

THE DEVIL.

Men don't believe in the devil now as their fathers used to do. They've forsaken the door of the broadest creed to let his majesty through. There isn't a print of his cloven foot or a fiery dart from his brow. To be found in earth or air to-day, for the world has voted so. But who is mixing the fatal draught that palsies heart and brain. And loads the earth of each passing year with ten hundred thousand slain? Who blights the bloom of the land to-day with the fiery breath of hell. If the devil isn't, and never was? Won't somebody rise and tell? Who does the steps of the tolling saint, and digs the pits for his feet? Who sows the tares in the field of time whenever God sows His wheat? The devil is voted not to be, and of course the thing is true. But who is doing the kind of work the devil alone should do? We are told he is not going about as a roaring lion now; But whom shall we hold responsible for the ever lasting roar? To be heard in home, in church, in state, to the earth's remotest bound. If the devil, by a unanimous vote, is nowhere to be found? Won't somebody step to the front forthwith and make his bow and show How the fraud and the crimes of the day spring up, for surely we want to know? The devil is voted out, and of course the devil is gone. But simple people would like to know who carries his business on.

—Atlanta Journal.

LADY KILDARE;

Or, the Rival Claimants.

CHAPTER II.

THE LADY KATHLEEN.

The late Earl of Kildare, the father of the Lady Nora, had inherited the title and estates of Kildare somewhat late in life, and had lived to enjoy his honors and possessions only three or four years. At the date at which we have introduced his daughter to our readers, he had been dead a little more than a year.

He had been married twice. His first wife, a lovely Irish lady, the mother of Nora, had died in her daughter's childhood. He had married again, a year after coming into his title, his second wife being the widow of an Irish peer, with a daughter some eight years the senior of his own. This second wife had died some two years after her union with him.

The daughter of the second Countess of Kildare was the Lady Kathleen Connor, the step-sister for whom the Lady Nora had been named. She was a tall and slender young woman, with a queenly figure and slow and stately movements. Her complexion was dazzling white, rendered fairer by contrast with the black lace shawl she had flung carelessly over her light brown hair. Her eyes were blue—of the deep, rich, lovely blue only to be found now and then in Irish eyes, and when once seen never to be forgotten.

She had been educated in France and had mingled for years in English society, but a year after her mother's marriage to Lord Kildare she had come to the castle, where she had remained, to the great surprise of her fashionable friends, who wondered that one so fitted by nature to adorn society could bear to bury herself in the seclusion of a lonely Irish castle on a lonely Irish coast.

While the strange interview between the rival claimants was proceeding in the breezy seaside parlor, the Lady Kathleen was strolling the rocks to the northward of the castle, keeping close to the water side, and being absorbed in her own thoughts.

The Lady Kathleen was in the prime of a magnificent and statuesque beauty. She was tall and fair and large, with a queenly figure and slow and stately movements. Her complexion was dazzling white, rendered fairer by contrast with the black lace shawl she had flung carelessly over her light brown hair. Her eyes were blue—of the deep, rich, lovely blue only to be found now and then in Irish eyes, and when once seen never to be forgotten.

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Despite the difference in the ages of the two step-sisters, a warm and fervid attachment had sprung up between them, and Sir Russell Ryan, the guardian of the Lady Nora's fortune, deemed that the could have no better guardian of her person than the Lady Kathleen Connor.

There was a shade of anxiety on the lady's face, as she walked on slowly, absorbed in her own thoughts, and a troubled look in her azure eyes that told of a strange and secret unrest.

Presently she arrived at a low rocky bluff, and here she sat down, wrapping her lace shawl closer about her, and looked with desolate eyes off upon the waters, upon which the twilight was softly closing down.

A few minutes later she was aroused from her reverie by the sound of a quick, light tread approaching her over the rocks, from the direction of the castle. She looked up startled, and glanced over her shoulder, recognizing the new comer, as might be judged by the sudden flush of scarlet tinging her cheeks.

"Lord Treham!" she exclaimed half rising.

"Yes; it's Lord Treham!" returned the intruder, as he came on with a springing tread. "I could not leave Ireland, Lady Kathleen, without a last visit to you, and here I am!"

By this time he had gained her side, and was holding out his hand to her.

He was a handsome, noble-looking man, of some thirty years of age, with a commanding figure, and a soldierly carriage that well became him. He was an Englishman, had been bred a soldier, but having recently come into his title, had sold out his commission as colonel and retired from the army. His black beard was cut short, after the military fashion, giving a rather stern expression to his square-cut face, which sternness was in part counteracted by the kindly gleam in his grave, pleasant eyes.

"You are going to leave Ireland, then?" asked the Lady Kathleen, the color fading from her cheeks, leaving her strangely pale.

"Think I had better," returned Lord Treham with a heavy sigh. "I have been staying about here for months, like a moth fluttering about a candle. I have wearied your patience, Lady Kathleen, and have lived a life of suspense and anxiety. The only way to recover my last peace is to go away and never see you again. And so I have decided to buy a commission in a marching regiment, and," he added, with a forced smile, "go where glory waits me!"

The Lady Kathleen sat down trembling violently.

"You will bid me good-evening, Lady Kathleen?" said his lordship, trying to speak lightly. "You will even bid me, perhaps, to see me. I have regularly offered myself to you three or four times a year for the last three years, and you will certainly miss my persecutions! I believe you came to Kildare to escape my unwelcome attentions; but there is no one so importunate as a desperate lover, and you did not escape me. But that last refusal the other night has proved to me at last my utter folly. I am only now to pay, good-by. We shall never meet again, Kathleen. I hope that you will be happily married some day. As for me, I shall live and die out there in India."

Give me your hand for the last time, Kathleen. We part friends at least!"

The Lady Kathleen put out her hand blindly. Lord Treham took it in his, its coldness and tremulousness struck him. He sat down beside her on the rocks, and bent forward, trying to peer into her averted face.

"You will miss me then, Kathleen?" he whispered.

"Miss you? Oh, my lord!"

The sweet voice trembled, and gave way. Something very like a sob escaped the Lady Kathleen's lips.

For a moment Lord Treham seemed amazed. Then he started, his grave, stern face softening and lighting up with a sudden glow.

"Kathleen! Kathleen!" he cried. "Can it be that after all, my years of devotion have touched your heart? Can it be that you repent your rejection of me, and that you really love me? O Kathleen, say that it is so!"

He waited for her answer in an agony of hope and fear.

The two were so absorbed in each other that neither heard nor heeded the quiet approach of an elegantly dressed man who was also coming from the direction of the castle. He had gained the shadow of adjacent rocks, when Lord Treham's impassioned questioning arrested his attention. He came abruptly to a halt, listened to his lordship's words, swept a hasty glance around him, to assure himself that his movements were unmarked, and then quietly dropped down into the shadow of the rocks, crouching there in a position to hear and see all that passed between the lovers.

From the strange expression on his face, one would have thought that he also was a lover of the Lady Kathleen, and that he hated with a bitter hatred his noble rival.

The Lady Kathleen did not reply to Lord Treham's question, except by another irrepressible sob, but she did not withdraw her cold hand from his, and his sudden hope was strengthened.

"Speak to me, Kathleen," he urged. "Shall I tell you for the hundredth time I love you? You are no coquette, Kathleen. You are not trifling with me? Say that you are!"

"No; I am not trifling with you, Lord Treham," answered the Lady Kathleen, in a low, fluttering voice. "I did not mean you should ever know my secret, but—O Heaven help me!—I love you!"

"You love me?" cried Lord Treham, half incredulously and wholly ecstatically. "You love me, Kathleen!"

"Yes," she whispered, shivering as with pain.

"You love me!" cried Lord Treham, half incredulously and wholly ecstatically. "You love me, Kathleen!"

"Yes," she answered, drooping her low white face. "I do love you, Barry. Take the knowledge with you to India."

"To India!" interrupted Lord Treham, clasping her to his heart with a sudden and uncontrollable impulse of love. "But I am not going to India now, Kathleen. I am going to stay with you, my love! I'm bride!"

The Lady Kathleen struggled to free herself from his embrace, and then looked up at him with wild and frightened eyes, and lips that quivered strangely.

"Don't!" she said, putting up one shaking hand feebly, as if to defend herself. "Don't speak of this. There is more than ever need for you to go, Lord Treham. I can never be more to you than I am now—never."

"I do not understand you, Kathleen," said Lord Treham, recoiling.

"You will not understand me, Barry," said the lady, in a voice of anguish. "I shall never marry. There is a barrier between us."

"A barrier, Kathleen! You do not mean that you are engaged to marry another—that you are not free?"

"No, I am free."

"Then what barrier should there be between us?"

The Lady Kathleen shuddered, and a low moaning cry of pain broke from her pale lips.

"I cannot tell you," she answered. "It is enough for me to say that there is a secret in my life which I can never reveal—not even to you. And that secret is the barrier between you and me, Barry Treham. I could not go to you as your wife with that secret untold. You see, therefore, that we cannot be married."

"This secret concerns yourself, Kathleen!"

"Yes."

Lord Treham released the hand he held, and paced to and fro over the rocks for a few moments, in anxious thought, passing very close to the spot where the unseen listener was crouching.

A few minutes later she was aroused from her reverie by the sound of a quick, light tread approaching her over the rocks, from the direction of the castle. She looked up startled, and glanced over her shoulder, recognizing the new comer, as might be judged by the sudden flush of scarlet tinging her cheeks.

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"We could be married quietly then, Kathleen," said her ardent, generous lover. "There is a little old church over on the Scottish shore. You have often been there, and know the old minister well. My boat is on the shore, Kathleen."

"No, no!" broke in the Lady Kathleen, shuddering anew, as if stung by sudden remembrance of fear. "It cannot be, Barry! I could never accept your generous sacrifice. The time might come when you would reproach me for it. If sorrow or trouble came to me, you would have to leave me. The more I think of it, the plainer I see how impossible it is we should be married!"

"Then you must not be allowed to think long on the subject," said Lord Treham, with an air of smiling authority. "Kathleen, I've waited for you a long time, and now that I have won your love, I don't mean to lose you through any over-delicate scruples on your part! I mean to make you my wife at once! You are of sufficient age to indulge in even so odd a freak as a quiet marriage without the usual 'pomp and circumstance.' Kathleen, I trust you implicitly. I know that your secret—terrible as it may be—involves no wrong-doing on your part. Now I want you to trust in me also, and show your trust."

"Row, Barry!"

"By to-morrow you will be your old cold self again, and will condemn yourself for what you will call this night's weakness. I want you to put it out of your power to send me away hopeless and anguished. In short, I want you to marry me to-night."

The Lady Kathleen uttered an exclamation of amazement.

"To-night!" she repeated.

"To-night!" the waterer crouching in the rocks whispered hollowly.

"Yes," answered Lord Treham firmly. "It is but an hour's sail across to the old Scottish shore. We can go and return before you will be missed. The Lady Nora has company, and will not think of you. We will take your maid as a witness to our marriage. And when you are mine, Kathleen, we will come quietly back to the castle and tell our story to Lady Nora. The quietest way is the best way. I never did like pomp and ceremony at a marriage. Trust to me, Kathleen, and do as I say."

The Lady Kathleen hesitated. She loved Lord Treham with all the fervor of her nature. There were reasons, connected with her fearful secret, that made her dread any public marriage. And his lordship's persuasions, urged with all the tenderness of his great soul, inclined her to yield.

"I cannot!" she cried, struggling with her own heart and with his pleadings. "You will regret it some day, if I marry you now. You will live to curse me, Barry, for my weakness. Do not ask me."

But his lordship would not be warned. He continued to plead as one pleads for his life. He reminded her of his long love for her, his loneliness and his desolation, and he begged her to allow him to shield and protect her, protesting that he would never seek to know her hidden secret, and that no shadow could ever obscure the brightness of his love.

The end can be foreseen. The Lady Kathleen yielded to his persuasions, although with tears and trembling.

"Let us be off at once!" cried his lordship, in rapturous excitement. "Go for your maid, Kathleen, while I get the boat ready!"

He pressed her to his bosom, kissing her repeatedly and hurried down to the beach. The Lady Kathleen went to the castle, presently returning, wrapped in a shawl, and attended by her maid.

A few minutes later, and the lovers were out upon the waters, on their way to the Scottish shore.

The twilight had deepened into night, and the moon had not yet arisen. The boat went sailing away into the shadows, bearing the Lady Kathleen to a destiny whose good or evil fortune she could not yet know.

Lord Treham's boat had become a mere shadow, when the crouching spy crept out from behind the rocks, hurried down the beach, entered one of the castle boats, and sailed after the lovers.

It was not yet midnight when some three hours later the boats landed within a few minutes of each other on the Scottish shore. The old church stood near the shore. Lord Treham left the Lady Kathleen and her maid in its porch, while he hastened to the minister's cottage.

The minister's cottage was in the shadow of the trees near the church, for the moon was rising.

The minutes passed. At last Lord Treham came back, full of happy exultation. The minister came behind him with the key of the church.

The Lady Kathleen exchanged greetings with Mr. Cowan, who she knew well, and he then unlocked the church. The party entered.

"We will be married in the moonlight," said Lord Treham. "The fishermen are on the beach, at a little distance, and we do not want intrusion."

The Lady Kathleen paused, looking up at him with sudden appealing.

"You are sure you will never regret this?" she asked.

"Quite sure, Kathleen. I will never regret it! And God helping me, you never shall!"

The Lady Kathleen was reassured, and, taking his arm, she suffered herself to be led into church.

It was dim and strange, the little church, full of dusky shadows and spectral glooms. The moonlight streamed in through the gay painted windows, throwing colored streams of light upon the quaint, low pews. At the further end of the vaulted room, behind the reading desk, among the deepest shadows, the minister, Mr. Cowan, was standing, and on the pulpit stairs crouched the figure of Lady Kathleen's maid.

"They are waiting, you see, Kathleen," said Lord Treham, as the two stole up the dim and lonely aisle. "It will soon be over, darling."

A sudden panic seem to seize the Lady Kathleen.

"We need another witness," she whispered. "Why don't Mrs. Cowan come? Go for her. I will wait in this pew until you return."

"He'll be gone several minutes longer," was the thought of the intruder. "He missed Mrs. Cowan on the way. Before he returns, the Lady Kathleen will be my wife."

The marriage service proceeded. The Lady Kathleen's senses were in a whirl, yet a deep, strange joy began to pervade her being. The questions were asked and answered. And finally the Lady Kathleen started from the delicious trance that held her trembling and frightened, to hear the solemn words:

"I now pronounce you man and wife! And whom God has joined together let not man put asunder!"

The words were yet ringing through the grim shadows of the church, when the bridegroom stole his arm around the bride's slender waist, and pressed upon her lips the bridal kiss.

At the same moment steps were heard at the church porch, and Lord Treham came hurrying in alone.

A single glance at the two figures before the altar, and his lordship staggered back as if shot.

"Kathleen!" he cried.

The Lady Kathleen, with a shriek of terror, sprang from the arms of her bridegroom.

"Barry!" she cried. "Who is this?"

"It is your husband, my lady!" said the sinister intruder, with a mocking bow. (To be continued.)

THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

Conference Between the Dominion Alliance and the Knights of Labor.

An important conference was held Thursday night at the rooms of the Dominion Alliance between representatives of the alliance and the executive board of District Assembly No. 2 Knights of Labor. The meeting was convened at the request of the district assembly to consider the question of united action of the two organizations on the question of combating the power of the liquor traffic in this city. Various points affecting the social, legislative and political aspects of the question were discussed.

The meeting expressed itself strongly in favor of the 7 o'clock hour for closing the saloons on Saturday night, and will urge this upon the special committee of the City Council appointed to prepare a by-law on the subject. A district house to house canvass is to be made to prevent the signing of applications for licenses and to secure united political action in support of temperance candidates for municipal and political positions.

It was stated that now the voting was to be by ballot in municipal elections the saloon power would be greatly weakened and the conscientious temperance vote largely strengthened.

Candidates are to be selected early, and are to be men who can command the respect of the friends of temperance in every ward.

It was proposed that the parliamentary committee of the alliance and labor organizations at Ottawa and Quebec co-operate in securing legislation in favor of temperance.

The meeting adjourned, to meet again at the call of the secretary. It is claimed that this union will be an important factor in the political affairs of this city.

A Trip Through a Sewer.

I had the pleasure of going, with about 500 other visitors, through the sewers of Paris, on July 29th last. We descended three flights of carpeted stairs, from a trap door opened in the sidewalk in front of the Church of the Madeleine, and found ourselves in an arched passageway, 20 feet high and as many wide, made of cut stone and lighted by electric lights, with reflectors, and by oil lamps on polished brass poles which stuck up from a narrow sidewalk that ran on either side of the chamber, while in a canal in the middle ran the sewerage, like a river. There were so many hundreds of foot-lamps, and street hydrants for street washings, running all the time that the sewers are flushed, and all had smells are absorbed. The only odor noticeable was a damp, musty smell, with a trace of illuminating gas in it. Overhead in this chamber, strapped and held in place by strong iron bands, were the water and gas mains, and the telegraph, telephone, and electric-light wires of the city. Some of the water mains were over three feet in diameter. We found at the foot of the stairs, waiting us, a large boat in the water, upholstered seats, polished brass trimmings, and a large head-light in the stern. Several of these boats had preceded us, each with about 50 people in it. When all had embarked, five men in white duck uniforms and blue caps, on each side of the boat, took hold of ropes and towed us along, walking on the sidewalk.

After going about a mile, during which the sights and experiences were most novel and interesting, we saw by the large, blue, smeared signs on the sides, indicating the streets overhead, that we were at the Place de la Concorde, where we were to change from boats to cars. We had passed scores of one and lateral sewers, up which, it seemed, we could see for a mile. At this place we got out, stood on a platform, and noticed that the edge of the sidewalk next the water of the sewer at right angles with ours was a rail. Soon we heard a rumbling, and a car appeared, full of passengers riding over the water. It was a long, low band-car, like those used on railways, but longer and was upholstered and fitted to seat about a dozen persons. The passengers got out, entered the boat we had vacated, and we got into the car. Soon other cars arrived, and we realized that an excursion party had entered both ends of the sewer simultaneously, and had met at this junction.

It was interesting to see the expressions of astonishment on all faces, at this novel underground meeting, and I dare say that nowhere else in the world could several hundred well-dressed men and women meet in a sewer with composure and comfort. Jokes were exchanged and long after the cars had disappeared up the caverns, laughter and the footsteps of the laborers could be heard.

The trip by rail was long, and also full of engineering wonders. Big water pipes came into the chamber overhead and met crossing pipes. There were valves as big as hogs heads and elbows and joints bigger than those belonging to any giant of the story book. It was hard to follow, by the bend and turns in our course, the familiar streets above, which we were paralleling, and when at last we arrived at the end, mounted other carpeted stairs and found ourselves near the river bank, with Notre Dame in sight, over on the Ile de la Cite, we realized more than ever how a nation that could show such a wonder of engineering could plan a Suez or a Panama canal and build it—if she is given time. We were several miles from the Madeleine, where we embarked.

GEO. M. BAILEY.

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