

LORD KILGOBBIN.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

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

CHAPTER LXXXIII.

THE GARDEN BY MOONLIGHT.

There was but one heavy heart at the dinner table that day; but Nina's pride was proof against any disclosure of suffering, and though she was tortured by anxiety and fevered with doubt, none—not even Kate—suspected that any care weighed on her.

As for Kate herself, her happiness beamed in every lineament of her handsome face. The captain—to give him the name by which he was known—had been up that day, and partaken of an afternoon tea with his aunt and Kate. Her spirits were excellent, and all the promise of the future was rose-colored and bright. The little cloud of what trouble the trial might bring was not suffered to darken the cheerful meeting, and it was the one only bitter in their cup.

To divert Curtis from this theme, on which, with the accustomed *mala propos* of an awkward man, he wished to talk, the young men led him to the subject of Donogan and his party.

"I believe we'll take him this time," said Curtis. "He must have some close relations with some one about Moate or Kilbeggan, for it is remarked he cannot keep away from the neighborhood; but who are his friends, or what they are meditating, we cannot guess."

"If what Mademoiselle Kostalergi said this morning be correct," remarked Atlee, "conjecture is unnecessary. She told Dick and myself that every Irishman is at heart a rebel."

"I said more or less of one, Mr. Atlee, since there are some who have not the courage of their opinions."

"I hope you are gratified by the emendation," whispered Dick; and then added, aloud, "Donogan is not one of these."

"He's a consummate fool," cried Curtis, bluntly. "He thinks the attack of a police barrack or the capture of a few firelocks will revolutionize Ireland."

"He forgets that there are twelve thousand police, officered by such men as yourself, captain," said Nina, gravely.

"Well, there might be worse," rejoined Curtis, doggedly, for he was not quite sure of the sincerity of the speaker.

"What will you be the better of taking him?" said Kilgobbin. "If the whole tree be pernicious, where's the use of plucking one leaf off it?"

"The captain has nothing to do with that," said Atlee, "any more than a hound has to discuss the morality of fox-hunting—his business is the pursuit."

"I don't like your simile, Mr. Atlee," said Nina, while she whispered some words to the captain, and drew him in this way into a confidential talk.

"I don't mind him at all, Miss Nina," said Curtis; "he's one of those fellows on the Press, and they are always saying impertinent things, to keep their little talents in wind. I'll tell you, in confidence, how wrong he is. I have just had a meeting with the chief secretary, who told me that the Popish bishops are not at all pleased with the leniency of the Government; that, whatever 'healing measures' Mr. Gladstone contemplates, ought to be for the Church and the Catholics; that the Fenians or the Nationalists are the enemies of the Holy Father; and that the time has come for the Government to hunt them down, and give over the rule of Ireland to the cardinal and his party."

"That seems to me very reasonable, and very logical," said Nina.

"Well, it is and it is not. If you want peace in the rabbit-warren, you must banish either the rats or the rabbits; and I suppose either the Protestants or the Papists must have it their own way here."

"Then you mean to capture this man?"

"We do—we are determined on that. And what's more, I'd hang him if I had the power."

"And why?"

"Just because he isn't a bad fellow!"

There's no use in hanging a bad fellow in Ireland—it frightens nobody; but if you hang a respectable man, a man that has done generous and fine things, it produces a great effect on society, and is a terrible example.

"There may be a deep wisdom in what you say."

"Not that they'll mind me for all that. It's the men like myself, Miss Nina, who know Ireland well, who know every assize town in the country, and what the juries will do in each, are never consulted in England. They say: 'Let Curtis catch him—that's his business.'"

"And how will you do it?"

"I'll tell you. I haven't men enough to watch all the roads; but I'll take care to have my people where he's least likely to go—that is, to the North. He's a cunning fellow is Dan, and he'd make for the Shannon if he could; but now that he knows we're after him, he'll turn to Antrim or Derry. He'll cut cross Westmeath and make North if he gets away from this."

"That is a very acute calculation of yours; and where do you suspect he may be now—I mean, at this moment we're talking?"

"He's not three miles from where we're sitting," said he, in a low whisper, and a cautious glance round the table. "He's hid in the bog outside. There's scores of places there a man could hide in, and never be tracked; and there's few fellows would like to meet Donogan single-handed. He's as active as a rope-dancer, and he's as courageous as the devil."

"It would be a pity to hang such a fellow."

"There's plenty more of the same sort—not exactly as good as him, perhaps, for Dan was a gentleman once."

"And is, probably, still?"

"It would be hard for him, with the rascallions he has to live with, and not five shillings in his pocket besides."

"I don't know, after all, if you'll be happier for giving him up to the law. He may have a mother, a sister, a wife, or a sweet heart."

"He may have a sweetheart, but I know he has none of the others. He said, in the dock, that no man could quit life at less cost—that there wasn't one to grieve after him."

"Poor fellow, that was a sad confession."

"We're not all to turn Fenians, Miss Nina, because we're only children and unmarried."

"You are too clever for me to dispute with," said she, in affected humility; "but I like greatly to hear you talk of Ireland. Now, what number of people have you here?"

"I have my orderly, and two men to patrol the demesne; but to-morrow we'll draw the net tighter. We'll call in all the party from Moate, and, from information I have got, we're sure to track him."

"What confidences is Curtis making with Mademoiselle Nina?" said Atlee, who, though affecting to join the general conversation, had never ceased to watch them.

"The captain is telling me how he put down the Fenians in the rising of '61," said Nina, calmly.

"And did he? I say, Curtis, have you really suppressed the rebellion in Ireland?"

"No; nor won't Mr. Joe Atlee, till we put down the rascally Press—the unprincipled penny-a-liners, that write treason to pay for their dinner."

"Poor fellows!" replied Atlee. "Let us hope it does not interfere with their digestion. But seriously, mademoiselle, does it not give you a great notion of our insecurity here in Ireland when you see to what we trust law and order?"

"Never mind him, Curtis," said Kilgobbin. "When these fellows are not saying sharp things they have to be silent."

While the conversation went briskly on, Nina contrived to glance unnoticed at her watch, and saw that it wanted only a quarter of an hour to nine. Nine was the hour she had named to Donogan to be in the garden, and she already trembled at the danger to which she had exposed him. She reasoned thus: "So reckless and fearless is this man, that, if he should have come determined to see me, and I do not go to meet him, he is quite capable of entering the house boldly, even at the cost of being captured. The very price he would have to pay for his rashness would be its temptation."

A sudden cast of seriousness overcame



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WIT AND HUMOR.

What is the greatest curiosity in the world? A woman's.

Aspirant: "What is the chief requisite for a young lady entering the literary field?" Editor: "Postage stamps."

Unsophisticated Cook—"If you please, mum, the butcher says I shall get five per cent. on all orders I give him. What does that mean?" Mistress—"It means, Mary, that we shall have a new butcher."

Entering the house of one of his congregation, Rowland Hill saw a child on a rocking-horse. "Dear me!" exclaimed the aged minister, "how wondrously like some Christians! There is motion, but no progress."

"Are you a single man?" inquired a lady of a brawny mechanic who had come to fix the kitchen stove. Considering matrimony, mum," he replied, "I am; but when it comes to slugging, they do say I'm equal to about four."

"I guess Jimmie Jones was mistaken about his brother being a college graduate." Mama: "What makes you think so?" "Well, papa said they always knew everything, and he couldn't tell what our baby was cryin' about."

Young Doctor—"Here I've had my shingle out two weeks, and not a case yet. I've been sitting here like patience on a monument." Friend—"Never mind; you will eventually get a chance to put the monuments on the patients."

"You must have made several dollars out of your theatricals." "I? Oh, no. Those theatricals were for the poor." "I know; that's why you divided up the receipts among the performers. They were the poorest I ever saw."

THE FOX AND THE LION'S DEN.

There is a rich store of illustrations for temperance speakers in the fables of Aesop and other writers. The moral of the following is self-evident:—The lion, in order to catch his prey the easier, gave it out that he was very ill, and sent invitations to all the beasts to come to his den to see him in his illness. Most of them complied with this invitation, but it was noticed that the fox kept outside. Upon this the lion sent one of his jackals to ask why he did not come into the den as others did? To this the fox replied, "Pray present my duty to his majesty, and tell him that I have the same respect for him as ever, and would certainly come to see him in his illness; but when I come to the mouth of his den I see the prints of all my neighbours pointing forwards into the cave, and cannot discover the impressions of anyone of them coming out again. This makes me tremble for my safety, and, therefore, I keep outside where I know I am in no danger." Those who go to the den of strong drink leave their footprints behind them, all pointing towards destruction; but where are the prints of those who return again?

TEST OF LOYALTY.

The test of true loyalty which each one may put to himself is: "Am I faithful to truth, to right, to duty, to love?" "Am I constant to the best methods I can find—to the highest ideals I can form?" To do this much must sometimes be resigned, just as in the ascent of a mountain, many pleasant resting-places must be left behind. But he who is thus loyal to his best conceptions will never be disloyal to his nation or his party or his friend. The great rule is the less. "To thine own self be true; and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man."

(To be continued.)