

LORD KILGOBBIN.

By CHARLES LEVER.

Author of "Harry Lorrequer," "Jack Hinton the Guardsman," "Charles O'Malley the Irish Dragoon," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXVI.—Continued.

"So like the fellow! so like him!" was all that Dick could mutter, and he turned away in disgust.

As Atlee never went to bed till day-break, it was quite clear that he was from home, as the college gates could not re-open till morning. Dick was not sorry to feel that he was safe from all intrusion for some hours. With this consolation he betook him to his bedroom, and proceeded to undress. Scarcely, however, had he thrown off his coat than a heavy, long-drawn respiration startled him. He stepped and listened; it came again, and from the bed. He drew nigh, and there, to his amazement, on his own pillow, lay a massive head of a coarse-looking, vulgar man of about thirty, with a silk handkerchief fastened over it as a night-cap. A brawny arm lay outside the bed-clothes, with an enormous hand of very questionable cleanness, though one of the fingers wore a heavy gold ring.

Wishing to gain what knowledge he might of his guest before awaking him, Dick turned to inspect his clothes, which, in a wild disorder, lay scattered through the room. They were of the very poorest, but such still as might have belonged to a very humble clerk or messenger in a counting-house. A large black leather pocket-book fell from a pocket of the coat, and, in replacing it, Dick perceived it was filled with letters. On one of these, as he closed the clasp, he read the name "Mr. Daniel Donogan, Dartmouth Jail."

"What!" cried he, "is this the great head-centre, Donogan, I have read so much of? and how is he here?"

Though Dick Kearney was not usually quick of apprehension, he was not long in guessing what the situation meant; it was clear enough that Donogan, being a friend of Joe Atlee's had been harbored here as a safe refuge. Of all places in the capital, none were so secure from the visits of the police as the college; indeed, it would have been no small hazard for the police force to have invaded these precincts. Calculating, therefore, that Kearney was little likely to leave Kilgobbin at present, Atlee had installed his friend in Dick's quarters. The indiscretion was a grave one; in fact, there was nothing—even to expulsion itself—might not have followed on discovery.

"So like him! So like him!" was all he could mutter, as he arose and walked about the room.

While he thus mused he turned into Atlee's bedroom, and at once it appeared why Mr. Donogan had been accommodated in his room. Atlee's was perfectly destitute of everything; bed, chest of drawers, dressing-table, chair, and bath were all gone. The sole object in the chamber was a print of a well-known informer of the year '38, "Jemmy O'Brien," under whose portrait was written, in Atlee's hand: "Bought in at four-pence half-penny, at the general sale, in affectionate remembrance of his virtues, by one who feels himself to be a relative—J. A." Kearney tore down the picture in passion, and stamped upon it; indeed, his indignation with his chum had now passed all bounds of restraint.

"So like him in everything!" again burst from him in utter bitterness.

Having thus satisfied himself that he had read the incident aright, he returned to the sitting-room, and at once decided that he would leave Donogan to his rest till morning.

"It will be time enough then to decide what is to be done," thought he.

He then proceeded to relight the fire, and, drawing a sofa near, he wrapped himself in a railway rug and lay down to sleep. For a long time he could not compose himself to slumber; he thought of Nina and her wiles—ay, they were wiles; he saw them plainly enough. It was true, he was no prize—no "catch," as they call it—to angle for; and such a girl as she could easily look higher; but still he might swell the list of those followers she seemed to like to behold at her feet offering up every homage to her beauty, even to their actual despair. And he thought of his own condition—very hopeless and purposeless as it was.

"What a journey, to be sure, was life, without a goal to strive for! Kilgobbin would be his one day; but by that time

would it be able to pay off the mortgages that were raised upon it? It was true Atlee was no richer, but Atlee was a shifty, artful fellow, with scores of contrivances to go to windward of Fortune in even the very worst of weather. Atlee would do many a thing he would not stoop to."

And as Kearney said this to himself he was cautious in the use of his verb, and never said "could," but always "would" do; and, oh, dear! is it not in this fashion that we many of us keep our courage in life, and attribute to the want of will what we well know lies in the want of power?

Last of all, he bethought himself of this man Donogan—a dangerous fellow in a certain way, and one whose companionship must be got rid of at any price. Plotting over in his mind how this should be done in the morning, he at last fell fast asleep.

So overcome was he by slumber that he never awoke when that venerable institution, called the college woman—the hag whom the virtue of unerring dons insists on imposing as a servant on resident students—entered, made up the fire, swept the room, and arranged the breakfast-table. It was only as she jogged his arm to ask him for an additional penny to buy more milk that he awoke and remembered where he was.

"Will I get yer honor a bit of bacon?" asked she, in a tone intended to be insinuating.

"Whatever you like," said he, drowsily.

"It's himself, there, likes a rasher—when he can get it," said she, with a leer, and a motion of her thumb toward the adjoining room.

"Whom do you mean?" asked he, half to learn what and how much she knew of his neighbor.

"Oh! don't I know him well?—Dan Donogan," replied she, with a grin. "Didn't I see him in the dock with Smith O'Brien in '48, and wasn't he in trouble again after he got his pardon; and won't he always be in trouble?"

"Hush! don't talk so loud," cried Dick warningly.

"He'd not hear me now if I was screechin'; it's the only time he sleeps hard; for he gets up about three or half-past three—before it's day—and he squeezes through the bars of the window, and gets out into the park, and he takes his exercise there for two hours, most of the time running full speed and keeping himself in fine wind. Do you know what he said to me the other day? 'Molly,' says he, 'when I know I can get between those bars there, and run round the College Park in three minutes and twelve seconds, I feel that there's not many a jail in Ireland can howld, and the devil a policeman in the island could catch me.' And she had to lean over the back of a chair to steady herself while she laughed at the conceit.

"I think, after all," said Kearney, "I'd rather keep out of the scrape than trust to that way of escaping it."

"He wouldn't," said she. "He'd rather be seducin' the soldiers in Barrack street, or swearing in a new Fenian, or nailing a death-warnin' on a hall door, than he'd be lord mayor! If he wasn't in mischief he'd like to be in his grave."

"And what comes of it all?" said Kearney, scarcely giving any exact meaning to his words.

"That's what I do be saying myself," cried the hag. "When they can transport you for singing a ballad, and send you to pick oakum for a green cravat, it's time to take to some other trade than patriotism!" And with this reflection she shuffled away to procure the materials for breakfast.

The fresh rolls and water-cress, a couple of red herrings, deviled as those ancient damsels are expert in doing, and a smoking dish of rashers and eggs, flanked by a hissing tea-kettle, soon made their appearance, the hag assuring Kearney that a stout knock with the poker on the back of the grate would summon Mr. Donogan almost instantaneously—so rapidly, indeed, and with such indifference as to raiment, that, as she modestly declared: "I have to take to my heels the moment I call him," and the modest avowal was confirmed by her hasty departure.

The assurance was so far correct that scarcely had Kearney replaced the poker when the door opened, and one of the strangest figures he had ever beheld presented itself in the room. He was a short, thick-set man with a profusion of yellowish hair, which, divided in the middle of the head, hung down on either

side to his neck; beard and mustache of the same hue left little of the face to be seen but a pair of lustrous blue eyes, deep-sunken in their orbits, and a short, wide-nostriled nose, which bore the closest resemblance to a lion's. Indeed, a most absurd likeness to the king of beasts was the impression produced on Kearney as this wild-looking fellow bounded forward and stood there amazed at finding a stranger to confront him.

His dress was a flannel shirt and trousers, and a pair of old slippers which had once been Kearney's own.

"I was told by the college woman how I was to summon you, Mr. Donogan," said Kearney, good-naturedly. "You're not offended with the liberty?"

"Are you Dick?" asked the other, coming forward.

"Yes, I think most of my friends know me by that name."

"And the old devil has told you mine?" asked he, quickly.

"No, I believe I discovered that for myself. I tumbled over some of your things last night, and saw a letter addressed to you."

"You didn't read it?"

"Certainly not. It fell out of your pocket-book, and I put it back there."

"So the old hag didn't blab on me? I'm anxious about this, because it's got out somehow that I'm back again. I landed at Kenmare in a fishing-boat from the New York packet, the Osprey, on Tuesday fortnight, and three of the newspapers had it before I was a week on shore."

"Our breakfast is getting cold; sit down here and let me help you. Will you begin with a rasher?"

Not replying to the invitation, Donogan covered his plate with bacon, and leaning his arm on the table, stared fixedly at Kearney.

"I am as glad as fifty pound of it," muttered he, slowly, to himself.

"Glad of what?"

"Glad that you're not a swell, Mr. Kearney," said he, gravely. "The Hon. Richard Kearney; whenever I repeated that to myself it gave me a cold sweat. I thought of velvet collars and a cravat with a grand pin in it, and a stuck-up creature behind both that wouldn't condescend to sit down with me."

"I am sure Joe Atlee gave you no such impression of me."

A short grunt that might mean anything was all the reply.

"He was my chum, and knew me better," reiterated the other.

"He knows many a thing he doesn't say, and he says plenty he doesn't know. 'Kearney will be a swell,' said I, 'and he'll turn upon me just out of contempt for my condition.'"

"That was judging me hardly, Mr. Donogan."

"No, it wasn't; it's the treatment the mangy dog meets all the world over. Why is England insolent to us, but because we're poor?—answer me that. Are we mangy? Don't you feel mangy? I know I do!"

Dick smiled a sort of mild contradiction, but said nothing.

"Now that I see you, Mr. Kearney," said the other, "I'm as glad as a ten-pound note about a letter I wrote you."

"I never received a letter from you."

"Sure I know you didn't! haven't I got it here?" and he drew forth a square-shaped packet and held it up before him.

"I never said that I sent it, nor I won't send it now; here's its present address," added he, as he threw it on the fire and pressed it down with his foot.

"Why not have given it to me now?" asked the other.

"Because three minutes will tell you all that was in it, and better than writing; for I can reply to anything that wants an explanation, and that's what a letter cannot. First of all, do you know that Mr. Claude Barry, your county member, has asked for the Chiltern, and is going to resign?"

"No, I have not heard it."

"Well, it's a fact. They are going to make him a second secretary somewhere, and pension him off. He has done his work; he voted an Arms Bill and an Insurrection Act, and he had the influenza when the amnesty petition was presented, and sure no more could be expected from any man."

"The question scarcely concerns me; our interest in the country is so small now, we count very little."

"And don't you know how to make your influence greater?"

"I cannot say that I do."

"Go to the poll yourself, Richard Kearney, and be the member."

"You are talking of an impossibility, Mr. Donogan. First of all, we have no fortune, no large estates in the county, with a wide tenantry and plenty of votes; secondly, we have no place among the county families, as our old name and good blood might have given us; thirdly, we are of the wrong religion, and, I take it, with as wrong politics; and lastly, we should not know what to do with the prize if we had won it."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

RELIGIOUS NEWS.

The highest steeple in the world is that of the cathedral of Antwerp—417 feet.

The Catholics constitute a little over one-third of the population of the German Empire.

The fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., will be observed between November 1st and 10th next.

The Swiss Catholic bishops have published a collective letter in favor of total abstinence, pointing out the terrible consequences of intemperance.

The Bishop of Livorno, Mgr. Franchi, has been gaining enthusiastic praise from people of all classes by visiting cholera patients in his diocese and distributing food with his own hands.

The Catholic Order of Foresters now numbers 25,000 members in good standing. During the last year 6,700 were initiated into the order, and ninety-two new courts were organized.

The clergy and laity of the diocese of Buffalo, N.Y., are making great preparations for a great celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of Rt. Rev. Stephen V. Ryan's consecration as a bishop.

Nearly half a century ago the Apostleship of Prayer was established among the young Jesuits of Vals. The golden jubilee of that founding of the League of the Sacred Heart will be celebrated all over the world next year.

The negro priest, Father Augustus Tolton, is building a \$35,000 church for the Catholic colored inhabitants of Chicago. He has only a part of the money in hand and will be grateful for any contribution to make up the remainder.

The centenary festival of the Holy House of Loreto will be celebrated next year, and the composer, Verdi, as an act of veneration to the Blessed Virgin, has promised to set the Litany of Loreto to beautiful music for the occasion.

The Catholic negroes of Washington, D.C., are to have another church. The new church is to be on Capitol Hill, not far from the navy yard. Father Matthews, the pastor, is devoted to the colored people and they are attached to him. He and they have chosen St. Benedict as the patron of the new church.

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