

THE WILD GEESSE BY Stanley J. Weyman

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Synopsis of Previous Chapters

Colonel John Sullivan, an Irish soldier, who has served abroad for many years, returns to his native Kerry on the sloop Cormorant, a French smuggling vessel, laden with Bordeaux wine. The cargo of the sloop is seized by the natives of Skull, against the futile protests of Captain Augustin, who realizes that he has no law on his side.

Colonel Sullivan is coldly received by Flavia and her brother, The McMurrough, because of his alien faith and his undesirable position as their legal guardian. When Captain Augustin returns with Luke Asgill, the nearest justice, and demands the return of the confiscated cargo, Flavia and her guardian are in favor of returning the cargo on the captain's payment of the dues. The McMurrough objects to this, but finally agrees to it on Colonel Sullivan's offer to get back Flavia's favorite mare, which was seized by the British soldiers. The Colonel and his servant, Bale, set out and find the mare at the barracks at Tralee. The Colonel is invited to the messroom by the English officers, and one of them, named Payton, who seized the mare, throws wine in his face. The Colonel refuses to fight, because his right arm is permanently disabled. He wins a left-handed fencing bout with the maitre d'hotel, at the same time winning the mare on a wager. At dinner upon his return to Morristown, he is amazed when Flavia drinks a toast "to the King across the water" and fears that a rising is contemplated. His fears are realized next morning, when his kinsman, Ulick, warns him to leave his place and people to their fate. The Colonel refuses, and next morning after breakfast is invited to join a family friends' imprisonment in the castle council of war. He refuses to join the proposed uprising, knowing its futility. Fearing that the Colonel may turn informer, The McMurrough asks his aide to see to it that the Colonel is not seen on a Spanish sloop in the harbor. The sloop is captured, and the two prisoners, luckily escaping, take refuge on the French sloop. Captain Augustin and his sailors, under the Colonel's direction, steal to the house at Morristown, under cover of the fog, and seize and imprison the leaders of the uprising on the sloop. The Bishop and Admiral Cammock are to be carried to sea for a period and The McMurrough, on swearing that he will attempt nothing against Colonel John nor against the government, is released and he returns to Morristown with the mare. The failure of the uprising, attacks the Colonel, who narrowly escapes death at her hands. She and her brother find the Colonel's presence irksome and consider means of getting rid of him. When Asgill comes weeping Flavia, and because of earlier treachery is forbidden the house by the Colonel, The McMurrough and his sister Flavia induces the Colonel to send away his faithful servant, Bale, on the plea that he may be injured by the imminent outbreak. She then, in a brutal way, orders the old tower, where she had imprisoned there, without food or water, in the hope that he may thus be induced to sign over to The McMurrough all that he holds under the will of Sir Michael McMurrough. Meanwhile, Payton with some of his soldiers come from Tralee in investigation. Flavia is remorseful, fearing the Colonel, still obdurate, may die of starvation and his death be upon her hands.

CHAPTER XX.—Continued.

SHE did not answer. Outwardly she was not much moved, but inwardly the horror of herself which she had felt as she lay upstairs in the darkness, thinking of the starving man, checked her. They were using her because the man—loved her! Because hard words, cruel treatment, brutality from her would be ten times more hard, more brutal than from more cruel, more brutal men. Because such treatment from her hands would be more likely to break his spirit and crush his heart! To what avail, to what lower end could a woman be used or human feeling be prostituted?

Nor was this all. On the tide of this loathing of herself rose another, a stranger feeling. The man loved her. She did not doubt that statement. Its truth came home to her at once. And because it placed him in a light in which she had never viewed him before, because it recalled a hundred things, words on his part which she had barely noted at the time, it showed him, too, as one whom she had never seen. Had he been free, prosperous, triumphant, the knowledge that he loved her, that he, her enemy, loved her, might have revolved her more for it. But now that he lay a prisoner, famished, starving, the fact that he loved her touched her heart, transfixed her with an almost poignant feeling, choked her with a rising flood of pity and self-reproach.

proceeding to say more when the opportunity was taken from him. One of the O'Beirnes, who happened to avert his eyes from the girl, discovered Payton standing at the foot of the stairs. Phelim's exclamation apprised the others that something was amiss, and they turned.

CHAPTER XXI. The Key

Colonel John rose and walked unsteadily to the window. He rested his hand on either jamb and looked through it, peering to right and left with wistful eyes. He detected no one, nothing, no change, no movement, and, with a groan, he straightened himself up. He still looked to look out, gazing at the pitiless blue sky in which the sun was still high. Presently he grew weary and went back to his chair. He sat down with his elbows on his knees and his head between his hands. Again his ears had deceived him! How many more times would he start to his feet, fancying he heard the footstep that did not fall, calling out to those who were not there, anticipating those who, more heedless than the face of nature without, would come before the appointed time! And that was hours away, hours not of pain and hunger, almost intolerable; and then, some cold camp in Russian snows—alas! starting from it only to shiver with that penetrating, heart piercing, frightful cold, which was worse to bear than the gnawing or hunger or the longing of death. He had burned, in fighting the cold of the past night, all that would burn, except the chair on which he sat.



'Let It Go!' He Panted, 'Or I Shall Hurt You!'

He faltered, steadying himself against the wall. For a moment he covered his eyes with the other hand. Then "God you—God for you know not what you do!" He turned his back on her and on the window. He had taken three steps when she cried, "Wait!" "Go!" he repeated with a backward gesture of the hand. "And take them! Oh! take them! Quick!" He turned about. She was holding the food and the drink through the window, holding them out for him to take. But he might be another deception. He was not sure, and he took a step in a stealthy fashion toward the window, as if, were she off her guard, he would snatch them from her hand. But she cried, "Take them! Take them!" "I brought tears in her voice. "I brought them for you."

third with an avidity which he checked only by a firm effort of the will. "Presently!" he told himself. "There is plenty, there is plenty." Yet he allowed himself two more mouthfuls of bread and another sip of milk—milk that was nectar rather than any earthly drink.

At length, with new life running in his veins, and a pure thankfulness that he had proved herself very, a chair, and turned to her. She was gone. While he had eaten and drunk he had felt her presence at his back, and once he was sure that he had heard her sob. But she was gone. He staggered—for he was not yet steady on his feet—to the window and looked to right and left. She had not gone far. She was lying prone on the sward, her face hidden on her arms, and it was true that he had heard her sob, for she was weeping, weeping without restraint. The change in him, to say nothing of his reproaches, had done something more than dim her sight fell from her eyes, and for the first time she saw him as he was. For the first time she perceived that, in pursuing the path he had followed, he might have thought himself right. Parts of the passionate rebuke which she had suffered and indignation had forced from him remained branded upon her memory; and she wept in shame, feeling that she had no longer any sure support or prop. How could she trust those who, taking advantage at once of her weakness, had thrust her into this hideous, this cruel business?

The sense of her loneliness, the knowledge that those about her used her for their own ends, and those most unworthily, overwhelmed her. When the first passion of self-reproach had spent itself, she heard him calling by her name, and in a voice that stirred her heartstrings. She rose, and averting her face, "I will open the door," she said, humbly and in a broken voice. "I have brought the key."

He did not answer, and she did not utter a word. He knew she was there, she turned the corner of the tower to gain the door, her brother's head and shoulders rose above the level of the wall. The McMurrough stepped down the latter from the path he was in time to see her skirt vanishing. He saw no more. But his suspicions were aroused. He strode across the courtyard to the corner and came on her in the act of putting the key in the lock.

He whistled. "You are Colonel Sullivan!" he said. "The same, sir!" Colonel John murmured mechanically.

"I am not well," the other replied, with a sickly smile. The indignation which he had felt during the contest between the girl and her brother had been too much for his strength. "I shall be better presently," he added. He closed his eyes.

"No more was said at that moment, however, for Flavia saw that Colonel Sullivan's strength was not to be revived in an hour. He must be assisted to the house, and cared for there. In the meantime, and to lend some strength, she was anxious to give him some wine and food as he could safely take. To procure these she entered the room in which he had been confined.

As she cast her eyes round the dismal interior, marked the poor mandarin's emblems that told of his long struggle with the cold, marked the one chair, which he had saved—for to lie on the floor had been death—marked the beaten path that told of his long struggle of painful waiting and a hope deferred, she saw the man in another, a more gentle aspect. She had seen the heroism, she now saw the humanity of his condition, and tears came fresh to her eyes. "For me!" she murmured. "For me, and how I treated him!" Her old grievance against him was forgotten, wiped out by the remembrance by which she saw him in the company of Flavia and Payton! All his craft, all his coolness, forsook him. He slunk out of sight by a back way, but not before Payton had marked his retreat.

penses, and coke ovens sold for less than the cost of construction. How many coke plants have been constructed simply to collect the coal-tar which is liberated in the process of manufacturing coke. In the old open ovens the coal-tar was lost, but in the closed ovens it is saved. Upon this once waste coal-tar is built the great coke industry which enters into our daily life in a thousand different ways.

The cottonseed-oil industry with its millions of capital and profit is based upon waste. Twenty-five years ago the seed of cotton was burned or thrown away. Now every particle of it is used, first for extracting the cottonseed oil, and then for the manufacture of fertilizer. Our cornstalks are still wastefully used, but chemistry is busy in trying to find some use for these. The pith of the stalks is already used for the lining of vessels to make them water-tight, but every part of the stalks will probably find profitable use.

The great glucose industry is built besides the starchy product, a tiny germ which was formerly crushed with the starch. Now it is separated and converted into oil, and the gluten which is left is made into starch, and the residue used for cattle food. Corn products today form a long list of valuable commercial articles that were counted as waste a few years ago.

Our farm dairies produced about as much waste as the industry, and even today they are far from reaching the point of development to which they are entitled. Skim milk was a drug in the market until the chemist extracted the casein from it by a new process and used it for paper-making, kalsomining, and for the manufacture of artificial foods. Even buttons are made from this dried casein.

SKATING ON WATER

NOVEL suggestion recently offered is that a skater really glides upon a narrow film of water, continually forming under the skate, and resuming the solid form when relieved of pressure. It is suggested that the pressure under the sharp edge of the skate, which is at any moment in contact, is great enough to liquefy a thin line of ice, and this gives the skate its "bite."

By Helen Rowland

BAACHELOR GIRL'S REVERIES

Oh, yes, marriage is a great institution—for the blind and temporarily insane.

It takes two to make a bargain in hearts, but it never occurs to a man that ANY woman wouldn't consider him a bargain.

FORTUNES IN WASTE MATERIALS

The Chicago joke that everything is utilized in the packing houses except the squeals, and that these in time may be made into whisky, is true. The by-products of the steel industry are being carried in modern industries. Fifty per cent of the slaughter house products twenty-five years ago represented waste.

PHONOGRAPHIC CASH REGISTER

A CASH register that announces the amount of a sale in human voice, as well as registering the figures, has been devised by a Minnesota inventor. When the keys are touched for a sale of, say, \$1.65, certain phonographic reproducers are released and the machine sings out: "One sixty five." Such expressions as "thank you," or "I think you will find these goods satisfactory" may be added to the announcement of the sale.