

TELEPHONING TO HEAVEN.

She wasn't on the playground she wasn't on the lawn. The little one was missing and bed-time coming on. We hunted in the garden, we peeped about to see if sleeping under rose-tree or lilac she might be. But nothing came in answer to all our anxious calls. 'Till at length we hastened within the darkened hall. And then upon the stillness there broke a silvery tone. The darling mite was standing before the telephone. And softly, as we listened, came stealing down the stairs: 'Hlo, Central! Give me Heaven, I want to say my prayers.'

Sydney Dayre.

LADY KILDARE; Or, the Rival Claimants.

CHAPTER XIX. Continued.

"It's the way of girls!" observed Fogarty sentimentally. "She was a rebellious, in fact," said the lawyer, keeping a keen watch on his companion through his sleepy-looking eyes. "That I was obliged to deal harshly with her. In short, Fogarty, I brought her to this house four nights ago. And she is up stairs at this moment, a helpless prisoner!" Fogarty nearly leaped from his chair. "In this house!" he ejaculated. "Yes, in the dark room at the head of the stairs. She is poor, without money and without friends. I have given out in Dublin that she has gone down to Ballyconnor. And there is one thing more, Fogarty. The girl is in my way!" "In your way?" repeated Fogarty stupidly. "Yes, Don't repeat every word I say, like a parrot. Such words are not pleasant enough to be often uttered. Remember the old saying, that 'walls have ears'!" "But if she is in your way, what will you do?"

The lawyer replied in a hissing whisper: "Remove her!" "The eyes of the two men met fully. Then Fogarty fell to trembling. Through the mild, innocent mask of Kildare's look, he had gazed down into the soul, and seen there a hideous and awful promise, coiling like a deadly hydra about to spring. "Oh, I can't!" he said tremulously. "I ain't so bad as that! She ain't harmed you, and she's only a young girl, an innocent, helpless creature! Oh, I can't!" The lawyer half withdrew his hand from his inner coat pocket, and the gleam of an ivory-mounted pistol caught the escaped convict's eye. "Refuse to obey my commands," said Kildare, "and I will deliver you up to the police with my own hands. Or I will set them on your track if you should promise to obey me and then make your escape to-worrow! You are in my power, Tim Fogarty, and you will have to do my bidding!"

"Oh, I don't know what to do!" he muttered. "I'm a bad man, but not so bad as this! A poor innocent young girl! What has she done, Mr. Kildare?" "She knows too much!" Fogarty looked bewildered. "It is enough for you to know that I want her removed, and that I want you to remove her!" said the lawyer softly. "No scruples Fogarty, unless you prefer to return to your Australian home. Do you mind? You will obey, or go back. Which shall it be?" "I will obey!" he whispered. "That is well. Now listen to my plan." He proceeded to unfold it, in a low, cautious whisper, his hand on his pistol, his cat-like eyes fall on the horror-struck ones of his confederate. "You understand?" he said, at last, when he had concluded. "The rest is easy. You will remain at this cottage, safely hidden, until to-morrow night. To-morrow morning I will send you in a box a suit of decent clothes, a wig, and a beard. You will disguise yourself in them."

"But the boat? How am I to get the boat?" "As soon as the disguise comes, put it on. Then go to Kingstown and charter a small sloop, of any description. Then return home. And to-morrow night the job I have ordered must be done. And you must do it alone! When it is done, I will meet you here, say four and twenty hours later. Here is the money with which to charter a small vessel."

He took out his pocket-book and counted out ten sovereigns. Fogarty took them up greedily. The lawyer spent a little further time in explaining his designs, and then took his departure. Fogarty went with him to the door and gave him egress, after which the fugitive crept up the stairs to his mother's room, where the widow eagerly awaited his coming. Mr. Kildare softly descended the cottage steps and moved toward the shrubbery, where his horse and wagon were in waiting. As he did so a woman's figure emerged from the shadow of a clump of lilacs, creeping into the deeper shade of a garden hedge. The figure was that of Allene Mahon, the Lady Nora's maid. When she saw with much weeping, this as a shadow, as an occasional gleam of light through the trees upon her face showed, Allene, moved with the stealth of a plover, her falcon-like, eagle-stooped soul on fire to discover her lost young mistress.

Since the night of Lady Nora's disappearance from Mr. Kildare's house in Dublin, Allene had stayed on, undetected by the plausible tale that her young lady had been sent for by the Lady Kathleen Bassantyne, and that she had left in such haste to obey the summons that she was obliged to leave her maid behind her. Day after day the faithful girl had watched and waited for some message from the Lady Nora, and she had waited in vain. Then, becoming suspicious of the new Earl of Kildare, who called at the house daily, Allene had written a letter to the Lady Kathleen, inquiring if the Lady Nora were at Ballyconnor. To this letter the Lady Kathleen replied in wild alarm, saying that she had not seen her young step-sister since parting from her at the station in Dublin. The effect of this letter upon poor, pretty, faithful Allene may be imagined. Almost wild with anxiety, she had written a letter to Lord O'Neil, and, being near to Dublin, had induced a fellow-servant to post it. This servant, the housemaid, had betrayed her to Mrs. Liffey, placing the letter in the housekeeper's hands. Of course, the letter thus intercepted was

read by the housekeeper and by the lawyer. Allene was called up to the drawing-room, and while not permitting her to know that her letter had not been posted, Mr. Kildare threatened her with all the terrors of the law if she declared any suspicion that his story concerning his young kinswoman's whereabouts was false. He then assured her that her young mistress was at Ballyconnor, and paying her her wages, dismissed her, ordering her to return to Point Kildare and her father, who was still steward there, by the first train.

Allene left the lawyer's house within the hour, but only to hide herself at a quiet inn in a humble quarter of the city. And then she began a system of espionage upon Mr. Kildare and upon the new Earl. While she was thus engaged, she remembered to have heard the housemaid who had betrayed her say once casually that Mrs. Liffey was no better than other people, having a sister, as poor as any peasant, living out at Clonakilla, and having charge of Mrs. Liffey's sole property, Yew Cottage. By some inspiration the girl had decided that day to pay Yew Cottage a visit, and had come on to the city that evening, some hours in advance of the lawyer.

Dismissing her maid at the street corner, she had come on to Yew Cottage, the name of which was indicated by a sign on the gate, and effected an entrance into the grounds where she had been lurking all the evening. At the lawyer at last made his egress from the cottage, the girl recognized him. Her joy at the recognition may be imagined. The sight of him at that place, at that hour after her suspicions of him, she regarded as proof positive that the Lady Nora was within the dwelling. How her heart beat! How her face glowed there in the darkness of the hedge to which she retreated!

"My suspicions were right, after all!" she murmured. "That day I overheard some words between Mr. Kildare and Mrs. Liffey about my Lady Nora was a isoky day for me! Yet all they said was something about 'breaking her spirit.' She refused to marry the new Earl, I know. Mr. Kildare must have brought her here to Mrs. Liffey's house to stay till she gives in. My poor Lady Nora! My poor Nora!" She waited until Mr. Kildare had departed, and until the sound made by his wagon wheels had died out on the still night air. Then she arose and commenced to wander around the house, looking up at the windows with a yearning gaze. No light beamed from those upper windows. No lovely, despairing face was pressed against the glass. "Yet she's in there! I know she is!" thought the faithful girl. "And I must see her! I will see her? But how?" She tried the doors and the windows, in the desperation of her affectionate soul. All were fastened. Most of the windows were shuttered.

"I can't get in," thought the girl, at last, in her despair. "I shall have to go back to Dublin without seeing her. Phoo! It's the best she can do for I got into the house might be discovered. I might telegraph to Mr. Kathleen, but her husband would betray me to Mr. Kildare. Strange that Lord O'Neil did not answer my letter. I'll telegraph to him as early as I can, after reaching Dublin. By to-morrow night he will be here. And to-morrow night my lady shall be free.

Thus strengthening her sinking heart, the courageous girl reluctantly turned from the cottage, and stole from the grounds. Having paid and dismissed the cab on her arrival, nothing now remained for her but to walk back to Dublin, which she proceeded to do.

CHAPTER XX.

IN THE TRAP.

At an early hour of the morning following Michael Kildare's visit to Yew Cottage, as described in the preceding chapter, a box arrived at the cottage addressed to Mrs. Fogarty. As the widow knew nothing of his and the lawyer's plans, and was to know nothing of them, the fugitive seized the box on its arrival, and carried it to his own chamber, a small room up stairs at the rear of the house. Then he locked his door and unpacked the box.

As had been promised, it contained a full and complete disguise. Drunkenly his window and lighting his candle, Fogarty proceeded to effect his toilet. Half an hour later he emerged from his room in the guise of a sailor, with garments that had been worn, and which fitted their new owner easily. He wore a sailor's tarpaulin over a new brown wig. The scar on his forehead was not to be concealed, but his face was cleverly disguised by the addition of a short, full beard, brown in hue, and tangled and dishevelled enough to belong to the most careless sailor in existence.

After he had done so, he turned to his own chamber might not have known him. As he came out, Mrs. Fogarty, who was lurking suspiciously near the key-hole of his room, uttered an exclamation which rang through the hall, reaching even the ears of the young captive. "What does this mean, Tim?" cried his mother, starting at him in amazement. "It means," said Tim coolly, "that the bees are after me, and I've got to hide. A bit of a disguise is necessary, especially as I'm going out for a walk."

"A walk! With the police looking for you? Are you crazy, Tim dear? How will you hide if you go out for a walk?" "You answer that," returned Tim. "I'm not good at conundrums. Stand aside, old lady. Keep your weather eye open till I come back, which will be some time to-day."

"One word, Tim. Won't you tell me this morning what Mr. Kildare wanted of you last night?" whined the widow, anxious to gain possession of her son's secret. "Never a word! Let me alone, can't you? This is a purty welcome home after years of roamin'! Hold your tongue now! I'm off!" He pushed by her rudely, descended the stairs, and departed from the house. He traversed the grounds cautiously, and peered over the palings into the street. There was no sign of Lame Bill, or other detective, anywhere about. Opening the gate, the fugitive passed out boldly. Relying upon his disguise, he proceeded to a place which he remembered as having been before kept horse on hire. He found that horses were still to be had here, and he hired one, mounted him, and set off for Kingstown at a gallop. The ride across country, through pleasant villages and hamlets, was without incident, and in due time he arrived at Kingstown, stabled his horse, and strolled out upon the great granite pier which is justly the great pride of the pleasant seaport town. The small packets from Liverpool and Holyhead were just steaming into the harbor. There was a throng of people on the pier, ladies on promenade and watching for the packets, people expecting the arrival of friends, men on business, sailors, fishermen, children, vendors of small wares, and those parts of Irish and English seaport towns, ogars in multitude. The harbor was thronged with sails. Fog-

arty strolled out to the extreme end of the pier, and examined the various vessels with a critical eye. Presently he marked a small, neat sloop, now and then, which was of the sort usually kept on hire for the use of visitors to the town or for pleasure parties. The only man on board this sloop was a weather-beaten old sailor, who was sunning himself on a pile of ropes. Fogarty caught this man's gaze and beckoned to him. The man called to him, demanding what he wanted.

"I want to come aboard," replied Fogarty. The sloop-master arose, drew up his anchor, and conveyed his vessel to the pier. As it came near, Fogarty, who was an expert sailor, caught a rope from him, and sprang aboard. "All alone?" he asked. "All alone?" growled the sloop-master. "What to be taken off to a vessel?" "No. I want to hire your sloop for a day or two, for a run to Scotland," said Fogarty, who had thought much on his morning's ride, and had got his lesson by heart. "I shall want her to-night, to-morrow, and to-morrow night. You shall have her by the second morning. What will you take for the loan of her?"

"Want me too?" asked the sloop-master doubtfully. "Not you, old man," said Fogarty, with a glance down at his sailor garments. "I'm a sailor myself, you see." "Is it for smuggling you want it?" "No. Is it blind you are, captain?" asked Fogarty, with a leer and a laugh. "Did you never run after the potatoes, man? There's a gal in the case—the saint's bias her! And there's an ugly old step-father to the fore, and he don't like sailors, more's the pity, and he won't have one at no price for a son-in-law."

"He might do worse," ejaculated the sloop-master touched in a tender point. "The byes that wear the blue jackets are the byes for me!" "So my lass says—the saint's keep her!" said Fogarty leering. "My name is Jim Doolan, and my girlie likes the name and wants to share it. And so it's Scotland and a Scottish wedding, and a fig for old Flaherty! And it's ten pounds I'll give you for the use of your sloop for the time I've mentioned." "Ten pounds! That's a big sum. I'll do it. But what if you shouldn't come back with the boat?" added the sloop-master suspiciously. "Ye want security?"

The sloop-master assented. Fogarty redoubled. The lawyer had forgotten to provide for this emergency, and this was a decision was likely to cause a balk in their plans. Presently a bright idea occurred to the fugitive. "How would a watch suit you?" he asked. "A real gold ginswing watch?" "That would suit me. I would take it as security."

"Then, to make you look sharp and lively, I'll give you five pounds now in advance. To-night, at midnight, be off the pier at Black Rock, and I'll be there with the green, the other five pounds, and the gold watch. D've mind? At midnight, of the pier at Black Rock." Fogarty drew out and gave the captain five sovereigns, being careful to display the fifteen he had remaining. Then, having made the impression he desired as a spendthrift sailor-lover bound on an elopement to Scotland, with a willing maiden, he leaped on the pier, and hurried shoreward.

A few minutes later he was in the middle again, and on his return to the city. So far he had done as Mr. Kildare commanded. He said to himself, as he left the town, striking out into the country. "He told me to engage a sloop. Done. He told me to get rid of the master. Done. He told me to get the girl aboard to-night. That I shall do. He told me, when I get her well out, say in the middle of the channel, to push her overboard, and leave her to her fate. I know a trick worth two of that! We'll see what my trick amounts to. Clever story I told that innocent old sloop-master! But better let him think that it's a wedding that's up than to get a hint of the truth. A wedding! Ha! ha! A queer kind of a wedding that's aigh being a wake!"

He laughed grimly and hurried on over the pleasant roads, past villas, estates, and demesnes, past abbeyes, and priories, churches and wayside shrines, and past humble homes, too, where dwelt the sad browed, patient-eyed, stolid-faced peasantry—past fields, commons, hills, and all the varied features of the country in the environs of Dublin. It was toward the middle of the afternoon, when having returned his horse to his owner, and having taken a roundabout way home from the stable, to avoid being followed, he entered the gate of Yew Cottage, strolled up the path, and entered the dwelling.

Mrs. Fogarty was in the banquet, and he went down to her procured his dinner, which had been kept for him. Ending all the widow's inquisitive and insinuating queries, he went up his room, and remained there till evening. About dusk he came down to his supper. Then he suntered about the garden and smoked a pipe, after which he returned to the house and to his mother's sitting-room in the basement. "I believe I'll go to bed," he said, yawning, knowing that his mother had a great weakness for early hours. "I'm asleep I am—"

"Surely you won't go to bed, Tim," without telling me the secret betwixt you and Mr. Kildare?" whined his mother, laying her skinny hand on his shoulder. "I'll tell you in the morning," said Fogarty. "The lawyer said I wasn't to tell, but I'll tell you in the morning, sure, if you'll keep the secret."

of the floor his mother's day garments. Upon their top was her brown straw dress. He crept into the room, took up the dress, and sought for the pocket. The key was in it. He took the key, crept back to the hall, closed his mother's door, and stealthily moved to the door of the dark room. Here he also listened.

The young prisoner within was astir, moving with slow and weary step about her cell. "If I go to sudden, I'll scare her, and the fat will be in the fire," he thought. "I must prepare her to see me!" He stooped and put his mouth to the key-hole. "Lady, Nora," he whispered, and the sound was hardly louder than the the whistling of a light autumn wind.

There was a start in the dark room. Low and unsteady steps approached the door. "Who is it?" the Lady Nora asked lowly fearfully, eagerly. "Who? Not a word, or you'll awaken the old woman! It's a friend!" There was a low, eager gasp, as of hope. "A friend!" whispered the sweet, eager voice within. "A friend, did you say?" "Yes, my lady. Hush, now, I'm coming in!"

He put the key in the lock, turned it, opened the door softly, and stood on the threshold. The poor young captive met him face to face. It was dark for her to see the gleam of his eyes, the glow on his face—too dark for him to see how trembling and pale and eager she was. She put her hand on his arm. "Who are you?" she asked. "My name is Tim Fogarty. I'm the son of the old woman who keeps this house—"

The girl sighed heavily. "Her son?" "Yes, my lady. I came home from sea last night. I'm only a rough sailor, my lady, but, rude and uncouth as I am, I have got a sailor's heart. And I've found out, my lady, that you were shut up here, against your will, and as yet I'm blind. Blow me, Tim Fogarty, if I'll stand by and see an innocent young gal harmed!"

He talks kindly," the girl said to herself. "My mates know I won't never see injustice done, not even to a lame kitten! And I've watched till the old lady is asleep, and have stolen this key," continued Fogarty feigning. "And I am going to help you escape. Softly now, my lady. Are you ready for a journey?" "I can be in a moment," said the young Lady Nora, almost persuaded that she was dreaming, and that she would presently awaken to find herself in her cell. "I have but to put on my hat and wrappings."

"Let me bring you a light," said Fogarty. He hastened to his room and returned with one. By the light thus furnished, the Lady Nora and he surveyed each other. There was little of the proposessing in Fogarty's appearance, yet, thanks to his false beard and sailor garb, he looked like a sturdy, honest, respectable sailor. And sailors, as the Lady Nora reflected, are celebrated for their kindness of heart.

The secret on his forehead, which gave a slight cast to his eyes, was scarcely marked by the young girl. Any who came to rescue her must necessarily seem to her and angel of good-news. She hastened to put on her cloak and hat, and to gather up a few articles of her own, which she desired to take with her.

Fogarty watched her at her task. He had seen some noble ladies, the Lady Kathleen Connor among others; but he had never seen a being so beautiful, so spirited, as lovely as the Lady Nora. Her bright looks and dainty ways struck him as something he had never seen in any person before, and he regarded her as one might regard some glorious bird of paradise. "She's magnificent!" he thought. "But Lord Kildare would be welcome to her for all me. I'd rather have her maid Allene for my wife. Like to like, that's my motto."

The preparations of the Lady Nora were soon completed. Her small hat with its feathered bird's wing was perched above her forehead, and her saucy buttoned over her chest. Then, with a water-proof cloak on her arm, she turned to Fogarty, requesting him to lead on. He extinguished the light, took up his shoes and led the way down stairs. The Lady Nora followed him swiftly and almost noiselessly as a shadow. The front door was locked, bolted and chained. Fogarty led the way to the rear entrance, and the fastenings and the two slipped out into the garden. The girl looked around her with a swelling heart. She looked up at Fogarty as to a benefactor. "Oh, how can I ever thank you?" she said brokenly. "Let me take you to a place of safety, my lady. That is all the reward I want. Where would you like to go? To Dublin?" "Oh, no, no, no!" "To Point Kildare?" "Not there, just yet. Oh, I am very friendly, Mr. Fogarty. I have a guardian who lives in England. He is a just man, and an honest one. I must go to him."

A STEEL-WINDING FREE FOR 60 DAYS FREE BEAUTY POSITIVELY THE FINEST FREE. (Advertisement for a watch company with an illustration of a pocket watch.)

HOW CAN THE LONG BE THE SHORT? (Advertisement for a railway line with an illustration of a train.)

A line may be a very long one and yet be the shortest between given points. (Advertisement for a railway line with an illustration of a train.)

HAND OF FORTUNE! (Advertisement for a fortune teller or similar service.)

\$60 SALARY, \$40 EXPENSES IN ADVANCE. (Advertisement for a job or business opportunity.)

THE WIZARD AT RACK! (Advertisement for a magic or fortune-telling service.)

Rev. Chas. Hole, Halifax N.S. is happy to testify to the benefits received from our Butterfly Belt and Actina. (Advertisement for a medical device or product.)

W. T. BAER & CO. 171 Queen Street West, Toronto. (Advertisement for a business or company.)

Report of the Farnell Commission. LONDON, Feb. 12.—Considerable disappointment was felt by those who have been looking forward to the presentation in Parliament of the report of the Farnell Commission that it was not given to the house yesterday, as it was reported on Monday that it would be. It is learned that the Government became aware of the intention of the Opposition to spring a debate on the question of the Times' breach of privilege as soon as the report was read, and therefore delayed its presentation until the danger be averted.

A Notable Convert. The following letter from the respected daughter of William Smith O'Brien, the patriot martyr of '43 and herself famous for her genius and philanthropy, has been received by the editor of the Pilot:—

It Runs in the Blood. The Toronto Empire energetically states that the £5,000 which Mr. Farnell received from the Times will enable him to support his mother. In referring to this ill-merited attention to the Irish leader the Globe adds:—"How dastardly the insinuation is may be understood from the often-published fact that Mr. Farnell's American agents have long had continuing instructions to supply his aged mother with all needful funds."

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, SUPERIOR COURT. No. 2663 DAME MARY ELIZABETH FEATHERSTON, wife of JAMES CURRINGHAM, both of the City and District of Montreal, Plaintiff, and the said JAMES CURRINGHAM, Defendant. An action on separation de bonis et malis has been entered by Plaintiff against Defendant.

The Only Appliances HAVING ABSORBENT QUALITIES. A New Lease of Life. A Cure Without Medicine. (Advertisement for a medical product with illustrations of a person and a bottle.)