

REDMOND O'DONNELL

LE CHASSEUR D'AFRIQUE.

CHAPTER X.—CONTINUED.

She set her lips close. "I could go, papa, I suppose," she answered in a hard sort of voice. "We can endure almost anything, and people don't break their hearts for any loss in this nineteenth century. But—happy—that is quite another thing. I have told you many times, and I repeat it now, I would rather die than be poor."

"Harriet—Harman—Mrs. Vavasor—what ever name you please, you must leave this house at once! You hear—at once!" "I hear," she laughed. "It would be dull intellect indeed, my dear Sir John, that could fail to comprehend your ringing military orders, I must go, and at once. Now that is hard when I had made up my mind not to stir until after Christmas. Your house is elegant, your cook perfection, your wines unexceptionable, your purse bottomless, and your friends eminently respectable. I'm not used to respectable people, nor full purses, and I like Scarswood. Now, suppose I insist upon spending Christmas here, after all?"

There was a tap at the door. "Come in," he called; "it's time you came to clean away that mess." He thought it was the servant, but instead a lady—dressed in black—and closely veiled, entered. He arose in surprise, and stood looking at her. Who was this? She shut the door, turned the key, advanced toward him, and held out her hands to the fire.

Scarswood and my wife. Unless—always unless—unless Marie would take it into her foolish head to come here and hug and kiss me. I wonder what she said or did when she got all her letters back. I know what she thought; there could be no two opinions on that subject. Poor, passionate, proud little beauty! What an unimagined scoundrel I am, to be sure! The nearer the wedding day draws the more I seem to think of her—the fonder I grow of her—all because I've given her up forever, I suppose."

restoratives they know how to use applied. All in vain. With the dawning of the Christmas day, the stalwart old soldier lay before them, breathing stertorously, and quite senseless. Doctor Graves and his attendant, a young man, Mr. Ollis, arrived, and pronounced the fit apoplexy at once. They sent the pale girl in the festive dress, the shining pearls, and the wild, wide eyes out of the room, and did their best for the master of that grand old house. But they labored in vain, the long hours wore away—and still Sir John lay rigid and senseless where they had first laid him.

These are somewhat torn and disfigured, but the first Lord Leagues takes much pride in them, since they belong to his great-grandfather, who was Colonel of the regiment. One of these ensigns bears the following inscription:—"Independent Wicklow," with an Irish wolf-dog for crest. Above Avondale House, and beyond the amphitheatre of trees, is a clear level space, which had been used by Mr. Parnell's father as a cricket ground.

CHAPTER XI.

THE WEDDING NIGHT.

With a fierce, low cry of intense delight, Peter Dangerfield grasped her by the wrist, his thin face close to hers, and flushed with eager joy. "You will tell me," he almost gasped—"you mean it this night—you will tell me to-night?"

"To-night. Let go my wrist, Mr. Dangerfield; you hurt me. Be civil enough to hand me a chair; now a glass of wine—or brandy, if you have it. Ah! this is the true elixir of life!"

She sat down before the fire, put up her little Paris gaiters on the fender, lay back luxuriously, and took the glass of French brandy he offered her. "You are sure there are no eavesdroppers in your establishment, mon ami? I don't care about being overheard."

"I always smoke when I talk, if possible, and the story I have to tell is a somewhat lengthy one. Won't you, I beg, and light up also?—I see your little black pipe there on the chimney piece. No? You're too anxious, I perceive, and nobody can enjoy a pipe or manilla, and listen thoroughly at the same time. Well, before I begin, I must extort another promise. No matter what I tell you, you are not to speak of it until I give you leave. Don't look alarmed—your prohibition will not last long—only until Katherine Dangerfield's wedding-day. Is it a promise?"

MR. PARNELL AT AVONDALE HOUSE. (From the London World.) "Since I have forsaken agriculture for politics," said Mr. Parnell, "I have not slept six nights at Avondale House."

CURRENT EVENTS. Sara Bernhardt's receipts at New York for four weeks are \$99,000. Parnell is the Napoleon of the Land League and Dillon is the Murat.