

LORD KILGOBBIN.

By CHARLES LEVER.

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

CHAPTER XV.

IN THE GARDEN AT DUSK.

When Atlee quitted Walpole's room he was far too full of doubt and speculation to wish to join the company in the drawing-room. He had need of time to collect his thoughts, too, and arrange his plans. This sudden departure of his would, he well knew, displease Kearney. It would savor of a degree of impertinence, in treating their hospitality so cavalierly, that Dick was certain to resent, and not less certain to attribute to a tuft-hunting weakness on Atlee's part, of which he had frequently declared he detected signs in Joe's character.

"Be it so. I'll only say you'll not see me cultivate 'swells' for the pleasure of their society, or even the charms of their cookery. If I turn them to no better uses than display, Master Dick, you may sneer freely at me. I have long wanted to make acquaintance with one of these fellows, and luck has now given me the chance. Let us see if I know how to profit by it." And thus muttering to himself, he took his way to the farm-yard to find a messenger to dispatch to Kilbeggan for post-horses.

The fact that he was not the owner of a half-crown in the world very painfully impressed itself on a negotiation which, to be prompt, should be prepaid, and which he was endeavoring to explain to two or three very idle but very incredulous listeners—not one of whom could be induced to accept a ten miles' tramp of a drizzling night without the prompting of a tip in advance.

"It's every step of eight miles," cried one.

"No, but it's ten," asseverated another, with energy, "by rayson that you must go by the road. There's nobody would venture across the bog in the dark."

"Wid five shillings in my hand——"

"And five more when ye come back," continued another, who was terrified at the low estimate so rashly ventured.

"If one had even a shilling or two, to pay for a drink when he got into Kilbeggan wet through and shivering——"

The speaker was not permitted to finish his ignominiously low growl of disapprobation smothered his words.

"Do you mean to tell me," said Joe, angrily, "that there's not a man here will step over to the town to order a chaise and post horses?"

"And if yer honor will put his hand in his pocket, and tempt us with a couple of crown pieces, there's no saying what we wouldn't do," said a little dandy old fellow, who was washing his face at a pump.

"And are crown pieces so plentiful with you down here that you can earn them too easily?" said Atlee, with a sneer.

"Be my sowle, yer honor, it's thinkin' that they're not so easy to come at makes us a bit lazy this evening," said a ragged fellow, with a grin, which was quickly followed by a hearty laugh from those around him.

Something that sounded like a titter above his head made Atlee look up, and there, exactly over where he stood, was Nina, leaning over a little stone balcony in front of a window, an amused witness of the scene beneath.

"I have two words for yourself," cried he to her, in Italian. "Will you come down to the garden for one moment?"

"Cannot the two words be said in the drawing-room?" asked she, half sardonically, in the same language.

"No; they cannot be said in the drawing-room," continued he, sternly.

"It's dropping rain. I should get wet."

"Take an umbrella, then, but come. Mind me, Signora Nina, I am the bearer of a message for you."

There was something almost disdainful in the toss of her head as she heard these words, and she hastily retired from the balcony and entered the room.

Atlee watched her, by no means certain what her gesture might pretend. Was she indignant with him for the liberty he had taken? or was she about to comply with his request, and meet him? He knew too little of her to determine which was the more likely; and he could not help feeling that, had he even known her longer, his doubt might have

been just as great. Her mind, thought he, is perhaps like my own; it has many turnings, and she's never very certain which one of them she will follow. Somehow, this imputed willfulness gave a charm to her exceeding beauty. And what beauty it was! The very perfection of symmetry in every feature when at rest, while the varied expressions of her face as she spoke, or smiled, or listened, imparted a fascination which only needed the charm of her liquid voice to be irresistible.

How she vulgarizes that pretty girl, her cousin, by mere contrast! What subtle essence is it, apart from hair, and eyes, and skin, that spreads an atmosphere of conquest over these natures? and how is it that men have no ascendencies of this sort—nothing that imparts to their superiority the sense that worship of them is in itself an ecstasy?

"Take my message into town," said he to a fellow near, "and you shall have a sovereign when you come back with the horses;" and with this he strolled away across a little paddock, and entered the garden. It was a large, ill-cultivated space, more orchard than garden, with patches of smooth turf, through which daffodils and lillies were scattered, and little clusters of carnations occasionally showed where flower beds had once existed. "What would I not give," thought Joe, as he strolled along the velvet sward over which a clear moonlight had painted the forms of many a straggling branch—"what would I not give to be the son of a house like this, with an old and honored name, with an ancestry strong enough to build upon for future pretensions, and then with an old home, peaceful, tranquil and unmolested, where, as in such a spot as this, one might dream of great things, perhaps more—might achieve them? What books would I not write? What novels, in which, fashioning the hero out of my own heart, I could tell scores of impressions the world has made upon me in its aspect of religion, or of politics, or of society! What essays could I not compose here—the mind elevated by that buoyancy which comes of the consciousness of being free for a great effort! Free from the vulgar interruptions that cling to poverty like a garment, free from the paltry cares of daily subsistence, free from the damaging incidents of a doubtful position and a station that must be continually asserted. That one disparagement perhaps, worst of all," cried he, aloud; "how is a man to enjoy his estate if he is 'put upon his title' every day of the week? One might as well be a French emperor, and go every spring to the country for a character."

"What shocking indignity is this you are dreaming of?" said a very soft voice near him, and turning, he saw Nina, who was moving across the grass, with her dress so draped as to show the most perfect instep and ankle with a very unguarded indifference.

"This is very damp for you; shall we not come out into the walk?" said he.

"It is very damp," said she, quickly; "but I came because you said you had a message for me; is this true?"

"Do you think I could deceive you?" said he, with a sort of tender reproachfulness.

"It might not be so very easy, if you were to try," replied she laughing.

"That is not the most gracious way to answer me."

"Well, I don't believe we came here to pay compliments; certainly, I did not, and my feet are very wet already—look there and see the ruin of a 'chaussure' I shall never replace in this dear land of coarse leather and hobnails."

As she spoke she showed her feet, around which her bronzed shoes hung limp and misshapen.

"Would that I could be permitted to dry them with my kisses," said he, as stooping, he wiped them with his handkerchief, but so deferentially and so respectfully as though the homage had been tendered to a princess. Nor did she for a moment hesitate to accept the service.

"There, that will do," said she, haughtily. "Now for your message."

"We are going away, mademoiselle," said Atlee, with a melancholy tone.

"And who are 'We,' sir?"

"By 'We' mademoiselle, I meant to convey Walpole and myself." And now he spoke with the irritation of one who had felt a pull-up.

"Ah, indeed!" said she, smiling, and showing her pearly teeth. "We meant Mr. Walpole and Mr. Atlee."

"You should never have guessed it!" cried he, in question.

"Never—certainly," was the cool rejoinder.

"Well! He was less defiant, or mistrustful, or whatever be the name of it. We were only friends of half an hour's growth when he proposed the journey. He asked me to accompany him as a favor; and he did more, mademoiselle, he confided to me a mission—a very delicate and confidential mission—such an office as one does not usually depute to him of whose fidelity or good faith he has a doubt, not to speak of certain smaller qualities, such as tact and good taste."

"Of whose possession Mr. Atlee is now asserting himself," said she, quietly.

He grew crimson at a sarcasm whose impassiveness made it all the more cutting.

"My mission was in this wise, mademoiselle," said he with a forced calm in his manner. "I was to learn from Mademoiselle Kostalergi if she should desire to communicate with Mr. Walpole touching certain family interests in which his counsels might be of use, and in this event I was to place at her disposal an address by which her letters should reach him."

"No, sir," said she, quietly, "you have totally mistaken any instructions that were given you. Mr. Walpole never pretended that I had written or was likely to write to him; he never said that he was in any way concerned in family questions that pertained to me least of all did he presume to suppose that I had occasion to address him by letter, I should do so under cover to another."

"You discredit my character of envoy, then?" said he, smiling easily.

"Totally and completely, Mr. Atlee; and I only wait for you yourself to admit that I am right, to hold out my hand to you, and say, let us be friends."

"I'd perjure myself twice at such a price. Now for the hand."

"Not so fast—first the confession," said she, with a faint smile.

"Well, on my honor," cried he seriously, "he told me he hoped you might write to him. I did not clearly understand about what, but it pointed to some matter in which a family interest was mixed up, and that you might like your communication to have the reserve of secrecy."

"All this is but a modified version of what you were to disavow."

"Well, I am only repeating it now to show you how far I am going to perjure myself."

"That is, you see, in fact, that Mr. Walpole could never have presumed to give you such instructions—that gentlemen do not send such messages to young ladies—do not presume to say that they dare do so; and last of all, if they ever should chance upon one whose nice tact and cleverness would have fitted him to be the bearer of such a commission, those same qualities of tact and cleverness would have saved him from undertaking it. That is what you see, Mr. Atlee, is it not?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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The Story of a Will.

Pierre Foucher, a man who makes a living by gathering driftwood on the Ottawa, resident at No. 10 Notre Dame street, in that city, claims that his wife and others there are heirs to a large property, part of which is in and around Ste. Therese. Foucher says that his wife's great-grandfather, Francois Lapierre, died at Ste. Therese sixty years ago, leaving 25,000 francs in bank or savings institutions, besides a couple of good farms, part of one of which is now supposed to be in the town limits. Old Lapierre left the property tied up for his grandchildren, so the story goes, and there, removing young from the place, were lost track of. Foucher says that his wife, her four brothers and her cousins, Isidore, Rheume and Mde. M. Courtemanche, all resident here, are the heirs. J. B. Fleming, Q.C., is said by Foucher to have made visits to Ste. Therese in connection with the matter and to be satisfied that there is something in it. Mr. Fleming is out of town. There is no mention in the Dominion official return of unclaimed bank deposits of so large a sum as 25,000 francs at interest of sixty years would amount to. Foucher says it has only been lately the family became aware of the alleged facts.

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At Huron, Mich., the heat has been so intense recently that work in barley and rye harvest fields has been abandoned. The thermometer has ranged from 96 to 106 during the past week.

AROUND THE WORLD.

Dr. John Rae, the Arctic explorer, died at his home in London on Monday.

It is reported that Joseph Jefferson, the actor, is suffering from a cancer in the neck.

A decision from the B-hring Sea court of arbitration is not expected for several days yet.

The General Credit Company of London has suspended. The capital of the concern is £100,000.

A committee has been formed to make preliminary arrangements for an international exhibition in Turin, Italy, in 1900.

There are 15,000 people in Denver dependent on charity, and a demand has been made for public soup-houses to prevent suffering.

Since the 1st of January nearly 20 banks in the United States have closed their doors, against less than fifty during the same period last year.

Another great labor war is apparently inevitable. More than half the miners of Great Britain, numbering 360,000 men, have decided not to submit to the reduction of wages ordered by the proprietors. The reduction ordered is only 25 per cent. of the advance granted four years ago.

That A. P. A. lunatic who is going about the country with a resolution calling upon Mgr. Satolli to quit these shores and never return to them, should take note of the enthusiastic receptions which were accorded to the Apostolic Delegate wherever he stopped on his way out to the Pacific Coast and back.

All Germany is talking of Prince Max of Saxony, and his sudden retirement to a monastery. With a brilliant prospect of a military career, with a high social position and amid all the allurements that beset a handsome young man with a large income, he has always been more of a student than a soldier, and for several years has been on friendly terms of intimacy with Bishop Wahl, of Dresden.

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PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF Montreal, Superior Court, No. 2899 Dame Celanie Mallette, Plaintiff, versus Theodore Dorais, Defendant. On the 18th day of August, 1898, at nine of the clock in the forenoon, at the domicile of the said Defendant, No. 1311 Notre Dame street, in the City of Montreal, will be sold by authority of Justice, all the goods and chattels of the said Defendant, seized in this cause, consisting of household furniture, etc. Terms cash. E. ST. MAURICE, B.S.C. Montreal, August 8th, 1898. 8-1