

The Drunkard's Daughter.

Out in the street, with naked feet, I saw the drunkard's little daughter...

LILY LASS.

By JUSTIN HUNTLEY MCCARTHY, M. P.

PROLOGUE BY GEOFFREY LONGSTAFF, OF NEW YORK, AUTHOR.

CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

The present Lord Mountmarvel felt no very great interest in his parent and predecessor. That was one of the pleasant family characteristics of the race...

"Perhaps the old boy is not as solemn as he looks," Lord Mountmarvel reflected; and he glanced again at the girl...

"Any promise of my father's I should always be glad to fulfil," he said; "but in this case I feel an especial pleasure in obeying his wishes."

He paused for a moment, and Mr. Geraldine bowed quietly. Mountmarvel looked at the girl again and began...

He was going to frame an invitation for father and daughter to come and stop at Mountmarvel, but his words were interrupted by a slight cry of surprise from the girl...

"What is the matter?" said Mr. Geraldine, rising and walking to the window. Mountmarvel followed his example...

On the opposite side of the street to the Crown Inn, and considerably to the right, there stood at this time a building which had its story too...

The crowd, which had hitherto been sufficiently quiet and patient, began to display symptoms of intense excitement...

The crowd closed about him, shouted for joy at him, cheered itself hoarse over him, shook hands vehemently with him...

"Who is that?" she said, in a low voice. "Who is that?" Lord Mountmarvel looked after the car with a sudden scowl.

CHAPTER IV. THE RED TOWER.

Out of a network of small houses and squalid lanes in the most crowded and poorest part of the town rose, and I believe still rises, a single stately tower...

moment when Mr. Geraldine and Lord Mountmarvel and the girl were looking down from the Crown windows...

"It's only those rebels holding a meeting," he explained to the girl. He was going to say "those damned rebels," but the sudden recollection of a woman's presence checked him...

"Rebels! What rebels?" she asked, eagerly. Mountmarvel seemed a little puzzled. "Oh, you know," he explained...

"I suppose they are patriots," she said. "As much patriots as Poles or Hungarians or Venetians." "Not at all," Mountmarvel answered...

"Oh dear no," he answered. "These fellows are all wrong; they have nothing to complain of. I had half a mind to run over to Venice myself and lend Manin a hand..."

Mord Mountmarvel smiled in pitying condescension on the young woman who could possibly see any resemblance between Young Irelanders and picturesque Italian patriots...

"I know very little politics," he said, "either here or in England. I am myself of Irish descent, and men of my name and race have played their part in the history of this island..."

Lord Mountmarvel had begun a neat little speech to the effect that the loss was rather that of politics than of Mr. Geraldine, when he was interrupted by a loud cry from below...

The crowd, which had hitherto been sufficiently quiet and patient, began to display symptoms of intense excitement to sway to and fro, and to utter shouts of wild and startling enthusiasm...

The crowd closed about him, shouted for joy at him, cheered itself hoarse over him, shook hands vehemently with him, well-nigh pulled him in pieces in its frantic demonstrations of delight...

"Who is that?" she said, in a low voice. "Who is that?" Lord Mountmarvel looked after the car with a sudden scowl. "That," he said, "is a fellow called Murrough MacMurchad, a rascally rebel and demagogue..."

CHAPTER IV. THE RED TOWER. Out of a network of small houses and squalid lanes in the most crowded and poorest part of the town rose, and I believe still rises, a single stately tower...

thing visible was a lean, black cat, picking its dreary way through the varied refuse which littered the open space. As soon as the animal became aware of an unwanted presence in its hunting-grounds it arched its back...

ancient tower amid its strange and ungenial surroundings. Some magnificent gentlemen-at-arms in the golden armor newly wrought from the hands of Benevenuto Cellini would scarcely have appeared less out of his element in the midst of a ragged gang of Callot's fantastic beggars than did this grey ancestral keep in the centre of its sordid neighbors...

The stranger whom chance or business directed to this part of the city, where few strangers made their way for pleasure, would be sure to find his indifferent gaze suddenly diverted from the unlovely labyrinth through which he picked his path, and arrested by the sight of the parapet of the tower frowning down at him over the chimneys...

This endeavor he would find by no means easy of fulfillment. The top of the tower was obvious enough to all the world, but its base upon the solid earth, its portals, appeared at first to be absolutely unobtainable. If the wandering stranger of my fancy were at all of my own disposition, and cherished a strong dislike to asking his way, he would inevitably beat about for a considerable time through one dingy street and dreary alley after another most unsuccessfully...

"I am convinced that there is some one inside," he whispered to himself, "and I will rouse up the warden of this weird place if I have to rattle a black sanctus about his ears." As he spoke Mr. Geraldine wielded the knocker for the third time, and with more successful result...

The face, as well as Mr. Geraldine could distinguish it across the bars intervening, was a man's, but any doubt that the scholar's eye might entertain as to the sex of the janitor was speedily settled by the evidence of his ears. A grating voice of the most harshly grating description interrogated him surlily through the wicket...

"Who the devil may you be?" the voice demanded, rumbling out the words syllable by syllable, as if every consonant conveyed its own special imprecation and every vowel were a condensed curse. "Who the devil may you be, disturbing decent folk with your thumpings?"

The salutation was none of the civilist, but Mr. Geraldine responded to his gloomy questioner with bland politeness. "I regret to have disturbed you, my friend," he began. The voice behind the wicket here interrupted him with some muffled sounds, which Mr. Geraldine correctly interpreted as an angry repudiation of his proffered amity...

Nothing daunted, however, Mr. Geraldine went on again. "I was very anxious," he said, "to learn the name, and, if possible, something of the history of this building, and I thought you might be able to assist me." There was a brief pause in the gloomy mutterings behind the door...

There was a brief pause in the gloomy mutterings behind the door. Mr. Geraldine rashly interpreted the silence in his favor. He was speedily undeceived. Through the grating came a whirlwind of words more furious than the first. The audacity of Mr. Geraldine's conduct had apparently staggered the unknown gate-keeper for a breathing-space only to goad him into greater wrath...

Through the reception was not re-attempted a parley. "My friend," he began again, courteously. He was good-tempered, as a scholar ought to be who wishes to do good work in the world, and the stern rebuffs of the porter only amused him. "My friend, there was no offence in my thoughts; I trust you will find none in my actions. If a trifle"—here the scholar took out his purse and extracted half-a-crown—"would not prove unacceptable, it is heartily at your service, with my apologies for intruding upon your privacy."

Neither Mr. Geraldine's soft speech nor the sight of his silver had any soothing effect upon the irascible janitor. For a moment the fiery eyes behind the grating glared covetously upon the piece of money in Mr. Geraldine's open palm; then the lids drooped over them to shut out the shining temptation, and the voice snarled out again hoarser than before with anger. "To blazes with you and your dirty money. If you'll wait till I find myself on the other side of the door, you'll have reason to rue your visit to the Red Tower."

Here the panel of the wicket was savagely slammed to, while a noise as of fumbling fingers endeavoring in darkness to draw bolts and loosen chains warned Mr. Geraldine that the ferocious warden of the strangely named tower intended to put his threat into execution. "The Red Tower," said Mr. Geraldine to himself. "Well, I have learned something from the oracle, but if ever building yet were oddly named the Red Tower, it is that building."

CHAPTER V. THE RED TOWER'S MASTER. A voice behind him broke in upon his musing, a strong, deep voice that was very sweet too, sweet and melancholy as the voices of Celts mostly are, whether gentle or simple. "Can I be of any assistance to you?" the voice asked. Mr. Geraldine turned on his heel, faced the owner of the voice, and was immediately fascinated by a pair of the darkest eyes he had ever beheld in a young man's countenance...

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Geraldine, th... "You must fo... rudeness, but... receives visito... learned the lea... trust the stran... These last... almost to be... hastened to a... sidered Cor... estimable, and... but the young... a gesture. "If the Red... to you," he sa... self honored i... conduct you... now to inter... student; but... and the vic... worthy climb... has taken the... its foot. "While he w... watched his f... "Where,"... "had he seen... Somewhere... recently—bu... "I shall I... your kind o... honest Corma... my apologies... I ask the nam... is Geraldine... with enough... love castles... antiquarian... this castle ha... learn it. "The... legends," sa... what sadly... MacMurchad... Fernanagh... me to lead t... The bewit... his master, a... him across... Tower into... Tower Fern... Cormac, y... expressed his... bilation agai... stranger in th... the great o... operation he... noise of loc... ostentatious... against any... "Of cou... thought Mr... Young Ire... yesterday."