

(CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.)

man—but she did not seem to know the voice. 'But I never thought he'd be like this again. Shure, the Lunnon docthur told him 'twould be all right, an' no doubt it would be, too, if it warn't for this young lady bein' so like the other, an' this the very day of her death, too, an' the cards an' all.'

'But you haven't told us the story yet, you know, Mike.'

Surely that was Murtagh's voice. 'Ah, shure, 'tisn't much of a story, but 'tis a sad enough one, anyway. Well, 'twas like this: Seven years ago, it must be, the mather fell in love with just such another young lady as this one; wonderful purty an' swate she was, an' companion to a Lady Sinclair. He met her at Monte Carlo, where they were winterin', an' I, bein' the mather's valet, was there, too. They were engaged, an' goin' to be married, when as luck would have it, the young lady took it into her head to try her luck at the tables, bad cess to 'em.'

'She tuk the gambling fever, sorr, an' there she sat for hours playin' away, first her own money, and then her employer's, till at last, in despair, she fixed some large sum on one o' the cards—the ace of clubs it was—an' lost. She came home thin, wrote a letter to the mather, locked herself up in her room, and blew out her brains! Yes, sorr 'twas indade a bad business, and the mather niver got over it quite. I fully thought he had, but last night evidently one of the ould attacks came on, an' so he shot himself dead. There, sorr, the lady's waking up. Will I say anything more of this?'

'No, no, let her try and forget it. I will explain all that is necessary,' said Murtagh hastily, as he bent over her.

'I—heard, Murtie,' she murmured feebly, and that was all that ever passed between them on the subject.

'How are you feeling now, dear?' he asked anxiously.

And then the person who had been bathing her head, and was really Jimmie, sprang up and threw her arms about her neck.

'Oh, Eily! we thought you were dead!' 'Order, order!' said Murtagh sternly; 'don't excite my patient, if you please.'

'How did you get here?' asked Eileen.

'Why, your people sent down to ask where you were,' explained Murtagh, 'and as Jimmie was sleeping at our house, she was greatly disturbed. In the middle of all this confusion, a man from Dunwhorley Mike here, galloped up on a horse and said he wanted the doctor at once. After a little explanation, Jimmie and I came off together in the car, and here we found you. But we mustn't talk to you any more just yet—you aren't fit for it. Try and go to sleep, and presently we'll take you home.'

CHAPTER VIII.

'Wake up, Eily! You're going to be married today, you know.'

It was Jimmie who spoke—Jimmie in a state of negligence, her hair tumbling over her shoulders, her eyes dancing with merriment, and a large wet sponge in her hand.

Eileen, with the weight of three years added to her since that memorable night at Dunwhorley, and a stream of cold water trickling down her neck, woke with a shudder, vowing vengeance on the culprit who had been so cruel as to disturb her.

'It can't be more than six o'clock,' she objected. 'I know it isn't.'

'It's much nearer 'ten,' said Jimmie severely 'and your wedding is at half-past twelve.'

'Oh, I'd forgotten that!' exclaimed Eileen, in a surprised tone of voice. 'I wonder if I want to be married after all?'

'Well, it's just a little late to think of that,' replied her cousin. 'I fancy you'd better go through with it now you know.'

'I suppose I had,' replied Eileen resignedly. 'Oh, dear! how nervous I shall be in church! Jim, darling, won't you be married instead of me? I'm sure one could be married by proxy, and then I don't mind taking him off your hands afterwards.'

'Thanks,' responded Jimmie. 'When I've had the trouble of being married, I think I'll keep the husband. Come, make haste, Eily. I wonder if your other bridesmaid are as excited as I am?'

'You know,' observed Eileen gravely, 'it's the duty of the head bridesmaid to marry the best-man, so you and Fitz will be obliged to follow the example set you today.'

Jimmie flushed hotly. 'My dear, the inconsolable Fitz will have nothing to do with me, don't you think it. No, no. I'm going to be the dear old maiden aunt with curls and a cap. Why Eily, what are you doing?'

From her neck Eileen had taken a gold locket, and was carefully opening it.

Having done so, she proceeded to extract a tiny miniature which lay inside, together with a lock of coal-black hair.

Jimmie gazed in silence at the exquisite painting, which represented a handsome, dark-eyed man, whose face was well-known to her—Terence O'Hea!

'I've had one of Murtagh done—in-stead,' faltered Eileen. 'I suppose I ought to destroy this, but somehow I can't. I'll put it in my old silver locket, and shut it away in my jewel case.'

'I thought,' began Jimmie, 'that you—' 'Had forgotten?' 'No, I shall never do that; but it's no good talking about it. Help me to dress, Jim, there's a dear, or I shall never be ready in time, and I don't want to go to church with my hair coming down.'

With Jimmie's help she was at last ready and they proceeded to the dining-room, where an excited and expectant family were assembled.

'What!' cried her mother, aghast, 'You're not going to breakfast in your wedding-dress, dear? You'll upset something over it! Oh, how can you be so silly!'

'My dear mother,' replied Eileen calmly,

'are you aware of the fact that it is eleven o'clock and the carriage is coming at a quarter past twelve? I really couldn't trouble to change again.'

'What a howling swell you are, Eil!' cried Charlie, as he stroked his white waistcoat with pride.

'We've seen the cake,' remarked young George, with deep satisfaction, 'and it's simply spiffing.'

Meanwhile, Murtagh at his house about a mile away, was fussing and fuming up and down, waited upon by two adoring sisters, who felt it was the last time they would be called upon to do the like for their much loved brother.

'Dora, where's my tie? Do you know? Oh? Hang it! I shall be late, Hilda, just get me my boots. I can't go to church in my carpet slippers, girl! That you, Fitz? Just wait a moment. I'm coming directly.'

Fitzgerald was waiting patiently in the study when Murtagh entered, his head very erect, by reason of a collar stiff and unyielding as a board, his fingers stuck straight out, and encased in gloves a size too small, and more than likely to give way; in fact the one on the right hand did so as a result of FitzGerald's hearty grip.

'What a relief!' sighed Murtagh. 'Am I all right, Fitz?'

'Outwardly,' responded Fitzgerald, surveying him. 'I can't of course answer for the health of your body or mind. Bear up, old man, and I'll pull you through.'

'Oh, Fitz, don't ever be married!' groaned the poor bridegroom. 'I am so nervous. Do you think she is, too?'

'Probably more so; but come, here's the carriage. Hurry up, man.'

Once he was in the carriage, Murtagh brightened up.

'After all,' he said, 'the service won't take long, and then she'll be all my own for ever! Oh, Fitz! and I've waited six years for this!'

'Shure, isn't she worth the waiting?' inquired his friend.

'Oh, indeed she is! and worth a hundred years' more waiting, too,' Murtagh added; 'though 'tis a poor chance I'd have at the end of that time. I'm getting very old, you know.'

'You are, man; twenty-nine, isn't it? Ah, well, you haven't caught up to me yet, and won't for a year or two, either. Here we are and in good time, too. Jump out.'

The church was beautifully decorated with spring flowers, and crowded with people, for both Eileen and 'the docthur' were general favourites.

And when Murtagh beheld his lovely bride coming up the church in her white satin and orange blossoms, a thrill of ecstatic bliss pervaded him.

Here was indeed the realization of all his hopes and longings.

It was over at last, and Eileen, half hysterical with excitement, was being hugged, and kissed, and congratulated, in the vestry.

Jimmie was watching FitzGerald's face anxiously, but, somewhat of the mental anguish she felt sure must be consuming him, and she thought, admiringly, what a splendid actor he was; how successfully he concealed his real feelings, and kept up the spirits of the nervous bridegroom.

'My king!' she murmured softly.

And then came the wedding breakfast, or rather, lunch, and everybody drank the young couple's health in the best champagne, and made brilliant and witty speeches, including George, who, being the youngest present, was called upon to toast the bride.

Then, amid a shower of confetti, Eileen, in her pretty grey travelling dress, stepped into the carriage, followed by her husband, and they drove away to the station, en route for Killarney.

FitzGerald was gay and smiling to the last, and he threw more confetti than anyone else, besides tying an old satin slipper on behind the carriage.

Jimmie grew more and more mystified.

CHAPTER IX.

The day following the wedding was a somewhat 'flat' one for those who had assisted at the ceremony.

Mr. Desmond was irritable, his wife depressed, and the boys quarrelled and were sulky.

At the Donovans' things were just as bad.

Driscoll, who latterly had fancied himself in love with his cousin, was as cross as a bear, and finally became so exceedingly disagreeable that poor Jimmie, who was miserable enough herself, could stand him no longer, and set off for a walk.

Her steps led her instinctively up the Castle Hill, and then, as the park looked very inviting in its new spring dress of green she opened the gate and went in.

Pausing to rest, she sat down on the trunk of an old tree and meditatively watched a frog hopping over the withered leaves of last year that strewed the ground.

Her reflections were not wholly of an agreeable nature; poor Jimmie's life was not altogether an easy one, and now she had lost Eileen it would be more dreary still, for although the Magrath's house was not very far from the Donovans', a young wife has many things to think about, and her cousin could no longer hope for the first place in her confidences.

Driscoll was lazier and more good-for-nothing than ever, and Mrs. Donovan's temper had not improved with declining years; moreover, besides all this, Jimmie's love for FitzGerald had grown even stronger than before, and that it was a hopeless love she was quite convinced.

As she sat there she suddenly saw a man approaching her over the wooden bridge that spanned the rapid little river.

There was something familiar about him and her heart began to beat quicker as she watched him.

As soon as he caught sight of her he waved his cap and quickened his pace.

Yes; it was FitzGerald.

There could be no mistaking that tall, well-knit form—that tawny moustache, which seemed to catch the falling sun-

beams; and Jimmie tried in vain to feel cold and indifferent.

'I suppose I ought to be kind and sympathetic,' she thought. 'Certainly he doesn't look blighted; but that's his wonderful self-control. My hero! what other man would have given up the girl he loved, so that his friend might have a better chance of winning her! I'm sure most men are not so unselfish.'

Certainly there was nothing martyr like in FitzGerald's radiant smile.

He appeared genuinely pleased to see Jimmie, and held her hand for a moment in his with an almost lover-like pressure.

'Quite recovered, Miss Bridesmaid?'

'Quite, thank you; and you?'

'Yes; but you look tired.'

'Oh, well, one's always a trifle dull and depressed after an affair of the kind; only I'm not quite so cross as mother and Driscoll. They sat and growled at me till I was really obliged to come out.'

'I'm so glad—I mean, that you came out.'

'Thanks. Won't you sit down?'

FitzGerald obeyed, and for some time they were almost silent, the man idly poking at the ground with his cane, the girl speculating on his remarkably jovial appearance.

'How full the church was!' he exclaimed presently.

'Yes, wasn't it? And the decorations were so pretty, and so were—'

'The bridesmaids,' he interrupted; 'at least, one of them.'

'You mean Miss Keagh?' she asked artlessly. 'Yes, isn't she sweet?'

'No,' said FitzGerald. 'I mean Miss Donovan.'

Jimmie blushed vividly, and endeavored most ineffectually, to look dignified and crushing.

How was one to sympathize with and console such a man?

'Do you know, you look quite radiant,' she said, at last. 'One would never think—'

'Think what?'

'Oh! why would not he help her out? Well, that—that you cared for Eileen.'

'I don't,' he said, smiling. 'At least, only as I care for Magrath; they're both my friends.'

Jimmie gasped.

'But—but you did!'

'Once, responded her companion coolly. 'There's someone else now.'

So all her sympathy and affectionate concern has been thrown away on this perfidious wretch!

She had mourned for him, while all the time he had been perfectly happy.

How very annoying!

She collapsed promptly, and was silent for some time.

'You appear to be sorry,' he remarked presently, smiling down into her glum little face.

'I was sorry—for you,' she returned. 'Poor little girl!' he whispered, 'were your sympathies wasted?' and then putting his arm round her shoulders, he kissed her.

She started away from him.

'Mr. FitzGerald!' she exclaimed, in what she imagined to be a cold and haughty voice.

'What do you mean?'

For answer he kissed her again.

'I'm being sorry for you, now,' he said, 'and this is my way of showing it.'

'It's not at all a nice way,' she protested.

'Yes, it is,' he replied calmly, 'it's very nice. Thank you, I think I'll have another. You needn't try to get away, I'm very strong, and I shall hold you just as long as ever I like. You know quite well you don't mind.'

'I do!' she cried indignantly, but her face belied her words.

'Jimmie,' he whispered, laying his cheek against hers, 'don't you think we two lorn, left people ought to console one another? You know the chief bridesmaid ought to marry the best man, and we might just as well follow the excellent example set us by our friends yesterday. Will you take care of me, and be sorry for me all my life, and will you let me do the same to you? What do you say, little girl? Is it yes?'

And it was.

RAIDING TACTICS OF BANDITS.

How Men Like the Youngers Could Ride Into a Town and Rob a Bank.

'How was it ever possible for a half dozen men to ride into a small town like Northfield, Minn., rob a bank and ride away?' asked a reporter of a man in New York who knew the Younger brothers and the James boys.

The question came up in a talk about the report that Cole and Jim Younger are to be paroled from the Minnesota Penitentiary where they have been since 1876.

'Such a thing,' was the reply, 'could not be done so easily now as in 1876. Bank robbery requires nerve of a peculiar order. I never engaged in the business myself, but at one time in my life I knew men who did. I was personally acquainted, for instance, with the Youngers and the Jameses. Left to themselves, the James boys would never have been successful in bank robbery. They were better at holding up stage coaches and railroad trains. But to answer your question directly, the Northfield Bank affair will illustrate the method.

The gang that rode into Minnesota did

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not plan any particular robbery. It was a sort of bandit's outing party. They rode into Minnesota leisurely. The party was composed of Cole, Jim and Bob Younger, Frank and Jesse James, Charley Pitts, Bill Chadwell and Clell Miller. They were well mounted.

The Youngers were the brains of the party. They were always men of good sense. Bob was as handsome as a well-trained athlete. He always impressed women favorably. Jim was the politician of the trio. He could talk to men and get their confidence. Cole was more reserved but he could have joined any church on his first application. His early training was in a religious direction.

These three visited some of the resorts in Minnesota before the Northfield affair came off. They learned a good deal in their visits about towns, about the people, for you must remember that they were away off their compass when they were in Minnesota. That's why they touched elbows with the people at the resorts. When the season was over they knew the best place to strike. They knew how to get into Northfield and how to get out of it.

Northfield had about 2,000 people. It was a quiet town. They didn't dash into it, as some people think. That isn't the way raids on banks were made in those days. Bob Younger, Jesse James and Charley Pitts rode into the town first, very leisurely. They had no intention of creating any suspicion by doing anything else. It was a common occurrence for men to ride into town as they did. They tied their horses to a track near the bank. They stood on the corner, as countrymen do in a small town, and talked politics, as you and I would.

At the same time, they were taking note of the people. They tarried on the corner at the hour of noon, and after, for that was the time when people in a town like Northfield were at dinner. They eat dinner in such a town at noon. They were fewer people astir then than at any other hour.

While they were talking the other members of the gang having undoubtedly had some sort of signal, come whooping and shooting down the main street. These Jim and Cole Younger, Bill Chadwell and Clell Miller. Every one of them had been with Quantrell and as they rode they uttered the rebel yell. It was new in Minnesota. Naturally it startled the few people on the street. I'll venture to say that if a man should gallop down Broadway at its busiest hour and fire a pistol and yell, it would startle the crowd.

As soon as Bob Younger and his two friends saw that the people on the street were confused they added to the confusion by running about shouting 'Get off the street!' You know how easy it is for one man to control a panic-stricken crowd. He can either make it run like scared animals, or he can, if he is cool, round it up to a standstill. You have seen instances of both kinds here in New York.

The cry of 'Get off the street!' was a new one in that quiet town. That it was uttered by strangers made no difference. People in a panic don't reason. If they did there would be no fatalities. Bob Younger knew this. He and Cole and Jim planned the whole thing in advance. Get the people scared and they would run to their houses.

The moment Bob Younger saw the people on the run he and Pitt and James rushed into the bank. They had, however, flushed the game. The scare outside had penetrated the bank. The cashier, Haywood, had time to fanthom the situation. He slammed the inner door of the vault, shut and locked it. He must have been an unusually quick man mentally as well as physically.

His act concentrated even such men as Bob Younger and Jesse James. The latter lost his head. He drew a knife across Haywood's throat to scare him and make him open the safe. Haywood didn't scare. There are few men who will not quail at the touch of cold steel. Jesse James

cursed and raved. Two clerks in the bank escaped and were shot at. Bob Younger knew this was a mistake, and left the bank. Jesse James followed, but turned, fired and killed Haywood. It was bad business. It only infuriated the town.

There was no necessity for James's shooting after he knew the safe door was closed. Besides, the uproar at the bank gave the town time to think and the citizens went after the bandits, who rode out of time on a gallop. Bill Chadwell and Clell Miller were killed on the way out. In this case the warning to the people to get off the street was given too soon. If Haywood had not had the warning he probably would have given in.

I read a statement credited to Jim Younger, some time ago in which he said Jesse James was not at the Northfield Bank raid. I don't believe Jim Younger ever said that. There was nothing to be gained by such a statement. He knew Jesse James was dead.

Frank James was not in the raid, but he was on guard. As the bandits rode away he joined them. He was taken sick, and that is how Jesse James escaped. His love for Frank was always like that of a woman has for her child. He escaped and took Frank with him on the pommel of his saddle. In this way they rode by night, and secreted themselves by day.

Sometimes Jesse left Frank in a ticket, entered a town on his route and brought medicine, returned to the sick brother, ministered to him, and at night they resumed their ride. This was continued until they reached Missouri, and a Kansas City doctor took charge of Frank and nursed him back to health right there in the town. I knew the doctor well, and I had the story from his lips. His account of that ride was one of the most exciting recitals I ever heard of.

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