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siler, and are printed in The Tribune by special arrangement, simultaneous with their appearance in the leading daily journals of the large cities).

A curse is laid on one long narrow strip | his voice, "that I have no concern in th O'Mahonys Carbery, or the O'Mahonys Fonn-farturach, or any other? I do not take heed of Conogher of Ardintenant, or If the sea down in front of Dunlogher. No matter how lifeless the sunlit air may hang above, no matter how silken smooth the face of the waters nearest by, lifting themselves without a ripple in the most These of Rosbrin, or Donogh of Dunman-us, or Donal of Learncon. I will give them all my bidding to do, and they will do it, or I will kill them and spoil their castles. ndolent r summer swell-an angry churn-

ing goes always forward here. Disordered currents will never tire of their coiling and writhing somewhere underneath; the surface is streaked with sinister markings like black shadows, which yet are no shadows at all, and these glide without ceasing out and in among the twisted lines of gray-white scum, and everything moves and nothing changes, till Judgment Day. It has the name of the Slighe Mhulrcheartaigh (spoken Shlee Vurharthee), or the Path of Murtogh.

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Though 'tis well known that the grandest ling and turbot and wonderful other big fishes lie swaying themselves in the depths of this wicked water, with giant



We to the Brink Itself ?" He Asked

crayfish and crabs to bear them company, and Crookhaven, and even the strangers and I swear there is a movement under my from Cape Clear, would not buy a soul feet. But elsewhere there is none, not in net through it. They have a graving a net through it. They have a great wish to please the buyers in the English ships, and the Scotch and Manx. Oh, yes; but a meddle in "Murty's Path." They steer their boats far to one side, and bless them-selves as they pass in the manner of their arship, as I have heard, and he made an

fathers and grandfathers before them. These poor men, having not much of the Irish now, and not rightly understanding Irish now, and not rightly understanding what their elders may have heard the truth of, say this snake-like forbidding laid at his own desire under a weight of truth of, say this snake-like forbidding stretch bears its name from Murty Oge of Stone like my wall here. I saw even then how foolish it was. These landsmen have no proper sense. How will they rise at the blessed resurrection, with all that bur-yanguished privateer spun and twirled at have a better understanding them down? I have a better understanding the the to be the stone to bold them down? I have a better understanding the the to be the stone to bold them down? I have a better understanding the to be the stone to bold them down? I have a her keel through the foam on its savage last journey from Castletown to Cork. But it is enough to look down at this evil yonder in the sea. And I will be buried place to see that the malediction upon it must be older than Murty Oge's time, have other children'-he stole a swift must be older than Murty Oge's time, which, in the sight of Dunlogher, was as yesterday. Why, men are living this year who talked with men who saw his head spiked over South Gate. There were no great curses left unused in Ireland at so inte a day as his. And serih, would it he

behind poor Murty Oge. The strange cur-rents weave and twine, and the greasy foam spreads and gathers, gathers and spreads in the path of another, whose birthright it was that they should baptize given you, birthright it was that they should baptize him. The true tals is of Murty, the Proud, or, if you will have his style from the book of Shull Wittersh Worden.

them go," he suggested, "or-I mean it them go," he suggested, "or-I mean it well to you, Murty-or breaking husbands' hearts with vows of cellbacy." The O'Mahony pushed the old man from him. "Then if she be a saint," he cried, "why, then, ft were better for me to make ten thousand more bilnd men like you, and tear my own eyes out, and lead you all headlong over the cliff there than risk the littlest offense to her pure soul." The old bard held out a warning hand, 'People are coming!' he said. Then glid-ng toward his chief, he seized the protecting arm again, and patted it and fawned against it. "Where you go, Murty," he said engerly, "I follow. What you say, I Some dancing lights had suddenly re-

vealed themselves at the corner of the nearest castle wall. Murtogh had not re-alized before that it was dusk. "They will be looking for me," he said, and moved forward, guiding his companion's steps, The thought that with Owny it was always dark rose in him and drove other thing away. Three men with torches came up-rough

or I will kill them and sport then Cashes You could not behold it, but you have your song from the words of others how last year I fell upon Diarmaid Bhade and crushed him and his house, and slew his son and brought away his herds. His en with bare legs and a single shirt-lik tunic of yellow woolen cloth, and uncov ered heads with tangled and matted shocks of black hair. The lights they bore

father's father and mine were brothers. He is nearer to me in blood than the rest, yet I would not spare him. I made his Ballydevlin a nest for owls and bats. Let the others observe what I did. I am in Dunlogher, and L am the O'Mehome hin ogh, son of Donogh Bhade, who fled to Spain. He is called Father Donatus now." Dunlogher, and I am the O'Mahony here,

Dunlogher, and I am the O Mahony here, and I look the sun in the face like an eagle. Put that to your song?" The sound came to them from the walled bawn and gateways beyond the Three Cas-tles, a hundred yards behind, of voices in

commotion. The old bard lifted his head, and his brow scored itself in lines of lis-tening attention. If Murtogh heard he young man with breeches and a sword who comes to you from the king of Spain. Murtogh straightened himself and disen gave no sign, but gazed again in medita-tion out upon the vast waste of waters, gaged the arm of the blind man. "Rur forward you two," he ordered, sharply "and call all the men from the bawns and blackened now as the purple reflections of

"Blind men have senses that others lack," he remarked at last. "Tell me, you, does the earth we stand on seem ever to you to be turning round?" I will not have any man talk but merely Owny shuddered a little at the thought or thrust himself into notice. We were

which came to him, "When you led me kings of Rathlin, and we have our own out beyond here, and I felt the big round matters to discuss with the kings of ca pinks under my feet, and remembered Spain." they grew only on the very edge"-he

egan "Not that," the chief broke in, "'tis no my meaning. But at Rosbin there was a book writ by Fineen, the son of Diarmaid, an uncle to my father's father, and my father heard it read from this book that the world turned round one way, like a luck on a spit, and the sun turned round gate, the other way, and that was why we were

and the Scotch and Manx. Oh, yes; but a creel of gold would not tempt them to meddle in "Murty's Path." They steer their boats far to one side, and block there the walked; the vast weight and thickness of the breast and shoulders, under the thin summer cloak of cloth from the Low ountries, which he held wrapped tight

end to edify the angels, but-but"-Murtogh did not wait for the hesitating brown-black mane, and the sparkle of gold in the bushing glib on his brow-where else in all Ireland would their match be found? But for that strange inunction to silence, the fighters of th sept would be splitting the air with yells for their chieftain. They struck their weapons together and made the gaze they bent upon him burn with meaning, and he without looking, read it, and bore himself more nobly yet, and the mothers and yonder in the sea. And I will be buried there, too, and my son after me-and if I

late a day as his. And again, would it be the waters of Dunlogher that would tear themselves for an O'Sullivan? The bard hung his head. "As if my time would not come first!" he said, for the mere sake of saving somethics on the selves for an O'Sullivan? mere sake of saying something. Then, the curse threads back a dozen lives gathering courage, he pulled up the strong arm which was still locked in his, and raised his head to speak softly in O'Ma-

"If only the desire of your heart were the book of Schull-Murtogh Mordha in my beard-I'd be fit to pray for the o'Mahony, chief in Dunlogher. And his men who took my eyes from me. And, time is not so distant in one way, as men Murty dear," his voice rose in tremulor take account of years. But in another it is too remote for any clear vision, because I'm of an age to be your father's father is too remote for any clear vision, because the "little people" of the old, fearful kind have left every other part of Ireland, and -is your holy wife coming to see her duty differently? Have you any hope thatthat"-

In the big hall overhead, where after three courses of stone stairs were climbed -so narrow that a man in armour must needs walk sideways-the abode of the chieftain and his own blood began-Mur-togh was ready to hear the message of the

king of Spain. The broad, rough-hewn table, with its cheeses and bread, its drinking horas and flagons, and litter of knives and spoons had been given over to the master's groy-hounds, who stood with forepaws on the board and insinuated their long necks and board and insinuated their and there among muscles polselesity here and there among ind I see that we might the better follow "Beautiful lady," the Spaniard said, "I learn only now the power our language, spolen by such lips, may have to enthrail the hearing. Condone my error, I pray you, but I caught from Father Donatus that you were this strong chieftain's wife. king of Spain. muzzles noiselessly here and there and of the remains of the meal. A clump of reeds, immersed in a brazier of fish oil, you." "I am his wife, but only in name, naught "I am his wife, but only in name, naught

light. When, at the finish of the eating, Murtogh had given the signal for departure to dozen strong men nearest akin to him, or in best favor, there were left only his



## "I Come On the Business of God."

on, a slow, good lad, born of a first wife long since dead, the blind Owny, the Spanlard and the Bathan (or prematurely gray) young priest. Then Murtogh said to this last man:

"Donogh, son of Donogh Bhade, I have not frowned on you nor struck you, for the reason that you are my guest. But because my hand is open to you, it is no reason that I should lie, and pretend that

Three score fighting men, some bearing lights and all showing shields and spears or javelins or long hooked axes, crowded in the semblance of a line along the nar-I am your friend or you mine. Your brother, Diarmaid, the one I could not get to kill, calls himself my heir, and row way to the large keep-and behind them packed four times their number of women and children-watched Murtogh get to kill, calls himsen my herr, and twice has sought to take the life of my son here, my Donogh baoth. Therefore, when he brought his guests past from the will have you go now and sit below with

He moved proudly up the boreen, with a slow step and the gleam of a high nature in his eyes. His own people saw afresh to me, and that is not meant for your ears." how great was his right to be groud. The

broad hard muscles of his legs, straining to burst their twisted leather thongs as he The priest stood on his feet. "Your The price klood on his loct 1 when pride does not become you, Murty Mor-dha," he said, "when 1 am come to you for your soul's sake and the glory of religion." His voice was thin and high-pitched, but there was no fear in it.

"I will not be taking trouble for my soul about them; the corded sinews of his big bare neck; above all the lion-like head, with its dauntless regard and its splendid

Father Donatus, standing still, curled his lip in a broad smile. "You are a great for you to speak." Murty! You could dishonor my father and slay my brother like the headhings you cannot do. You cannot lay your finger to me because I come on the usiness of God."

"It is the business of the king of Spain that I will be thinking of," said Murty,

with curtness. "They are the same," rejoined the young cept when I interpret them to you. This noble gentleman, who comes with me. ot observed that each word between him yes; you are a great man, Murty, but your mind is not of a high order." The chieftain rose also. The blood came

nto his face, and he laid a strong hand on

now save in the peace and charm of those years there; but I fear my memory of the dear speech is dimmed. But I will listen with all my ears-and oh, so gladly!" She fastened her regard upon his eyes-the great, rolling, midnight eyes-and held it these that an indight eyes-and held n sombre earnestness

it there, that she might the better follow his speech. "Beautiful lady," the Spanlard said, "T She translated the action and utterance to Murtogh. "Whatever of a spiritual nature you would crave of His Holiness he

to send all the long way to Rome and back," he objected, "and this matter lies like lend upon my soul."

else," she answered. The wave of com-prehension sweeping over the surface of the Spanlard's eyes made instant confi-dence between them. "I am in captivity here. He is a pirate, a Goth, a murderous

barbarian. He and his sayages here-but of this more a little hence. I beg you now to speak something of your mission-your errand here. He is as helpless to follow our words as one of those hounds:

speech, plied one upon another the cu. tailed topics of his business. The lady, moving her fingers along the beads, gleaned the marrow pith of it, and dressed t forth in new phrases for the Lord of Dunlogher. "The king of Spain will send this month."

Dunlogner. "The king of Spain will send this month, "The king of Spain will send the sen are daily profaned by her and her ac-cursed people. Those who sustain and honor God now will be sustained and honored by Him through glorious eter-nity."

"These things are well known to me," said Murtogh. "I would not need the king of Spain to tell them to me. How

vill he speak concerning himself?" The lady was not afraid to smile into the eyes of the Spanlard. "You are to speak after a moment or two," she told him, with a calm voice; "but hear me this

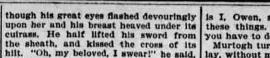
little first. My heart is broken here. I do not know how I have had the courage to live here. These jeweis I wear, the fabrics of my raiment, the wines on the board yonder, are all the booty of bloodstained waves down at the foot of this terrible cliff. He and his suvages burn false lights, and allure ships to the rocks I will have you go now and six in your the others, or read your prayers in your chamber, where you will sleep, because I will hear now what the king of Spain says of my life, while I was still half dead from the water. I suffered the marriage words to be read over me-but now you must

speak.' "I would show you tears rather than words, dear lady," the Spanlard said; "and blows on your behalf more preferable than either. Father Donatus whispered the tithe of this to me. The whole truth burns like fire in my heart. As my fa-thers gave their life blood to drive the Twill not be taking trounds for my solar burns like hre in my heart. As my fa-fust now," replied Murty: "that will be for another time, when I am like to die. And then I will have my own confessors, and not you, nor any one like you. So you will go now, as I bid you." slay him now where he loils there on the skins. He is looking at you now, waiting

"The king of Spain has heard much of you," she began in the Irish, without strong bullock that you are; but there are turning her head. "He is filled with admiration for your strength and valor. He desires deeply to know what you will be When you will take arms and join doing. him with your great might in the battles,

priest. "And you are wrong to say what you will be thinking of, because you have not a mind to think at all. If you could think, you would know that you would not have the words of the king of Spain exspeaks more tongues than one, but he has no Irish, and you-it is well known that you have nothing else. Don Tello has sat at your side for two hours, and you have and you came and went through me. Oh.

for my kisses to waken them? And Don-ogh, son of mine, come hither and take he hilt of his broad sword. But the for that he lifted he set down again; and he looked at his kinsman, the liathan priest, wear to keep my loyalty to him the same as myself. And Owny Hea-hither, man and did not move toward him. "You are You cannot see my benefactor, the man I will be giving my life for, but you have right to wear a gown," he said The Lady Smiled Upon the Spanlard, slowly, "because you have the tongue and eard his voice. You will not forget it!" the evil temper of an ugly girl. You speak foolish things in your heat, and they The absence of all other sound of a sud-den caught Murtogh's ear, and checked then there cannot be any doubt of his victory." "That it is easy to see," replied Murdisgrace you. I have the best mind that his flow of joyous words. He looked with bewilderment at the figure of his wife in any man in my family ever had. I have togh. "But the king of Spain's battles are not my battles. There would be some reamore thoughts in my mind than there are the chair, motionless, with clenched hands words in your Latin book. I would speak whatever I chose to this gentleman, and I on her knees, and eyes fixed in a dazed stare upon vacancy. He turned again, son to be given to call me out for his wars The English will be doing me no hurt. They cannot come here to me by water or would understand his speech when I troubled myself to do so. But I will not and noted that Owny Hea had come up to the Spaniard, and was standing before him by land; and if they did I would not let do that-for some time at least; I will have my wife come, and she will sit here, and any of them depart alive. For what cause so close that their faces were near touch she will tell me his words, and I will be taking my ease." should I go to them? Let the king of The old blind man had the smile of an Spain tell me what it would be infant on his withered face. He lifted his Murtogh Mordha called his son to his mind to do in my behalf when I did this left hand to the Spanlard's breast and thing for him." side and gave him a message to deliver. passed it curiously over the corslet and lady spoke to the Spaniard. "The The priest, smiling in his cold way, leant over and spoke for the space of a minute its throat-plate and arm-holes, muttering last of my people are killed. They would not have seemed different to you perhaps -to you who were bred in the gentle in Irish to himself, "I will not forget. ] will not at all forget." in a tongue strange to Dunlogher into the Spaniard's ear. Then he stood erect, and gazed at Murtogh with an ill-omened look, A zigzag flash of light darted briefly nomewhere across Murtogh's vision. graces of Spain-but they were not the feroclous barbarians these O'Mahonys are and so turned and strode after the lad Looking with more intentness he say My father was learned in Latin and Eng out of the door. that both the blind man's hands were at the armpit of the Spaniard and pulled lish, and it was his dream that I should wed in Spain." CHAPTER III. upon something not visible. Don Tello's big eyes seemed bursting from their black-"Oh, rapturous vision!" said Don Tello, with new flames kindling in his eyes, "And if it shall be proved prophetic as A young woman of the rarest beauty ringed sockets. His face was distorted and he curled the fingers of his hand like stiffened talons, and clawed once into the well, beautiful lady! Something of this, too, the priest whispered-but the precious air with them. Then Owny Hea pushed him, and he pitched sprawling against Murtogh's legs, and rolled inert to the words return to me as your dear lips breathed them forth-'wife only in name.' I long to hear them once again." oor. His hot blood washed over Mur The lady repeated them with tender de-liberation, and a langourous gleam in her togh's sandaled feet. A woman's shrick of horror broke into he air, and the hounds moaned and glided There were jewels in her hair, and upon blue eyes began to answer his burning "I have held the flerce beast at forward. Murtogh did not know why he arm's length," she said "because he is also tood so still. He could not rightly a fool. I would give a year of my life to be able to laugh in his face and slap these upon what was happening or put his minto it. The bones in his arms were chilled beads across it. I have told him-the bleased thought came to me even as we and would not move for him. with round eyes at Owny, and at the red knelt at the altar together-that I am



would grant." "But it would be a cruel time of waiting

She looked up into the Spaniard's eyes, and let her own lashes tremble, and fed the ravening configeration of his gaze with a little sigh, "It would be very sweet to believe," she murmured, "too

sweet for sense, I fear me. Nay, Don Tello, I need not such a world of persuadon-only-only-lift your right hand, with thumb and two fingers out, and swear again. And say, 'Bera, I swear!' " "Is it your name?" he asked, and as

she closed her eyes in assent, and slowly opened them to behold his oath, he lifted the fingers and waved them toward her, and passionately whispered, "Bera, queen of my heaven, star of my soul, I swear!" but no dog is keener to suspicion." The Spaniard, with eager swiftness of

> beads, he pope."

heaven's patience is dried up by their crimes. Their queen was not born in law-ful wedlock, and the blessed sacraments "Oh, then, indeed, I am Murty Mordha!"

CHAPTER IV.

The rhapsody was without meaning to he Spaniard. He stared in astonishment at the big chieftain with the shining counwho shouted with such ve-



Murtogh Sprang Like a Deer Into the Air

hemence up at the oaken roof. Turning a giance of inquiry at the lady he saw that he had grown white-faced, and was cowring backward in her chair.

"Our Lady save us!" she gasped at him in Spanish. "He has asked the pope to absolve me from my vow."

Don Tello, no wiser, put his hand to his word. "Tell me quickly what it is? What sword. am I to do?" he demanded of her. Murtogh, with a smile from the heart

fervor of a giant. and take all his blows on my own block. will call him my son and my brother, Whatever he will wish I will give it to him. And all his enemies I will slay and him. And all him. And all his enemies I will slay and him. And all put down for him to walk upon. Oh, Bera, the jewel restored to me-the beauhim these things for me! Why will your lips be so silent? Would they be waiting "I am Donogh, son of Muricog

is I, Owen, son of Aodh, who tell you these things. And now you know what you have to do!" Murtogh turned slowly to the lady. She

lay, without motion, in her chair, her head limp upon her shoulder, and the whiteness of sea foam on her cheek. Thoughts

"I have the wisest mind of all in my family." he said. "I know what it is 1 will be doing." He drew the short sword from his girdle,

and put his nall along its edge. "Donogh baoth," he said to his son, "go below and seek out Conogher tauthal and Shane buildhe, and bid them seize the liathan priest between them and bring him to me here where I am. And you will take some sleep for yourself then, for it is a late hour." The lad looked at the pale lady with the

closed eyes, and at the sword in his fa-ther's hands. He set his teeth together, and lifted his head.

"I am of years enough to see it all," he taid. "I have no sleep on my eyes." said.

Murtogh bent over the corpse at his feet, and caressed the boy's head with his hand, "I will not call you baoth (simple) any more," he said, fondly. "You are my true son, and here is my ring for your finger, and you may return with them when they "That is the sign of the pope himself," she explained, with indifference, to Mur-togh. "Whatever wish you offered up you have it already granted. It is Don Tello who bears the holy authority from be near the following the fol

Next morning young Donogh gave his word to the men of Dunlogher, and they obeyed him, for in the one night he had thrown aside his sluggish boyhood, and they saw his father's ring on his finger, and heard a good authority in his voice. They came out from the western gate at his command, three score and more, and stood from the brink of the cliff inward, with their weapons in their hands, and made a path between them. But the women and children Donogh bade remain within the bawn, and he shut the inner which the baws, and he shut the inner gate upon them. It was as if the smell of blood came to them there, for the old women put up a lamentation of death and the others cried aloud, till the noise spread to the men on the cliff. These looked one to another and held their silence.

They did not clash their slience. When, after a long walting, Murtogh came from the gate and walked toward them. A fine rain was in the air, and the skies and easy was an the sir, and the skies and sea were gray, and the troubled man would have no spirit for such greet-

He bore upon his broad back a great shapeless bundle thrice his own bulk. The weight of it bent his body and swayed his ootsteps as he came. The cover of it was of skins of wild beasts, sewn rudely with thongs, and through the gaps in this cover some of the men saw stained foreign clothes and the plume of a hat, and some clothes and the plume of a hat, and some a shoe with a priest's buckle, and some the marble hand of a fair woman. But no word was spoken, and Murtogh, coming to the edge, heaved his huge shoulders up-ward, and the bundle leaped out of sight. Then Murtogh turned and looked all his flething ruen in their faces, and smilled in Infahing men in their faces, and smiled in gentleness upon them, and they saw that in that same night, while the "little people" had changed Donogh into a man, they had made Murtogh a child again.

"She came up from the water," he said o them, in a voice no man knew. 'It was who brought her out of the water and fought for her with the demons under the rocks, and beat all of them off. But one of them I did not make the sign of the cross before, and that one is the king of Spain; and so he has wrought me this mischlef, and made my labor as nothing; and she is in the water again, and I must be going to fetch her out rightly this time." Murtogh sprang like a deer into the air, with a mighty bound which bore him far

Murtogn, with a since from guing all his face, strode to the Spanlard and grasped his rejuctant hand between his own broad palms, and gripped it with the rvor of a giant. "I would have you tell him," he called their amazement, beheld a miracle. For the great fall did not kill Murtogh Mordha. For out to the Lady Bera. "Tell him that he but the waters boiled and rose to meet has no other friend in any land who will him, and held him up on their tossing curdo for him what Murty Mordna will be the swam forward, and take all his blows on my own back. I to sea, farther and farther out, till the

put down for him to walk upon. Oh, Bera, the jewel restored to me-the beau-tiful gem I saved from the waters-tell him these thires for me' Why will your

"I am Donogh, son of Murtogh Mordha," he shouted, "and I am lord in Dunlogher and when I my otheir son's hand. I will hear you kill the king of Spain, and give his castles and all his lands and herds and women to you for your own!" The three towers of Dunlogher are broken, and the witch has fled from its gray lake, and no man knows where the bones of its forgotten sept are buried. But the evil currents will never tire of writhing, and the shadows which are no shadows are for ever changing, in the Path of Murty the Proud.

they were just halting together for a farewell pause in Dunlogher, by reason of it being the last end of the land, and their as if the mist still rose between us and his

When the sun began to sink out of sight, down behind the sea, two men stood on the edge of the great cliff of Dunlogher, their faces turned to the west.

The yellow flame from the sky shone full in the eyes of Murtogh, and he held his huge, bear nead erect with boldness, and man. I would put the MacCarthy, or even stared back at it without blinking. His the Earl of Desmond, over my cliff like a companion, a little, shriveled old man, rat, if he came to me here, and would not whom he held by the arm, had the glowing light on his countenance as well. but his eyelids were shut. He bent himself against his chief's thick shoulder and trembled. "Are we to the brink itself?" he asked;

his aged voice shook when he spoke. "Here, where I stand, when I would grip

you, and hold you forth at the length of my arm, and open my hand, you would fall a hundred fathoms in the air." Mur-mated to you, Murty." he urged. togh's free arm and hand made the terrible gesture to fit his words, but he tightened his protecting clasp upon the other

"It is you who are the brave nobleman, Murty," he whispered, admiringly. "There is none to equal your strength, or your grand courage, in all the land. And the heart of pure gold along with ft.""

Murtogh tossed his big head, to shake the twisted forelock of his hair to one side. "I looked straight into the sun at noon on St. John's day," he said, quietly, with the pride of a child. "If it were a hundred times as bright I would look at it. and never fear for my eyes. I would hold my own son out here, stretched over the abyss, and he would be no safer in his and he would be no safer in his bed. Whatever I wished to do, I would

You would-O, you would !" assented the old man, in tones of entire sincerity. The chieftain kept his eyes on the sky-line, beneath which, as the radiance above deepened, the waters grew ashen and coldly dark. Musing, he held his silence for a time. Then, with abruptness, he

asked: "What age were you, Owny Hea, who the MacSwineys put out your eyes? Were you strong enough to remember the sun well?

"I was of no strength at all," the other whimpered, the tragedy of his childhood affecting his speech on the instant. "I was in my mother's arms. There were the men breaking in through the wall, and the kine bellowing outside, and my father cut down; and then it was like my mother drew her cloak tight over my head-and no one came ever to take it off again. I for-

Murtogh nodded his head. "I will go to Muskerry some day," he said, in a kindly way. "I cannot tell when, just now; but I will go, and I will burn and desolate ev ng for six miles around, and you shall have a bag for your harp made of

eyelids of the MacSwineys." Old Owny lifted his sightless face toward his master, and smiled with wistful affec-tion. "Ah, Murty dear," he expostulated, mildly, "It is you who have the grand na ture-but think, Murty-I am a very old man, and no kin of yours. It is fifty years since the last man who took my eyes drew breath. If you went now no living soul could tell what you came for or why the great suffering was put upon them. And, moreover, the O'Mahonys Carbery have wives from the MacSwineys these three

enerations. No feud lies now." The Lord of Dunlogher growled sharply en his teeth, and Owny shrank fur-

w long will you be learning," Mur-demanded, with an arrogant note in

Murtogh turned abruptly on his heel swinging his companion round with him enchantments fanned up a vapor about swinging his companion round with him. Murty Mordha to his undoing. And it is They walked a dozen paces toward the en gate of the castles before he spoke. 'You have never seen her, Owny!'' he said gravely. "You do not know at all how beautiful she is. It is not in the power of your mind to imagine it. She is not just flesh and blood like you, Owny, or even like me. I am a great lord among

men, Owny, and I am not afraid of any man. I would put the MacCarthy, or even rat, if he came to me here, and would not do me honor. But whenever I come where she sits I am like a little dirty boy, frightened before a great shrine of Our Ble Lady, all with jewels and lights and in cense. I take shame to myself when she looks at me that there are such things in

my heart for her to see."

mated to you, Murty," he urged. "True enough," responded Murtogh, with candor. "But she is not a princes or any mere woman at all. She and led him back a few paces. The old saint. Perhaps she is more still. Listen, Owny. Do you remember how I took her



Three Men with Torches Came Up how I swam for her through the break ers-and snapped the bone of my arm to keep the mast of the wreck from crushing her when the wave flung it upon us, and still made land with her head on my neck and hung to the bear rock against all the devils of the sea sucking to pull me down

"Is it not all in my song?" said Owny,

with gentle reproach. "Owny, man, listen!"; said Murtogh, halting and giving new impressiveness to his tone. 'I took her from the water Her companions were gone; their vessel was gone. Did we ever see sign of them afterward? And her family-the Sigersons of that island beyond Tiobrad-when mer of mine salled thither and asked for Hugh son of Art, were they not told that the D'Flaherty had passed over the island and eft nothing alive on it the size of a mus-Red shell? Draw nearer to me, Owny. You will be thinking the more without your eyes. Have you thought that it may be she-whisper now-that she may belong in the water?"

## CHAPTER II.

They stood motionless in the gathering dusk, and the bard turned the problem over deliberately. At last he seemed to shake his head. "They would not be dis-playing such plety, as the old stories of Munty striding into the field!



A Foreign Spaniard Who Comes Yo from the King of Spain.

wives and little ones huddled behind in the darkness, groaned aloud with the pain of their joy in Murty Mordha. It swelled the greatness of Murtogh when they looked upon those who followed him "It is the soggarth liathan," they whis pered, at view of the young priest, with his pointed face and untimely whitened hair. He would not turn his ferret glane to right or left, as he followed close in his cousin's lordly footsteps, for the reason

that these sea wolves of Dunlogher had ravished and burnt his father's country within the year, and slain his brother and gnashed their teeth now, even as he passed, for rage at the sight of him.

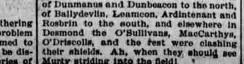
And the messenger who came to speak o Murty the words of the king of Spain! They grinned as they stared upon him. An eel-fly, a lame fledgeling gull, a young crab that has lost its shell. Thus they

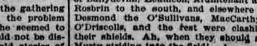
murmured of him. His legs were scarce the biggness of a Cape woman's arms, and were clad in red silken cloth stretched as close as skin. He had foolish little feet, with boots of yellow leather rising to the knee, and from the mid-thigh to the waist unseemly bulging breeches, blown out like a buoy, and gashed downwise with stripes of glowing colors, repeated again in his flowing sleeves. His burnished steel corsiet and long reed-like sword would be toys for children in Dunlogher His face, under its wide plumed hat of drab felt, was that of no soldier at all-a thin, smooth, rounded face of a strange smoky darkness of hue, with tiny up-turned moustachies, and delicately bended nose. And the eyes of him! They seemed to be the half of his countenance in size what with their great dusky-white balls and shoe-black centres, and their thick raven fringes and brows that joined each other. The armed kernes who stood nearthe older women, peeping between their shoulders, saw little else, and they made

the sign of the cross at the sight. When two hours had passed the base folk of Dunlogher knew roughly what was in the wind. Two wayfaring men of

humble station had come in the train of the Spaniard, and though they had no Irish, their story somehow made itself told. A ship from Spain, which indeed Dunlogher had seen pass a week before, had put in at Dingle, on the Kerry coast,

and had landed James Fitzmaurice, the papal legate Sanders, some other clergy, and a score and more Spanish gentlemen or men at arms, with a banner blessed by Holy Father. A great army from Spali and Italy would follow in their wake. But meantime, the first comers were building a fort at Smerwick, and the clan of Fitz gefald was up, and messengers were flying through the length and breadth of Munster and Connaught, passing the word to the Catholic chiefs that the hour of driv-





tall and slender, and with the carriage of a great lady, came into the chamber and moved across to the high, carved chair which Murtogh made ready for her, and seated herself upon it as upon a throne. She had a pale, fair skin, and her hair colled heavily in platts upon her shoulders, was of the hue of a red harvest sun,

bound by a vow. His big empty head b open to all the fancies that fly. He believes that an enchanted woman drives up her horses from the bottom of the lake down at the foot of the small tower here every night for food; and he spreads corr for them, which the thieves about him fatten on. He believes in witches rising from the sea, and leprechauns, and chal-lenges, like any ignorant herdsman out in the bog, but he is frightened church-man, too. He believes that I am a saint." "As I swear by the grave of my mother you are!" panted Don Tello. "But speak low to him."

"The king of Spain will do very great things in your behalf," she recited in Mur-togh's tongue. "He will make you of the rank of a commander in his armies, and he will ennoble you." Young Woman of the Rarest Beauty

"I am noble now,"Murtogh made con her throat and hands, and her long robes ment. "As noble as the king of Spain himself. I am not a MacCarthy or an were of rich shining stuffs. A chain of wooden beads, with a cross of gold at the wooden beads, with a cross of goal end, hung from her girdle, and she gath-ered this in her fingers as she sat. The boy, Donogh baoth, came with her, "Then ho will send large rich ships

The boy, Donogh baoth, came with her, and crouched in humility on the floor at her side. His thick form and dark hair, here," she began again, with weariness in her tone, "to bring you costly presents, And the pope, he will grant you ten years indulgence-or it may be twenty." "Ask him," broke in Murtogh, sitting up

and his over-large head, which was not to be noticed before, spoke a likeness now to his father. When, as if under the spell of her attraction, he nestled near the indy's chair, and touched her garment with a brightened face, his hand out-stretched to secure silence for the thought with his hand, she drew it away. that stirred within him-"ask if the Holy that sturred within him-"ask if the Holy Father would be granting just the one spiritual favor I would beg. Will this gentleman bind the king of Spain to that?" "And may I wholly trust," she asked the Spaniard, with half-closed eyes, through which shone the invitation of her mood-"may I trust in your knichtly profers of Murtogh Mordha, before he took his seat again, and leant back to half lie upon the skins thrown upon it,told her the Span-iard's name, and explained to her his er-

ing the English into the sea was at hand, The lower floors of the castle and the pleasant grassy bawns outside, cool with the soft sea wind of the summer night, were stirred to a common fervor by these of Dunmanus and Dunbeacon to the porth

bishop. The lady smiled upon the Spaniard, and The fady smilled upon the Spaniard, and should not. But you have the blood of all that she said to him, and he to her, was in his tongue. "I cannot speak it well," she said. Her voice had the sweet-ness of a perfume in the air. "I lived at Beville, in the old convent there, for only two years. I have no joy of remembrance The Spanlard rose with solemn dignity,





He Pitched Sprawling Against Murtogh's Legs and Rolled to the Ground.

dripping knife which the bard stretched out to him. He felt the rough tongue of a dog on his ankle. The dark corners of the chamber seemed to be moving from him a long distance away. There was a spell upon him and he could not tremble. The voice of Own Hea came to him, and though it was soundless, like the speech of Dreamland, he heard all its words: "Murtogh, son of Teige, I have slain your guest for the reason that I have the Span-'may I trust in your knightly proffer of ish, and I knew the meaning of his words to this woman, and he could not live any help? Do not answer till I have finished. You are the first who has come to me-here in this awful dungeon-and I have opened my heart to you as perhaps I should not. But you have the blood of longer. The liathan priest, when he would longer. The liathan priest, when he would be going, toid this stranger that she you called your wife was your enemy, and made a mockery of you, and would give ear gladly to any means of dishonoring you. And the liathan priest spoke truly. While the woman repeated lies to you of the king of Spain and the pope, she whis-pered foul scandal of you and wicked love words to that dog's meat at your feet. It



BANKRUPTCY

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