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THE HEIR OF ROMNEY.

BY CHRISTINE FABER.

VII.

Had some marvelous phenomenon dropped out of the heavens among the neighbors and friends of old Larry Dominick, it could not have created greater commotion than did the extraordinary news, borne far and near, that his daughter was the wife of Sir Hubert Romney.

Carnarven and old Maura changed their abode to the cottage of the Dominicks, and thither Larry Dominick spent the greater portion of each day.

"I could do little good by interfering again. I cannot force his love when he is not willing to give it."

The strange and total change in old Dominick's life seemed to have some withering effect upon his constitution, for he dropped rapidly, and before he had been three months in his new home, died an apparently painless death.

Catherine Romney rose from her sick bed an altered woman: in her heart there did not remain a tinge of regard for her selfish and indifferent husband.

Old Maura had received her coldly, and had attempted to oppose her entrance to the sick room, but Catherine was not to be deterred from what she considered a duty.

"You've a grand home beyond," the old woman said, while the tears coursed her cheeks, "and he's lying there—lying to die, and you'll never know—never know!"

"A thousand times better," said Catherine, "and now tell me all about it, so that I shall know how to act."

"There is no acting for you to do, Kate, save to be as good a wife as you can be to your husband. I shall not disturb things, for I am content with what I am."

"The Key to the Situation—If you suffer from Sick or Bilious Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, or any derangement of the stomach, liver and bowels—is Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

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and in his travels he fell in love with, and married, an Irish girl somewhere in the south of Ireland, and took her abroad with him.

"A little after that my father lost much of his means, and he continued to lose until he had nothing left but the domain here that bears his name.

"His second wife had a son, but while he was a mere lad she also died, and the son grew up to be a gay, passionate man of the world like his father.

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animal he always rode. Up to the very door he came, and then both Florence and Catherine saw that he was little less than a maniac from the combined effects of passion and wine.

"Hold!" he said sternly, putting his hand on the horse's side, "and think of what you are saying."

"Supernatural strength seemed to animate young Carnarven; he arose as erect and firm as in his healthiest days, and strode to the madman.

"Some one out on the road stopped the infuriated animal, but when Catherine and Florence whose suddenly acquired strength had not diminished, came up to the panting, trembling beast, his rider that had been, lay upon the dusty highway dead.

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of her own neighborhood, but these who were miles distant.

"Her funeral was attended alone by the poor, but the blessings that rained upon her grave, and the prayers that were tearfully and fervently said for her, attested how deep was the affection she had inspired, and how entirely erased by her kind deeds, was every wrong that had been committed by a Romney.

"The sun shone so fiercely hot on the 17th of August, 187-, that the leaves of the trees folded themselves in humble protest and the birds crept cautiously under the shade of the brushwood which lined the banks of Otter Creek in their endeavor to screen themselves from the fiery orb.

"No signs of the troops yet," he muttered, as he rubbed his weary eyes; "good heavens! another day like this and then—"

"Bang! zip! rang out the report of a rifle, and a bullet buried itself in the wagon bed.

"A miss is as good as a mile, my beauties," said the soldier, for such his dress showed him to be, "though," he added, after a moment's consideration, "I'd prefer the mile!"

"Instantly from the hills that lay about half a mile to westward of the creek came the report of many rifles, and a shower of bullets whistled unpleasantly close to the foolhardy soldier, who now, yielding to the entreaties of his comrades, slowly descended from the breastwork and entered the corral.

"Do you know that you will almost certainly sacrifice your life in so doing?" said the colonel, for the approach to the creek was swept by the enemy's fire.

"Why, sir, I allow that that is a risk; but, sir, they're sufferin' awful," Jones returned, jerking his thumb over his shoulder to indicate what he meant by "they."

"Well, then, since you will go, my brave fellow, may God protect you!" and the stern old soldier turned, his gray eyes suffused with tears as he witnessed this touching trait of true heroism in the private.

"Catching up a couple of buckets, Jones clambered over the breastwork and walked toward the creek as cool and self-possessed as if he were crossing a parade ground.

"So the day wore on. Twice the Indians had striven to carry the camp and twice had they been repulsed. But Colonel Mack knew full well that he could not possibly hold out another day; his garrison was becoming weaker, his ammunition and rations were running low, and the Indians, having received a reinforcement, were becoming bolder.

"Some one must go and find the general," he muttered. "And yet I do not care to detail a man upon this dangerous service. I'll ask for a volunteer, and then it will be hard to decide among so gallant a command," and a smile of pride curled up the corners of his mouth, for the colonel thought—justly, perhaps—that no body of men could equal his. So resolving, he walked over to where the men were receiving their rations of

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