, "it is very fine. The mountain has quite a summer look."

"It is more like an autumn evening look," said Grace.

"Those little white clouds remind me of the last time I was on the mountain. Edmund and Arthur O'Connor were with us that day, Mary."

"I remember," she replied, quietly. "But let us not detain Mr. Lowe."

Mr. Lowe bowed; and, after assuring Mrs. Kearney that nothing could induce him to dine anywhere but with herself, he mounted the horse that Barney held for him, and rode slowly up the avenue.

"He certainly is in a sad way," Grace observed. "And there *must* be something strange in those letters, too."

"Maybe it is something about the tenants," returned Mary. "There are two of them to be ejected."

"That is quite a natural explanation," said Grace. "I wonder it never occurred to me."

"I hope 'tis nothing about my lease," observed Maurice Kearney, who had just come in, looking troubled and uneasy. "That rascal Pender'll never stop till he makes Sir Garrett as great a tyrant as Yellow Sam. I'm after giving that unfortunate man, Mick Brien, some straw to thatch his cabin that was stripped the night before last by the storm, and he tells me they are going to pull it down on him. I wouldn't stand in Pender's shoes this minute for the wealth of Damer. But," added Maurice Kearney, suddenly becoming cheerful, "if we could get Sir Garrett himself to come down for a week or two, all would be right.—Wattletoes," he shouted, as he reached the hall, "get the ass, and tell Mat to bring up a bag of the seed-wheat to Raheen to finish that corner. Jim and Ned are gone with the horses."

"There is knavery in every lineament of that old Pender's face," Grace observed. "He is even more odious than his ugly son. I declare Mr. Kearney is quite a judge of character; he described the pair to the life."

"Yes, he must be a good judge of character. I know a young lady he considers quite a treasure."

"Better than a piper in the house," added Grace, laughing. "Between Mr. Kearney and my friend Lory, I have some excuse for being a little vain—which, of course, I am not, however."

"Of course not," returned Mary.

(To be continued.)

There is no holier way to prove our gratitude for what we have received than to share it with a needier brother, and the measure of our merit before Our Father in heaven will be the stinting of ourselves that others may not want.

PROMINENT BANDSMEN.

The recent band contests have once again proved that there is nothing to equal Fluenzol for keeping the mouth moist and cool, and Q-tol for cracked lips.

Evening Memories

(By WILLIAM O'BRIEN.)

CHAPTER XXVIII.—(Continued.)

A still worse stroke of fate was to follow. Even after the Divorce Court proceedings there need never have been a Split. The agonies of a ten years' Split were incurred by Irishmen, rather than dismiss Gladstone to his political grave when he declared that "the continuance of Mr. Parnell at the present moment in the leadership of the Irish Party . . . would render my retention of the Leadership of the Liberal Party, based as it has been mainly upon the prosecution of the Irish Cause, almost a nullity." The astounding revelation is now made to us that these words were, on second thoughts, struck out of his draft letter by Gladstone himself, and were only restored for reasons having no relation to any morals better than electioneering morals on the insistence of an Englishman whose fidelity to the Irish Cause was trusted even more than Gladstone's own by Ireland, and indeed to the end by Parnell. Of all men, the fatal stab came from Brutus! The words which exacted from Ireland the cruellest sacrifice in all her pitiful history, and wrecked her hopes for a generation, would never have seen the light if Gladstone's own judgment had not been over-ridden by Mr. John Morley, of all faithless human kind.* However, there were still a spring, a summer, and an autumn before us during which our hopes were at their highest. O'Shea might, as Parnell anticipated, flinch from the ordeal, or he might leave the court a man too deeply disgraced to be worth further public notice. The one contingency which no imagination could conceive was a quarrel between Gladstone and Parnell which would split a united Irish race asunder, and a quarrel which, as we now know from the man who precipitated it, need never have occurred.

And now to gratify children, old and young, with a happy ending of the present book in the old-fashioned way. It is not really an end; there were still twenty-five years of toil and trouble to be endured by my wife and myself, before we could reach a home of peace; but, for the "happy" part of the description, it is as ineffably true as anything can ever be that is written of a world where "man never is, but always to be, blest." An indefinable influence had come into my life during my Galway imprisonment of 1889. Some communications had reached the Governor from a lady in Paris which he strained his duty so far as to put into my hands. There was some subtle spell about these little messages, written though they were in a strange tongue, which the Governor's all

*In his *Recollections* (Macmillan, 1917) Viscount Morley makes his extraordinary confession (which was withheld in his *Life of Gladstone*) in these words: "At 8 to dinner in Stratton Street. I sat next to Granville, and next to him was Mr. G. We were all gay enough, and as unlike as possible to a marooned crew. Towards the end of the feast, Mr. G. handed to me, at the back of Granville's chair, the draft of the famous letter in an unsealed envelope. While he read the Queen's speech to the rest, I perused and re-perused the letter; Granville also read it. I said to Mr. G. across Granville, 'But you have not put in the very thing that would be most likely of all things to move him.' Harcourt again regretted that it was addressed to me and not to P., and agreed with me that it ought to be strengthened as I had indicated if it was meant really to affect P.'s mind. Mr. G. rose, went to the writing table, and with me standing by, wrote, on a sheet of Arnold M.'s grey paper, the important insertion. I marked then and put under his eyes the point at which the insertion was to be made and put the whole into my pocket. Nobody else but H. was consulted about it or saw it." Had the Irish Party been made aware of the facts now divulged by Lord Morley, the scenes in Committee Room 15 would never have taken place. Ireland's reputation for chastity stood in no need of defence. The hypocrisy of the Liberal politicians can only be measured by reflecting what would have been their own action, if the proposal were one to cashier Nelson, on the eve of the Battle of Trafalgar, because Lady Hamilton's husband had called at the Admiralty to make his complaint.

E. S. Robson

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