

LORD KILGOBBIN.

By CHARLES LEVER.

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

CHAPTER XXXIII.—Continued.

On the morning that he learned that Lady Maude would join him that day at dinner Atlee conceived the idea of appearing in this costume. It was not only that she knew nothing of the Irish court and its habits, but she made an almost ostentatious show of her indifference to all about it, and in the few questions she asked the tone of interrogation might have suited Africa as much as Ireland. It was true, she was evidently puzzled to know what place or condition Atlee occupied; his name was not familiar to her, and yet he seemed to know everything and everybody, enjoyed a large share of his excellency's confidence, and appeared conversant with every detail placed before him.

That she would not directly ask him what place he occupied in the household he well knew, and he felt at the same time what a standing and position that costume would give him, what self-confidence and ease it would also confer, and how, for once in his life free from the necessity of asserting a station, he could devote all his energies to the exercise of agreeability and those resources of small-talk in which he knew he was a master.

Besides all this, it was to be his last day at the Castle—he was to start the next morning for Constantinople, with all the instructions regarding the spy Speridionides, and he desired to make a favorable impression on Lady Maude before he left. Though intensely—even absurdly—vain, Atlee was one of those men who are so eager for success in life that they are ever on the watch lest any weakness of disposition or temper should serve to compromise their chances, and in this way he was led to distrust what he would in his puppyism have liked to have thought a favorable effect produced by him on her ladyship. She was intensely cold in manner, and yet he had made her more than once listen to him with interest. She rarely smiled, and he had made her actually laugh. Her sympathy appeared complete, and yet he had so piqued her curiosity that she could not forbear a question.

A thing as her uncle's secretary, and in constant communication with him, it was her affection to imagine herself a political character, and she did not scruple to avow the hearty contempt she felt for the usual occupation of women's lives. Atlee's knowledge therefore actually amazed her; his hardihood, which never forsook him, enabled him to give her the most positive assurances on anything he spoke; and as he had already fathomed the chief prejudices of his excellency, and knew exactly where and to what his political wishes tended, she heard nothing from her uncle but expressions of admiration for the just views, the clear and definite ideas, and the consummate skill with which that "young fellow" distinguished himself.

"We shall have him in the House one of these days," he would say; "and I am much mistaken if he will not make a remarkable figure there."

When Lady Maude sailed proudly into the library before dinner, Atlee was actually stunned by amazement at her beauty. Though not in actual evening dress, her costume was that sort of demi-toilet compromise which occasionally is most becoming; and the tasteful lappet of Brussels lace which, interwoven with her hair, fell down on either side so as to frame her face, softened its expression to a degree of loveliness he was not prepared for.

It was her pleasure—her caprice, perhaps—to be on this occasion unusually amiable and agreeable. Except by a sort of quiet dignity, there was no coldness, and she spoke of her uncle's health and hopes just as she might have discussed them with an old friend of the house.

When the butler flung wide the folding doors into the dining-room and announced dinner she was about to move on, when she suddenly stopped, and said, with a faint smile: "Will you give me your arm?" Very simple words, and commonplace too, but enough to throw Atlee's whole nature into a convulsion of delight. And as he walked at her side, it was in the very ecstasy of pride and exultation.

Dinner passed off with the decorous solemnity of that meal, at which the most emphatic utterances were the butler's "Marcobrunner" or "Johnnisberg." The guests, indeed, spoke little, and the strangeness of the situation rather disposed to thought than conversation.

"You are going to Constantinople tomorrow, Mr. Atlee, my uncle tells me," said she, after a longer silence than usual.

"Yes; his excellency has charged me with a message, of which I hope to acquit myself well, though I own to my misgivings about it now."

"You are too diffident, perhaps, of your powers," said she; and there was a faint curl of the lip that made the words sound equivocally.

"I do not know if great modesty be among my failings," said he, laughingly. "My friends would say not."

"You mean, perhaps, that you are not without ambitions?"

"That is true. I confess to very bold ones." And as he spoke he stole a glance toward her; but her pale face never changed.

"I wish, before you had gone, that you had settled that stupid muddle about the attack on—I forget the place."

"Kilgobbin?"

"Yes, Kilgobbin—horrid name! for the premier still persists in thinking there was something in it, and worrying my uncle for explanations; and as somebody is to ask something when Parliament meets, it would be as well to have a letter to read to the House."

"In what sense, pray?" asked Atlee, mildly.

"Disavowing all; stating that the story had no foundation; that there was no attack—no resistance—no member of the vice-regal household present at any time."

"That would be going too far; for then we should next have to deny Walpole's broken arm and his long confinement to the house."

"You may serve coffee in a quarter of an hour, Marcom," said she, dismissing the butler; and then, as he left the room—"and you tell me seriously there was a broken arm in this case?"

"I can hide nothing from you, though I have taken an oath to silence," said he, with an energy that seemed to defy repression. "I will tell you everything, though it's little short of a perjury, only promising this much, that I know nothing from Walpole himself."

With this much of preface, he went on to describe Walpole's visit to Kilgobbin as one of those adventurous exploits which young Englishmen fancy they have a sort of right to perform in the less civilized country.

"He imagined, I have no doubt," said he, "that he was studying the condition of Ireland, and investigating the land question, when he carried on a fierce flirtation with a pretty Irish girl."

"And there was a flirtation?"

"Yes, but nothing more. Nothing really serious at any time. So far he behaved frankly and well, for even at the outset of the affair he owned to—a what shall I call it?—an entanglement was, I believe, his own word—an entanglement in England."

"Did he not state more of this entanglement—with whom it was, or how, or where?"

"I should think not. At all events, they who told me knew nothing of these details. They only knew, as he said, that he was in a certain sense tied up, and that till fate unbound him he was a prisoner."

"Poor fellow! it was hard."

"So he said, and so they believed him: Not that I myself believe he was ever seriously in love with the Irish girl."

"And why not?"

"I may be wrong in my reading of him; but my impression is that he regards marriage as one of those solemn events which should contribute to a man's worldly fortune. Now an Irish connection could scarcely be the road to this."

"What an ungallant admission!" said she, with a smile. "I hope Mr. Walpole is not of your mind." After a pause she said: "And how was it that in your intimacy he told you nothing of this?"

He shook his head in dissent.

"Not even of the 'entanglement'?"

"Not even of that. He would speak freely enough of his 'egregious blunder,' as he called it, in quitting his career and coming to Ireland; that it was a gross mistake for any man to take up Irish politics as a line in life; that they were

puzzles in the present, and lead to nothing in the future; and, in fact, that he wished himself back again in Italy every day he lived."

"Was there any 'entanglement' there also?"

"I cannot say. On these he made me no confidences."

"Coffee, my lady!" said the butler, entering at this moment. Nor was Atlee grieved at the interruption.

"I am enough of a Turk," said she, laughingly, "to like that muddy, strong coffee they give you in the East, and where the very smallness of the cups suggests its strength. You, I know, are impatient for your cigarette, Mr. Atlee, and I am about to liberate you." While Atlee was muttering his assurances of how much he prized her presence, she broke in: "Besides, I promised my uncle a visit before tea-time, and as I shall not see you again, I will wish you now a pleasant journey and a safe return."

"Wish me success in my expedition," said he, eagerly.

"Yes, I will wish that also. One word more. I am very short-sighted, as you may see, but you wear a ring of great beauty. May I look at it?"

"It is pretty, certainly. It was a present Walpole made me. I am not sure that there is not a story attached to it, though I don't know it."

"Perhaps it may be linked with the 'entanglement,'" said she, laughing softly.

"For aught I know, so it may. Do you admire it?"

"Immensely," said she, as she held it to the light.

"You can add immensely to its value if you will," said he, diffidently.

"In what way?"

"By keeping it, Lady Maude," said he; and for once his cheek colored with the shame of his own boldness.

"May I purchase it with one of my own? Will you have this, or this?" said she, hurriedly.

"Anything that once was yours," said he, in a mere whisper.

"Good-bye, Mr. Atlee."

And he was alone!

CHAPTER XXXIV.

AT TEA-TIME.

The family at Kilgobbin Castle were seated at tea when Dick Kearney's telegram arrived. It bore the address, "Lord Kilgobbin," and ran thus:

"Walpole wishes to speak with you, and will come down with me on Friday; his stay cannot be beyond one day."

"RICHARD KEARNEY."

"What can he want with me," cried Kearney, as he tossed over the dispatch to his daughter. "If he wants to talk over the election, I could tell him per post that I think it a folly and an absurdity. Indeed, if he is not coming to propose for either my niece or my daughter, he might spare himself the journey."

"Who is to say that such is not his intention, papa?" said Kate, merrily. "Old Catty had a dream about a piebald horse and a haystack on fire, and something about a creel of duck-eggs, and I trust that every educated person knows what they mean."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Queenly Head

can never rest on a body frail from disease any more than the lovely lily can grow in the sterile soil. When Consumption fastens its hold upon a victim, the whole physical structure commences its decay. At such a period, before the disease is too far advanced, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will arrest and cure it. So certain is this, that an offer is made to refund the money paid for it when a failure can be found under the condition of a fair trial.

What station do you call this? asked a man as he crawled out of the ruins of a carriage after a recent railway accident. "Devastation, sir," replied his fellow-passengers in chorus.

CONSTIPATION CURED.

The following extract from a letter from Mr. Jas. M. Carson, Banff, N.W.T., will speak for itself:—"I have been troubled with constipation and general debility and was induced to use your B.B.B. through seeing your advertisement. I now take great pleasure in recommending it to all my friends, as it completely cured me."

THE LATE GENERAL SHIELDS

His Statue Unveiled in the Capitol.

WASHINGTON, D.C., Dec. 6.—The unveiling of the statue of General James Shields at the Capitol, to-day, was made the occasion for impressive ceremonies, in which both Houses of Congress, as well as many distinguished citizens in private life, participated.

The statue was placed several days ago in Statuary Hall, in close proximity to that of Lincoln. It is of heroic size, and stands on a pedestal of gray granite, in all twelve feet high. Leonard W. Volk was the sculptor. In raised Roman letters on the pedestal appear the words "Warrior, Jurist, Statesman." The figure of Gen. Shields is in the uniform of a general of the time of the Mexican war. Its pose is full of life and action, and the head being bared, its noble contour and strong features show strikingly and well. The right hand supports itself upon the belt, the left rests on the hilt of a scabbarded sabre, the point of which is on the ground.

Vice-President Stevenson, the members of the commission appointed to build the statue; Gov. Altgeld, of Illinois, and his staff; Representatives Springer and Hatch, State Treasurer Ramsey, of Illinois, and other distinguished guests occupied seats on a platform to the left of the statue. Boston sent a delegation of prominent citizens to participate in the ceremonies; and Col. Chase represented the Governor of Massachusetts.

Miss Katherine J. Shields, of Carrollton, Mo., the only living daughter of the General, occupied a seat on the platform. Miss Shields is an attractive young lady of the brunette type. She wore a dress of brown material and carried a bouquet of Jacqueminot roses in her hand. She was accompanied by her two brothers.

At 2.30 o'clock, ex-Representative Mansur, of Missouri, desired to know whether Col. Fisher, who, he said, was the only living member of the staff of Gen. Shields in the Mexican war, was in the Chamber. Col. Fisher responded, and a seat was given him on the platform. A seat was also given another old gentleman whom Mr. Mansur recognized in the crowd as one of the men who had carried Gen. Shields from the battlefield of Cerro Gordo.

When Speaker Crisp ascended the platform he was greeted with a loud clapping of hands. Mr. Mansur then arose, and after briefly stating the purpose of the gathering, introduced Mr. W. H. Condon, the President of the Commission, who gave a most interesting sketch of Shields's early life and the achievements of his manhood. At the conclusion of his remarks the statue was unveiled by Miss Shields, and an outburst of applause followed. Gov. Altgeld was then introduced, and delivered an address on the life and character of Gen. Shields, which closed the ceremonies.

In the evening there was a banquet at the Metropolitan Hotel in honor of the event of the day.

OUR FAMILY PHYSICIAN.

Dear Sirs,—I was troubled with eczema (salt rheum) for about two years, but I did not bother with it until it began to itch and spread over my hand. I then took four bottles of B.B.B., which completely drove it away. It was by my son's advice I took B.B.B., as B.B.B. is our family physician. J. S. Mills, Collingwood, Ont.

SHE: Do you love me for myself alone? HE: Yes; and when we're married I don't want any of the family thrown in.

Holloway's Pills.—Cure for Indigestion.—Indigestion, with torpidity of the liver, is the curse of thousands, who spend each day with accumulated sufferings, all of which may be avoided by taking Holloway's Pills according to their accompanying directions. They strengthen and invigorate every organ subservient to digestion. Their action is purifying, healing and strengthening. They may be safely taken without interfering with ordinary pursuits, or requiring much restriction in diet. They quickly remove noise and giddiness in the head, and dispel low spirits and nervous fears. These balsamic Pills work the cure without debilitating or exhausting the system; on the contrary, they conserve and support the vital principle by substituting pure for impure blood.