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"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, January 20, 1889.

Selected Poetry.

WE TOO HAVE AUTUMNS.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

How have autumns, when our leaves
Drop loosely through the dampened air,
When all our good seems bound in sheaves,
And we stand reaped and bare.

Our seasons have no fixed returns,
Without our will they come and go;
At noon our sudden summer burns,
The sunset all is snow.

But such they bring less summer cheer,
Clings more our ineffectual spring,
And something earlier every year
The singing birds take wing.

As less the golden glow abides,
And less the chiller lead aspires,
With frost wood leached in past spring tides,
We fight our sullen fires.

By the pinched sunlight's starving beam,
We cover and strain our wasted sight,
To catch youth's shroud up, seen by seam,
In the long Arctic night.

It was not so—once we were young—
When spring to womanly Summer turning,
The dew drops on each grass blade strong,
In the sunrise burning.

We trosted then, aspired, believed
That earth would be re-made to-morrow—
Why give up undecieved?
Why ever up faith for sorrow?

Oh, those whose days are yet all spring,
Frost, lighted once, is just retrieving;
Experience is a dumb, dead thing;
The victory is in believing.

Selected Case.

(From the Dublin University Magazine.)

Life and Death in Tipperary.

A Story Founded on Fact.

CHAPTER I.

There was a brilliant one to those who
passed it. The barn was wide, high and
spacious, so that no inequalities incom-
moded the footing of the dancers. Goodly
candlesticks were stuck in the corners
of the apartment, flaring out luridly, as the
flames of each wavered and flickered in a
draft that occasionally pierced the chinks of
the doors.

Neddy Noger, the half-blind fiddler, with
his eyebrows and eyelashes, and Jack Mullin,
the whole-blind pipemaker, sat near each other
at the head of the ball-room, now and then
changing low words of conversation, and
smiling mysteriously, while the young
lads of the party were ranged modestly
along, in a line against one of the walls,
arrayed in the splendor of new and gaudy
new gowns, and waiting to be bowed out of
their seats by the gallant youth, who formed
the opposition line of attraction. There were
some, knots of elderly and married women,
who had come to look on and gossip together;
and prevailing the atmosphere strongly was
an odor of tobacco and whiskey—for Neddy and
Jack liked whiskey and poteen, and whenever
the dancers paused to rest themselves, each
regaled himself to his heart's content.

Now, Neddy, give us the reel of Tullyngly,
said out a dashing young fellow with a
proportion of dark hair and whiskers, and a bandit
glint in his black eye, as he started from his
seat and stood on the middle of the floor;
strike it up, man, for it's the best tune you
know."

"Bedad, that's true for ye, Peter Fogarty,"
said a dwarfish little woman, scarcely four feet
high, who stood among a group of lookers-on;
but it's herself that knows what's what."
The last speaker stood all in the freedom
of the floor for the second time in her life, and
with a size of her large head and short figure, was
a favorite with the darker sex.

"Catch Pety ever makin' a mistake about
the pertinence of a tune or anything else,"
observed an elderly unmarried female, whose
stares and wits had become sharpened by time;
and, instinctively, as she spoke, her eye wandered
to a spot where the fairest girl in the barn was
dancing. Never did the West-end ball room
show a more beautiful creature. Slight
and graceful, with features nobly formed, and
eyes slightly flushed, she sat leaning against
a black wall of the barn, her red lips a little
parted, as if to disclose teeth like pearls.
There was much pride in the expression of her
countenance—almost haughty; and her eye had
always look, as if her eye was not content
with anything present; her dress was neat,
and arranged in many a glossy braid, and
a small hand that she raised occasionally to
wipe upon her forehead, showed she was not
contented to hard work. The eyes of Mrs.
Fagan, the before-mentioned dwarfish widow,
followed the direction of those of her compan-
ions, and something of grave distrust was mark-
ed upon her countenance as she contemplated
the figure of the barn belle; and when she
caught her eyes from her, she fixed them
upon the athletic form of Peter Fogarty with
strange, uncertain expression. Neddy Noger
was playing his fiddle, displaying during the
dance many a grotesque contortion of visage,
and to such operations, and having tight-
ened the strings and given a screw here and
there, commenced the first note of Tullyngly.
Peter Fogarty approached the spot
where the beauty of night was sitting, and with
a bow, by no means ungraceful bow before
the dancing dance. Perhaps one or two peo-
ple in the barn might have observed that an-
other young man had started from his position
against the wall, as soon as Neddy's first
round of the reel were poured forth, and with
his hand upon the beautiful Nelly Dillon, had
his hand pressed upon her for his part-

ner; but on seeing that Peter Fogarty was
too quick for him, he shrunk back with a crest-
fallen air, and sat down again, as if dancing
with any one but Nelly could afford him no
pleasure.

"It isn't fair to ask me to dance so often,
Pety," murmured Nelly, as she arose to become
Fogarty's partner.

"Musha faith, an' I have as much right to
you as any one here," replied the youth in an
undertone, with a quick flash of his dark eye.
Very dejected and perturbed was the crest-
fallen Denis Ryan, as he sat against the barn
wall, looking on the ground, while Neddy No-
ger's arm waxed more vigorous each moment,
filling the apartment with the strains of Tully-
ngly, which were kept time to by the clatter
of a score of feet.

"Isn't it a pity that a body can't stay long-
er?" murmured a pretty young woman with a
consumptive flush on her cheek, as, at the
close of this dance, she caught up a sleepy
child in her arms, and prepared to leave the
barn. "See what it is to be married, Mrs. Fa-
gan, with half a dozen children!" and with a
sigh of real regret, the fair young mother de-
parted.

"Nancy the crathur's sorry to go so early,"
said Mrs. Fagan, nodding her large head
gravely, as a whiff of wind, consequent on the
opening and closing of the door, blew through
the barn. "They say the husband bates her,
an' more shame 'tis for him. What'd ye say to
that, Pety Fogarty? Has a man a right to
bate his wife?"

"To be sure he has if she deserves it," re-
plied Peter, shortly.

"Then may ye never have a wife, bad cess
to ye!" shouted Mrs. Fagan, flinging a clod
of turf at him. "Now girls, what'd ye say to
that? Which of ye'd take him after them
words?"

"Oh, not one of them, to be sure!" exclaim-
ed Pety, with a half-sneering expression. "I
wouldn't like to make the trial, Mrs. Fagan."

"Maybe ye think ye'd get any o' them ye
liked," retorted Mrs. Fagan.

"Ay, and them I didn't like, maybe, too,"
said Pety.

There was a shout raised at this; and as
Fogarty's tall figure stood erect in the middle
of the barn, muttered sentences of "Bad luck
to his impudence! Set him up indeed." "I'd
like him to go to ask for me." "Did ye ever
hear the like?" ran through the female depart-
ment, while, among the men, some smiled, be-
cause the girls were vexed, and others looked
as fierce and angry as jealousy could make
them. Pety, who seemed the moving spirit of
the scene, now called for another tune, and
with a quickness peculiar to her, Mrs. Fagan
saw that he was meditating another dance with
Nelly Dillon, when she called out:

"Here, Pety, ye'd better take the widow
this time, for bedad I don't think any o' the
girls'll like to dance wid ye after what has
passed!" and stepping forward, the lively Mrs.
Fagan snuck her hands in her sides, and jigged
away, throwing her head from side to side,
with movements more comical than graceful.

"Oh, with all the pleasure in life," replied
Fogarty, gallantly, "I'm highly honored;" and
amid the laughter of many present, the quick-
witted widow became his partner.

"Isn't Betty Fagan the pleasant woman?"
whispered Nelly Dillon to her next neighbor,
who fully assented to the observation. With
all her seeming careless gaiety, Mrs. Fagan
had some very deep thoughts, too; and, as
she stood before her chosen partner, she gave
a sly glance of encouragement to Denis Ryan,
as she observed him advancing slowly to the
fair Nelly, who, as well as her partner, looked
confused and sheepish when she got up to
dance. Everything pleasant must have an
end in this world, and so had the dance that
night in the barn. The candles grew shorter
and shorter; one by one the elderly women
dropped away; and such sentences as "Come,
Kitty, how will you be up for the washin' to-
morrow?" or "Oh, bedad I'm
fairly bet out now anyhow wid the sleep!"
or "Ah, thin, musha I wish a body could
dance for ever!" burst forth from the lips
of sundry fair ones as the party was breaking
up.

"Dinn Ryan's to go home wid you, Nelly,"
said the Widow Fagan, as she strutted over
to Nelly Dillon. "Yer father laid them com-
mands upon me. 'Bet,' says he, 'if you see
Dinn at the dance, let him, an' no other,
bring Nelly home.' So I said I'd go wid you
myself, only I'm going off wid Dan Phelan to
the fair of Knockmyle; an' I'm not intendin'
to go home at all."

"And was Dillon afraid I'd run away wid
Nelly?" asked Pety Fogarty, with a dark
sneer on his face, which the shrewd widow re-
marked quickly enough.

"Oh, bedad, there's many's the one I'd be
glad to make off wid her," she replied jok-
ingly.

"He isn't afraid of Dinn, though," observed
Peter, dryly.

"Dinn's a neighbor's son, you know, and
Pat has every dependence upon the family.
Besides that, you know," lowering her voice,
"Dinn's so quiet in himself, he's a most like a
young woman."

Peter looked out darkly into the night. The
barn door was wide open, and the stars glim-
mered faintly in the sky. He had scarcely
gone many steps when a light figure came hur-
riedly towards him, and a hand gently touched
his arm.

"Pety?" "Well, Nelly."

"Keep out o' mischief anyhow," whispered
Nelly; and with this parting injunction she
left him to join Denis Ryan, who was waiting
to escort her home. The night, though breezy,
had a warmth very unusual at that season of
the year. It was already November, and still
the blackberries hung on the bramble bushes,
and the hoarse croak of the rail could be heard
far in the meadows. Denis and Nelly took a
short cut through the fields, and for some
time their walk was pursued in silence. At
last Denis spoke:

"I'm thinkin' Nelly, you can't care for me
as much as I care for you, or you wouldn't vex
me the way you do, dancin' an' coherin' wid
that ill-conducted fellow, Peter Fogarty, forin'
every body."

"What can I do when he speaks to me?"
asked Nelly in a slightly offended tone. "Didn't
I know him since he was the light o' that?"
laying her hand very near the ground indeed;
and when he calls me to dance I can't re-
fuse; it wouldn't be manners."

"Be sure, if you weren't civil to him he
wouldn't be wid ye so often," said Denis. "The
country's talkin' of ye all round, sayin' yer
makin' a fool o' me."

"Who cares what the country says?" said
Nelly, whose eye flashed in the starlight; "it
says many's the thing that isn't true."

"But Nelly, I've got eyes myself," murmur-
ed Ryan.

"Dinn!" exclaimed the girl passionately,
"if I thought you doubted me, even for a min-
ute, I'd have you at your feet! I'd never open
my lips to bid ye the time o' day again!" And
as she uttered the words her proud face looked
prouder than ever. "Were one o' Pat Dillon's
children counted to tell lies; and haven't I
told you over and over again, that I'd never
care for one as I care for you?"

"I know that Nelly; but—"

"Not a sentence more!" interrupted Nelly,
"you've got my word that enough."

The white walls of farmer Dillon's house
now rose up to view. It was a comfortable
domicile, clean and tidy, and more commodious
than the generality of such houses in Ireland.
It had its yard and garden, its detached out-
offices; and the goodly-sized hagert in the
rear was still stocked with potatoes, waiting to
be dug out for winter and spring use. There
was hay and straw in abundance, already ga-
thered in, and altogether an air of peace and
plenty reigned around the rustic home. Pat
was as honest a man as Tipperary could boast
of; and Tipperary has its true hearts as well
as any other county in Ireland. Not one of
them had ever cracked a skull, or fired at a
landlord in his life; and no relative of the
family, for the last thirty years, had been hung,
which was saying a good deal of the Tipperary
respectability of the Dillons.

Pat had two daughters. The older one a
steady, dark-haired maiden who eschewed
dances and merry-meetings; the other our fair
friend, Nelly, who was the youngest of the
family, and pet and pride of the house. The
farmer had for some time been aware that
Denis Ryan was attached to his pretty daugh-
ter; and as he belonged to a family quite as
respectable as his own, and was, moreover,
a well-conducted, handsome young fellow, nei-
ther he nor his wife had any objections to a
match taking place between the young people.
Denis had, certainly nothing to fear from his
sweetheart's parents; but there were times
when a dread entered his breast that Nelly was
influenced by her family in receiving his
attentions and tolerating his addresses. There
were dark rumors afloat that she and Peter
Fogarty had been lovers, even in childhood;
and well he knew that, as a wild lad in his
teens, Peter had hovered round Nelly, contin-
ually devoted to her every wish. If Nelly had
wanted a bird's nest from the top of the high-
est tree, who had she always to climb for it?
Pety, and did he ever refuse her? Oh, no!
he never did; nor would he if she had asked
him to do as much more for her. He gathered
flowers from wild hills, and berries from the
mountains for her, as offerings of his youthful
love; and if he had shot a snipe or woodcock
he presented it always to her. His boyish
adoration may have passed away; but if had,
it was only succeeded by the deep adoring love
of manhood. Ardent of temperament, Fogarty
loved her almost to madness; and it can
hardly cause surprise that he looked upon Denis
Ryan, who was allowed to pay his court, as a
dangerous and hateful rival. There were
dark reports about Pety in the neighborhood.
He bore a doubtful character; and though,
as yet, no accusation of crime had been made
against him, and it was whispered abroad that
he was not "a safe person." Yet, somehow,
the girls liked him; and, perhaps, not a few
were a little envious of the notice he bestowed
upon Nelly Dillon. Among his own sex, how-
ever, he was looked upon as quite a black
sheep; and there was not a farmer in the
neighborhood who would have liked a daughter or
sister to become his wife.

Nelly and Denis parted at the house pretty
good friends, and the latter returned to his own
home, a little relieved of some of his misgivings,
respecting his sweetheart's regard for Fogarty,
though he still wished Nelly would more firmly
resist the attentions of his rival. He feared
the "country talk;" and to hear her conduct
commented upon did not please him.

Some where near his own house he encoun-
tered a solitary figure bearing a blunderbuss;
on nearer inspection it proved to be Fogarty, who,
with a quick "fine night," passed him rapidly.
Denis stopped to look after him, and he thought
Pety stopped, too, but he could not be sure;
perhaps it was only a bush that he took for his
figure in the dim starlight.

"What work is he up to now?" thought
Ryan, as he proceeded on his way.

CHAPTER II.

"Did ye hear the news, girls?" asked Pat
Dillon, as he came into breakfast next morning.

"No father; what is it?" asked the elder
daughter, Kitty.

"Why, it's said for certain that Tom Gro-
gan, the gauger, was killed either last night or
this mornin'. He was found with his head
smashed to bits, down near the Devil's Pass, a
few hours ago."

"The saints be good to us," ejaculated Kitty,
as she placed a loaf on the table; but it was
evident that the information caused her com-
paratively little emotion—not that she was par-
ticularly selfish or hard-hearted, but she was a
Tipperary damsel, and accounts of midnight
murders, or daylight assassinations, could not
be expected to affect her nerves very power-
fully. At the time we write of, and, mayhap,
it is pretty much the same at the present pe-
riod, there was scarcely a resident country gen-
tleman in the county that did not expect to
have his life terminated at some time or other
by a shot fired from behind a hedge, or whose
death, under such circumstances, would have
caused more than a few moments' surprise to
his neighbors. To hear that a man was mur-
dered in this *local*, occasioned about as much
wonder as might have been excited in any
other place by the information that a neigh-
bor's cow or horse was discovered drowned in a
pond.

"Grogan was a quiet man, then," said Kitty
as she went on getting breakfast.

"He was better, maybe, than them that'll
come in his place," said Dillon, shaking his
head; "but you see he did something to vex
them fellows that keeps the still above Knock
shea, and it's likely they were bent on killin'
him."

"I wonder had Pety Fogarty any hand in
it?" said Kitty.

"I wouldn't put it past him," observed Dil-
lon, gravely; "an' if there's anything I dislike
it's that sort of underhand murder. Why, a
regular fair fight's another different thing—it's
an honest war; but waylayin' an unsuspectin'
man's cowardly and thief like." And having
uttered this sentiment the farmer proceeded to
eat a hearty, homely breakfast.

During the repast Nelly had not spoken
much; but a quick flush passed over her face
whenever her father or sister mentioned the
name of Fogarty; and by the tone in which
both spoke of him, it was very evident that
they had a marked meaning in condemning his
mode of life.

"If I had my will," said Dillon, "I would-
n't wish ever to see Pety inside the door."

"For I either," replied Kitty. "I don't
know how it is, or what the cause of it can be,
but he makes me thimble almost when I see
him."

"Then why does he ever come here?" asked
her father. "It's not to see me, I'm sure; for
him an' I isn't in any ways friendly; his long
time; an' now I'll be still all out wid him on
account of this business of Grogan. I hear,
Nelly, that you an' Pety danced a dale togeth-
er last night."

"We did, father," said Nelly, as boldly as
she could, while her heart quivered nervously.

"He is as impudent as brass," added Kitty,
emphatically, without looking at Nelly, who,
nevertheless, felt pained by the tone of her
sister's voice.

"Can't we have done wid him entirely, and
give him no more encouragement?" said Dillon.
"I'm sure, if ye, girls, 'd give him the treat-
ment he deserves, he'd soon stop comin' to the
house."

"Bedad, I look black enough at him," re-
plied Kitty, with sincerity.

Nelly's face was pale, her lips compressed,
and a dark light beamed from her downcast
eye. That she was agitated, and yet endeavor-
ing to suppress all sign of emotion was very
evident.

"Fogarty's father was a decent man," said
Dillon, after a pause; "an' him an' I were
comrades many a year ago. I'm not the man
to give up the son of an old friend, if he be-
haved respectable in himself; but I'm the last
man in Tipperary to countenance an idle schemin'
fella like Pety, an' what's more I wouldn't wish
to have it reported that he an' me, or any one
belonging to me, was great wid other. Glory
be to God, I'd rather see one o' my daughters
in her coffin than married to the same Pety
Fogarty!"

"An' small blame to ye, father," rejoined
Kitty, as she hastily moved the fire.

"Neither I nor yer mother 'd hold up our
heads another hour if the like happened," con-
tinued Pat.

"It's not here that Pety'll ever dream of
looking for a wife, I'm thinkin'," said Kitty
with a short laugh, and a furtive look at her
sister, whose head was now bent low over a
stocking she was knitting.

"He may look if he likes, but he'll never
get one out o' my house," observed Dillon,
significantly as he arose from the table and quit-
ted the house.

When he was gone, the sisters did not speak
for some time. Nelly continued her knitting,
and Kitty went about putting up the breakfast
things—wiping cups and saucers carefully be-
fore ranging them on the white, well scoured
dresser; then she swept the floor, and taking
her spinning-wheel from the corner where it
usually past the night, placed it in a more con-
venient position for use. There was soon a
monotonous sound whizzing through the ap-
artment, as Kitty sat before her wheel, drawing
down a great mop of flax by slender threads.
Almost in total silence the two girls thus sat
pursuing their occupations, till the dinner hour
arrived, bringing in their father and brothers;
their mother had not yet returned from the
fair at Knockmyle. After partaking of a
very hasty meal, eaten without the least ap-
petite, Nelly declared her intention of going
to meet her mother, observing that she had
promised to do so, to help to carry parcels for
her.

"Very well," replied her father; "you'll not
have to go far, for she said she'd be home afore
nightfall. Her an' Bet Fagan was to come
home wid other."

Nelly went to put on her cloak, whose hood
was to serve as a covering for her pretty head;
and as she was adjusting it, she heard her father
observe to his sons, "Boys, I'm thinkin'
we ought to put a stop to all acquaintance
wid Pety Fogarty; it's high time it was
done, for he's not fit company for decent peo-
ple."

"Faith he's not," said the elder son; "it's
disgrace to have any call to him; an' bedad,
there's a nice report givin' that him an' Nelly's
makin' up a match!"

"Who says it?" asked Dillon, sternly.—
"Who dar' say it? Come here, Nelly, and
tell us what reason people has to talk this
way."

"They think, I suppose, they have a right to
say what they like," replied Nelly.

"That's no answer," said Dillon sternly, as
he took her arm. "D'ye hear, little girl—an'
mind it's yer father's speakin' to ye—if I knew
you to give Fogarty the last encouragement
in the world, I'd never look at you more—
Promise now—there's a good colleen, an' ye
needn't look so frightened—that ye won't spake
to him ever again, more than to bid him the
time o' day."

The girl was silent; her brothers looked
grave, with eyes bent on the floor.

"Will ye spake out, Nelly Dillon?" cried the
father in a tone of authority.

Still the girl stood silently before him; her
face pale as ashes, and an indignant light
burning in her eye. Seldom before had Pat
Dillon spoken so hastily to his pet child; but
now he was trembling with passion, as he again
seized her arm, exclaiming—

"Say that you'll not spake or dance any
more with Pety Fogarty, as ye value yer father's
good opinion, and don't stand there like a
obstinate mule!"

"No father I'll never promise that," replied
Nelly in a firm voice.

"And why not, young woman?"

"Because I'll never say the thing I don't
intend to keep to; an' if you an' all here think
Pety Fogarty's more to me than my own peo-
ple, sure you're welcome to think it," and with
an air of mortified pride the damsel hastily left
the house.

"She never told me a lie yet," said Dillon
as soon as she was gone; "an' it's not the likes
of her that id go for to bring disgrace on her
people."

CHAPTER III.

The November evening grew swiftly dusky
—a sultriness almost oppressive was in the at-
mosphere; scarcely a leaf was stirring, so still
was the air. Gradually, however, as the night
advanced, a murmuring breeze ran through the
tree tops, by degrees swelling into a stiff gale;
thick dark clouds hung over the distant moun-
tains, and the muttering of far-off thunder
broke upon the ear.

"That'll be the terrible night," murmured
Kitty Dillon, as she looked out upon the storm.

"Glory! there's a flash in earnest!" And for
an instant a gleam of forked lightning danced
in jagged brightness through the kitchen, fol-
lowed by a loud rattling peal of thunder. "I
hope mother and Nelly isn't under that rain,"
she continued, closing the door.

"They're takin' shelter somewhere, you may
be sure," replied Dillon lighting his pipe com-
posedly; "they wouldn't be that foolish to
come on till the storm's over."

Kitty waited for an hour beyond the usual
time, before getting supper ready, but at length
seeing no sign of her mother's arrival, she pre-
pared it, and it was partaken of with some sol-
emnity, as the thunder crashed louder and
louder, and the rain splashed violently, till riv-
ulets streamed down hill-sides to the plains be-
low. A few stragglers dropped in for shelter,
and fresh fuel being piled on the fire, there was
a good deal of conversation touching the storm.

Various anecdotes were told respecting cattle
killed, men struck senseless, and whole houses
burnt up by lightning—all of which served to
burgle the time, though they certainly did not
contribute much towards supporting Kitty's
spirits, or allaying her fears of being suddenly
killed by lightning, or seeing some of her com-
panions laid prostrate each moment.

One intelligent, elderly wayfarer, who seem-
ed to possess a very extensive knowledge of
thunderstorms in general, told a remarkably
edifying story relative to lightning and Orange-
ism in the North.

"It's a good many years ago, now," he said,
drawing near the fire and replenishing his pipe,
"that I knew Phil Branegan in the county
Monaghan—a decent man he was till the devil
got possession of him; an' it happened that he
had a convalescent house that the Orange lads
thought id answer for a lodge. What did they
do but ask him to let it to them—an', bedad
though he scrupled about it first, knowin' well
it wasn't holy to have anything to say to them
fellows—the thought o' gain came into his
head, glory to the Lord—an' he agreed to give
the place up to them for a brave sum o' money.
The night afore the Orange meetin' was to be
held in it, he was gettin' every thing ready for
to go out the next mornin' when the awfullest
storm arose. I mind it well, an' bedad the
hall-rooms were as big as new prairies, and the
lightnin' was flamin' out o' the sky like a hun-
dred burnt brimstone candles. Well, to make a
long story short, Phil Branegan was knocked
dead as a door nail, and half the house was
burnt away. Father Pat Reilly was the first
that entered the next day; for there wasn't one
but him wasn't afraid to put a foot in it till he
had stood in it himself, and search was made
every where for the money Phil got from the Orange-
men; but the sorta farthin' o' it, glory to God,
could ever be found; so that if the devil him-
self didn't swally it, no one knew what ken of
it. There wasn't one that don't think Branegan
was kilt, because he let his house to the
Orange lads; an' sure enough it had the ap-
pearance of it."

"I wouldn't b'lieve it," said Dillon in a
tone of scepticism. "Them mericles doesn't hap-
pen now-a-days; and as to the disappearance of
the money, it's very likely some crafty fella got
in and took it afore the rest of the neighbors
gathered in."

"O, bedad, there wasn't one in it afore
Father Pat himself," replied the intelligent
story teller.

"Ah, thin, there's plenty of Orange lodges
in the North still," continued Dillon; "an' the
Almighty wouldn't go for to destroy one in
particular that way. Depend upon it it was
just an accident, like the way Mick Doolan's
brown beller was kilt by a thunderbolt last
Lammas."

"Pat Dillon, ye may talk—but it was the
quarre accident; an' b'lieve me, no one, after
that, had anything to say to the Orangemen
in them parts."

"It isn't many Orangemen we've got here,"

said Dillon, putting a coal in his pipe; "an'
I'm blest if we're any the bether of it. Sure
Tipperary's noted for murder and misconduct
all over the world!"

"There's a sperit in the Tipperary lads that
isn't to be found any where else in Ireland,"
rejoined a powerful, rather ragged man, who
was dripping with rain; "they're a mane set in
the North, bearin' every oppression and insult,
widout as much as liftin' a finger to right them-
selves. If every county was like Tipperary, Ire-
land id be a different place."

"Bedad if the Tipperary lads id keep their
sperit to work in the fields, in place of shoot-
in' all afore them, there id be greater comfort
under every roof," said Dillon, with determi-
nation.

"Well Pat Dillon, you're quarre notions
any how," said the large dripping man, who
having got some supper, and seeing the storm
was abating, prepared to depart with his com-
panions.

"It's time mother was here," observed Kitty
as she looked into the night. It was near ten
o'clock now; and the moon and stars were
again visible in a clear blue sky. She had
hardly spoken the words, when two female fig-
ures were seen leisurely approaching the house.

"Here they are, father!" said Kitty eagerly;
"let me blow up the fire a bit." And stepping
down, she blew some hoarse strong breaths
upon the half smouldering turf and sticks
till they blazed brightly. In a few moments
she heard her mother's voice exclaiming:—

"Ah, thin, Nelly, how well ye kem to meet
me, after all your fine talk, and me half kilt
with the basket: its four stone weight, if its
an ounce!"

Turning hastily around Kitty beheld her
mother and Bet Fagan standing in the kitchen.

"Where's Nelly?" she exclaimed in surprise.
"How would I know?" rejoined Mrs. Dillon
sharply. She was a determined faced
woman, about fifty, most industrious and most
strong, with one of those unbending in pla-
cable styles of visage often beheld among honest
folk.

"The sorta sight o' Nelly we seen the night,"
replied Bet Fagan, shortly