DUBLINERS By James Joyce THE SISTERS THERE was no ho hought, I would see the reflection of candles on the darkened left the word paralysis. It had always sounded strangely in my early of the word paralysis of the fire, smoking, when I came down nion" He began to puff at his pipe, no doubt arranging his of twas one of those peculiar cases But it's hard to say" Has passing by the house." I knew that I was under observation on his soul," said my aunt piously. Old Cotter looked at me for o say to a man like that." "How do you mean, Mr. Cotter?" asked orner. That's what I'm always saying to that Rosicrucian there:	blind for I knew that two candles must be set a cars, like the word gnomon in the Euclid and the stairs to supper. While my aunt was ladling or pinion in his mind. Tiresome old fool! When where began to puff again at his pipe without givin so I continued eating as if the news had not in a while. I felt that his little beady black eyes we my aunt. "What I mean is," said old Cotter, at take exercise. Why, when I was a nipper ever	It the head of a corpse. He had often said to me: "I am ne word simony in the Catechism. But now it sounded it my stirabout he said, as if returning to some former expected him first he used to be rather interesting, talking us his theory. My uncle saw me staring and said to puterested me. My uncle explained to old Cotter. "The yere examining me but I would not satisfy him by look "it's bad for children. My idea is: let a young lad run aly morning of my life I had a cold bath, winter and sum	not long for this world," and I had thought his words idle. to me like the name of some maleficent and sinful being. remark of his: "No, I wouldn't say he was exactly but the gof faints and worms; but I soon grew tired of him and hime: "Well, so your old friend is gone, you'll be sorry to hea oungster and he were great friends. The old chap taught hing up from my plate. He returned to his pipe and finally spout and play with young lads of his own age and not be mer. And that's what stands to me now. Education is all very	Now I knew they were true. Every night as I gazed up It filled me with fear, and yet I longed to be nearer to ere was something queer there was something un is endless stories about the distillery. "I have my ow ar." "Who?" said I. "Father Flynn." "Is he dead?" "Mhim a great deal, mind you; and they say he had a groat rudely into the grate. "I wouldn't like children of a Am I right, Jack?" "That's my principle, too," said rery fine and large Mr. Cotter might take a pick of t	ip at the window I said softly to mys it and to look upon its deadly work canny about him. I'll tell you my opi in theory about it," he said. "I think i r. Cotter here has just told us. He weat wish for him." "God have mercy mine," he said, "to have too much to my uncle. "Let him learn to box his chat leg mutton," he added to my aun
t. "No, no, not for me," said old Cotter. My aunt brought the dis has an effect" I crammed my mouth with stirabout for fear I my room I imagined that I saw again the heavy grey face of the nd there again I found it waiting for me. It began to confess to next morning after breakfast I went down to look at the little ho as Re-covered. No notice was visible now for the shutters were, Meath Street), aged sixty-five years. R. I. P. The reading of the Perhaps my aunt would have given me a packet of High Toas n as he raised his large trembling hand to his nose little clouds nuff-stains of a week, with which he tried to brush away the fal ange that neither I nor the day seemed in a mourning mood an	might give utterance to my anger. Tiresome ole paralytic. I drew the blankets over my head a me in a murmuring voice and I wondered why buse in Great Britain Street. It was an unassume up. A crape bouquet was tied to the doork-not card persuaded me that he was dead and I we to for him and this present would have roused is of smoke dribbled through his fingers over tallen grains, was quite inefficacious. I wished to	d red-nosed imbecile! It was late when I fell asleep. The nd tried to think of Christmas. But the grey face still fit smiled continually and why the lips were so moist ving shop, registered under the vague name of Draper ocker with ribbon. Two poor women and a telegram boas disturbed to find myself at check. Had he not been him from his stupefied doze. It was always I who emptone front of his coat. It may have been these constant so go in and look at him but I had not the courage to kn	lough I was angry with old Cotter for alluding to me as a clollowed me. It murmured; and I understood that it desired with spittle. But then I remembered that it had died of parally. The drapery consisted mainly of children's bootees and by were reading the card pinned on the crape. I also approaded I would have gone into the little dark room behind the dead I would have gone into the little dark room behind the packet into his black snuff-box for his hands tremed the packet into his black snuff-box for his hands tremed the packet into his black snuff-box for his hands tremed the packet into his black snuff-box for his hands tremed the packet into his black snuff-box for his hands tremed the packet into his black snuff-box for his hands tremed the packet into his black snuff-box for his hands tremed the packet into his black snuff-box for his hands tremed the packet into his black snuff-box for his hands tremed the packet into his black snuff-box for h	hild, I puzzled my head to extract meaning from his to confess something. I felt my soul receding into slysis and I felt that I too was smiling feebly as if to a I umbrellas; and on ordinary days a notice used to hached and read: July 1st, 1895 The Rev. James Flyn he shop to find him sitting in his arm-chair by the fire bled too much to allow him to do this without spilling their green faded look for the red handkerchief, blastet, reading all the theatrical advertisements in the s	unfinished sentences. In the dark of ome pleasant and vicious region; a bsolve the simoniac of his sin. The ang in the window, saying: Umbrell n (formerly of S. Catherine's Churche, nearly smothered in his great-coate half the snuff about the floor. Evenced, as it always was, with the shopwindows as I went. I found it str
ge in Rome and he had taught me to pronounce Latin properly by putting difficult questions to me, asking me what one shoul st acts. The duties of the priest towards the Eucharist and towards the Post Office Directory and as closely printed as the lar put me through the responses of the Mass which he had made n his lower lipa habit which had made me feel uneasy in the k winging lamp of antique fashion. I felt that I had been very far a houses that looked to the west reflected the tawny gold of a gr p the narrow staircase before us, her bowed head being scarce again repeatedly with her hand. I went in on tiptoe. The room the	The had told me stories about the catacombs ld do in certain circumstances or whether such ards the secrecy of the confessional seemed so we notices in the newspaper, elucidating all the eme learn by heart; and, as I pattered, he used beginning of our acquaintance before I knew heaway, in some land where the customs were so reat bank of clouds. Nannie received us in the lely above the level of the banister-rail. At the first content is the service of the same area.	and about Napoleon Bonaparte, and he had explained and such sins were mortal or venial or only imperfect or grave to me that I wondered how anybody had ever se intricate questions. Often when I thought of this I of I to smile pensively and nod his head, now and then prim well. As I walked along in the sun I remembered of rangein Persia, I thought But I could not remembe hall; and, as it would have been unseemly to have short I anding she stopped and beckoned us forward end	I to me the meaning of the different ceremonies of the Massisons. His questions showed me how complex and myster found in himself the courage to undertake them; and I was could make no answer or only a very foolish and halting or bushing huge pinches of snuff up each nostril alternately. It do Cotter's words and tried to remember what had happened the end of the dream. In the evening my aunt took me wis buted at her, my aunt shook hands with her for all. The old couragingly towards the open door of the dead-room. My a	is and of the different vestments worn by the priest. It is not surprised when he told me that the fathers of the upon which he used to smile and nod his head to when he smiled he used to uncover his big discoloused afterwards in the dream. I remembered that I had the to visit the house of mourning. It was after so woman pointed upwards interrogatively and, on my aunt went in and the old woman, seeing that I hesita	Sometimes he had amused himself had always regarded as the simple the Church had written books as thi vice or thrice. Sometimes he used to used teeth and let his tongue lie uponoticed long velvet curtains and a sunset; but the window-panes of the vaunt's nodding, proceeded to toil used to enter, began to beckon to me
not gather my thoughts because the old woman's mutterings of e and went up to the head of the bed I saw that he was not smithe room-the flowers. We blessed ourselves and came away. In the table and invited us to take a little glass of wine. Then, at sappointed at my refusal and went over quietly to the sofa whe aunt fingered the stem of her wine-glass before sipping a little Rourke was in with him a Tuesday and anointed him and prepas asleep, he looked that peaceful and resigned. No one would or you to know that you did all you could for him. You were bowhile he was in it." Nannie had leaned her head against the sof	distracted me. I noticed how clumsily her skirt iling. There he lay, solemn and copious, vested in the little room downstairs we found Eliza set her sister's bidding, she filled out the sherry is ere she sat down behind her sister. No one spreared him and all." "He knew then?" "He was que think he'd make such a beautiful corpse." "Yet he very kind to him, I must say." Eliza smooth fa-pillow and seemed about to fall asleep. "The	was hooked at the back and how the heels of her clot I as for the altar, his large hands loosely retaining a cleated in his arm-chair in state. I groped my way toward nto the glasses and passed them to us. She pressed to the we all gazed at the empty firepl peacefully, ma'am," sai inter resigned." "H s, indeed," dress over h er kn ere 's poor Nannie," said	h boots were trodden down all to one side. The fancy came halice. His face was very truculent, grey and massive, with its my usual chair in the corner while Nannie went to the sime to take some cream crackers also but I declined becausace. My aunt waited until Eliza sighed and then said: "Ah, d Eliza. "You couldn't tell when the breath e looks quite resigned," said my aunt. said my aunt. She sipped a little is h, poor James!" she said. "G	e to me that the old priest was smiling as he lay the black cavernous nostrils and circled by a scanty wideboard and brought out a decanter of sherry and sel thought I would make too much noise eating the	re in his coffin. But no. When we ros hite fur. There was a heavy odour in some wine-glasses. She set these o em. She seemed to be somewhat din and bowed her head in assent. My sed." "And everything?" "Father O' I. She said he just looked as if he wa any rate it must be a great comfort five wouldn't see him want anything
nd then the coffin and then arranging about the Mass in the ch and took charge of all the papers for the cemetery and poor Ja dy can trust." "Indeed, that's true," said my aunt. "And I'm sure Still, I know he's gone and all to that" "It's when it's all over in the past and then said shrewdly: "Mind you, I noticed the er nose and frowned: then she continued: "But still and all he less of them new-fangled carriages that makes no noise that Fath Poor James!" "The Lord have mercy on his soul!" said my aunuties of the priesthood was too much for him. And then his life erry and then returned quietly to my chair in the comer. Eliza s	imes's insurance." "Wasn't that good of hi e now that he's gone to his eternal rew that you'll miss him," said my aunt. " there was something queer comin kept on saying that before the s ier O'Rourke told him aboutt ot. Eliza took out her handke e was, you might say, cro	m?" said my aunt Eliza closed h ard he won't forget you and all your I know that," said Eliza. "I won't be brin ging gover him latterly. Whenever I'd bring in h mer was over he'd go out for a drive one f iith the rheumatic wheels—for the day che nd wiped her eyes with it. Then she put it "Yes," said my aunt. "He was a disappoin	him brought us all thes and shook her head slo wly. "Ah, there's response to him." "Ah, poor Jame him in his cup of beef-tea any mo up to him there I'd find him with his bay, just to see the old house again where e said, at Johnny Rush's over the way ther again in her pocket and gazed into the empt wly. "Ah, there's response s!" said Eliza. 're, nor you, reviary fa e we we e and again in her pocket and gazed into the empt y g	I two candlesticks out of the chapel and wrote out the friends like the old friends," she said, "when all is "He was no great trouble to us. You wouldn't hear hima'am, sending him his snuff. Ah, poor James!" Shillen to the floor, lying back in the chair and his mouere all born down in Irishtown and take me and Nandle drive out the three of us together of a Sunday even trate for some time without speaking. "He was too seession of the little room and, under cover of it, I apple he said slowly: "It was that chalice he broke Tha	the notice for the Freeman's General is said and done, no friends that a boar in the house any more than now. It is stopped, as if she were community open." She laid a finger against haile with him. If we could only get on ing. He had his mind set on that crupulous always," she said. "The deroached the table and tasted my she was the beginning of it. Of course,
they say it was all right, that it contained nothing, I mean. But so d. "After that he began to mope by himself, talking to no one all ere. So then the clerk suggested to try the chapel. So then they imself in the dark in his confession-box, wide-awake and laugh n and truculent in death, an idle chalice on his breast. Eliza reswho introduced the Wild West to us. He had a little library mad the loft of the stable while we tried to carry it by storm; or we very morning in Gardiner Street and the peaceful odour of Mrs sy on his head, beating a tin with his fist and yelling: "Ya! yaka differences of culture and constitution were waived. We bande	still They say it was nd wandering about y got the keys and ning-like softly to sake and laughing bers of The Union Jahed battle on the grass prevalent in the hall of the latter of	boy's fault. But poor Jame's was so nervo self. So one night he was wanted for to go e chapel and the clerk and Father O'Rou stopped suddenly as if to listen. I too -like to himself So then, of cours ck, Pluck and The Halfpenny Mar But, however well we fought, w ouse. But he played too fierce us when it was reported that	od be merciful to him!" "And was that i call and they couldn't find him anyw nd another priest that was there brened; but there was no sound in tenthey saw that, that made the very evening after school we er won siege or battle and us who were younger a us who were younger a a vocation for the pri esthood. Nevertheless it with the selatter, the reluctant in the selatter is the selatter.	" said my aunt. "I heard something" Eliza nodd They looked high up and low down; and still the light for to look for him And what do you th I knew that the old priest was lying still in hi re was something gone wrong with him" en and arranged Indian battles. He and his h Joe Dillon's war dance of victory. His pounds d li ke some kind of an Indian when he cape ue. A spirit of unruliness diffused itself	ed. "That affected his mind," she sai y couldn't see a sight of him anywh link but there he was, sitting up by h s coffin as we had seen him, solem AN ENCOUNTER IT WAS Joe Dillon fat young brother Leo, the idler, hel arents went to eight-o'clock mass e red round the garden, an old tea-co among us and, under its influence,
e adventures related in the literature of the Wild West were remains nothing wrong in these stories and though their intention Marvel. "This page or this page? This page Now, Dillon, up! 'Hone assumed an innocent face. Father Butler turned over the pan who wrote it, I suppose, was some wretched fellow who write ur work or" This rebuke during the sober hours of school pales istance I began to hunger again for wild sensations, for the esce I wanted real adventures to happen to myself. But real adventife for one day at least. With Leo Dillon and a boy named Maho say he was sick. We arranged to go along the Wharf Road unt	mote from was som lardly ha ages, fro es thes led mu cape w titures, only I p	doors of escape. I liked retly at school. One day we he said. "The Apache Chief! is this day boys like yo for me and the con alone seemed to off ple who remain at hom as saved up sixpence. We retly at school. One day we have he said. "The Apache Chief! is this this day boys like yo for me and the con alone seemed to off ple who remain at hom as saved up sixpence. We retly at school. One day we have the same that the day dawned! Have have he were to meet at the same that the day dawned! Have he were to meet at the same that the day dawned! Have he were to meet at the day dawned! Have he said. "The day dawned! Have he said." The day dawned! Have he said. "The day dawned! Have he said." The day dawned! Have he said. "The day dawned! Have he said." The day dawned! Have he said. "The day dawned! Have he said." The day dawned! Have he said. "The day dawned! Have he said." The day dawned! Have he said. "The day dawned! Have he said." The day dawned! Have he said. "The day dawned! Have he said." The day dawned! Have he said. "The day dawned! Have he said." The day dawned! Have he said. "The day dawned! Have he said." The day dawned! Have he said. "The day dawned! Have he said." The day dawned! Have he da		History clumsy Leo Dillon was discretived in the control of the co	overed with a copy of The Halfpenny on handed up the paper and everyo
t would Father Butler be doing out at the Pigeon House. We we were all vaguely excited. We shook hands, laughing, and M r came and hurried along the canal bank. It was a mild sunny nup the hill. All the branches of the tall trees which lined the mad. I was very happy. When I had been sitting there for five or teon the bridge. While we were waiting he brought out the catapum why he had brought it and he told me he had brought it to had on for a quarter of an hour more but still there was no sign of h Strand Road till we came to the Vitriol Works and then turned at us, he proposed that we should charge them. I objected tha	lahon y said: "Till tomorrow, mates!" That ing in the first week of June. I sat to re gay with little light green leaves en mi ult w ave of Leo Dillon. Mahony, at last, jumped down and to the right along the Wharf Road. Mahony but the boys were too small and so we walked on	In the morning I was first he bridge admiring my frat and the sunlight sland the sunlight	to the bridge as I lived nearest. I hid my be shoes which I had diligently pipeclayed on the water suit appropocket an ahony us sixpence?" I said. "That's forfeit," said Mahony. "And so lic sight. He chased a crowd of ragged girls, brandishing I waddlers!" thinking that we were Protestants because Mal	ng grass near the ashpit at the e watching the docile horses pul warm and I began to pat it with a caching. He came up the hill, so dexplained some improvement ed slang freely, and spoke of Fa began to pat it with a caching. He came up the hill, so dexplained some improvement ed slang freely, and spoke of Fa began to pat it with a caching the came up the hill, so dexplained some improvement ed slang freely, and spoke of Fa began to pat it with a caching the docile horses pul warm and I began to pat it with a caching the docile horses pul warm and I began to pat it with a caching the docile horses pul warm and I began to pat it with a caching the docile horses pul warm and I began to pat it with a caching the docile horses pul warm and I began to pat it with a caching the came up the hill, so dexplained some improvement ed slang freely, and spoke of Fa began to pat it with a caching the came up the hill, so dexplained some improvement ed slang freely, and spoke of Fa began to pat it with a caching the came up the hill, so dexplained some improvement ed slang freely, and spoke of Fa began to pat it with a caching the c	egan, out of chivalry, to fling stones badge of a cricket club in his cap. W
hen we came to the Smoothing Iron we arranged a siege; but it king about the noisy streets flanked by high stone walls, watch to buns and sat down to eat them on some metal piping beside e opposite quay. Mahony said it would be right skit to run away their influences upon us seemed to wane. We crossed the Liched the discharging of the graceful threemaster which we had yes for I had some confused notion The sailors' eyes were be doff this sight we wandered slowly into Ringsend. The day had fishermen live. We could find no dairy and so we went into a high rired and when we reached the field we made at once for a slowly into Ringsend.	hing the working of cranes and engines and of the river. We pleased ourselves with the spect y to sea on one of those big ships and even I, ffey in the ferryboat, paying our toll to be trans d observed from the other quay. Some bystand blue and grey and even black. The only sailor v d grown sultry, and in the win dows of the groot nuckster's shop and bo oping bank over	ten being shouted at for our immobility by the drivers acle of Dublin's commercethe barges signalled from ooking at the high masts, saw, or imagined, the geog sported in the company of two labourers and a little Jeder said that she was a Norwegian vessel. I went to the chose eyes could have been called greers' shops musty biscuits lay ble e of raspberry lemonade each.	of groaning carts. It was noon when we reached the quay far away by their curls of woolly smoke, the brown fishing raphy which had been scantily dosed to me at school gracew with a bag. We were serious to the point of solemnity, be stern and tried to decipher the legend upon it but, failingen was a tall man who amused the crowd on the quay by aching. We bought some biscuits and chocolate which Refreshed by this, Mahony chase he Dodder. It was too lat	is and, as all the labourers seemed to be eating their g fleet beyond Ringsend, the big white sailing-vesse dually taking substance under my eyes. School and out once during the short voyage our eyes met and to do so, I came back and examined the foreign sai calling out cheerfully every time the planks fell: "All we ate sedulously as we wandered through the squ d a cat down a lane, but the cat escaped e and we were too tired to carry of	lunches, we bought two big curran all which was being discharged on the home seemed to recede from us an we laughed. When we landed we wat lors to see had any of them green eright! All right!" When we were tire allid streets where the families of the linto a wide field. We both felt rathe out our project of visiting the Pigeon
House. We had to be home before four o'clock lest our advent heerfulness. The sun went in behind some clouds and left us to resome time without speaking I saw a man approaching from the with one hand upon his hip and in the other hand he held a soft with a high crown. He seemed to be fairly old for his moustact with a high crown. He seemed to be fairly paces he turned a with the grass. He stopped when he came level with us and the seasons had changed greatly since he was a boya long time of school and of books. He asked us whether we had read the owas regarding us with open eyes, "he is different; he goes in	o our he fa stick che was ash about and began to re bade us good-day. We answered him and he s e ago. He said that the happiest time of one's poetry of Thomas Moore or the works of Sir W of or games." He said he had all Sir Walter Sco	ife was undoubtedly one's school -boy days and tha alter Scott and Lord Lytton, I prete nded that I had r tt's works and all Lord Lytton's work s at home an	t he would give anything to be young again. While he exead every book he mentioned so that in the end he said: d never tired of reading them. "Of course," he said, "there	e was nobody but ourselves in the fie s on which girls tell fortunes. He came dressed in a suit of greenish-black and quickly and then continued his way. We he ground with his stick, so slowly that f the weather, saying that it would be a expressed these sentiments which bored us a little w "Ah, I can see you are a bookworm like myself. Novel were some of Lord Lytton's works which boys could	along by the bank slowly. He walke wore what we used to call a jerry ha a followed him with our eyes and sa I thought he was looking for somet very hot summer and adding that the kept silent. Then he began to talk w," he added, pointing to Mahony wh dn't read." Mahony asked why coul
dn't boys read thema question which agitated and pained me y mentioned lightly that he had three totties. The man asked m he was our age he had lots of sweethearts. "Every boy," he sai y he shivered once or twice as if he feared something or felt a sund and round in the same orbit. At times he spoke as if he we and over again, varying them and surrounding them with his r hout changing the direction of my gaze, I saw him walking slow sed my eyes Mahony exclaimed again: "I say He's a queer old go away or not when the man came back and sat down be	te how many had I. I answered that I had none, id, "has a little sweetheart." His attitude on this sudden chill. As he proceeded I noticed that he lice young girl, at her nice white hands and he ere simply alluding to some onotonous voic e. I comply away from u stord josser!" "In c ase eside us again.	He did not believe me and said he was sur e I must point struck me as strangely liberal in a man of his a secent was good. He began to speak to us about git beautiful soft hair. He gave me the impression that he fact that everybody knew, and at times he lowered hontinued to gaze towards the foot of the slope, listening	age. In my heart I thought that what he said about boys and ris, saying what nice soft hair they had and how soft their e was repeating something which he had learned by heart is voice and spoke mysteriously as if he were telling us so not not many to him. After a long while his monologue paused. He stong when he had gone. After a silence of a few min ut "let you be Murphy and I'll be Smith ny, catching sight of the cat whi	he man, "how many have you yourself?" The man s d sweethearts was reasonable. But I disliked the wo hands were and how all girls were not so good as to or that, magnetised by some words of his own spec mething secret which he did not wish others to ove ood up slowly, saying that he had to leave us for a n tes I heard Mahony exclaim: "I say! Look what he's "We said nothing further to each other ch had escaped him, sprang up and pur	miled as before and said that when rds in his mouth and I wondered where seemed to be if one only knew. ech, his mind was slowly circling row rhear. He repeated his phrases over ninute or so, a few minutes, and, wit loing!" As I neither answered nor rails. I was still considering whether I we sued her across the field. The man
and I watched the chase. The cat escaped once more and Mahal the man spoke to me. He said that my friend was a very rouged it; but I remained silent. He began to speak on the subject of whipped and well whipped. When a boy was rough and unruly ng. I was surprised at this sentiment and involuntarily glanced nologue. He seemed to have forgotten his recent liberalism. He had a girl for a sweetheart and told lies about it then he would lid whip such a boy as if he were unfolding some elaborate myshat I should understand him. I waited till his monologue pause quickly with fear that he would seize me by the ankles. When I	gh boy and aske d d d of chastising bo ys. there wa s n oth up at hi e said that give him such a stery. He would lov e that, d again. Then I stood up abruptly. Lest I shoul reached the top of the slope I turned round ar	d, without looking at him, called loudly across the field	good but a good sound whipping. A slap on the air of bottle-green eyes a girl for a sweetheart he would whip him that the ere was nothing in thi ice, as he led me monotonously thr ding to fix my shoe properly and then, saying that I was old: "Murphy!" My voice had an accent of forced bravery in	and whip h im; and that would teach him no s world he would like so well as t ough the mystery, grew almost affectio bliged to go, I bade him good-day. I went up the slop it and I was ashamed of my paltry stratagem. I had	hool boys to be whipped, as he call ys were that kind they ought to be nted was to get a nice warm whippi y again. The man continued his mo ot to be talking to girls. And if a boy hat. He described to me how he wou nate and seemed to plead with me t be calmly but my heart was beating to call the name again before Mahon
y saw me and hallooed in answer. How my heart beat as he callers' School set the boys free. An uninhabited house of two sto ad died in the back drawing-room. Air, musty from having beer out Communicant and The Memoirs of Vidocq. I liked the last k had left all his money to institutions and the furniture of his hot hanging violet and towards it the lamps of the street lifted their in the gauntlet of the rough tribes from the cottages, to the bac urned to the street light from the kitchen windows had filled the adow peer up and down the street. We waited to see whether street half-opened door. Her brother always teased her before he	reys stood at the blind end, detached from its in long enclosed, hung in all the rooms, and the best because its leaves were yellow. The wild gouse to his sister. When the short days of wind it feeble lanterns. The cold air stung us and we ked doors of the dark dripping gardens where of the areas. If my uncle was seen turning the corn she would remain or go obeyed an	neighbours in a square ground The other houses of the waste room behind the kitchen was littered with old parden behind the house contained a central apple-treer came dusk fell before we played till our bodies glowe lours arose from the ashpits, er we hid in the shadow until o in and, if she remained, we lid I stood by the railings lookin	he street, conscious of decent lives within them, gazed at useless papers. Among these I found a few paper-covered e and a few straggling bushes under one of which I found had well eaten our dinners. When we met in the str d. Our shouts echoed in the silent street. The care to the dark odorous stables where a coachman sm we had seen him safely housed. Or if Mangan's sist eft our shadow and walked up to Man g at her. Her dress swung as she mo	one another with brown imperturbable faces. The for books, the pages of which were curled and damp: the late tenant's rusty bicycle-pump. He had been a reet the houses had grown sombre. The space of sker of our play brought us through the dark muddy la noothed and combed the horse or shook music from ter came out on the doorstep to call her brother in to gan's steps resignedly. She was waiting for us yed her body and the soft rope of her hair tos	rmer tenant of our house, a priest, h The Abbot, by Walter Scott, The Dev very charitable priest; in his will he y above us was the colour of ever-c nes behind the houses where we ra n the buckled harness. When we ret his tea we watched her from our sh , her figure defined by the light from sed from side to side. Every mornin
g I lay on the floor in the front parlour watching her door. The led my books and followed her. I kept her brown figure always I had never spoken to her, except for a few casual words, and ings when my aunt went marketing I had to go to carry some o s of shop-boys who stood on guard by the barrels of pigs' che ese noises converged in a single sensation of life for me: I ima praises which I myself did not understand. My eyes were often of the future. I did not know whether I would ever speak to her nd gestures were like fingers running upon the wires. One eve e of the broken panes I heard the rain impinge upon the earth,	in my yet h of the eks, t agined i full of t r or no ning I w ent into the back dr awi the fi ne incessant needles of water playing		nch of the sash so that I could not be ear the point at which our ways diver ons to all my foolish blood. Her imag ough the flaring streets, jostled by dr et-singers, who sang a come-all-yo ely through a throng of f d at times a flood from I could tell her of my iest had died. It was a d distant lamp or lighted win il they trembled, murmuring:	my heart seemed to pour itse confused adoration. But my b	is happened morning after morning. ostile to romance. On Saturday even curses of labourers, the shrill litanie ut the troubles in our native land. Th at moments in strange prayers and if out into my bosom. I thought little ody was like a harp and her words a no sound in the house. Through on kful that I could see so little. All my
senses seemed to desire to veil themselves and, feeling that I the first words to me I was so confused that I did not know whened a silver bracelet round and round her wrist. She could not dowards me. The light from the lamp opposite our door caugh "It's well for you," she said. "If I go," I said, "I will bring you so not the classroom her image came between me and the page I state was not some Freemason affair. I answered few questions in the many desire, seemed to me child's play, ugly monotonout into the front parlour and lie at the window. I left the house in the ticking began to irritate me, I left the room. I mounted the stair indistinct and, leaning my forehead against the cool glass, I look the first the stair indistinct and, leaning my forehead against the cool glass, I look the first the stair indistinct and, leaning my forehead against the cool glass, I look the first the stair indistinct and the stair indistair indistinct and the stair indistinct and the stair indistair	nat to answer. She asked me was I going to Arat go, she said, because there would be a retreath the white curve of her neck, lit up her hair the mething." What innumerable follies laid waste trove to read. The syllables of the word Araby in class. I watched my master's face pass from us child's play. On Saturday morning I reminde bad humour and walked slowly towards the scase and gained the upper part of the house.	aby. I forgot whether I an sat that week in her convent hat rested there and, falling, list my waking and sleeping thoughts were called to me through the silence in which my solution amiability to sternness; he hoped I was not beginning my uncle that I wished to go to the bazaar in the even hool. The air was pitilessly raw and already my heart if he high cold empty gloomy rooms liberated me and I	w ered yes or no. It would be a splendid bazaar, . Her brother and two other boys were fighting for t up the hand upon the railing. It fell over one side of after that evening! I wished to annihilate the tedious into all luxuriated and cast an Eastern enchantment over me. I a to idle. I could not call my wandering thoughts together. I ening. He was fussing at the hallstand, looking for the hat- nisgave me. When I came home to dinner my uncle had no went from room to room singing. From the front window I	she said;s she would love to go. "And why can't yo or their caps and I was alone at the railings. She help of her dress and caught the white border of a pettico ervening days. I chafed against the work of school. asked for leave to go to the bazaar on Saturday nigh I had hardly any patience with the serious work of librush, and answered me curtly: "Yes, boy, I know." or yet been home. Still it was early. I sat staring at the saw my companions playing below in the street. The	u?" I asked. While she spoke she tu d one of the spikes, bowing her hea lat, just visible as she stood at ease. At night in my bedroom and by day it. My aunt was surprised and hoped fe which, now that it stood between As he was in the hall I could not go e clock for some time and, when its leir cries reached me weakened and
rder below the dress. When I came downstairs again I found M my uncle did not come. Mrs. Mercer stood up to go: she was s said: "I'm afraid you may put off your bazaar for this night of 0 ns. When he was midway through his dinner I asked him to give and let him go? You've kept him late enough as it is." My ur a second time he asked me did I know The Arab's Farewell to hagham Street towards the station. The sight of the streets thrower an intolerable delay the train moved out of the station slowly ors; but the porters moved them back, saying that it was a spet ton to the road and saw by the lighted dial of a clock that it was	Irs. Mercer sitting at the fire. She wa orry she couldn't wa it any lo orry she couldn't wa it any lo or we me the mon encle said henis Stee organisms of the way or way or we could to rain for the bazaar. I rem	is an old garrulous woman, a pawnbroker's widow, willinger, but it was after eight o'clock and she ock I heard my uncle's latchkey in the he hy to go to the bazaar. He had for gotte was very sorry he had for gotte	no collected used stamps for some pious purpose. I had to did not like to be out late as the night air was bad for her, alldoor. I heard him talking to himself and heard the halist en. "The people are in bed and after their first sleep now," en. He said he believed in the old saying: "All work and not not be was about to recite the opening lines g with gas recalled to me the purpose houses and over the twinkling e bare carriage. In a few m	o endure the gossip of the tea-table. The meal was p When she had gone I began to walk up and down th and rocking when it had received the weight of his o he said. I did not smile. My aunt said to him energe	rolonged beyond an hour and still e room, clenching my fists. My aunt overcoat. I could interpret these sig tically: "Can't you give him the mon was going and, when I had told him in my hand as I strode down Bucki ass carriage of a deserted train. Aft of people pressed to the carriage do vised wooden platform. I passed ou
ance and, fearing that the bazaar would be closed, I passed in t by a gallery. Nearly all the stalls were closed and the greater ked into the centre of the bazaar timidly. A few people were ga. I listened to the fall of the coins. Remembering with difficulty nts and listened vaguely to their conversation. "O, I never said ng; she seemed to have spoken to me out of a sense of duty. In. They began to talk of the same subject. Once or twice the youngle the two pennies to fall against the sixpence in my pocker nguish and anger. EVELINE SHE sat at the window watching the otsteps clacking along the concrete pavement and afterwards	quick ly t part of thered about th e s why I had come I wen t over to o I such a thing!" "O, but you did!" "O, but I didn looked humbly at the great jars that stood like bung lady glanced at me over her shoulder. I li t. I heard a voice call from one end of the galle he evening invade the avenue. Her head was le	n rough a turnstile the hall was in d talls which were still open the of the stalls and examined porcelain vases and flo 't!" "Didn't she say that?" "Yes. I heard her." "O, there e eastern guards at either side of the dark entrance to ngered before her stall, though I knew my stay was us ry that the light was out. The upper part of the hall wa aned against the window curtains and in her nostrils	, handing a shilling arkness. I reco . Be fore a curta in, over which the words Carlor a-sets. At the door of the stall a young I observing me the young lady came and murmured: "No, thank you." The your seless, so now completely dark. Gazing up into the darkn was the	to a weary-looking man. I found mysel gnised a silence like that which per afe Chantant were written in coloured lamps, two mady was talking and laughing with two young gentle over and asked me did I wish to buy anything. The toung lady changed the position of one of the vases the more real. Then I turned away slowly and walked ess I saw myself as a creature driven and derided be eople passed. The man out of the last house passed	in a big hall girdled at half its heigh vades a church after a service. I wal en were counting money on a salver emen. I remarked their English acceone of her voice was not encouragi and went back to the two young med down the middle of the bazaar. I all y vanity; and my eyes burned with a lon his way home; she heard his fo
ttle brown houses but bright brick houses with shining roofs. In out of the field with his blackthorn stick; but usually little Keere all grown up; her mother was dead. Tizzie Dunn was dead, many years, wondering where on earth all the dust came from. Il above the broken harmonium beside the coloured print of the had consented to go away, to leave her home. Was that wise nd at business. What would they say of her in the Stores when cially whenever there were people listening. "Miss Hill, don't ye. Then she would be married-she, Eveline. People would treat ence. She knew it was that that had given her the palpitations.	The children of the avenue used to play togeth ogh used to keep nix and call out when he sav too, and the Waters had gone back to England. Perhaps she would nev er see again essed Mar essed Mar ach side of they found out that s ou see these ladies ar he waiting?	er in that fieldthe Devines, the Waters, the Dunns, lit her father coming. Still they seemed to have been ra I. Everything changes. Now she was going to go away	tle Keogh the cripple, she and her brothers and sisters. En ther happy then. Her father was not so bad then; and besic to like the others, to leave her home. Home! She looked rou med of being divided. And yet during all those years she ha friend of her father. Whenever he showed the photograph way she had shelter and food; she had those whom sh was a fool, perhaps; and her place would be filled up	rnest, however, never played: he was too grown up. des, her mother was alive. That was a long time ago and the room, reviewing all its familiar objects which had never found out the name of the priest whose ye he to a visitor her father used to pass it with a casual to had known all her life about her. Of course she had	Her father used often to hunt them i ; she and her brothers and sisters w she had dusted once a week for so ellowing photograph hung on the wa word: "He is in Melbourne now." Sh d to work hard, both in the house a ad always had an edge on her, espe wn country, it would not be like that herself in danger of her father's viol
begun to threaten her and say what he would do to her only fo usiness, was nearly always down somewhere in the country. B agesseven shillingsand Harry always sent up what he could give her his hard-earned money to throw about the streets, and had she any intention of buying Sunday's dinner. Then she had d returning home late under her load of provisions. She had ha about to leave it she did not find it a wholly undesirable life. She embered the first time she had seen him; he was lodging in a he ed to meet her outside the Stores every evening and see her he loves a sailor, she always felt pleasantly confused. He used to	Besides, that the trail but the trail but the trail but the trail much mo do to rush ou aird work to keep the house together and to sene was about to explore another life with Frank nouse on the main road where she used to visione. He took her to see The Bohemian Girl and call her Poppens out of fun. First of all it had been to the see The Bohemian Girl and call her Poppens out of fun. First of all it had been to the see The Bohemian Girl and call her Poppens out of fun.	a. Frank was very kind, manly, open-hearted. She was t. It seemed a few weeks ago. He was standing at the d she felt elated as she sat in an unaccustomed part of been an excitement for her to have a fellow and then s	who had been left to her charge went to school reg to go away with him by the night-boat to be his wife and to gate, his peaked cap pushed back on his head and his hai of the theatre with him. He was awfully fond of music and s the had begun to like him. He had tales of distant countries	u sed to squander the money, that she he a Saturday night. In the end he wo in black leather purse tightly in her hand as she elbo gularly and got their meals regularly. It was hard word or live with him in Buenos Ayres where he had a homer tumbled forward over a face of bronze. Then they same a little. People knew that they were courting an solution. He had started as a deck boy at a pound a month	kably. She always gave her entire wad no head, that he wasn't going to uld give her the money and ask her wed her way through the crowds an ka hard lifebut now that she was he waiting for her. How well she rem had come to know each other. He us d, when he sang about the lass that on a ship of the Allan Line going ou
t to Canada. He told her the names of the ships he had been or Of course, her father had found out the affair and had forbidde tinct. One was to Harry; the other was to her father. Ernest had toast for her at the fire. Another day, when their mother was all toast for her at the odour of dusty cretonne. Down far in the a fer mother's illness; she was again in the close dark room at e!" As she mused the pitiful vision of her mother's life laid its spin a sudden impulse of terror. Escape! She must escape! Fraying crowd in the station at the North Wall. He held her hand anying in beside the quay wall, with illumined portholes. She ans	en her to have anything to say to him. "I know it been her favourite but she liked Harry too. He ive, they had all gone for a picnic to the Hill of avenue she could hear a street organ playing. the other side of the hall and outside she hea spell on the very quick of her being-that life or the would save her. He would give her life, per nd she knew that he was speaking to her, say it wered nothing. She felt her cheek pale and co	these sailor chaps," he said. One day he had quarreller father was becoming old lately, she noticed; he would howth. She remembered her father putting on her moshe knew the air. Strange that it should come that verify a melancholy air of Italy. The organ-player had been commonplace sacrifices closing in final craziness. So haps love, too. But she wanted to live. Why should shing something about the passage over and over again lid and, out of a maze of distress, she prayed to God to	ed with Frank and after that she had to meet her lover secruld miss her. Sometimes he could be very nice. Not long be ther's bonnet to make the children laugh. Her time was ruly night to remind her of the promise to her mother, her pronordered to go away and given sixpence. She remembered he trembled as she heard again her mother's voice saying be be unhappy? She had a right to happiness. Frank would a The station was full of soldiers with brown baggages. The direct her, to show her what was her duty. The boat blew	retly. The evening deepened in the avenue. The whit efore, when she had been laid up for a day, he had runing out but she continued to sit by the window, leomise to keep the home together as long as she could her father strutting back into the sickroom saying constantly with foolish insistence: "Derevaun Seratake her in his arms, fold her in his arms. He would rough the wide doors of the sheds she caught a glire a long mournful whistle into the mist. If she went, to	e of two letters in her lap grew indisead her out a ghost story and made aning her head against the window ld. She remembered the last night or "Damned Italians! coming over her un! Derevaun Seraun!" She stood usave her. She stood among the swanpse of the black mass of the boat, I omorrow she would be on the sea w
ith Frank, steaming towards Buenos Ayres. Their passage had of the world tumbled about her heart. He was drawing her into d called to her to follow. He was shouted at to go on but he stil the Naas Road. At the crest of the hill at Inchicore sightseers hympathy, however, was for the blue carsthe cars of their frier sure of welcome as it topped the crest of the hill and each cheng men were almost hilarious. They were Charles Segouin, the ce (he was about to start a motor establishment in Paris) and F had had a very satisfactory luncheon; and besides he was an as an advanced Nationalist, had modified his views early. He h	been booked. Could she still draw back after them: he would drown her. She gripped with all called to her. She set her white face to him, pad gathered in clumps to watch the cars carends, the French. The French, moreover, were ver of welcome was acknowledged with smiles owner of the car; Andre Riviere, a young electiviere was in good humour because he was to optimist by nature. The fourth member of the lad made his money as a butcher in Kingstown	all he had done for her? Her distress awoke a nausea both hands at the iron railing. "Come!" No! No! No! It wassive, like a helpless animal. Her eyes gave him no sering homeward and through this channel of poverty a irtual victors. Their team had finished solidly; they had nods by those in the car. In one of these trimly but trician of Canadian birth; a huge Hungarian named Vito be appointed manager of the establishment; these two barty, however, was too excited to be genuinely happy and by opening shops in Dublin and in the suburbs	in her body and she kept moving her lips in silent fervent was impossible. Her hands clutched the iron in frenzy. Am sign of love or farewell or recognition. AFTER THE RACE and inaction the Continent sped its wealth and industry. Not been placed second and third and the driver of the winnight cars was a party of four young men whose spirits seem llona and a neatly groomed young man named Doyle. Segwo young men (who were cousins) were also in good humble. He was about twenty-six years of age, with a soft, light be had made his money many times over. He had also bee	prayer. A bell clanged upon her heart. She felt him solid the seas she sent a cry of anguish! "Eveline! Eve ITHE cars came scudding in towards Dublin, running ow and again the clumps of people raised the cheering German car was reported a Belgian. Each blue coned to be at present well above the level of successiouin was in good humour because he had unexpect our because of the success of the French cars. Villo prown moustache and rather innocent-looking grey on fortunate enough to secure some of the police co	seize her hand: "Come!" All the seas y!" He rushed beyond the barrier an evenly like pellets in the groove of of the gratefully oppressed. Their sar, therefore, received a double meaful Gallicism: in fact, these four you edly received some orders in advanna was in good humour because he beyes. His father, who had begun life ntracts and in the end he had beco
me rich enough to be alluded to in the Dublin newspapers as a he was popular; and he divided his time curiously between mu were not much more than acquaintances as yet but Jimmy founion he was. Villona was entertaining alsoa brilliant pianistkody for miles of the road. The Frenchmen flung their laughter a face of a high wind. Besides Villona's humming would confusion company of these Continentals. At the control Segouin had proctators amid nudges and significant looks. Then as to money-owledge had previously kept his bills within the limits of reaso	n merchant prince. He had sent his son to Englisical and motoring circles. Then he had been und great pleasure in the society of one who hout, unfortunately, very poor. The car ran on mand light words over their shoulders and often e anybody; the noise of the car, too. Rapid moesented him to one of the French competitors the really had a great sum under his control. S	and to be educated in a big Catholic college and had a sent for a term to Cambridge to see a little life. His fat ad seen so much of the world and was reputed to owr errily with its cargo of hilarious youth. The two cousin Jimmy had to strain forward to catch the quick phras tion through space elates one; so does notoriety; so a and, in answer to his confused murmur of complimen egouin, perhaps, would not think it a great sum but Ji	afterwards sent him to Dublin University to study law. Jimi her, remonstrative, but covertly proud of the excess, had p is some of the biggest hotels in France. Such a person (as l is sat on the front seat; Jimmy and his Hungarian friend si e. This was not altogether pleasant for him, as he had nea does the possession of money. These were three good rea t, the swarthy face of the driver had disclosed a line of shi mmy who, in spite of temporary errors, was at heart the in	my did not study very earnestly and took to bad coupaid his bills and brought him home. It was at Cambhis father agreed) was well worth knowing, even if hat behind. Decidedly Villona was in excellent spirits rly always to make a deft guess at the meaning and asons for Jimmy's excitement. He had been seen by ining white teeth. It was pleasant after that honour theritor of solid instincts knew well with what difficu	irses for a while. He had money and ridge that he had met Segouin. They e had not been the charming compa; he kept up a deep bass hum of mel shout back a suitable answer in the many of his friends that day in the o return to the profane world of spelty it had been got together. This kn