

LORD KILGOBBIN.

BY CHARLES LEVER

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

"ON THE LEADS."

Kate Kearney's room was on the top of the castle, and "gave" by a window over the leads of a large square tower. On this space she had made a little garden of a few flowers, to tend which one of what she called her "dissipations."

Some old packing-cases, filled with mold, sufficed to nourish a few stocks and carnations, a rose or two, and a mass of mignonette, which, possibly, like the children of the poor, grew up sturdy and healthy from some of the adverse circumstances of their condition. It was a very favorite spot with her; and if she came hither in her happiest moments, it was here also her saddest hours were passed, sure that in the cares and employments of her loved plants she would find solace and consolation. It was at this window Kate now sat with Nina, looking over the vast plain, on which a rion moonlight was streaming, the shadows of fast-fitting clouds throwing strange and fanciful effects over a space almost wide enough to be a prairie.

"What a deal have mere names to do with our imaginations, Nina?" said Kate. "Is not that boundless sweep before us as fine as your boasted Campagna? Does not the night wind career over it as joyfully, and is not the moonlight as picturesque in its breaks by turf-clump and hillocks as by ruined wall and tottering temple? In a word, are not we as well here, to drink in all this delicious silence, as if we were sitting on your loved Pincian?"

"Don't ask me to share such heresies. I see nothing out there but bleak desolation. I don't know if it ever had a past; I can almost swear it will have no future. Let us not talk of it."

"What shall we talk of?" asked Kate, with an arch smile.

"You know well enough what led me up here. I want to hear what you know of that strange man Dick brought her to-day to dinner?"

"I never saw him before—never even heard of him."

"Do you like him?"

"I have scarcely seen him."

"Don't be so guarded and reserved. Tell me frankly the impression he makes on you. Is he not vulgar—very vulgar?"

"How should I say, Nina? Of all the people you ever met, who knows so little of the habits of society as myself? Those fine gentlemen who were here the other day shocked my ignorance by numberless little displays of indifference. Yet I can feel that they must have been paragons of good breeding, and that what I believed to be a very cool self-sufficiency was in reality the very latest London version of good manners."

"Oh, you did not like that charming carelessness of Englishmen that goes where it likes and when it likes, that does not wait to be answered when it questions, and only insists on one thing, which is—'not to be bored.' If you knew, dear Kate, how foreigners school themselves, and strive to catch up that insouciance, and never succeed—never!"

"My brother's friend certainly is no adept in it."

"He is insufferable. I don't know that the man ever dined in the company of ladies before; did you remark that he did not open the door as we left the dinner room? and if your brother had not come over, I should have had to open it for myself. I declare I'm not sure he stood up as we passed."

"Oh, yes; I saw him rise from his chair."

"I'll tell you what you did not see. You did not see him open his napkin at dinner. He stole his roll of bread very sly from the folds, and then placed the napkin, carefully folded, beside him."

"You seem to have observed him closely, Nina."

"I did so, because I saw enough in his manner to excite suspicion of his class, and I want to know what Dick means by introducing him here."

"Papa liked him; at least he said that after we left the room a good deal of his shyness wore off, and that he conversed pleasantly and well. Above all, he seems to know Ireland perfectly."

"Indeed!" she said, half-disdainfully. "So much so that I was heartily sorry

to leave the room when I heard them begin the topic; but I saw papa wished to have some talk with him, and I went."

"They were gallant enough not to join us afterward, though I think we waited tea till ten."

"Till nigh eleven, Nina, so that I am sure that they must have been interested in their conversation."

"I hope the explanation excuses them."

"I don't know that they are aware they needed an apology. Perhaps they were affecting a little of that British insouciance you spoke of."

"They had better not. It will sit most awkwardly on their Irish habits."

"Some day or other I'll give you a formal battle on this score, Nina, and I warn you you will not come so well out of it."

"Whenever you like. I accept the challenge. Make this brilliant companion of your brother's the type, and it will test your cleverness, I promise you. Do you even know his name?"

"Mr. Daniel, my brother called him; but I know nothing of his country or of his belongings."

"Daniel is a Christian name, not a family name, is it not? We have scores of people like that—Tommasini, Ricciardi, and such like—in Italy, but they mean nothing."

"Our friend below-stairs looks as if that was not his failing. I should say that he means a good deal."

"Oh, I know you are laughing at my stupid phrase—no matter; you understood me at all events. I don't like that man."

"Dick's friends are not fortunate with you. I remember how unfavorably you judged of Mr. Atlee from his portrait."

"Well, he looked rather better than his picture—less false, I mean; or perhaps it was that he had a certain levity of manner that carried off the perfidy."

"What an amiable sort of levity!"

"You are too critical on me by half this evening," said Nina, pettishly; and she arose and strolled out upon the leads.

For some time Kate was scarcely aware she had gone. Her head was full of cares, and she sat trying to think some of them "out," and see her way to deal with them. At last the door of her room slowly and noiselessly opened, and Dick put in his head. "I was afraid you might be asleep, Kate," said he, entering, "finding all so still and quiet here."

"No. Nina and I were chatting here—squabbling, I believe, if I were to tell the truth; and I can't tell when she left me."

"What could you be quarreling about?" asked he, as he sat down beside her.

"I think it was about that strange friend of yours. We were not quite agreed whether his manners were perfect, or his habits those of the well-bred world. Then we wanted to know more of him, and each was dissatisfied that the other was so ignorant; and lastly, we were canvassing that very peculiar taste you appear to have in friends, and were wondering where you find your odd people."

"So, then, you don't like Donogan?" said he, hurriedly.

"Like whom? And you call him Donogan?"

"The mischief is out," said he. "Not that I wanted to have secrets from you, but all the same I'm a precious bungler. His name is Donogan, and what's more, it's Daniel Donogan. He was the same who figured in the dock at, I believe, sixteen years of age, with Smith O'Brien and the others, and was afterwards seen in England in '59, known as a head-centre, and apprehended on suspicion in '60, and made his escape from Dartmoor the same year. There's a very pretty biography in skeleton, is it not?"

"But, my dear Dick, how are you connected with him?"

"Not very seriously. Don't be afraid. I'm not compromised in any way, nor does he desire that I should be. Here is the whole story of our acquaintance." And now he told what the reader already knows of their first meeting and the intimacy that followed it.

"All that will take nothing from the danger of harboring a man charged as he is," said she, gravely.

"That is to say, if he be tracked and discovered."

"It is what I mean."

"Well, one has only to look out of that window, and see where we are and what lies around us on every side, to be tolerably easy on that score." And as he spoke he arose and walked out upon the

terrace. "What! were you here all this time?" asked he, as he saw Nina seated on the battlement, and throwing dried leaves carelessly to the wind.

"Yes; I have been here this half hour, perhaps longer."

"And heard what we have been within there?"

"Some chance words reached me, but I did not follow them."

"Oh, it was here you were, then, Nina?" cried Kate. "I'm ashamed to say I did not know it."

"We got so warm discussing your friend's merits or demerits that we parted in a sort of huff," said Nina. "I wonder was he worth quarreling for?"

"What should you say?" asked Dick inquiringly, as he scanned her face.

"In any other land I might say he was—that is, that some interest might attach to him; but here, in Ireland, you all look so much brighter, and wittier, and more impetuous, and more out of the common than you really are, that I give up all divination of you, and own I cannot read you at all."

"I hope you like the explanation," said Kate to her brother, laughing.

"I'll tell my friend of it in the morning," said Dick; "and as he is a great national champion, perhaps he'll accept it as a defiance."

"You do not frighten me by the threat," said Nina, calmly.

Dick looked from her face to his sister's, and back again to hers, to discern, if he might, how much she had overheard; but he could read nothing in her cold and impassive bearing, and he went his way in doubt and confusion.

CHAPTER XXIX.

ON A VISIT AT KILGOBBIN.

Before Kearney had risen from his bed the next morning Donogan was in his room, his look elated, and his cheek glowing with recent exercise. "I have had a burst of two hours' sharp walking over the bog," cried he; "and it has put me in such spirits as I have not known for many a year. Do you know, Mr. Kearney, that what with the fantastic effects of the morning mists, as they lift themselves over these vast wastes, the glorious patches of blue heather and purple anemone that the sun displays through the fog, and better than all, the springiness of a soil that sends a thrill to the heart, like a throb of youth itself, there is no walking in the world can compare with a bog at sunrise. There's a sentiment to open a paper on nationalities! I came up with the post-boy, and took his letters to save him a couple of miles. Here's one for you, I think from Atlee; and this is also to your address, from Dublin; and here's the last number of the Pike; and you'll see they have lost no time. There's a few lines about you. Our readers will be grateful to us for the tidings we announce to-day, with authority—that Richard Kearney, Esq., son of Maurice Kearney, of Kilgobbin Castle, will contest his native county at the approaching election. It will be a proud day for Ireland when she shall see her representation in the names of those who dignify the exalted station they hold in virtue of their birth and blood by claims of admitted talent and recognized ability. Mr. Kearney, junior, has swept the university of its prizes, and the college gate has long seen his name at the head of her prizemen. He contests the seat in the National interest. It is needless to say all our sympathies and best wishes go with him."

Dick shook with laughing while the other read the paragraph in a high-sounding and pretentious tone.

"I hope," said Kearney at last, "that the information as to my college successes is not vouched for on authority."

"Who cares a fig about them? The phrase rounds off a sentence, and nobody treats it like an affidavit."

"But some one may take the trouble to remind the readers that my victories have been defeats, and that in my last examination but one I got 'cautioned.'"

"Do you imagine, Mr. Kearney, the House of Commons in any way reflects college distinction? Do you look for senior wranglers and double-firsts on the Treasury bench? and are not the men who carry away distinction the men of breadth, not depth? Is it not the wide acquaintance with a large field of knowledge, and the subtle power to know how other men regard these topics, that make the popular leader of the present day? And remember, it is talk, and not oratory, is the mode. You must be commonplace, and even vulgar, practical,

dashed with a small morality, so as not to be classed with low Radical; and if then you have a bit of hifolutin for the peroration, you'll do. The morning papers will call you a young man of great promise; and the whip will never pass you without a shake-hands."

"But there are good speakers."

"There is Bright—I don't think I know another—and he only at times. Take my word for it, the secret of success with 'the collective wisdom' is reiteration."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

IRISH AND ENGLISH LANDLORDS.

Their Different Attitude Toward Farmers and Peasants.

Painfully instructive reports by Mr. W. P. O'Brien and Mr. R. C. Richards to the Labor Commission on the condition of the agricultural laborer in Ireland have just been issued. The Irish laborers are, according to these documents, in a deplorable condition. Their wages are low, and they are, as a rule, ill-housed and ill-fed. If Mr. Richards is correct, the Irish landlords are in a considerable measure to blame for the wretchedness of their surroundings. He says: "Whatever be the merits or demerits of landlordism, one cannot fail to be struck by the remarkable contrast between the practical outcome of it in England and in Ireland respectively in regard to the habits and condition of the laborers. In most of the English districts visited there were signs of the interest taken by the landlord in the condition of the peasantry—signs that he is using his influence to compel and educate the peasant to take an interest in his own condition. In the Irish districts it was quite the exception to find anything of the kind. Even at the lodges of private mansions there was often as much dirt and disorder as would be found in the meanest hovel." If the Irish landlords, instead of betraying antagonism to the people and opposing every popular movement, had taken the lead in promoting the welfare of the farmers and peasants, not only would the prosperity of the country be much greater, but their own position and prospects would be far different from what they are at present. They enwed the wind and have reaped the whirlwind.

Prevention is Better

Than cure, and those who are subject to rheumatism can prevent attacks by keeping the blood pure and free from the acid which causes the disease. You can rely upon Hood's Sarsaparilla as a remedy for rheumatism and catarrh, also for every form of scrofula, salt rheum, boils and other diseases caused by impure blood. It tones and vitalizes the whole system.

Hood's Pills are easy and gentle in effect.

These is a strong movement in favor of the restoration of the religious orders in Portugal. One of the most popular deputies in the Parliament is Father de Maximinios, the representative of the district of Braga, who has made this question specially his own, and took the lead in an important debate upon it in the late session.

A Prominent Lawyer Says:

"I have eight children, every one in good health, not one of whom but has taken Scott's Emulsion, in which my wife has boundless confidence."

The sub-marine cable having been recently laid between the Azores Islands (St. Michael) and the European continent, the first message sent over the line was addressed to the Pope by the Very Rev. Prior of the Marix Church of St. Michael.

As the Czar expects to visit Paris in the spring, when he will attend the grand naval review, the Parisians propose to erect a statue in honor of Russia, which will be unveiled upon that occasion.

First Friend—He must be a good artist when his pictures sell so well. Second Friend: Not necessarily. He may be a good salesman.

He Could Read It—Clerk: I can't read this letter, sir; the handwriting is very bad. Mr. Flareup: Pahaw—any donkey can read it. Pass it here.