LORD KILLEEN'S REVENGE

CHAPTER IV. (Continued.)

"No great difficulty in stopping that old lady's grog," he said, still laughing gayly. "Not much of it to be got out of three shillings a week!"

Silence followed this rash remark; Featherston coughed, gently, and then Miss MacGillicuddy, as though wakening slowly from an unpleasant dream, turned her head toward the culprit, and fixed him with a baleful eye. It unhinged Mr. Barry directly, and put an instantaneous termination to his mirth.

"Not only your opinions, but you yourself, Mr. Barry," she said, slowly, "are strange to me. I feel no embarrassment, therefore, in telling you that if you come here to scoff and jeer at what I believe to be a righteous work, I shall ask you to—"

"Scoff—jeer!" interrupted Barry, with great presence of mind, now quite alive to the danger of the situation. "My dear Miss MacGillicuddy, how can you so misjudge me? True, I am in a sense a stranger to you, but that is a misfortune I hope every day of my life to combat." He cast a glance at Constantia, who refused to see it. "As to my opinions, I feel convinced they are yours. You accuse me of treating this new mission with disrespect. On the contrary, I regard it as a benefaction to my country, and a most requisite thing in these benighted days when the land is laid waste with rapine and murder, and when, no doubt, lawlessness is fed by the spirituous liquors you so wisely contemn."

He felt very near as eloquent as an Irish member when he had got thus far, and stopped short, delighted with his outburst. Mr. Featherston, who had regarded him all through with a calm, judicial eye, now made a suggestion to him.

"I had no idea you felt so strongly on the subject," he said. "I am very pleased to hear you so express yourself, my dear Barry. You will then join us? We may add your name to our list?"

He drew out a little book from his breast-pocket as he spoke, and with pencil in hand looked inquiringly at Barry. His countenance was smooth and immovable, and Barry, as he looked back at him, felt that the murder he had spoken of with such horror a moment since would not be altogether without its charm on certain occasions.

"Yes, sir. We hope you, too, will give us your voice on this matter. You seem well able to plead the cause," put in Miss MacGillicuddy, grimly. She waited, with her gaze fixed upon him, for his answer.

Mr. Featherston's eyes sparkled. This troublesome rival was now, he thanked himself, in a dilemma from which he would find it difficult to extricate himself. There, however, he wronged Barry, who was not so dull, in spite of his proneness to laughter, that he could not see his way out of most things. He bent a deferential glance on Miss MacGillicuddy,.

"Madame," said he, with his best manner and his strongest brogue, "if you will be the one to instruct me, I'll be only too glad to learn from you the rules to which I should subscribe were I to join this commendable society. Day by day I shall be only too happy to come here to you, to sit at your feet and learn." Again his gaze wandered to Constantia, and told her this last speech was ment for her. "I have no doubt at all but that I shall be one with you shortly. Still, it is a serious matter, and I think a lady of your ability would only despise one who would rashly enter into a compact without having duly weighed the pros and cons of the affair."

"Right," declared Miss MacGillicuddy, with an approving snort.

Featherston subsided into his chair with an angry sniff; and Barry scored one.

Miss MacGillicuddy returned to her first point and went on.

"The other names upon my list," she said, "are John Bryne and Michael Walsh."

"Ah! Men!" exclaimed Featherston, growing gently animated once more. "As a rule I feel more gratitude when the converts are of my own sex. One rejoices more over the reclamation of a man than a woman!"

"Ungallant!" said Constantia, with a swift smile that made her lovely.

"No,no, I assure you." He seemed to lose himself for a moment in that wondrous smile, and then recovering himself went on quickly: "They are more prone to error." He took his eyes reluctantly from Constantia, and again gave his undivided attention to her aunt. "These men; I should like to have a talk with them," he said. "You can give me their addresses?"

A dull red flamed into Miss MacGillicuddy's cheeks. She grew confused. Constantia, gracelessly, laughed aloud.

"One of the men is ten years of age," she said; "the other eight." She folded her hands upon her lap, and valiantly refrained from looking at Barry, who was choking with joy in the background. "Their reformation is a subject for public rejoicing."

Miss MacGillicuddy cast a withering glance at her. She would probably have broken into unparliamentary language, but that Featherston came to the rescue.

"To begin young, is to begin well," he said, gravely and cleverly. His tone was slow and impressive, but not goody-goody; he had carefully avoided that. It would be impossible to either sneer or laugh at him. His aristocratic bearing was so greatly in his favor, that one could not help congratulating the society that had gained him as an advocate. He was looking full at Constantia now, as though challenging her to attribute to him the vilest of all sins, hypocrisy. There was, however, no suspicion in the face she uplifted to his. It was evident that she believed in him, if she did not altogether believe in his doctrine. She had subdued her amusement, and was quite calm again

"I hope we have you on our side," said Featherston.

She shook her head but said nothing.

"Constantia will join us," said Miss MacGillicuddy decisively.

"No, I think not," contradicted Constantia, quietly.

"Constantia will join us," repeated her aunt, exactly as if she had not heard the clear, distinct voice.

"I shall not indeed," returned the girl, coldly. She was afraid of her aunt when her anger was directed against her friends; for herself she was never afraid.

"But why?" demanded Featherston, speaking very gently. "Why will you not give us the—the happiness of knowing that you are one with us in heart?"

His eyes were handsome, and just now spoke volumes. He laid a certain stress upon the words happiness and heart. Constantia flushed softly, and her eyes fell before his.

"I dislike extreme measures," she said. "I dislike the touch of affectation in the matter. I object to the pharisaical way in which the mission is conducted. The blue ribbon, is in my opinion a mistake. Parade is death to anything that should be long-lived."

"Hear! hear!" cried Mr. Barry, forgetting himself for the second time. Miss MacGillicuddy half rose from her seat. She was evidently about to launch into bitter invectives when once again Featherston intervened.

"There is much truth in what your niece has said," he murmured, softly; "but I think if she will go a little deeper into our real meaning, she will see the use of the ribbon to which she now so—so vigorously objects. In the rush and bustle of life people are only too prone to forget, unless things are perpetually held up before their eyes. We hold up to them the blue ribbon to remind them always of the great work in which we would have them join. We would eradicate everywhere the fatal weed—intemperance. The love of drink like money, might justly be termed the root of all evil."

He looked very earnest, very distinguished. Constantia admired him heartily. It was strange he should have taken up such a mission, and should be devoting himself to it so nobly. It was very praiseworthy. He was rich, well-born, with all the world at his feet, as it were, yet here he was giving his time and his energies to a work that at all events he hoped would be of service to his kind, but that could hardly be expected to make a name for him. She wondered if the Earl of Killeens knew of the interest he was taking in this ribbon movement. It was probable he did, as Featherston sometimes stayed at the Castle and Lord Killeens was so interested in the progress of any temperance work, that it was only natural they should have talked together on the subject. Constantia remembered that Featherston was anxious to stand for the county at the next election. If so, Killeens might be of service to him, as he could command half the Protestant part of the county, at all events. She hoped he would give his voice to Featherston. Probably Featherston hoped so too.

His last speech had raised a curious expression on Barry's face, who now addressed him directly.

"You mean us to understand that you yourself, never touch anything?" he said, leaning forward. "Champagne—beer—nothing?"

His tone was sharp.

"Nothing," returned Featherston, with a pleasant smile.

He did not try to improve on the simplicity of his answer. He left it so.

"I had no idea you were a teetotaller," continued Barry, rather pointedly.

"What an objectionable word that is!" said Featherston, still smiling, but lifting his shoulders in a faintly deprecatory manner. "I hardly know why it should be so, but it always strikes me as being in a degree—shall we say—er—vulgar. A teetotaller, as you put it, my dear fellow, I certainly was not, a year ago but as an example of my tenantry I became one. It is really," with a little wave of the hand "no selfdenial; and the effect is good!"

"Deuced good!" said Mr. Barry, with barely restrained animosity as he marked the "effect" upon the elder Miss MacGillicuddy, who was plainly ready to worship Featherston as a modern saint.

"As for the tenantry," said that spinster with much acrimony, "and their class generally, it is almost impossible to get at them. Mr. Evans—he is very active, you know—he labors heavily amongst them; and yesterday he came to me almost in despair. He came to me, I might say," Miss MacGillicuddy corrected herself with a solemn air, "in a violent temper. It was the first time I had ever seen him even irritated, so that I took note of it."

"The laborer is worthy of his ire," put in Mr. Barry, mildly. Constantia, fortunately, was the only one who heard this remark.

"They had treated him, he said, with the greatest disrespect. From what I could learn, many of the occupants of the cabins into which he had entered had been distinctly abusive. One old woman,who had been just partaking of the pernicious whiskey, threw the bottle at him. Another flung the cat. His coat was much bespattered, and his hat was stove in. He told me the last house he went to, the owner of it advised him to go home and sleep it off! I confess I hardly wondered at that, his appearance was so very much against him. Poor man! I told him he had my sincere sympathy, but it didn't seem to do him any good. What hurt him most, of course, was the accusation of drunkenness."

"I should have supposed it would have been the cat," said Constantia.

"D'you know," said Barry—this he pronounced like Juno—"that it's my opinion, if he goes on in his present line for very much longer, they'll break not only his hat, but his head. For an Irishman it would be risky; for an Englishman—" He shrugged his shoulders expressively. "They hate being preached to, outside their chapel, and just now the very sight of a gentleman and a Protestant is obnoxious to them. If you want to keep Mr. Evans still on your visiting list, my dear madame, I should strongly advise you to advise him to keep himself quiet."

"A martyr's death makes a noble end," replied Miss MacGillicuddy,gloomily. As she was not the one to endure it she spoke with great courage.

At this moment two figures went past the window, and the sound of two voices wafted inward to the drawing-room. One was high, shrill, voluble, and eminently youthful; the other was deep and manly. Almost directly afterward Mr. Stronge was announced.

He came in, with Norah at his heels. He was a man of about thirty-four, who looked fully his age but no more. There was nothing very particular that could be said of him—nothing decided. A description of him should perforce be a negative one. He was not very tall, and not very short; not very stout, not very thin; not very ugly ,and certainly not very handsome. Two things about him so far as surface knowledge went, were alone positive. His eyes, a dark luminous gray, were so beautiful that they would have redeemed a plainer face. They were undeniably attractive, earnest, and fulfilled with honesty and that greatest of all beauty—loving-kindness. He was rich, too—there was no doubt about that; rich enough to come under the head of a modern Croesus. That his father made these riches by means of trade,was perhaps,a drawback in the eyes of the county families round, who, though for the most part poor, could count their ten and twelve generations.

The elder Miss MacGillicuddy received him with a certain reservation. She was not accustomed to hold these levees, and her mind misgave her that Constantia had something to do with it. Three men in her house, and all at once! She cast a searching glance at her niece,who was looking wonderfully meek as she murmured a commonplace word or two of welcome to Mr. Stronge. To him, however, had she known it, these simple words were not commonplace at all; they were, on the contrary, a very accumulation of all sweetness and light.

Miss MacGillicuddy pondered. Could they all be here because of that graceless girl? Could even two of them? Featherston she acquitted; he came for the good cause. But the others? Barry, of course was fool enough for anything; but could a sensible man like Mr.Stronge be so carried away by the wiles of a silly creature like Constantia, as to spend his time dancing attendance upon her? No; it was impossible. And yet —

She was civil enough to Stronge, however, in spite of her lingering suspicion. He was not, indeed, a man to whom it would be easy to be rude. To Garrett Barry she showed her rough edge without any hesitation, and even to Featherston she could betray impatience, but Stronge was of a very different stuff to either of these. He was a man of no birth, yet his face was full of a gentle dignity as restraining as the bluest blood could produce—a dignity that rendered it very difficult for any one to offer him an offensive word.

Miss MacGillicuddy sat then in silence meditating on many things, and feeling slightly baffled, when her gaze fell on the luckless Norah. How did that child come here? How did she dare to defy the rules laid down, that forbid the entrance into the drawing-room of muddy boots?

"What brings you here, Norah?" she demanded sharply.

"She came with me," answered Mr. Stronge, quickly, scenting mischief in the breeze. He took the child's hand in his and feeling it tremble slightly, tightened his grasp on it, and drew her close to him with a very kindly smile. "I met her in one of the fields as I came toward the house, and she most considerately turned with me and bore me company, and entertained me most delightfully by the way. She has indeed been very kind to me," said Mr. Stronge,turning to the little, thin child beside him and laughing to her, not at her, which latter is a thing which all children hate.

"I have repeatedly told her that she is not to come into this room with her boots in the muddy state in which I now see them," went on Miss MacGillicuddy, transfixing the child with a stony stare.

"They are muddy certainly," said Mr. Stronge, glancing down at the thick little boots heavy with soil that adorned Norah's feet. "But I assure you that that too is my fault. I am not very well accustomed to the country, and as we came to a boggy place, next to the river, I slipped, and should probably have fallen in but for Miss Norah. She came valiantly to my rescue; in fact, it is possible that she saved my life! But she got her boots muddy." He smiled again at Norah (who had forgotten her fear in a wild desire for laughter that could not be indulged), and again pressed her slim, bony little fingers in his own big clasp.

"H'm!" responded Miss MacGillicuddy dryly, as if she could have said more, and she would.

Conversation then became general. In the course of it Mr. Stronge, who was an agreeably sociable sort of person,said:

"I was up just now at Ballymore. I went to call upon Mrs. Dundas, who is quite an old acquaintance of mine."

He did not say friend, and Constantia noticed it.

"She seems to be quite the old acquaintance of everybody," said Miss MacGillicuddy, with a sniff.

"Her coming amongst us will, I have no doubt, be a great acquisition," put in Featherston, who had seen and admired Mrs. Dundas.

"I suppose so," replied Stronge. There was, however, in spite of the acquiescence, a lack of enthusiasm in his tone.

"She is remarkably handsome," went on Featherston, who had brightened a bit.

"Is she? As a girl she was remarkably plain," said Miss MacGillicuddy; "a thin, awkward creature, with flaming hair, and no manners."

"Yes I remember her," exclaimed Barry, laughing; "she was ordinary, certainly, and her clothes use to hang on her as loose as bags. Yet now she is beautiful. I was never so astounded in my life as when I saw her yesterday. And yet, somehow her beauty, in my opinion, is—er—unpleasant. She would strike me as being—"

"Subtle?" suggested Mr. Stronge.

Constantia shot a sudden glance at him. Was Donna subtle?

"What do you think of her?" asked Featherston, addressing her suddenly. He had marked the change in her face.

"She is my cousin," returned she simply. She was glad she had this to say, as it saved her having to answer his question; but her words wrought consternation amongst them.

"Yes, she is closely connected with us," said Miss MacGillicuddy, in her graveyard voice, "though for many years we have lost sight of her. We believed, indeed, she had quite dropped out of our lives, when this sudden marriage with Mr. Dundas brought her back not only to Ireland, but to the very part of it where she had passed much of her earlier life. It is a good match, I hear, in many respects. We all thought she would have married Lord Varley, but doubtless this John Dundas, from what I hear, is the better man for her, as he is more likely to keep her in order—and that she would require. A curb, a curb, for Donna! As for Varley, he is a man of no character whatsoever."

To this sweeping comment no one made reply.

"By the bye, Lady Varley is giving a dance on the seventeenth," said Stronge, presently, looking at Constantia. "You will be there?"

"Yes." she smiled at him as she answered, and Stronge colored beneath that touch of sunshine as a boy in his teens might have done.

"Varley is away, and it is uncertain whether he will be back for it. Mrs. Dundas gave me to understand that Lady Varley was very doubtful about it. A cousin of mine is to arrive on the seventeenth. I hope he will be in time at all events."

"A cousin of yours?" asked Constantia was pleased half unconsciously at this was an event in Carmeen.

"Carew O'Grady. You must have heard me mention him, I think. He has been abroad for years. He was at one time an attache at Constantinople, and for the last year or two has been traveling in the East. He has come home, however, and I have asked him to stay with me for as long as suits him."

As he spoke he put on the little touch of pomposity that always broke out when he was alluding to anything that touched his family pride.

"He is in reality The O'Grady," he said, "the head of that family, but he prefers the ordinary prefix to his name. I think you will like him." He was addressing Constantia. He seemed anxious to interest her in this cousin. Constantia was pleased half unconsciously at this mark of his regard, and as she usually did when her eyes met his, she blushed delicately.

The blush was not lost on Andrew Stronge.

(To be Continued.)

NEW PHOTOGRAPHY.

Taking Pictures of Hidden Objects Decription of the Process.

The new photography introduced by Professor Rontgen, of Vienna, by means of the Crooke's tube in Berlin, has been successfully tried in London, coins being photographed when placed in a leather purse.

The experiments prove that the strange medium which produces images of hidden objects on a photograph plate is not light at all. It is equally incorrect to describe it as electricity. It is some force or influences produced by Crooke's tube when excited in a peculiar manner, but it is not the visible light or glow which comes from the tube. That visible light has the same qualities as an ordinary light. The invisible new medium has not the same qualities. It will penetrate ground glass, though more feebly than wood and other organic matter. Aluminum is far more transparent than glass. Even copper is less opaque than glass.

Mr. Swinton, the well-known electrical engineer, showed a large collection of these strange photographs, which had been taken to the Camera Club, of London. He employed a half-horse power electric current, and passing it through an induction coil, loaded ten Leyden jars. The discharge from them was passed through a second induction coil by a secondary system, by which Crooke's tube was excited. He said that he had only succeeded in this way, and had failed with Crooke's tube excited by an ordinary induction coil. He showed pictures of the skeleton of a living human hand, a purse containing coins in which only the coins and the metal clasp of the purse were reproduced, and other objects .

The method of procedure was simply to place the object to be photographed between Crooke's tube and the usual wooden case containing the sensitive plate in which the negative is placed when carried to and from the camera. The slide is not removed, and an exposure of from four to twenty minutes is required.

terrors if, with Rontgen's attachment, the ordinary kodak can reveal the bones th eordinary kodak can reveal the bones behind the flesh and the contents of the hidden pocket.

SAYS HE HEALS ALL DISEASE.

Young Englishman Who Is Causing Much Interest in Illinois Towns.

Wilbur Hammond, a young Englishman, 23 years old, whose home is at Belvidere, Ill., has been causing considerable commotion in his own town by posing as a sort of Schlatter. But instead of a meek and lowly follower like the quondam Denver healer, Hammond combines faith cure with spiritualism, or, at least pretends to effect his cures by means of trances. His medium is a German, and although Hammond is said to know not a word of the language when he is in the trance he speaks German fluently, and after a short lecture takes the patient by the hand and prescribes for him.

Hammond has excited so much interest that he is now devoting one day each week to his Sycamore patient. The homes of those he visited the other day were beseiged by the sick and the curious. Charles Patch, an epileptic, feels greatly encouraged after only a single treatment, and H. M. Stevens, who has been operated upon repeatedly for a disease of the head, claims to have been greatly benefited. Mrs. L. M. Singer, who was thought to be dying with neuralgia of the heart, is said to have been restored to perfect health in a few minutes. Mrs. Orton was cured of a painful rheumatic attack, and Mrs. George Mandler has had the growth of a cancerous tumor stopped.

Hammond is slightly built, of medium stature, and boyish in appearance. His education is only ordinary, as he did not get any schooling until he was 12 years of age and abandoned it before he was out of his teens. His services are rendered free.

A Diplomatist.

Say, Jimmie, d'yer ma lick yer?
Naw; you bet she didn't.
Gee! you got off easy.
Yep; you see, she was 'fraid I'd holler so loud I'd wake the baby.

Executions in France, Spain, and Austria are in public, and many of the spectators consider them more attractive than stage tragedies.

THE HORSE HIPPOCYCLE

IT ENABLES EQUINES TO PUSH THE RUBBER TIRES.

Prof. Bell's Idea in Practice—A Tread mill Arrangement Which Enables the Animal to Climb Hills with Perfect Ease.

The prediction made last summer by Prof. Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, that a machine would be invented that would be to the horse what the bicycle is to the man, has attracted more than passing attention, and the problem of a vehicle in which the horse shall be the motive power is not so far from solution as many others that have vexed the scientific world for years.

A correspondent of a leading English paper, Cycling, believes that in the "hippocycle," of which he submits a working drawing, a great advance in this direction has been made. The machine is equipped with four 40-inch rubber-tired wheels the two rear wheels being drivers, the forward wheels steerers. The machine is so designed that the horse will propel himself and the vehicle, and there will be two riders, who will do the steering and governing.

The method of transmitting the power from the horse is by a revolving

ENDLESS PLATFORM

built upon two chains supported by rollers, the construction being identical with that of the horse-power treadmills and with that in small flour mills and wood-sawing yards. Upon this platform the horse can walk or run as desired, being harnessed with collar and traces in the usual way, the traces being hooked to the end of the machine.

In moving the horse pulls at the traces, and as the platform recedes under his feet the machine advances. Motion from the platform is communicated to a toothed and racheted drum on the driving axle over which the platform runs, and the other end of the platform runs over a free drum.

When the first machine was built it was found by this arrangement that it was propelled backward. To obviate this difficulty the platform was reversed and the horse placed so that his head pointed in the direction opposite to that which it was desired to propel the machine; and no doubt this system will be continued in machines not intended to reach a high rate of speed.

But a little study got over this difficulty, and the perfected machine permits the horse to be stationed in a normal position, so that his head points forward. This result it achieved by fitting the platform below the driving axle communicating its motion by outside teeth engaging in similar teeth on the driving axle.

THE GEARING

of the platform with the axle, as in the bicycle, determines the speed of the machine. But whereas in the bicycle a two-speed gear is not a necessity, in the hippocycle it is indispensable.

When the cyclist nowadays encounters a hill that is too formidable, he dismounts and pushes his machine. To unharness the horse in like manner and attach him to the front of the machine would be out of the question. But with the low gear as designed, which is applicable at will, all hills can be mounted, and the tire speed gear is said to answer admirably.

The horse of the hippocycle is enabled to rest absolutely on every appreciable decline. Every driver knows that the strain on a horse drawing a carriage is equally severe, whether the gradient be for or against him.

The ancient lines called the "Horse's Prayer" will be recalled:

"Up hill and down hill,
Spare thou me;
And when upon the level road
I'll make it up to thee."

In the hippocycle the horse will be as much at rest when going down hills as if he were at home in his stall. Proper provision is made for preventing injury to the horse in case of sudden application of the brakes. The problems of steering the hippocycle are those involved in the government of the motocycle or horseless carriages. Over good roads a speed of fifteen to twenty miles is said to have been made by the hippocycle.

Spain's Gay Flag.

The national flag of Spain is more elaborately decorated than is that of any other country. Of its four main quarterings the first, beginning at the top left-hand corner, is divided into four quarters, two of which contain lions rampant, in red on a white ground, and the other two, castles in gold on a red ground. The top right-hand quarter is divided into halves; the first composed of red and yellow perpendicular stripes; the second, two half diamonds in white, bearing eagles, and between these the background is composed of red and yellow stripes, narrower than those in the other half. The lower right-hand quarter is divided longitudinally into two unequal portions; the upper consisting of red and white, vertical stripes crossed by a horizontal white stripe, the lower half filled by a yellow lion rampant in a black ground. The lower left-hand quarter is divided into two portions; the upper filled by two broad red stripes with one white one running horizontally the lower by a half shield of blue and white diagonal stripes on a red ground; the corner left by the half shield filled by a lion rampant on a white ground.

Misplaced Sympathy.

Citizen—Why are you in this condition?

Tramp—It is not long to tell sir. I can't live with my wife.

Citizen (filled with sympathy, because he had just had a quarrel with his own)—Poor man! I deeply feel for you. Here's a quarter. Tell me why you can't live with your wife.

Because she won't support me. Ta, ta!

One Enough.

Don't you think that De Seete is two-faced?

I should hope not. One such face as he has is enough to convict a man.