



Daniel O'Connell—"The Liberator"

LD ERIN has given the world many a genius and many a Lover of Liberty, but none greater than the eloquent O'Connell. This noble Irishman unselfishly devoted every moment of his life to regain the Freedom of his Fatherland. His oratory, because of its flaming earnestness, exercised a powerful influence over the House of Commons and hastened many reforms for Ireland. Daniel O'Connell was the first to realize the irresistible strength of a union of millions of Irishmen, and to this end he labored night and day. Huge mass meetings were everywhere organized throughout Ireland and addressed by the masterful O'Connell. When confident of success and with victory in sight he was arrested and condemned to prison. When liberated his splendid constitution was shattered, but he continued until his dying hour to work and pray for Irish Liberty. It is needless to say that Daniel O'Connell was opposed to any Prohibitory legislation which invaded the Natural Rights of Man. He would no more vote for such tyrannous enactments than will our millions of Irish-American citizens. They know that there is no evil in the barley brews and light wines of their fathers—EVIL ONLY IS IN THE MAN WHO MISUSES THEM. For 57 years Anheuser-Busch have honestly brewed honest beers, and they are proud of the popularity their great brand Budweiser enjoys with those of Irish blood. Our Irish citizens have helped to make our nation great among the nations of the world. Seven thousand, five hundred people are daily required to keep pace with the natural demand for Budweiser. ANHEUSER-BUSCH · ST. LOUIS, U.S.A.



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A Great Intrigue,

—OR, THE— Mistress of Darracourt.

CHAPTER XXXII.

He saw that her face was white to deathliness behind the veil which she always wore, and he naturally looked after the man. There seemed to be something familiar about him, but Harry's acuteness had been deadened by his illness, and he did not recognize in the over-dressed individual, the man Sinclair, whom he had arrested in the park. Marie Verner had, however, and the shock of the meeting had frightened her.

"Are you ill?" he asked.

"No," she said, "only a little faint. Let us go home; I hate being pushed against."

"But it was against me he pushed," said Harry, as he called a cab.

"It is all the same," she said, lightly. "I thought you were going to quarrel with the man, dear."

Harry laughed and said no more, and forgot about it before they reached the yard.

At last the day but one before the wedding, arrived. Harry had got the license and the tickets for France;

the new furniture had come home, and Marie declared that her trousseau was completed.

Harry was sauntering down the yard in the absent-minded fashion that had become habitual with him, when Mr. Doyle came up, leading a horse.

"Hello!" he said. "Just the man I was looking for;" and throwing the bridle to one of the stablemen, he linked his arm in Harry's.

"Thinking of the day after tomorrow, lad?" he said, chuckling.

Harry pulled himself together and smiled.

"All ready, eh?" said Mr. Doyle. "That's all right. I've told 'em to put those two grays to the carriage, and I guess there ain't a better pair of grays in London. But that's not what I wanted to tell you. Look here! I've been thinking that the old woman was scarcely good enough in the servant line for such a couple of swells as you two, and I've advertised for a young girl to help her, and do the parlor maid business, you know. I've picked out the dearest of the lot that came in answer to it, and I've got her in there," and he pointed to the office. "Go in and see if you fancy the look of her."

"We'd better leave that to Miss Verner, hadn't we?" said Harry, with a smile.

"Well, I thought she'd be here," said Mr. Doyle. "Never mind, you go in and see if you think she'll do. I'm

going down to the Number 2 stable; come and tell me what you think of her."

Harry sauntered leisurely to the office and opened the door. A young girl who was sitting with her back to him rose as he entered, and, turning round, dropped a curtsy.

Then suddenly she uttered an exclamation of terror and shrank back, clutching the desk, and gasped out his name:

"Master Harry!"

Harry started, and strode up to her.

"Susie!" he said. "Why—why! Is it possible?" and, with a flush on his face as the sight of her recalled the past, he held out his hand.

Susie took it and clung to it, trembling like an aspen leaf, her face white, her eyes starting.

"Why, Susie," he said, smilingly, "how I must have startled you! Did you think it was my ghost?"

"Oh, Master Harry! Master Harry!" she panted, and she stood pressing her hand to her heart.

"There, sit down," he said, in the gentle tones she remembered so well. "Sit down and get over your fright, Susie! What a surprise it is! You are the very last person in the world I should have expected to see here."

But she seemed to pay no heed to him, and, still keeping her terror-stricken eyes upon his face, exclaimed pantingly:

"Oh, Master Harry! what are you doing here?"

He smiled.

"I am working here, Susie. You know I was always fond of horses. I am helping a gentleman who buys and sells them. I shall be a partner presently, I expect," he went on, talking to give her time to recover herself.

"Here in London—not abroad, not in Australia, or somewhere out of his reach!" breathed Susie, with trembling lips. "Oh, Master Harry, is it safe?"

Harry stared at her.

"Is it safe? Is it a safe business, do you mean, Susie? Yes, if you understand it."

"Business? No!" she exclaimed, with troubled, frightened air. "Is it safe for you, I mean? Oh, Master Harry! I did so hope that you would have gone across the sea!"

Harry looked round the office amazed and perplexed. Could the sudden and unexpected sight of him have

turned her brain?—but, no, that was impossible.

He made for a carafe of water and poured her out some, and she drank a little, her teeth playing castanets against the edge of the glass.

"Now, Susie," he said, "Come, my girl; what's the matter?"

"Nothing, nothing, Master Harry," she replied, as if she had repented of what she had said. "It—it was the surprise of seeing you that upset me."

"I see," he said, soothingly; "you did not expect to see me here in London. You didn't know that I had left"—he hesitated—"Darracourt?"

She eyed him nervously.

"No, Master Harry."

"But you have left Darracourt, too?"

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he said, kindly. "Why did you do that?"

Her trouble came back to her as he put the question, and she hung her head.

"Yes, I've left Darracourt," she assented, with a choking sob. "Oh, Master Harry!" and the tears welled to her eyes.

"Come, come," he said, gently, "you have had some trouble, Susie. Have you quarrelled with the marchioness?"

"The marchioness!" exclaimed Susie; "then—then they are married?"

His face grew dark and his lips twitched.

"Yes; they are married, Susie," he said in a low voice.

Susie rocked herself to and fro.

"Married, married!" she murmured. "Oh, my poor young mistress! Oh, dear! oh, dear!"

Harry leaned against the desk and looked at her gloomily, looking through her to the vision of Lucille, which her words called up.

"Oh, my poor, dear, sweet mistress! Do you remember her, Master Harry? How beautiful and happy she used to look, and how good she was!"

"I remember," he said, dully.

"And married to him!—to him! Oh, Master Harry, he is a bad man! My heart aches for her!"

"And mine, Susie," he said, in a low voice. "But is it all past and done," he added, despairingly; "all past and done, Susie. There is no use talking about it. Tell me about yourself. How did you come here?"

Susie got her troubled mind back again to the present.

"I—I saw an advertisement, and—and answered it."

"Little thinking you were going to enter my service, Susie," he said, with a sad smile. "But you haven't told me when you left the Court?"

"I—I left the morning after you, Master Harry."

"The morning after I did!" he said, his brows contracting as her words called up the scene of his departure. "Why, how did that happen? Had you quarrelled with—Miss Lucille?"

"Quarrelled with her!" she exclaimed, then faltered and hung her head and whispered, "Yes, Master Harry."

He was silent a moment. There was evidently something mysterious, something she wished to conceal from him, and he would not press her.

"And so you are coming to wait upon me, Susie?" he said. "I fear you will find it a change from the luxury of the great Court."

"A change!" she echoed. "Oh, Master Harry, if you knew how I have been hiding and skulking in corners lest she should hear I hadn't gone abroad to Australia after all—" she stopped and looked at him in terror. "Oh, what have I said?" she gasped.

"Not much, Susie," he said, kindly. "But why don't you go on? Whom did you promise that you would go abroad, and why?"

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