



There is a
much of health.
The instru-
ments of that
music are men
and women.
Men and wo-
men who are
healthy will be
happy. Their
lives will be
an anthem of
health.

There are
thousands of
women all over
this land who are
beautiful, who
are witty, who
are attractive,
who are endow-
ed with every
charm but one,
and that is the
charm that robust
health alone
can give. A woman
may possess every
charm and grace
that nature and
education can
bestow, but if
she suffers from
weakness and
disease of the
distinctly female
organism, she
cannot by any
possibility disguise
it. It will take
the glow of health
from her cheek,
the flush of
youth from her
eyes, the charm
of amiability
from her manner
and the grace and
spring of health
from her carriage.
No woman
need suffer in this
way. Dr. Pierce's
Favorite Prescription
acts directly and
only on the
delicate and im-
portant organs
concerned and
makes them strong,
healthy and vigor-
ous. It allays
inflammation, heals
ulcers, soothes
pain and gives
rest to the
tortured nerves.
It banishes all
debilitating
drains. It is the
best tonic for
nervous women.
Thousands of
thankful women
have, without
solicitation, testi-
fied over their
own signatures
to the marvelous
merits of this
medicine. Dr. Pierce,
who discovered
this wonderful
remedy, cheer-
fully answers, with-
out charge, the
letters of all
suffering women.
Address, Dr. R. V. Pierce,
Buffalo, N.Y. "Favorite Prescription"
is for sale by all
good medicine
dealers, and only
an unscrupulous
dealer will try
to induce a cus-
tomer to take
any worthless
remedy, alleged
to be "just as
good."

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Falcon, of Corpus Christi, Nueces Co., Texas,
"that I had been ill for twenty-one years and
was finally cured by your medicine, the 'Golden
Medical Discovery' and the 'Favorite Prescrip-
tion.'"

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure constipation.

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2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 15
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votion.

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possible, so that we can forward them
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up all night gasping for
breath for fear of suffoca-
tion. On receipt of name
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LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD

An Historical Romance.

BY M. M. D. BOOKIN, Q. C.

CHAPTER XVIII.—CONTINUED.

Very gently he gathered the limp body of the poor child into his arms and carried him, half insensible, to his mother, who kissed, and fondled, and laughed, and cried over him.

When Norah Denver saw Maurice shoot out across the ice, straight, as it seemed, to inevitable death, her heart beat quicker than his feet flew. When she saw him wheel back safe, triumphant, his beating suddenly ceased, her limbs lost strength, her eyes light, and her brain thought, in the same instant. The whole scene swam wildly round and vanished in thick darkness. With a faint cry she fell forward upon her hands and face.

At once there was a crowd of women round her. She was lifted gently to a seat with much slapping of hands and little tender cries of pity.

Some offered smelling salts, some stood idly by and gossiped and wondered, as compassion or curiosity prevailed. All talked and wondered. Norah's consciousness returned almost as quickly as it had fled. A faint pink tint showed in the pure white of her cheeks, like the wavering flush on the pearly lip of the sea-shell.

There was a buzzing in her ears; then the murmur of voices.

"Poor thing!" she heard a quiet voice say. "I saw him beside her just the moment before. It was the fright of it overcame her. I suppose she is his sweetheart."

"Rather wants to be his sweetheart," answered the cold, clear voice of Lady Dulwich.

"It is the talk of the town how she has angled for him. This judgment faint ought to complete the capture."

"Hush," cried half-a-dozen voices together, for the flash deepened on Norah's cheek, and a quiver ran through her body. "Hush; she is coming to. At the same moment the ladies lifted from the white cloak, and the brave blue eyes looked straight in Lady Dulwich's face, who knew then that her poisoned arrow had gone straight home.

Bravely did Norah strive to hide the sudden pain planted in her heart. But her pale cheek and quivering lip told their own tale. The world, then, how she loved him! And she could not but have known that the world would know it. So ran the bitter thought that tortured her. She was censured for lack of maiden modesty. The bitter truth was the more bitter for the lips of an enemy. Besides, the world was right. Unwooed, she had given her love. Oh! how she loved him! She never knew how she loved him till now. Every nerve in her body quivered, and the blood burned in her cheek and forehead. Perhaps he had seen her love and pined it. This then was what his kindness meant. The thought thrilled her through with shame. How weak she had been, and how foolish! But she would conquer her love, and hide it till she could conquer it. Never, never, would he guess her heart's secret.

She served herself for the first brave effort, as her quick eyes caught sight of the form she loved so well, pressing eagerly through the throng with an anxious fear on his face, which brightened with delight as he saw her.

"So you fainted, Norah," he said, when he came close up.

"Tell me," he went on more softly, "was it for my sake or the boy's?"

He could not have hit upon a more unhappy question. Lady Dulwich's cruel words seemed to sound again in her ears. Her fainting was taken as a public profession of her love.

"For both," she said very sweetly and softly.

What was in the words or tone that chilled the heart of Maurice Blake—a moment before warm with triumph and love. Her words were not unkind, they were kindly and even kindly spoken.

He had come to her full of joy and love and pardonable pride in a brave deed, done bravely in her sight. He had hoped for a warm welcome. He had resolved that now was his time to speak and make her his own for ever.

Two words of hers—only two—sweetly spoken and with a smiling face, and he felt he might as soon strike her in the face as ask her to be his wife.

No change in voice or manner was there that ear or eye could find. But every pulse of his heart felt the chilling change. Soft word or sweet smile brought him no comfort. The sunshine cannot warm, nor blue sky cheer, when the chill of the cold, dry east wind is in the air.

What a change was the drive home from the morning's drive, when the jingling of the silver bells in the clear frosty air was less joyous than the beating of their own hearts.

The sunlit flowery path which seemed to reach from mind and mind, and heart and heart, without the aid of words, suddenly ceased. No fits of tender musing broke the even tenor of their talk. Norah was bright, beautiful, and kind as ever. But the something which had so thrilled his

heart was gone from the smile in her blue eyes and the tones of her gentle voice.

His whole soul rebelled against the vague, chill barrier interposed between him and the hope and happiness of his life. But it rebelled in vain, as the impatient bird beats out his life against the clear glass, which keeps it back from summer air and sunshine.

With a dull, aching sense of something lost and wanting, Maurice took his leave, and pressed the little white hand that frankly returned the pressure, and looked into the blue eyes that answered his own with open courtesy.

Norah went straight from him to her own room, and throwing herself upon her face wept tears that hurt, not eased, her burning heart—tears of passion and despair. But with every choking sob her resolution grew stronger. "He must never know."

If he loved her, she told her troubled heart again and again, he would have spoken his love. It was his right to do so. If he guessed her love, he would not keep it a secret—a flush of shame covered face and neck at the thought—and offer her his pity in mistake for love.

So these two drifted slowly apart, each chilled by the other's coldness, and the few frank words that would have made both happy were unspoken. So much the poisoned words of an angry woman could effect.

Alas! how light a word can move. Disunion between souls that love.

Day by day the gulf between them grew wider. Maurice could not stem the impassable and mysterious current that carried him on. He could not understand, nor resist, nor resent the change. He had no cold look or word to complain of, yet by slow but sure degrees he slipped down to mere acquaintanceship.

He felt no anger at all, only an aching pain. He would trouble her peace no longer with his unwept love. He grieved, and he wept; but he saw each other no more.

All the more eagerly Maurice Blake now flung himself into the torrent of political excitement that then rushed, seething, and boiled under the surface of Dublin society, making the solid seeming and stately institutions of the Government shake, and frightening the ears of the wary with the hollow, threatening murmur of impending change. Here all the impetus of his suppressed passion found a vent, and he worked with an untiring industry, a feverish zeal, that surprised and surprised the most devoted of his comrades. Lord Edward alone could keep pace with his enthusiasm.

It was a fair morning in the early spring. Maurice sat alone by a table at the open window of his room, through which the sunshine and cool air entered to tell of the green world without, and woo him in vain to healthful exercise. He bent resolutely over his papers, and put all the energy of his pent-up passion into his work.

Christy entered without knocking. He seemed curiously excited, and stumbled as he crossed the room. His hand shook so that a letter which he silently offered to Maurice slipped from his fingers to the floor. Maurice stooped to pick it up, and in that instant, still without a word, Christy disappeared.

The letter was in Dr. Denver's handwriting. It was very short. "Dear Maurice—I have desired this while back to see you, to break some news which must now come to you as a surprise—but a pleasant surprise. Come to me at once on receipt of this, and bring your own hand with you. I have that to tell and show which will tell your stoicism."

Without a moment's delay Maurice was out of doors and striding towards Dr. Denver's house, which was close at hand.

His mind was in a whirl. In some vague way he associated the sudden summons with Norah and hope.

Up the stone steps of the doctor's house he went three at a time; but before his hand could touch the knocker the door was opened by the doctor himself.

"Come in," he said, cordially pressing Maurice's hand and walking with him to the parlor. It was a large, dim room, with a red carpet, velvet paper on the walls, and a kind of rosy twilight in it. Standing a little away from the door by which they entered was a tall, gaunt man, dressed quietly in black velvet with the deep lace ruffles and cuffs that the fashion of the day prescribed. He was a face and figure to catch the eye, and he was dressed in a way that was finely formed, but his forehead was seamed with innumerable wrinkles, so deep and clearly cut that they seemed carved, with a chisel's edge, on stone. His hair and beard were iron grey, and his keen blue eyes looked out with an eager longing look from under his grey eyebrows.

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of the day "John Doe" and "Richard Roe" were called into court to do forensic battle for the respective claimants. Of the result no doubt was possible. Sir Valentine was recognized by all his former friends. The decision was merely a question of time. But Mark Blake's advisers exhausted every subtle technical objection, which the stupid and cunning procedure of the courts so plentifully afforded itself, to stave off the evil hour.

Sir Valentine pursued his course steadily, but with stoical calmness. Nothing deterred him and nothing disturbed him. He took his place in society and held it with stately ease, as if those long years in the wilderness had been no more than a fantastic dream. Silent, reserved, apparently emotionless—he made the manner of the woods and wigwags seem the perfection of high-born grace in what was then the most courtly capital of Europe.

His tenderness for his son was most touching, by reason of a certain humility that mingled with it. It seemed to ask pardon for the stubborn willfulness which sundered them so long, and robbed the son of a father's love and care. With every look of his eyes, every tone of his voice, the younger man paid back the long arrears of duty and affection.

Against Mark Sir Valentine's resentment was silent, deep, implacable. He refused all overtures of meeting or compromise. His wrath found vent in resolutely pushing forward the suit which would drive the apostate from Cloonlara.

But it was with Norah Denver that the real character of the man most showed itself. The womanly tenderness of soul which had dominated his life, making at once its delight and its misery, still lay soft and warm under the sternness with which grief and misfortune had overlaid his character.

In Norah's presence the cold and stately dignity of the manner softened to a gracious old-fashioned courtesy wonderful to see. They grew to be close companions; those two. He honored her fancies; he anticipated her wishes. It may be that the keen instinct of a father's heart hinted at how matters stood between her and his son, and that he set himself to clear away the obstacles that sundered their lives. If it were so he watched and waited with quiet patience, biding his time, and said no word.

Norah met his affection with unaffected delight. He seemed to take his place almost at once beside her father in the daughter's heart. She lavished on him all the little tender tokens of thoughtful affection that only a woman can bestow. The strain of her secret love for Maurice hurt her sorely, though she hid her suffering with smiling lips or cheerful words. To her woman's heart it was relief to give her love for the son free scope in her tenderness for the father.

Sir Valentine entered heart and soul into the "United Irishmen" organization, with his son and his son's bosom friend. There was good hope, then, of a peaceful victory; for the power of the Castle quailed before the power of the people.

The Government, however, still played a game of bluff, and pressed forward in their course of bigotry and oppression, though they were walking with conscious fear, on the thin crust of a volcano.

The more moderate party, of which Grattan was leader, bided its time, and made no sign.

But Lord Edward believed that the hour had come for a bold stroke in the House of Commons itself, which would teach the Government that the power of the United Irishmen must no longer be trifled with.

Maurice Blake and his father strongly seconded his views. It was resolved that the organization should be to the country and the castle, the challenge should be made.

The occasion was not long wanting. Under the auspices of the United Irishmen the policy by which the Irish Volunteers had succeeded in wresting something of Ireland, right from England's reluctant grasp was revived. An armed association had been organized, calling themselves the First National Battalion, and having for device an Irish harp, surmounted, not by the customary crown, but by a cap of liberty. Its meetings had been proclaimed and suppressed by the Government. It was thought advisable by the bigots to strengthen the hands of the Lord Lieutenant, by an address from Parliament approving of the proclamation. Lord Edward went down to the house on the day the address was to be moved, with a number of friends he could trust.

Lord Edward Blake and his father were, of course, of the party.

These and others of the United Irishmen waited in the strangers' gallery, while Lord Edward, his lips compressed and his bright eyes blazing with restrained excitement, walked up the floor to his place. It was a full house. The beautiful Amphitheatre in which the money chambers, the new stable paper and chink coin, was then crowded with the wealth, the intellect, and the beauty of the gay capital. Grattan was there, eagle-eyed and eagle-beaked, resolute for liberty, but biding his time, and as the United Irishmen thought, too patient of oppression. Curran was there, his only features luminous with the genius that shone through as light through a transparency.

On the over-crowded benches of the Government Lord Castlereagh was the most prominent figure, sleek, graceful, cold and false. A few seats off sat Flood, dark-eyed, cadaverous-looking, awkward, and uneasy in the Ministerial chains in which he had fettered his genius and patriotism.

As Lord Edward passed to his place he received kindly greeting on all hands. From the Ladies' Gallery especially bright glances were showered on the handsome and noble young patriot