

## LORD KILGOBBIN.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

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

## CHAPTER LII.—Continued.

"Just this way: I was getting a little—not spooney, but attentive, and rather liked hanging after her, and in one of our walks in the wood—and there was no flirting at the time between us—she suddenly said: 'I don't think you are half a bad fellow, lieutenant.' 'Thanks for the compliment,' said I, coldly. She never heeded my remark, but went on. 'I mean, in fact, that if you had something to live for, and somebody to care about, there is just the sort of stuff in you to make you equal to both.' Not exactly knowing what I said, and half, only half in earnest, I answered: 'Why can I not have one to care for?' And I looked tenderly into her eyes as I spoke. She did not wince under my glance. Her face was calm, and her color did not change, and she was full a minute before she said, with a faint sigh: 'I suppose I shall marry Cecil Walpole.' 'Do you mean,' said I, 'against your will?' 'Who told you I had a will, sir?' said she, haughtily; 'or that, if I had, I should now be walking here in this wood alone with you? No, no,' added she, hurriedly, 'you cannot understand me. There is nothing to be offended at. Go and gather me some of those wild flowers, and we'll talk of something else.'"

"How like her—how like her!" said Dick, and then looked sad and pondered. "I was very near falling in love with her myself," said he, after a considerable pause.

"She has a way of curing a man if he should get into such an indiscretion," muttered Gorman; and there was bitterness in his voice as he spoke.

"Listen! listen to that!" and from the open window of the house there came the prolonged cadence of a full, sweet voice, as Nina was singing an Irish ballad. "That is for my father: 'Kathleen Mavourneen' is one of his favorites, and she can make him cry over it."

"I'm not very soft-hearted," muttered Gorman, "but she gave me such a sense of fullness in the throat, like choking, the other day, that I vowed to myself I'd never listen to that song again."

"It is not her voice—it is not the music; there is some witchery in the woman herself that does it!" cried Dick, almost fiercely. "Take a walk with her in the wood, saunter down one of these alleys in the garden, and I'll be shot if your heart will not begin to beat in another fashion, and your brain to weave all sorts of bright fancies, in which she will form the chief figure; and though you'll be half inclined to declare your love, and swear that you cannot live without her, some terror will tell you not to break the spell of your delight, but to go on walking there at her side, and hearing her words just as though that ecstasy could last forever."

"I suspect you are in love with her," said O'Shea, dryly.

"Not now, not now: and I'll take care not to have a relapse," said he, gravely.

"How do you mean to manage that?"

"The only one way it is possible—not to see her, nor to hear her; not to live in the same land with her. I have made up my mind to go to Australia. I don't well know what to do when I get there; but whatever it be, and whatever it cost me to bear, I shall meet it without shrinking, for there will be no old associates to look on and remark upon my shabby clothes and broken boots."

"What will the passage cost you?" asked Gorman, eagerly.

"I have ascertained that for about fifty pounds I can land myself in Melbourne, and if I have a ten-pound note after, it is as much as I mean to provide."

"If I can raise the money, I'll go with you," said O'Shea.

"Will you? is this serious? is it a promise?"

"I pledge my word on it. I'll go over to the Barn to-day and see my aunt. I thought, up to this, I could not bring myself to go there, but I will now. It is for the last time in my life, and I must say good-bye, whether she helps me or not."

"You'll scarcely like to ask her for money," said Dick.

"Scarcely—at all events, I'll see her,

and I'll tell her that I'm going away, with no other thought in my mind than of all the love and affection she had for me—worse luck mine that I have not got them still."

"Shall I walk over with— Would you rather be alone?"

"I believe so; I think I should like to be alone."

"Let us meet, then, on this spot tomorrow, and decide what is to be done?"

"Agreed!" cried O'Shea; and with a warm shake-hands to ratify the pledge, they parted; Dick walking towards the lower part of the garden, while O'Shea turned toward the house.

## CHAPTER LIII.

## "A SCRAPE."

We have all of us felt how depressing is the sensation felt in the family circle in the first meeting after the departure of their guests. The friends who have been staying some time in your house not only bring to the common stock their share of pleasant converse and companionship, but, in the quality of strangers, they exact a certain amount of effort for their amusement which is better for him who gives than for the recipient, and they impose that small reserve which excludes the purely personal inconveniences and contrarieties, which, unhappily, in strictly family intercourse had no small space allotted them for discussion.

It is but right to say that they who benefit most by, and most gratefully acknowledge, this boon of the visitors are the young. The elders, sometimes more disposed to indolence than effort, sometimes irritable at the check essentially put upon many little egotisms of daily use, and oftener than either, perhaps, glad to get back to the old groove of home discussion, unrestrained by the presence of strangers—the elders, I say, are now and then given to express a most ungracious gratitude for being once again to themselves, and free to be as confidential and outspoken and disagreeable as their hearts desire.

The dinner at Kilgobbin Castle on the day I speak of consisted solely of the Kearney family, and except in the person of the old man himself, no trace of pleasantry could be detected. Kate had her own share of anxieties. A number of notices had been served by refractory tenants for demands they were about to prefer for improvements under the new land act. The passion for litigation so dear to the Irish peasant's heart—that sense of having something to be quibbled for so exciting to the imaginative nature of the Celt—had taken possession of all the tenants on the estate, and even the well-to-do and the satisfied were now bestirring themselves to think if they had not some grievance to be turned into profit, and some possible hardship to be discounted into an abatement.

Dick Kearney, entirely preoccupied by the thought of his intended journey, already began to feel that the things of home touched him no longer. A few months more and he should be far away from Ireland and her interests, and why should he harass himself about the contests of party or the balance of factions, which never again could have any bearing on his future life? His whole thought was what arrangement he could make with his father by which, for a little present assistance, he might surrender all his right on the entail, and give up Kilgobbin forever.

As for Nina, her complexities were too many and too much interwoven for our investigation, and there were thoughts of all the various persons she had met in Ireland, mingled with scenes of the past, and, more strangely still, the people placed in situations and connections which by no likelihood should they ever have occupied. The thought that the little comedy of every day life, which she relished immensely, was now to cease, for lack of actors, made her serious—almost sad—and she seldom spoke during the meal.

At Lord Kilgobbin's request that they would not leave him to take his wine alone, they drew their chairs round the dining-room fire; but, except the bright glow of the ruddy turf and the pleasant look of the old man himself, there was little that smacked of the agreeable fire-side.

"What has come over you girls this evening?" said the old man. "Are you in love, or has the man that ought to be in love with either of you discovered it, was only a mistake he was making?"

"Ask Nina, sir," said Kate, gravely.

"Perhaps you are right, uncle," said Nina, dreamily.

"In which of my guesses—the first or the last?"

"Don't puzzle me, sir, for I have no head for a subtle distinction. I only meant to say it is not so easy to be in love without mistakes. You mistake realities and traits for something not a bit like them, and you mistake yourself by imagining that you mind them."

"I don't think I understand you," said the old man.

"Very likely not, sir. I do not know if I had a meaning that I could explain."

"Nina wants to tell you, my lord, that the right man has not come forward yet, and she does not know whether she'll keep the place open in her heart for him any longer," said Dick, with a half-malicious glance.

"That terrible Cousin Dick! nothing escapes him," said Nina, with a faint smile.

"Is there any more in the newspapers about that scandal of the government?" cried the old man, turning to Kate. "Is there not going to be some enquiry as to whether his excellency wrote to the Fenians?"

"There are a few words here, papa," cried Kate, opening the paper. "In reply to the question of Sir Barnes Malone as to the late communications alleged to have passed between the head of the Irish government and the head-centre of the Fenians, the Right Honorable the First Lord of the Treasury said: 'That the question would be more properly addressed to the noble lord the Secretary for Ireland, who was not then in the House. Meanwhile sir,' continued he, 'I will take on myself the responsibility of saying that in this, as in a variety of other cases, the zeal of party has greatly outstripped the discretion that should govern political warfare. The exceptional state of a nation, in which the administration of justice mainly depends on those aids which a rigid morality would disparage—the social state of a people whose integrity calls for the application of means the most certain to disseminate distrust and disunion—are facts which constitute reason for political action that, however assailable in the mere abstract, the mind of statesman-like form will at once accept as solid and effective, and to reject which would only show that, in overlooking the consequences of sentiment, a man can ignore the most vital interests of his country.'"

"Does he say that they wrote to Donogan?" cried Kilgobbin, whose patience had been sorely pushed by the premier's exordium.

"Let me read on, papa."

"Skip all that, and get down to a simple question and answer, Kitty; don't read the long sentences."

"This is how he winds up, papa. 'I trust I have now, sir, satisfied the House that there are abundant reasons why this correspondence should not be produced on the table, while I have further justified my noble friend for a course of action in which the humanity of the man takes no lustre from the glory of the statesman'—then there are some words in Latin—and the right honorable resumed his seat amidst loud cheers, in which some of the Opposition were heard to join."

"I want to be told, after all, did they write the letter to say Donogan was to be let escape?"

"Would it have been a great crime, uncle?" said Nina, artlessly.

"I'm not going into that. I'm only asking what the people over us say is the best way to govern us. I'd like to know, once for all, what was wrong and what was right in Ireland."

"Has not the premier just told you, sir," replied Nina, "that it is always the reverse of what obtains everywhere else?"

"I have had enough of it, anyhow," cried Dick, who, though not intending it before, now was carried away by a momentary gust of passion to make the avowal.

"Have you been in the cabinet all this time, then, without our knowing it?" asked Nina, archly.

"It is not of the cabinet I was speaking, mademoiselle. It was of the country." And he answered haughtily.

"And where would you go, Dick, and find better?" said Kate.

"Anywhere. I should find better in America, in Canada, in the far West, in New Zealand—but I mean to try in Australia."

"And what will you do when you get there?" asked Kilgobbin; with a grim humor in his look.

"Do tell me, Cousin Dick, for who knows that it might not suit me also?"

Young Kearney filled his glass, and drained it without speaking. At last he said: "It will be for you, sir, to say if I make the trial. It is clear enough I have no course open to me here. For a few hundred pounds, or, indeed, for anything you like to give me, you get rid of me forever. It will be the one piece of economy my whole life comprises."

"Stay at home, Dick, and give to your own country the energy you are willing to bestow on a strange land," said Kate.

"And labor side by side with the peasant I have looked down upon since I was able to walk."

"Don't look down on him, then—do it no longer. If you would treat the first stranger you met in the bush as your equal, begin the Christian practice in your own country."

"But he needn't do that at all," broke in the old man. "If he would take to strong shoes and early rising here at Kilgobbin, he need never go to Geelong for a living. Your great-grandfathers lived here for centuries, and the old house that sheltered them is still standing."

"What should I stay for—?" He had got thus far when his eyes met Nina's, and he stopped and hesitated, and as a deep flush covered his face, faltered out: "Gorman O'Shea says he is ready to go with me, and two fellows with less to detain them in their own country would be hard to find."

"O'Shea will do well enough," said the old man; "he was not brought up to kid-leather boots, and silk linings in his great coat. There's stuff in him, and if it comes to sleeping under a haystack, or dining on a red herring, he'll not rise up with rheumatism or heart-burn. And, what's better than all, he'll not think himself a hero because he mends his own boots, or lights his own kitchen fire."

"A letter for your honor," said the servant, entering with a very informal looking note on coarse paper, and fastened with a wafer. "The gossoon, sir, is waiting for an answer; he run every mile from Moate."

"Read it, Kitty," said the old man, not heeding the servant's comment.

"It is dated 'Moate Jail, 7 o'clock,'" said Kitty, as she read:

"DEAR SIR—I have got into a stupid scrape, and have been committed to jail. Will you come, or send some one to bail me out? The thing is a mere trifle, but the being 'looked up' is very hard to bear. Yours always,

"G. O'SHEA."

"Is this more Fenian work?" cried Kilgobbin.

"I'm certain it is not, sir," said Dick. "Gorman O'Shea has no liking for them, nor is he the man to sympathize with what he cannot understand. It is a mere accidental row."

"At all events, we must see to set him at liberty. Order the gig, Dick, and while they are putting on the harness, I'll finish this decanter of port. If it wasn't that we're getting retired shopkeepers on the bench we'd not see an O'Shea sent to prison like a gossoon that stole a bunch of turnips."

"What has he been doing, I wonder?" said Nina, as she drew her arm within Kate's and left the room.

"Some loud talk in the bar parlor, perhaps," was Kate's reply, and the toss of her head as she said it implied more even than the words.

(To be continued.)

"If all the gold in mint or bank,  
All earthly things that men call wealth  
Were mine, with every titled rank,  
I'd give them all for precious health."

Thus in anguish wrote a lady teacher to a dear friend, telling of pitiless headache, of smarting pain, of pain in back and loins, of dejection, weakness and nervous, feverish unrest. The friend knew both causes and cure and flashed back the answer, "Take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription." The distressed teacher obeyed, was restored to perfect health, and her daily duties once more became a daily pleasure. For lady teachers, salesladies and others kept long standing, or broken down by exhausting work, the "Prescription" is a most potent restorative tonic, and a certain cure for all female weakness. *Guaranteed* to cure in every case or money returned. See printed guarantee around each bottle.

Fibroid, ovarian and other Tumors cured without resort to surgery. Book, with numerous references, sent on receipt of 10 cents in stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.