

STORY OF THE... I would I had ten thousand men to lead, and, said the general, who had caught up Tone's enthusiasm, 'I should soon see the tricolor on the Irish ground.'

'Yes, if you had been here earlier, his life might have been saved, and matters might have been made all right. I am extremely sorry, but I certainly thought he held a keener finger on the trigger.'

'Here it is—' Private. 'Rochelle, Friday. 'CITIZEN TONE—This is to inform you that we sail from Rochelle tomorrow for the Irish coast—1,600 men, with artillery and ammunition. Humbert commands. FRANCIS 'MacNevin gave a long whistle, whilst all three looked at one another in much bewilderment and astonishment.

'What is the meaning of this, gentlemen? Are the fate playing a freak of fortune, or is the letter a bogus one? 'The letter is genuine enough. It is Francis's writing, and he does not usually play pranks—at least not in matters of moment.'

'Sixteen hundred men! They might as well send a corporal's guard, or what you call a sixteen hundred men?' insisted MacNevin. 'It depends upon circumstances. It is a small force, no doubt, but if landed on the coast of Wexford or Dublin—'

'I venture to say that it is precisely what they will not do,' broke in MacNevin impatiently. 'And if not they might as well send them to Iceland.'

'Very likely he does not know,' said MacNevin irritably. 'He is not likely to do like to run the risk of stating in a message coming to us in the supreme moment of her life.'

'What has become of him? Where is he? Redmond, now a favorite thought by the rotated delays in getting the desired information. 'I have a dozen times already I have asked this question, and failed to get an answer. Once more, where is MacNevin? I have an account to settle with him that must not be delayed for a moment. Where is he? 'You will settle no account with Mortimer, Redmond, in this world at least.'

SHAN VAN VOCHT, A STORY OF THE UNITED IRISHMEN. BY JAMES MURPHY. CHAPTER XXXVI.—(CONTINUED) 'S'P? 'Yes, I wished most anxiously to speak with you on public matters, on Irish matters.'

'I could hardly resist any request to one who has done me such signal service,' said Carnot, as he turned a look of intense affection on his daughter. 'This is my house,' as the carriage stopped. 'If you will do me the favor to accept my hospitality we can talk over matters.'

'You have not been much about town this afternoon or you would have heard that—but I remember now you have been a complete stranger here lately. And that puts me in mind, was there not some fuss about your singular disappearance, some time ago? 'My lord, I am very much pressed for time now, and have not much leisure for conversation,' said Redmond, rather curtly. 'You spoke as if there was some news that concerned me? 'Egad, your absence has not improved your courtesy, Barrington, said Lord Kingston with undisturbed good humor, 'but the news does concern you, or I expect it ought. I am surprised you have not heard it.'

'I am awaiting that favor at your lordship's convenience,' said Redmond, who knew of old that the reckless but high-spirited nobleman delighted in reading a story which had a spice of the personal in it, and therefore was prepared to put a stay on his own impatience in order to humor him. 'Egad, Barrington, the world is changing so much lately that the news of the afternoon is old by evening. Who would have thought of Mortimer—'

'What of Mortimer, my lord?' he asked again, scarcely giving time to his lordship to continue his narrative. 'Why, Barrington, you take one's breath away with your hurried manner of questioning. Mortimer, this afternoon? 'Who speaks of Mortimer?' said a gentleman passing by, whose car caught the words of his lordship. 'I, my lord,' said Lord Kingston, extending his hand to the newcomer. 'I was about telling Barrington, I was about telling Barrington, I was about telling Barrington.'

'Barrington!' said the other interrupting and glancing at Redmond in amazement. 'Why, so it is! Where have you been all the time whilst this work has been going on about you? Why, we all thought you had been drowned, or murdered, or made away with in some shape or form. Where on earth have you been? 'But that,' said his lordship, 'is not exactly the question at present. You can tell me all about that another time. I want your presence immediately.'

'Egad, my lord, I am glad to see you,' said Carnot. 'You are an early visitor.' 'What is this accident I have heard that has happened to you?' asked the visitor. 'Oh, it is a mere nothing! I was coming from Augusta's quarters, and just as I was about to step into the carriage, and before the driver was well in his seat, the middle gate, from some cause, opened, and I fell and they were off.'

'Who was in the carriage? 'The Chinese man, I trust? 'Yes, thanks to the heavy and awkwardness of this officer, China Tom—General Humbert.'

'I have something of importance to tell you, Redmond. Your sister Helen Barrington—' 'Yes, yes, what of her? Where is she? 'Helen was married this morning, as he stayed his friend in his course, and stood stock still before him, smiling on a grave. 'Helen was married this morning, as he stayed his friend in his course, and stood stock still before him, smiling on a grave.'

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