

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. "It is cold," she said, "and I have walked all the way from the station. Have you dined? What a pity! And I am hungry. Will you give me a glass of wine at least?"

"Scarswood and my wife. Unless—always unless—unless Marie would take it into her foolish head to come here and ruin it up. 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 unmitigated 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 Death, 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 amphitheatres of trees, is a clear level space, which had been used by Mr. Parnell's father as a cricket ground. "My father was once Captain of the Elton Eleven," observed Mr. Parnell, "and I was always very fond of cricket myself before I took to politics."