By JANE BARLOW. of "Irish ldylls" and

[Copyright 1895, by Bacheller, Johnson an Bacheller,] PART I. Towards seven o'clock on a summer evening in July. Rosanne should have been helping her mistress in the dairy, instead of which she was sitting under the shadow of the big water barrel at he kitchen door and writing to her sweetheart. She wrote to tell him how sweetheart. She wrote to tell him how she had been given leave to go home hekt Sunday, and she did not stop to hekt Sunday, and she did not stop to sonsider that she was at this very moment risking the loss of her hollday, ment risking the loss of her hollday, by fetting into disgrace for neglect of date. But it was not Rosanne's way to the solution of the loss of the loss of her hollday, which is the came home this way Dan McClean would again take up the notion of their getting married after the harvest. That by getting into disgrace for neglect of duty. But it was not Rosanne's way to think of more than one thing at a time, so when it occurred to her that John Gahan, who had called about the loan of all of the second Gahan, who had called about the of a hay shaker, might post a letter for her as he went home, she acted upon the idea without further reflection. She had her paper spread out on the barrel stand, and craned her curly head barrel stand, and craned her curty head over it at unlikely angles as she en-joined Dan McClean to meet her at Hunt's, in Kilbracken, where the gig would drop her next Saturday evening. ⁴ Meanwhile the dairy work had been going on well enough without her. Mrs. Conroy had a pleased smile when she saw the rine yellow cream curl shoothly up under her skimmer, and added it to the rich contents of her great wide-mouthed gathering-crock. She thought they would have a grand churning tomorrow, and at least a Streat wide-mouthed gathering-crock. She thought they would have a grand churning tomorrow, and at least a dozen pounds of butter for Saturday's fair. But when she had finished, she recollected that Rosanne should have been there to carry the pigs their supper of sour skim milk and after calling her in vain several times, she sent little Ned to find her, and bid her come along out of that this instant. Ned delivered the message with the pithy addition: "She's ragin':" and so in frightened haste Rosanne finished addressing her envelope with wild blots, and overset the fink bottle, and rushed away to fetch the bucket. When she reached

velope with wild blots, and overset the ink bottle, and rushed away to fetch the bucket. When she reached the dairy she was relieved at finding no-body there to scold her, and, still hurry-driven, she filled her bucket and ran off with it across the yard. Rosanne rather-liked seeing the pigs at their suppr, they wriggled so all over with enjoyment, and she now leaned against the sty-door to watch them. She began to sing Nora Creina, but in the middle of the first verse she stopped abruptly. of the first verse she stopped abruptly. A frightful misgiving had suddenly A frightful misgiving had suddenly selzed her, come she knew not whence. She leaned forward and looked into the trough; she snatched up her bucket and examined it carefully; and then she perceived that she had indeed done a dreadful thing. In her haste she had emptied the wrong crock, and had thrown a week's gathering of cream to the pics! How dreadful it was she could estimate by the pride her mistress took in the row of rich, yellow-topped milk bans, the precautions with which she



UNDER THE SHADOW OF THE BIG WATER-BARREL

to her attic unperceived. There she collected her few most cherished pos-sessions—the rest might be fetched afterwards—three von her shawl and once fnore dared the creaking clattering— stairs and the passage that led by the awful dairy door. Fortune stil fa-vored her: she escaped all their perils and was presently scrambling through the gap in the briery hedge into the meadows at the back of the hay yard. She ran all the way through the first field, because she had such a vivid pic-ture in her mind of what might be at that very minute happening within doors. She could almost see Mrs. Con-roy's face as she stared into the empty

real voices, for the haymakers were re-turning to the house, so she slipped out of their way behind a smooth-sided out of their way behind a smooth-sided haycock. When they passed she stole back to the foot path and on again, about Kilcrumlyn farm the land was all down in meadow and the fields were bordered by thick bosky hedges. Tall cocks threw shadows nearly across some of them, and the interspaces were very goldenly green with fresh-springing aftergrass, under westering sunbeams. On others the newly-mown back to their way benind a smooth-sided haycock. When they passed she stole back to the foot path and on again. About Kilcrumlyn farm the land was all down in mendow and the fields were bordered by thick bosky hedges. Tall cocks threw shadows nearly across some of them, and the interspaces were very goldenly green with fresh-saving.

THE SEGRET BEAUTIFUL

swathes still bay in the soft waves, and the shorn sward underneath was palerhued, not having had time to thrust up any young blades since the sweep of the seythe went by. Along under the hedge the remnant of the meadow made a fringe with feathery crests, drooping and creamy plumes, tall stalks that unfurled white sunshades, and here and there a scarlet poppy. The drops of an earlier shower still twinkled beneath them, and Rosanne's crisp pink callco skirt grew limp and bedraggled as she brushed by. But she did not heed this, skirt grew limp and bedraggied as she brushed by. But she did not heed this, for the one article of dress that she much regarded—her new hat, with its wreaths of curious buff and crimson roses—rested safely on her head, and her head was full of preoccupying specner head was thin of preoccupying special flows. She began to think that perhaps, after all, no such harm was done. That is to say, it was, of course, a world pity about the beautiful cream; but, for the matter of losing her place there-That is to say, it was, of course, a woful be better for them to get together a few pounds before they set up housekeep-ing. Rosanne now said to herself that she did not see any occasion for it. She wondered, too, what sort of girl Mag-

wondered, too, what sort of girl Maggie Walsh, her stepsister, who had just
come to live at home, was apt to be.
She had a presentiment that there
would be little love lost between them.
However, that didn't much signify—
by reason of Dan.

Through three or four fields Rosanne
passed without meeting anything to
interrt of these cogitations. Now and
then the voices of home-going haymakers were wafted over a hedge, and
a belated corncrake was heard from a
belated corncrake was heard from a



THES TOOK UP WITH MAGGIE WALSH.

jewel-like in their glinting gold on green. In a sheltering corner a large olive-mottled frog started up out of the tangled grass, and went flinging him-

that-a-way, wid Maggia just comin' home. Earnin' money for yourself, be-dad! 'Deed now what notion she had in her wind!' roy's face as she stared into the empty cream crock and hear her terrible call, bud and peremptory: "Rosanne! Rosanne!" The mere thought of it made her send along like a rabbit, her send along like a rabbit, and of the field she heard that's what she's after-that's an you."

"She's welcome," sald Rosanne desperately.

puttin' into their heads. But I tould Mrs. McClean there wasn't a jotum of truth in it as far as I knew. And there isn't in coorse?" Martha said, glancing again rather suspiciously at the grand hat.

the grand hat.

"Maybe there is, and maybe there isn't," said Rosanne defiantly. "It's no affair of anybody's. Let other people mind their own business, and I'll mind mine. And let them plaze themselves—the pack of them—and they'll please me. I dunno which of them's the greatist light hat I'll light I trouble myself. est flar; but it's little I trouble myself about them, or else I'll be too late. So good night to you kindly—och don't be delayin' me, you ould tormint!" Rosanne whisked the corner of her shawl about them, or else I'll be too late. So good night to you kindly—och don't be delayin' me, you ould tormint!" Rosanne whisked the corner of her shawt out of Martha's detaining grasp, and ran away down the field. As she went she struck up Norah Creina, and sang it lustily as long as she thought herself within hearing; but her mind was not at all occupied with that gentle, bashful heroine. The sun had disappeared behind the rounded tops of Drumaree Wood while she talked to Martha, and the vivid lights had gone out among the haycocks and hedges. Everything had grown dimly green, soft and cool, and when she left off singing, not a sound was to be heard.

got the best lad on the town were swept away from her, and places seethed a flood of jealous and despair. As its first rush sed, she recollected several things seemed like disregarded warnings and again that Dan had never aged to get over and see her bety this and Easter; and then the last old Hiddy Doran from his place wa at the farm he handn't sent e'er a in their that

might be delivered by this time, haps Dan was at that minute of laughing with Maggle Walsh of suggestion that he should be his evening streeling off to n sanne Tierney at Kilbrackar possibility was the crue burb of mortification by wi crushing bulk of her misfortu-hold of her mind, and she ra self for having ignorantly wro But circumstances seldom rage long uninterrupted, while

Rosanne walked on, the fle dimmer, and the green graye breeze chillier, and the gr wetter. until at last she found that triumphan more tolerable e storm in the farm, and even sible. On such could give, only her. She would zie Mahony, her had always been endiy. The Maho ed rather a long e beyond Hewits-ight she could cert there in the cours and she knew they see her. After that, drearily vague. She could get field work supposed that she could get field work to do, and sometim less she even thought wildly of turning ballad singer. Dan used to say that is he had a voice fit to make her fortune; but of course that might only have been one of his lies, for it was evident you could not believe a word that came out of his head. The further her feet and her reflections traveled, the more attractive grew the picture of Maho e attractive grew the picture of Maho e attractive grew the door, and saying: "Glory be to goodness, if it isn't little Rosanne." For the fields around the moonlight began to fill them crue liky with ghastly gleams and shades. At last in a great fright ered and dozeder a haystack and shivered and dozeder a haystack and shivetill the dawn.

How dreadful it was she could estimate by the pride her mistress took in the row of rich, yellow-topped milk pans, the precautions with which she surrounded them, her wrath leaves the found in the mind up all in a minute made her mind up all in a minute mind to face it. She would run away home. It was no such great distance across the fields; she might get there, she supposed, before it was quite dark. She thought her father would be glad to see her, and, if so, her stepmother must perforce acquiesce. But at all events there was Dan McClean, who would be certainly "as pleased as anythin," and make much of her and take her part, whatever happened—Dan's stalwart frame held up the whole fabric of Rosanne's future. Beyond a doubt she had was not at all disposed to confide in Martha, who had the name of fers she had no time to hesitate, as the discovery might at any moment prevent was out in the hayfield, and she got up was out in the hayfield, and she got up was out in the hayfield, and she got up was out in the hayfield, and she got up was out in the hayfield, and she got up was out in the hayfield, and she got up was out in the hayfield, and she got up was out in the hayfield, and she got up was out in the hayfield, and she got up was out in the hayfield, and she got up was out in the hayfield, and she got up was out in the hayfield, and she got up was out in the hayfield, and she got up was out in the hayfield, and she got up was out in the hayfield, and she got up was out in the hayfield, and she got up was out in the hayfield, and she got up was not at all disposed to confide in Martha, who had the name of the encounter. She made up to the gate, and who feel and the research of the man of the found hit delivered ther bewilderingly miserable, the all that last she almost in the same moment as the same moment and the same moment as the same moment as the least and sat guite them. What the same moment as the same moment as the least and s PART II.

meet in a long day's walk." It's a fine t warm evenin," she continued, to account for her stroil.

Warm enough, bedad," said Martha, "you might say so if it was in the hay you'd been. I come up yesterday to work above at Hillitrihy's, and I was manin' to run over this evenin' and sec you, only somethin' delayed me. And what's the best good news wid you this long while."

"I dunno is there any news in particle lar, bad or good," said Rosanne, with a guilty: "I could an' I would" in her mind, as she thought of the pig's supper.

"Then you haven't heard tell about Dan McClean?" said Martha, suddenly craning her neck over the topmost bar, "What about him at all?" said Rosanne, with a great start.

"You haven't heard?" Martha repeated, in a half incredulous tone.

"Til come over to you—just wait?" said Martha. She launched her pitchfork across the gate, and began to scale its many bars with remarkable agility. She had scarcely flopped to the ground, on Rosanne's side of it, before she said: "He's took up wid her?" said Rosanne, "Took up wid her?" said Rosanne, staring up stupidly at her coulsin.

"Ay, bedad, and so he has," said Martha, "but it come to my knowledge on'y last Sinday. About gettin' married they are after the harvest—he and your stepmother's daughter. And he be all accounts as good as promised to you, Rosanne?"

"What sacen bears, and that is the said and the mind it as the bear and the wide and the wide and the wide and the and the wide and the w



SPEIR THAT AT COME ONE THAT KENS AND CARES, ME HIZZE."

AN INVITATION.

It Gires Us Pleasure to Publish the following Announcement.

All women suffering from any form of illness peculiar to their sex are requested to communicate promptly with Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. All



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while to rescue the good bit of straw from the conflagration for use on his own premises. Burning cabins is hot and thirsty work on a radiant July day, and Anderson's mood had become irritable over it. So when a disheveled bit of a vagrant girl, wrapped in an old rag of a shawl surmounted by an incongruous gay hat, came rushing up to him, and in horror-stricken accents asked would he plase be tellin' where Mrs. Mahony was gone, he felt moved to reply by tossing down a bundle of thatch on her off his fork, and saying: "Our speir that at somebody that kens or cares, me hizzie, and dinna be bletherin' here awa"." Unluckly the bundle had a red-hot smouldering cove, and as it dropped on Rosanne's head, it knocked off her hat, and set her hair alight, and fell in scorching flakes before her eyes. She was fleeing away, blinded and terrified, but she tripped over a stone and fell with her head against the wall, which stunned her into unconcern.

By the time that her troublesome world came back to her, she had been conveyed to the infirmary ward of the Hewlitstown workhouse, a dolefgul whitewashed place where the last red rays of the sunset were beating on the griny windows. Poor Robert of the sunset were beating on the griny windows.



"BE THE POWERS OF SMOKE! *
THAT'S BELONGING TO ROSANNE TIERNEY."

sanne's fortunes had sunk so deeply within the last four and twenty hours that you would hardly have recognized her as the same girl who had talked to her cousin Martha at the gate among the hay-deids, while the sun went down behind a screen of rounded tree tops. For her clothes were blackened and drenched with fire and water, and, much worse, her pretty curling hair was all burnt off, and one side of her face was scorched. Next morning her neighbor in the ward thoughtfully lent her a bit of broken looking glass that "she might see the quare show she was;" but she had scarcely energy to glance at it, and was faintly shocked by the distingured image. All the day she lay in a dazed, apathetic state, and took little heed of anything. It seemed to her as if she had been there always in a dreary sort of dream.

But on the day after, when the creeping shadow on the floor had shrunken almost to its noontide skimpiness, she suddenly roused up quite awake. Just outside the door, which was close to her bed, she heard a familiar voice speaking—the voice of Dan Mct'lean. Rosanne held her breath as the nurse, a square framed stolid person, was called out to interview "a young man from about Kirbacken, that was come axin' after a girl." Dan's voice would have sounded like heavenly music to her, if the echo of Martha's had not

come axin' after a girl." Dan's voice would have sounded like heavenly musi-to her, if the echo of Martha's had not come harshly through it and jarred it here there is

come harshly through it and jarred it into discord.
"Beg your pardon, ma'am," she heard him say diffidently, "might there be a girl be the name of Rosanne Tierney in it?" "Is it the name?" said the nurse, "sure, I couldn't be tellin' you the names of the half of them that comes and goes. What sort is she?"
"Och, a slip of a girl," said Dan, whose

descriptive powers were not great. 'a slip of w girl-wid black hair-and a smalldescriptive powers were not great, "a slip of a girl-wid black hair-and a smallish size she is."

"There's plenty of them like that, if that's all." said the narse, "we've a black-haired one come in the other day, not over big. Some sort of a tramp she is, and got a crack on the head wid a bit of the roof slippin' down on her; but I could be axin' her her name. Rosanne Tierney did you say? And what might you be to her supposin' she is? Her brother maybe?"

It seemed to Rosanne as if an endless pause followed this ugestion; ye: Dan only heritated for a moment before he answered: "Och, well, ma'am," he said "you might say I'm as good as a brother, anyway."

And with that a stormy darkness fed upon Rosanne, For what could "as good as a brother" signify, except marriage with the step-sisfer, Maggie Waish? She hoped to goodness she might never have the misfortune to set eyes on either of the two of them to the end of her life's days—and she'd as lief that mightn't be very long—a pair of black-hearted rogues—the villain might just go back the way he came.

-the villain might just go back the way he came.

When a minute afterward the nurse returned to make her inquiry, the tramp kept her head under the blanket, and would only mutter in a husky, mumbling way: "I dunno any such people at all-bid him get along out of that—me name's Isabella Hill," facts which were at once reported to Dan outside in the passage with the additional details that the crature seemed to be a cross-tempered one,

and perhaps not quite right in her senses. But at this moment another visitor arrived in the shape of a small freekled and red-haired boy, who was carrying, with an averse expression of coungehance, a large, gaudily-wreathed straw hat. "And what might you be wantin', Mathey Flanigan?" said the nurse.

"Me mother bid me bringin' th' ould hat," said Matthew. "It dropped off the girl that got hurted up at Pat Mahony's on Friday, and me brother brought it home, but she sez it might be a loss to the crathur that owned it, so she sent me along wid it, and it's him she'd a right to ha' sent.—"

home, but she sez it might be a loss to the crathur that owned it, so she sent me along wid it, and it's him she'd a right to ha' sent—"

"Be the powers of smoke!" Dan exclaimed, seigling hold of the hat, "that is belongin' to Rosanne Tierney; she got it new at Easter, and as proud of herself in it she was as a little paycock. Sure I remember this tuft of yeller roses wid red glass beads in them cocked up at the side of it; I was tellin' her it looked for all the world like one of our ould donkey's ears; and was axin' her why wouldn't she be sticking up the other to match it."

"For the matter of that," said the nurse, "there's dozens of quare hars goin about the world, and all of them that deminted-lookin' you'd be hard set to tell the one from the other. The aquil of the outlandish gazaboes you see on people these times I uiver witnessed."

"Ah' but I couldn't be mistook in this one by any manes," said Dan, continuing to examine the hat; sure twas stitlin in front of me in the trap all the way drivin' over from her place to our place and back agin of Easter Sundy, an' here it is the very same. Couldn't I be seein' the girl, ma'am, just for a minyit, for if she isn't Rosanne—"

But here a voice called loudly and clearly through the half-open door: "Don't you offer to be comin' next or nigh me, wan McClean. I'm no such thing. Git away home to Maggie Walsh," is said, and Dan's sunburnt face grew two inches shorter at the sound. "Glory be to goodness, it's herself," he said, "and me heart broke thinkin' what had become of her ever since Saturday morning. Sure, on I'l not be comin' in if you're not wishful, jewel," he said, peering warily round the edge of the door, "but what talk at all was that you had about Maggie Walsh?"

"It was me cousin, Martha Reilly, was tellin' me all manner," said Rosanne, who felt as if she were wakening up out of a very ill-favored nightmare.

"Trust Martha Reilly to be gabbin' about what doesn't consarn her," said ban. "Troth I well knew your stepmother was puttin' that story about t

all right agin, the way I can be comin' to fetch you. I'll borry Jimmy Byrne's side car."

"And did you hear tell the quare awful thing I done at the farm—throwin' all Mrs. Conroy's grand crame to the pigs?" said Rosanne, the recollection of this disaster now beginning to emerge from the chaos of troubles which had overwhelmed and obliterated it. But Dan replied unappalled: "Why to be sure. And was that any reason for you to be throwin' yourself after it, so to spake? Not if every sup of crame in Ireland was spilt and all the pigs in the country swimmin' in the middle of it—aye, and your stepmother and her daughter, and Martha Relly, that can't be alsy unless she's gabbin', along wid the lot of them."

So a few Sundays later Rosanne Therney was married in her buff and crimson wreathed hat. It was slightly battered and the worse for its travels, but it would have beeen ungrateful of her to discard it, as only for its timely turning up on a former critical occasion, it might probably enough at that moment have been worn by a foriorn little distracted vagrant, instead of adorning the prout and happy head of Mrs. Daniel McClean.

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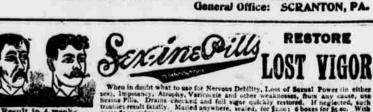
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