

# LORD KILGOBBIN.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

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

CHAPTER LXXXV.

THE END.

While the two justices and Curtis discussed the unhappy condition of Ireland, and deplored the fact that the law-breaker never appealed in vain to the sympathies of a people whose instincts were adverse to discipline, Flood's estimate of Donogan went very far to reconcile Kilgobbin to Nina's marriage.

"Out of Ireland, you'll see that man has stuff in him to rise to eminence and station. All the qualities of which home manufacture would only make a rebel, will combine to form a man of infinite resource and energy in America. Have you never imagined, Mr. Kearney, that, if a man were to employ the muscular energy to make his way through a drawing-room that he would use to force his passage through a mob, the effort would be misplaced, and the man himself a nuisance? Our old institutions, with all their faults, have certain ordinary characteristics that answer to good breeding and good manners—reverence for authority, respect for the gradations of rank, dislike to civil convulsion, and such like. We do not sit timorously when all these are threatened with overthrow; but there are countries where there are fewer of these traditions, and men like Donogan find their place there."

While they debated such points as these within doors, Dick Kearney and Atlee sat on the steps of the hall and smoked their cigars.

"I must say, Joe," said Dick, "that your accustomed acuteness cuts but a very poor figure in the present case. It was no later than last night you told me that Nina was madly in love with you. Do you remember, as we went upstairs to bed, what you said on the landing, 'That girl is my own. I may marry her to-morrow or this day three months.'"

"And I was right."

"So right were you that she is at this moment the wife of another."

"And you cannot see why?"

"I suppose I can; she preferred him to you, and I scarcely blame her."

"No such thing; there was no thought of preference in the matter. If you were not one of those fellows who mistake an illustration, and see everything in a figure but the parallel, I should say that I had trained too finely. Now, had she been thoroughbred, I was all right; as a cock-tail, I was all wrong!"

"I own I cannot follow you."

"Well, the woman was angry, and she married that fellow out of pique."

"Out of pique?"

"I repeat it. It was a pure case of temper. I would not ask her to sing. I even found fault with the way she gave the rebel ballad. I told her there was an old lady—American speaking—at the corner of College Green, who enunciated the words better, and then I sat down to whist, and would not even vouchsafe a glance in return for those looks of alternate rage or languishment she threw across the table. She was frantic. I saw it. There was nothing she wouldn't have done. I vow she'd have married even you at that moment. And with all that, she'd not have done it, if she'd been 'clean-bred.' Come, come, don't flare up, and look as if you'd strike me. On the mother's side she was a Kearney, and all the blood of loyalty in her veins; but there must have been something wrong with the Prince of DeLos. Dido was very angry, but her breeding saved her; she didn't take a head-centre because she quarreled with Aeneas."

"You are, without exception, the most conceited—"

"No, not ass—don't say ass, for I'm nothing of the kind. Conceited if you like, or rather, if your natural politeness insists on saying it, and cannot distinguish between the vanity of a puppy and the self-consciousness of real power; but come, tell me of something pleasanter than all this personal discussion—how did mademoiselle convey her tidings? have you seen her note? was it 'transport?' was it high-pitched, or apologetic?"

"Kate read it to me, and I thought it

reasonable enough. She had done a daring thing, and she knew it; she hoped the best, and in any case she was not faint-hearted."

"Any mention of me?"

"Not a word—your name does not occur."

"I thought not; she had not pluck for that. Poor girl, the blow is heavier than I meant it."

"She speaks of Walpole; she incloses a few lines to him, and tells my sister where she will find a small packet of trinkets and such-like he had given her."

"Natural enough all that. There was no earthly reason why she shouldn't be able to talk of Walpole as easily as of Colenso or the cattle-plague; but you see she could not trust herself to approach my name."

"You'll provoke me to kick you, Atlee."

"In that case I shall sit where I am. But I was going to remark that as I shall start for town by the next train, and intend to meet Walpole, if your sister desires it, I shall have much pleasure in taking charge of that note to his address."

"All right, I'll tell her. I see that she and Miss Betty are about to drive over to O'Shea's Barn, and I'll give you message at once."

While Dick hastened away on his errand, Joe Atlee sat alone, musing and thoughtful. I have no reason to presume my reader cares for his reflections, nor to know the real meaning of a strange smile, half scornful and half sad, that played upon his face. At last he rose slowly, and stood looking up at the grim old castle, and its quaint blending of ancient strength and modern deformity. "Life here, I take it, will go on pretty much as before. All the acts of this drama will resemble each other, but my own little melodrama must open soon. I wonder what sort of house there will be for Joe Atlee's benefit?"

Atlee was right. Kilgobbin Castle fell back to the ways in which our first chapter found it, and other interests—especially those of Kate's approaching marriage—soon effaced the memory of Nina's flight and runaway match. By that happy law by which the waves of events follow and obliterate each other, the present glided back into the past, and the past faded till its colors grew uncertain.

On the second evening after Nina's departure, Atlee stood on the pier of Kingston as the packet drew up at the jetty. Walpole saw him, and waved his hand in friendly greeting.

"What news from Kilgobbin?" cried he, as he landed.

"Nothing very rose colored," said Atlee, as he handed the note.

"Is this true?" said Walpole, as a slight tremor shook his voice.

"All true."

"Isn't it Irish?—Irish the whole of it?"

"So they said down there, and, stranger than all, they seemed rather proud of it."

THE END.

## SOME ROYAL NOSES.

Of all the royal noses that it has been my lot to behold, writes "Ex-Attache," the most extraordinary was assuredly that of the late King Victor Emmanuel. Its size, its shape and its color were phenomenal. It was an enlargement of the ordinary wide nostrilled pug nose, and partook of the character of the bottle nose, both in architecture and ripeness. To each of his four children Victor Emmanuel bequeathed his nose—that is, the broad-nostrilled, pug-dog style of construction, without, however, its excessive fleshiness or ruby hue.

If there be any truth in the pretty legend that women are angels sent from Heaven to lighten our path through life, then Queen Pia, of Portugal, and her nun-like sister the Princess Clothilde Bonaparte, must have, to judge from their appearance, fallen upon their noses when making their descent from the realms above, while the nose of the late Duc d'Aosta, and in a minor degree that of King Humbert, can only be described as "des nez dans lesquels il pleut," that is to say their nostrils are so broad and upturned that the rain beats into them whenever their owners get caught in a shower.

Emperor Alexandria of Russia, was distinctly snub-nosed.

The Duke of Cumberland, only son and heir of the late King George of Han-



## To Nursing Mothers!

A leading Ottawa Doctor writes: "During Lactation, when the strength of the mother is deficient, or the secretion of milk scanty,

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over and Sovereign Duke de jure of Brunswick, was born without any nose at all, and the one he now wears is more or less of an artificial character, being the result of a remarkable surgical operation performed in his early infancy. Of course the bone is entirely lacking, and the consequence is that it is somewhat deficient in consistency, and occasionally manifests a tendency to wobble, especially when the wind is high.

The noses of the present German Emperor, those of his illustrious grandmother, Queen Victoria, and the Prince of Wales, indicate decision, energy and shrewdness.

The most beautiful and high caste nose that has ever graced a throne within the memory of the present generation is that of a lady who had not one drop of royal blood in her veins—namely, the Empress Eugenie.

## THE HUMAN FORM DIVINE.

The human skull contains thirty bones.

The cerebral matter is about seven-eighths water.

The human skeleton, exclusive of the teeth, consists of 208 bones.

The normal weight of the liver is between three and four pounds.

The fibers of the brain average a ten-thousandth part of an inch in diameter.

The height of a fully grown man should be three and a half times that at his birth.

There are in the human body 527 distinct muscles, of which 261 are in pairs and five are single.

The brain of an idiot contains much less phosphorus than that of a person of average mental powers.

A perfectly formed face is one third forehead, one-third nose, one-third upper and lower lip and chin.

The legs of a perfectly formed man should be as long as the distance from the end of his nose to the tips of his fingers.

A woman of perfect form should measure about a foot more from her waist to her feet than from her waist to the crown of her head.

A well proportioned woman wears a shoe whose number is half that of her glove; for instance, if her glove is No. 6 her shoe should be No. 3.

The average height of the men in the Union army in 1863 was five feet seven inches. The natives of this country average a greater height than that of any other.

The test for symmetry is to turn a man with his face to the wall. If he is perfectly formed his chest will touch it, his nose will be four inches away, his thighs five, the tips of his toes three.

In one portion of the ear is found a small quantity of crystalline powder, proved to be pure carbonate of lime. Its office is supposed to be to communicate the sound of vibrations to the nervous surfaces.

In a perfectly formed female figure, twice round the thumb should be once round the waist; twice round the wrist should be once round the upper arm; twice this is once round the neck: one and a half times the circumference of the neck equals that of the waist.

## MANY A YOUNG MAN.

When from over-work, possibly assisted by an inherited weakness, the health fails and rest or medical treatment must be resorted to, then no medicine can be employed with the same beneficial results as Scott's Emulsion.

Had him there—Jones: This is a vile cigar. Smith, the donor of the cigar: You don't know a good cigar when I give you one. Jones: Perhaps not; but I know a bad one.

## TIME OF DAY IN NEPAUL.

There are no public schools in Nepal. The sons of princes and nobles—even our young King, while he is yet only a boy—are taught at home by the guru, or household priest, who is supposed to be also a pundit, or a very learned man. Later, the young men of rank are sent to Patna, Benares or Calcutta, where they learn to speak English and to wear English clothes, and to tell the time of day by an English clock; for in Nepal time is measured by means of a copper vessel, with a small hole in the bottom, set afloat on a tank or pool.

Sixty times a day this kettle fills and sinks, and every time it sinks a gong is struck; so that the day is divided into sixty "gongs" or "bells" as sailors reckon time aboard ship. The poor Bhootiya shepherds or the Newar women who make pottery in the fields say that the day is begun when they can count the tiles on the roof of the house, or when they can see the hairs on the back of a man's hand by holding it up against the light.—St. Nicholas.

## YOU GET STRONG,

if you're a tired out or "run down" woman, with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. And, if you suffer from any "female complaint" or disorder, you get well. For these two things—to build up women's strength, and to cure women's ailments—this is the only medicine that's guaranteed. If it doesn't cure, in every case, your money is returned. On these terms, what else can be "just as good" for you to buy? The "Prescription" regulates and promotes all the natural functions, never conflicts with them, and is perfectly harmless in any condition of the female system. It improves digestion, enriches the blood, brings refreshing sleep, and restores health and vigor. For ulcerations, displacements, bearing-down sensations, periodical pains, and every chronic weakness or irregularity, it's a remedy that safely, and permanently cures.

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## PUBLIC NOTICE.

Public notice is hereby given that the Fabrique of the Parish of St. Louis of Montreal will apply to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, at the next session of the same, to obtain a Bill granting civil erection of said Parish and the power to impose an assessment to complete the construction of the Church.

Montreal, 3rd November, 1894.  
F. G. MONTAGNEAU,  
Attorney for the Petitioner.

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