

LORD KILGOBBIN.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

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

CHAPTER X—(Continued.)

"No; I want my tea."

"And it shall have it," said Kate, kissing her with a pitting affection, as she left the room.

"Now one word, only one," said Walpole, as he drew his chair close to her. "If I swear to you—"

"What's that? Who is Kate angry with?" cried Nina, raising and rushing toward the door. "What has happened?"

"I'll tell you what has happened," said Kate, as with flashing eyes and heightened color she entered the room. "The large gate of the outer yard, this is every night locked and strongly barred at sunset, has been left open, and they tell me that three men have come in, Sally says five, and are hiding in some of the out-house."

"What for? Is it to rob, think you?" asked Walpole.

"It is certainly for nothing good. They all know that papa is away, and the house so far unprotected," continued Kate, calmly. "We must find out to-morrow who has left the gate unbolts. This was no accident; and now that they are setting fire to the ricks all around us, it is no time for carelessness."

"Shall we search the offices and the out-buildings?" asked Walpole.

"Of course not; we must stand by the house and take care that they do not enter it. It's a strong old place, and even if they force an entrance below they couldn't set fire to it."

"Could they force their way up?" asked Walpole.

"Not if the people above have any courage. Just come and look at the stair; it was made in times when people thought of defending themselves." They issued forth now together to the top of the landing, where a narrow, steep flight of stone steps descended between two walls to the basement story. A little more than halfway down was a low iron gate or grille of considerable strength; though, not being above four feet in height, it could have been no great defense, which seemed, after all, to have been its intention. "When this is closed," said Kate, shutting it with a bang, "it's not such easy work to pass up against two or three resolute people at the top; and see here," added she, showing a deep niche or alcove in the wall.

"Would you not say she was longing for a conflict?" said Nina, gazing at her.

"No; but if it comes I'll not decline it."

"You mean you'll defend the stair?" asked Walpole.

She nodded assent.

"What arms have you?"

"Plenty; come and look at them. Here," she said, entering the dining-room, and pointing to a large oak side-board covered with weapons—"here probably what has led these people here. They are going through the country latterly on every side, in search of arms. I believe this is almost the only house where they have not called."

"And do they go away quietly when their demands are complete with?"

"Yes; when they chance upon people of poor courage they leave them with life enough to tell the story. What is it, Mathew?" asked she of the old serving-man who entered the room.

"It's the 'boys,' miss, and the they want to talk to you, if you'll step out on the terrace. They don't mean any harm at all."

"What do they want then?"

"Just a spare gun or two, miss, or an old pistol, or anything of the kind that was no use."

"Was it not brave of them to come here when my father was from home? Aren't they fine, courageous creatures to come and frighten two lone girls—eh, Mat?"

"Don't anger them, miss, for the love of Joseph! don't say anything hard; let me hand them that old carbine there, and the fowling-piece; and if you'd give them a pair of horse-pistols I'm sure they'd go away quiet."

A loud noise of knocking, as though with a stone, at the outer door broke in upon the stone terrace which overlooked the yard. "Who is there?—who are you?—what do you want?" cried she, peeping down into the darkness, which, in the shadow of the house, was deeper.

"We've come for arms," cried a deep, hoarse voice.

"My father is away from home; come and ask for them when he's here to answer you."

A wild, insolvent laugh from below acknowledged what they thought of this speech.

"Maybe that was the rayson we come now, miss," said a voice in a lighter tone.

"Fine courageous fellows you are to say so! I hope Ireland has more of such brave, patriotic men."

"You'd better leave that, anyhow," said another; and as he spoke he levelled and fired, but evidently with intention to terrify rather than wound, for the plaster came tumbling down from several feet above her head; and now the knocking at the door was redoubled, and with a noise that resounded through the house.

"Wouldn't you advise her to give up the arms and let them go?" said Nina, in a whisper to Walpole; but though she was deadly pale, there were no tremor in her voice.

"The door is giving way: the wood is completely rotten. Now for the stairs! Mr. Walpole, you're going to stand by me?"

"I should think so, but I'd rather you'd remain here. I know my ground now."

"No, I must be beside you. You'll have to keep a rolling fire, and I can load quicker than most people. Come along now; we must take no light with us—follow me."

"Take care," said Nina to Walpole, as passed, but with an accent so full of a strange significance it dwelt on his memory long after.

"What was it, Nina, whispered you as you came by?" said Kate.

"Something about being cautious, I think," said he carelessly.

"Stay where you are, Mathew," said the girl, in a severe tone, to the old servant, who was officiously pressing forward with a light.

"Go back!" cried she, as she persisted in following her.

"That's the worse of all our troubles here, Mr. Walpole," said she boldly: "you cannot depend on the people of your own household. The very people you have nursed in sickness, if they only belong to some secret association, will betray you!" She made no secret of her words, but spoke them loud enough to be heard by the group of servants now gathered on the landing. Noiseless she tripped down the stairs, and passed into the dark alcove, followed by Walpole, carrying any amount of guns and carbines under his arm.

"These are loaded, I presume?" said he.

"All, and ready capped. The short carbine is charged with a sort of canister-shot, and keep it for a short range—if they try to pass over the iron gate. Now mind me, and I will give you the directions I heard my father give on this spot once before. Don't fire till they reach the foot of the stair."

"I cannot hear you," said he, for the din beneath, where they battered at the door was now deafening.

"They'll be in in another moment—there, the lock has fallen off—the door has giving way," whispered she; "be steady now; no hurry—steady and calm."

As she spoke the heavy oak door fell to the ground, and a perfect silence succeeded to the late din. After an instant, muttering whispers could be heard, and it seemed as if they doubted how far it was safe to enter, for all was dark within. Something was said in a tone of command, and at the moment one of the party flung forward a bundle of lighted straw and tow, which fell at the foot of the stairs, and for a few seconds lit up the place with a red lurid gleam, showing the steep stair and the iron bars of the little gate that crossed it.

"There's the iron wicket they spoke of," cried one. "All right, come on!" And the speaker led the way, cautiously, however, and slowly, the others came after him.

"No, not yet," whispered Kate, as she pressed her hand upon Walpole's.

"I hear voices up there," cried the leader from below. "We'll make them leave that, anyhow." And he fired off his gun in the direction of the upper part of the stair; a quantity of plaster came clattering down as the ball struck the ceiling.

"Now," said she. "Now, and fire low!"

He discharged both barrels so rapidly that the two detonations blended into one, and the assailants replied by a volley, the echoing din almost sounding like artillery. Fast as Walpole could

fire, the girl replaced the piece by another, when suddenly she cried: "There is a fellow at the gate—the carbine—the carbine now, and steady." A heavy crash and a cry followed his discharged and snatching the weapon from him, she reloaded and handed it back with lightning speed. "There is another there," whispered she; and Walpole moved further out, to take a steadier aim. All was still; not a sound to be heard for some seconds, when the hinges of the gate creaked and the bolt shook in the lock. Walpole fired again, but as he did so, the others poured in a rattling volley, one shot grazing his cheek, and another smashing both bones of his right arm, so that the carbine fell powerless from his hand. The intrepid girl sprang to his side at once, and then passing in front of him, she fired some shots from a revolver in quick succession. A low, confused sound of feet, and a scuffling noise followed, when a rough, hoarse voice cried out: "Stop firing; we are wounded, and going away."

"Are you badly hurt?" whispered Kate to Walpole.

"Nothing serious; be still and listen!"

"There, the carbine is ready again. Oh, you cannot hold it—leave it to me," said she.

From the difficulty of removal, it seemed as though one of the party beneath was either killed or badly wounded for it was several minutes before they could gain the outer door.

"Are they really retiring?" whispered Walpole.

"Yes; they seemed to have suffered heavily."

"Would you not give them one shot at parting—that carbine is charged?" asked he anxiously.

"Not for worlds," said she; "savage as they are, it would be ruin to break faith with them."

"Give me a pistol, my left hand is all right." Though he tried to speak with calmness, the agony of pain he was suffering so overcame him that he leaned his head down, and rested it on her shoulder.

"My poor, poor fellow!" said she tenderly: "I would not for the world that this had happened."

"They're gone, Miss Kate, they've passed out at the big gate, and they're off," whispered old Mathew, as he stood trembling behind her.

"Here, call some one, and help this gentleman up the stairs, and get a mattress down on the floor at once; send off a message, Sally, for Dr. Tobin. He can take the car that came this evening, and let him make what haste he can."

"Is he wounded?" said Nina, as they laid him down on the floor. Walpole tried to smile and say something, but no sound came forth.

"My own dear, dear Cecil," whispered Nina, as she knelt and kissed his hand: "tell me it is not dangerous." But he had fainted.

CHAPTER XI.

WHAT THE PAPERS SAID OF IT.

The wounded man had just fallen into a first sleep after the disaster, when the press of the capital was already proclaiming throughout the land the attack and search for arms at Kilgobbin Castle. In the national papers a very few lines were devoted to the event; indeed, their tone was one of party sneer at the importance given by their contemporaries to a very ordinary incident. "Is there," asked the *Convict*, "anything, very strange or new in the fact that Irishmen have determined to be armed? Is English legislation in this country so marked with justice, clemency, and generosity that the people of Ireland prefer to submit their lives and fortunes to its sway to trusting what brave men alone trust in—their fearlessness and their daring? What is there, then, so remarkable in the replying to Mr. Kearney's house for a loan of those weapons of which his family for several generations have forgotten the use?" In the government journals the story of the attack was headed: "Attack on Kilgobbin Castle. Heroic Resistance by a Young Lady;" in which Kate Kearney's conduct was described in colors of extravagant eulogy. She was alternately Joan of Arc and the Maid of Saragossa, and it was gravely discussed whether any and what honors of the crown were at her majesty's disposal to reward such brilliant heroism. In another print of the same stamp the narrative began: "The disastrous condition of our country is never displayed in darker colors than when the totally

unprovoked character of some outrage has to be recorded by the press. It is our melancholy task to present such a case as this to our readers to-day. If it was our wish to exhibit to a stranger the picture of an Irish estate in which all the blessings of good management, intelligence, kindness, and Christian charity were displayed—to show him a property where the well-being of landlord and tenant were inextricably united, where the condition of the people, their dress, their homes, their food, and their daily comforts could stand comparison with the most favored English county—we should point to the Kearney estate of Kilgobbin, and yet it is here, in the very house where his ancestors have resided for generations, that a most savage and dastardly attack is made, and if we feel a sense of shame in recording the outrage, we are recompensed by the proud elation with which we can recount the repulse—the noble and gallant achievement of an Irish girl. History has the record of more momentous feats, but we doubt that there is one in the annals of any land in which a higher heroism was displayed than in this splendid defense by Miss Kearney." Then followed the story; not one of the papers having any knowledge of Walpole's presence on the occasion, or the slightest suspicion that she was aided in way.

Joe Atlee was busily engaged in conning over and comparing these somewhat contradictory reports as he sat at his breakfast, his chum, Kearney, being still in bed and asleep, after a late night at a ball. At last there came a telegraphic dispatch for Kearney, armed with which Joe entered the bedroom and woke him.

"Here's something for you, Dick," cried he. "Are you too sleepy to read it?"

"Tear it open and see what it is, like a good fellow," said the other, indolently.

"It's from your sister—at least it is signed Kate. It says: 'There is no cause for alarm. All is going on well, and papa will be back this evening I write by this post.'"

"What does all this mean?" cried Dick, in surprise.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The woman who works, and is tired, will find a special help in Dr. Pierce's Prescriptions. Perfectly harmless in any condition of the female system. It promotes all the natural functions, and builds up, strengthens, regulates, and cures. For women approaching confinement, nursing mothers, and every weak, run-down, delicate woman, it is an invigorating, supporting tonic that's adapted to their needs.

But it's more than that, too. It's the only guaranteed remedy for all the functional disturbance, painful disorders, and chronic weakness of womanhood. In "female complaints" of every kind, periodical pains, bearing-down sensations, internal inflammation, and kindred ailments, if it ever fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back.

Doctor: Now, Johnny, put out your tongue, and let me see it. Johnny: Well, I'd rather not. I've been walloped often often enough for making faces at you behind your back.

A: I have noticed a funny thing about men who have been taken in. B: What is it? A: They are usually very much put out.

Montreal, 19th January, 1891.—J. G. Laviolette, Esq., M.D., My dear Sir,—It is my duty to testify to the excellence of your *Syrup of Turpentine*. I have used it for the treatment of an acute laryngitis from which I was suffering since over nine years. One large bottle completely cured me. Many thanks. Your devoted C. A. M. Paradis, Priest, O.M.I.Montreal, 12th January, 1891.—I, the undersigned, do certify that my wife was coughing very much since six years and my child, four years old, since his birth. Both have been perfectly cured by the use of two bottles of Dr. Laviolette's *Syrup of Turpentine*. Adolphe LeMay, No. 883 St. Denis St., Côteau St. Louis, driver-baker at Stuart & Herbert, No. 1010 Rivard St.Montreal, December, 1890.—I have, on several occasions, used various preparations of Turpentine and have always found them very efficacious in affections of the throat and bronchial tubes. I have lately administered to several of my children Dr. Laviolette's *Syrup of Turpentine* and have found its effects remarkably prompt, especially in cases of croup and cough. Mrs. Recorder B.A.T. de Montigny.Montreal, 24th December, 1890.—J. G. Laviolette, Esq., M.D., Dear Sir,—Your *Syrup of Turpentine* has cured us, my son and myself, of a cold which we had caught several months ago. Two bottles were sufficient. I consider it is my duty to recommend it to the public. Many thanks. Your obedient servant, M. A. Brault, Practical furrier at M. C. Desjardins & Co., No. 1537 St. Catherine St.