

LORD KILGOBBIN.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

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

CHAPTER LXXX.—CONTINUED.

"A begging letter, I should say, from the outside," said Dick.

"Except that there is not one so poor as to ask aid from me," added Nina, as she took the document, glanced at the writing, and placed it in her pocket.

As they separated for the night, and Dick trotted up the stairs at Atlee's side, he said: "I don't think, after all, my ten pounds is so safe as I fancied."

"Don't you," replied Joe. "My impressions are all the other way, Dick. It is her courtesy that alarms me. The effort to captivate where there is no stake to win, means mischief. She'll make me in love with her whether I will or not." The bitterness of his tone, and the impatient bang he gave his door as he passed in, betrayed more of temper than was usual for him to display, and as Dick sought his room, he muttered to himself: "I'm glad to see that these overcunning fellows are sure to meet their match, and get beaten even at the game of their own invention."

CHAPTER LXXXI.

AN UNLOOKED FOR CORRESPONDENT.

It was no uncommon thing for the tenants to address petitions and complaints in writing to Kate, and it occurred to Nina as not impossible that some one might have bethought him of entreating her intercession in their favor. The look of the letter and the coarse wax, and the writing, all in a measure strengthened this impression, and it was in the most careless of moods she broke the envelope, scarcely caring to look for the name of the writer, whom she was convinced must be unknown to her.

She had just let her hair fall freely down on her neck and shoulders, and was seated in a deep chair before her fire, as she opened the paper and read, "Mademoiselle Kostalergi." This beginning, so unlikely for a peasant, made her turn for the name, and she read, in a large, full hand, the words "Daniel Donogan." So complete was her surprise that, to satisfy herself there was no trick or deception, she examined the envelope and the seal, and reflected for some minutes over the mode in which the document had come to her hands. Atlee's story was a very credible one; nothing more likely than that the boy was charged to deliver the letter at the castle, and simply sought to spare himself so many miles of way, or it might be that he was enjoined to give it to the first traveler he met on his road to Kilgobbin. Nina had little doubt that if Atlee guessed or had reason to know the writer, he would have treated the letter as a secret missive which would give him a certain power over her.

These thoughts did not take her long, and she turned once more to the letter. "Poor fellow," said she, aloud, "why does he write to me?" And her own voice sent back its surmises to her, and as she thought over him standing on the lonely road, his clasped hands before him, and his hair wafted wildly back from his uncovered head, two heavy tears rolled slowly down her cheeks and dropped upon her neck. "I am sure he loved me—I know he loved me," muttered she, half aloud. "I have never seen in any eye the same expression that his wore as he lay that morning in the grass. It was not veneration, it was genuine adoration. Had I been a saint and wanted worship, there was the very offering that I craved—a look of painful meaning, made up of wonder and devotion, a something that said—take what course you may, be willful, be wayward, be even cruel, I am your slave. You may not think me worthy of a thought, you may be so indifferent as to forget me utterly, but my life from this hour has but one spell to charm, one memory to sustain it. It needed not his last words to me to say that my image would lay on his heart forever. Poor fellow, I need not have been added to his sorrows; he has had his share of trouble within me!"

It was some time ere she could return to the letter, which ran thus:

"MADemoiselle KOSTALERGI—You once rendered me a great service—not alone at some hazard to yourself, but by doing what must have cost you sorely. It is now my turn, and if the act of repayment is not equal to the original debt, let me ask you to believe that it taxes my strength even more than your generosity once taxed your own."

"I came here a few days since in the hope that I might see you before I leave Ireland forever, and while waiting for some fortunate chance, I learned that you were betrothed and to be married to the young gentleman who lies ill at Kilgobbin, and whose approaching trial at the Assizes is now the subject of so much discussion. I will not tell you—I have no right to tell you—the deep misery with which these tidings filled me. It was no use to teach my heart how vain and impossible were all my hopes with regard to you. It was to no purpose that I could repeat even aloud to myself how hopeless my pretensions must be. My love for you had become a religion, and what I could deny to a hope I could still believe. Take that hope away, and I could not imagine how I should face my daily life, how interest myself in its ambitions, and even care to live on."

"These sad confessions cannot offend you, coming from one even as humble as I am. They are all that are left me for consolation—they will soon be all I shall have for memory. The little lamp in the lowly shrine comforts the kneeling worshiper far more than it honors the saint; and the love I bear you is such as this. Forgive me if I have dared these utterances. To save him with whose fortunes your own are to be bound up, became at once my object; and as I knew with what ingenuity and craft his ruin had been compassed, it required all my efforts to baffle his enemies. The National Press and the National Party have made a great cause of this trial, and determined that tenant-right should be vindicated in the person of this man Gill."

"I have seen enough of what is intended here to be aware what mischief may be worked by hard swearing, a violent press, and a jury not insensible to public opinion—evils, if you like, but evils that are less of our own growing than the curse ill-government has brought upon us. It has been decided in certain councils—whose decrees are seldom gainsaid—that an example shall be made of Captain Gorman O'Shea, and that no effort shall be spared to make his case a terror and a warning to Irish land-owners how they attempt by ancient process of law to subvert the concessions we have wrung from our tyrants."

"A jury to find him guilty will be sworn; and let us see the judge—in defiance of a verdict given from the jury-box, without a moment's hesitation or the shadow of dissent—let us see the judge who will dare to diminish the severity of the sentence. This is the language, these are the very words, of those who have more of the rule of Ireland in their hands than the haughty gentlemen, honorable and right honorable, who sit at Whitehall."

"I have heard of this opinion too often of late to doubt how much it is a fixed determination of the party; and until now—until I came here, and learned what interest this fact could have for me—I offered no opposition to these reasonings. Since then I have bestirred myself actively. I have addressed the committee here who have taken charge of the prosecution. I have written to the editors of the chief newspapers. I have even made a direct appeal to the leading counsel for the prosecution, and tried to persuade them that a victory here might cost us more than a defeat, and that the country at large, who submit with difficulty to the verdict of absolving juries, will rise with indignation at this evidence of a jury prepared to exercise his vindictive power, and actually make the law the agent of reprisal. I have failed in all—utterly failed. Some reproach me as faint-hearted and craven; some condescend to treat me as merely mistaken and misguided; and some are bold enough to hint that, though as a military authority I stand without rivalry, as a purely political adviser my counsels are open to dispute."

"I have still a power, however, through the organization of which I am a chief; and by this power I have ordered Gill to appear before me, and, in obedience to my commands, he will sail this night for

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America. With him will also leave the two other important witnesses in this cause; so that the only evidence against Captain O'Shea will be some of those against whom he has himself instituted a cross-charge for assault. That the prosecution can be carried on with such testimony need not be feared. Our Press will denounce the infamous arts by which these witnesses have been tampered with, and justice has been defeated. The insults they may hurl at our oppressors—for once unjustly—will furnish matter for the Opposition journals to inveigh against our present Government, and some good may come even of this. At all events, I shall have accomplished what I sought. I shall have saved from a prison the man I hate most on earth, the man who, robbing me of what never could be mine, robs me of every hope, of every ambition, making my love as worthless as my life! Have I not repaid you? Ask your heart which of us has done more for the other?

"The contract on which Gill based his right as a tenant, and which would have sustained his action, is now in my hands; and I will—if you permit me—place it in yours. This may appear an ingenious device to secure a meeting with you; but, though I long to see you once more, were it but a minute, I would not compass it by a fraud. If, then, you will not see me, I shall address to you through the post."

"I have finished. I have told you what it most concerns you to know, and what chiefly regards your happiness. I have done this as coldly and impassively, I hope, as though I had no other part in the narrative than that of the friend whose friendship had a blessed office. I have not told you of the beating heart that hangs over this paper, nor will I darken one bright moment of your fortune by the gloom of mine. If you will write me one line—a farewell if it must be—send it to the care of Adam Cobb, 'Cross Keys,' Moate, where I shall bless you for it—if you will consent to see me, to say one word, to let me look on you once more, I shall go into my banishment with a bolder heart, as men go into battle with an amulet."

"DANIEL DONOGAN."

"Shall I show this to Kate?" was the first thought of Nina as she laid the letter down. "Is it a breach of confidence to let another than myself read these lines? Assuredly they were meant for my eyes alone. Poor fellow!" said she, once more aloud. "It was very noble in him to do this for one he could not but regard as a rival." And then she asked herself how far it might consist with honor to derive benefit from his mistake—since mistake it was—in believing O'Shea was her lover, and to be her future husband."

"There can be little doubt Donogan would never have made the sacrifice had he known that I am about to marry Walpole." From this she rambled on to speculate on how far might Donogan's conduct compromise or endanger him with his own party, and if—which she thought very probable—there was a distinct peril in what he was doing, whether he would have incurred that peril if he really knew the truth, and that it was not herself he was serving."

The more she canvassed these doubts, the more she found the difficulty of resolving them; nor indeed was there any other way than one—distinctly to ask Donogan if he would persist in his good intentions when he knew that the benefit was to revert to her cousin, and not to herself. So far as the evidence of Gill at the trial was concerned, the man's with-

drawal was already accomplished; but would Donogan be as ready to restore the lease, and would he, in fact, be as ready to confront the danger of all this interference, as at first? She could scarcely satisfy her mind how she would wish him to act in the contingency. She was sincerely fond of Kate, she knew all the traits of honesty and truth in that simple character, and she valued the very qualities of straightforwardness and direct purpose in which she knew she was herself deficient. She would have liked well to secure that dear girl's happiness, and it would have been an exquisite delight to her to feel that she had been an aid to her welfare; and yet, with all this, there was a subtle jealousy that tortured her in thinking, "What will this man have done to prove his love for me? Where am I, and are my interests in all this?" There was a poison in this doubt that actually extended to a state of fever. "I must see him," she said at last, speaking aloud to herself. "I must let him know the truth. If what he proposes should lead him to break with his party or his friends, it is well he should see for what and for whom he is doing it."

(To be continued.)

A PILGRIMAGE TO CAPE DE LA MADELEINE.

'Twas about noon; one of those golden skied days when nature seems to wear her fairest face before the inevitable decay; the southerly winds were blowing a gentle breeze and Old Sol smiled most benignantly, as the Glacial pushed out from shore, laden with its hundred pilgrims—the convent girls. The notes of the Ave Maria Stella were clear and full, and were long re-echoed on the blue waters of the majestic St. Lawrence.

While sailing along under the loving protection of the "Star of the Sea," Ave after Ave were wafted toward heaven. On reaching the Cape, there was yet a more charming scene in reserve; the banners of the various sodalities—Children of Mary, Holy Angels, and Little Servants of the Infant Jesus—were unfurled gracefully while carried in solemn procession to the sanctuary of the Most Holy Rosary—a rural paradise where nature's moods of sweetness, piety and devotion are revealed. We had Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, given by the Right Reverend L. T. Rheault, V.G. In those sacred moments, when every heart was hushed in silent converse with its Lord, the peals from the organ alone disturbed that divine stillness which reigned over all. Recollections of home, friends, all were in the sound and went to the very heart of Notre Dame du Saint Rosaire. The Rev. Father Beaudette delivered a most eloquent sermon on the devotion due to the Mother of God. The pastor of the church, Father Duguay, then explained to us the origin of the different relics reposing around the altar. Among others was a Rosary of considerable size, very conspicuously hung over the altar; the wood of this Rosary was brought from the Garden of Olives and presented to the church by the Rev. Pere Frederic, a monk of the Franciscan Order.

For a second time we resumed our hymns in honor of our Heavenly Mother, and bade a last adieu to the tiny stone church; ere long we were sailing homeward, piously chanting the Magnificat.

The last part of the Rosary was recited on board; when we perceived our cherished Alma Mater rising in the distance, we joyfully intoned the Laudate!

BRIN DE MODÈSE.

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