LORD KILLEEN'S REVENGE

CHAPTER VI.

Midnight had struck when a young man crossed the hall of Araglin, and looked somewhat vaguely round him. It was late to arrive anywhere, and of course there was no one to welcome him, or put him au fait with his surroundings. He wandered rather aimlessly through the salon to the left, and, avoiding the ball-room, which was unmistakable because of the fiddling, went for a quiet little nook of a place that appeared to him to be empty of everything human, and a prey only to flowers and a dripping fountain. It was badly lighted, and he was quite into it before he discovered humanity after all had a place there—a humanity remote from himself.

A slender form clothed in lace was bending over a cactus. The amorous plant had seized her dainty robe, and was holding it fast in spite of all the owner's efforts to release it. O'Grady went forward, and addressed himself to her.

"Perhaps I can set you free," he said. "Let me at least try. A cactus is such a hurtful thing, and you are wounding your fingers!"

"If you think you can," she said; she lifted her head and looked at him. She was slightly flushed, and there was something in her expression that, even at that early hour of their acquaintance, caught and held him. "I have been very awkward, but—"

She paused, and O'Grady, stooping over her, strove with the prickly plant for mastery. Eventually he gained. She stood released, and gave him as his reward a lovely smile. It parted her lips, and shone in her lustrous eyes.

"I am indeed indebted to you," she said, courteously. She regarded him very thoughtfully for a few moments. "I do not think I saw you before this evening," she remarked, at last, in a gentle, gracious tone.

O'Grady smiled. It was surely a singular speech for a girl to make to an utter stranger, but as said by her it pleased him, and besides, she struck him as being altogether unlike the ordinary run of people.

"That is true," he told her. "I arrived quite late. I meant to be here yesterday if possible—that is, at my cousin Featherston's place—but I found it impossible to get here until to-night; an hour ago, in fact. The last train brought me, so you can imagine what little time I had to hurry into my clothes and get here. To tell the truth," here he laughed involuntarily, and lowered his voice to a confidential tone, "knowing nothing of my hostess, I had no great desire to get here at all, but Featherston was imperative; and now that I am here," with a lingering glance at her, "I am more than glad I came."

His companion blushed vividly, and an expression he failed to understand widened her eyes. Was it surprise, perplexity? And if so, why?

"Your cousin lives at the Grange, I think," she said at last.

"Yes. You know him, perhaps? I have been in Egypt for the past year or more, and on my return to England was quite glad to receive an invitation from him to my native shore. It seemed to me—sick of arid plains—an excellent thing to come down here and thoroughly vegetate a bit. I am Irish, of course, my name is guarantee for that, but I had not seen the distressful country for many a year. It has left itself open to comment, beyond doubt—to abuse, perhaps—but," with an irrepressible glance at her, "it certainly has its compensations."

Again that curious look flitted across her face.

"Truly, it is an unhappy land," she said. Her tone was colder this time, and she regarded him with what might be almost termed disgust. This distressed him, though he hardly then understood why, or what it was that had befallen him; he only felt that he could not remove his eyes from the face before him. Its calmness, its purity, the extreme beauty of its gentleness, touched his very soul. And there was a sadness about it, too, that enhanced rather than detracted from its charm. He was astonished at his admiration, but not displeased; yet it did occur to him as strange that he should have traveled over half the known globe only to return to his starting-point to find the one woman at whose feet he would choose to lay his heart.

All this was vague to him as yet; but still he knew—vaguely too, indeed—that his fate was sitting there near him, grave, and a little cold, perhaps, but only as he would have her. Who was she—this calm, still girl?

"You are not dancing," she said, presently; "you say you came late, and perhaps—"

"So absurdly late, that it is of no use, I imagine, to think of partners. Unless, indeed—of course, I know no one. I did not present myself to Lady Varley—a rudeness, certainly, but one that I daresay she will condone when she knows at what an unearthly hour I put in an appearance—that is, if, indeed, if she ever hears of me at all."

At this she started and looked toward him as if to speak, when some one passing by her laid a hand lightly on her shoulder. It was a large, distinguished-looking woman, at the generous side of forty.

"You here, Yolande?" exclaimed she, smiling. "You are a wraith—a veritable spirit. I was positive I saw you in the supper-room a moment since, and yet now—"

"Perhaps you did; to-night I am ubiquitous." The newcomer laughed and went on, but O'Grady hardly noticed her departure.

Yolande! How the name suited her! Surely it was made for the pale, statuesque creature beside him; could any other so well befit the clear, soft eyes, the open brow, the pure, sweet lips? Yolande! No high-born chatelaine of olden days could have shown a haughtier profile, a serener smile, a glance more kind, or more replete with gentle dignity.

When her friend had gone by she turned to him.

"You were saying—" she began, and then hesitated, as if in doubt how to proceed.

"I was saying how I had omitted to present myself to my hostess," supplied he, gayly; "an omission I have no doubt she will appreciate. Poor woman, I expect it was a kindness to relieve her of so much of her duty."

"You think," she said, looking downward at the fan she was idly swaying to and fro, "that Lady Varley is one who would willingly evade a duty?"

"I am not thinking of her at all," declared he, laughing. "Why should I? Strangers we are, strangers we shall probably remain. She knows as little of me as I do of her."

"As little, indeed," said she, slowly. She rose to her feet. "But let me tell you—"

"Ah! If you are a friend of hers," exclaimed he, rising too, and speaking with a sudden accession of earnestness, "tell her from me, though I have not had the pleasure of being known to her, that when I had only been half an hour in her house, I knew a greater happiness than I had ever before experienced."

"Sir," she said, very gently, "I am Lady Varley!"

CHAPTER VII.

It was about this time that the greatest difficulty of his life was experienced by Mr. Stronge. This was to keep away from The Cottage, as Miss MacGillicuddy's very unpretentious residence was called. There was something in it—literally in it—that attracted him to an extraordinary degree. His own place, Inchirone, was situated about five miles from it; yet there was scarcely a morning that Mr. Stronge did not discover some special business that led him past the modest gate behind which dwelt Constantia.

At times he felt jealous of Featherston, in that the grounds of his place actually adjoined and touched the desired paradise that held her, and where he would be. This was before he had waked to the fact that he had reason to be jealous of Featherston on stronger grounds. The latter, too, was an old friend, whereas Stronge was quite a new one; and besides the nearness of land, Featherston was near enough in acquaintance to call on Constantia every day, had it so pleased him. That it did not please him was an everlasting wonder to Stronge, though certainly a great comfort. He himself had not the hardihood to present himself except on settled occasions. He had told himself that once in every ten days was all he could afford himself in the way of visits; and though he often longed to transgress this rule, and frequently stopped on his daily walk or drive past the gate to argue the matter out with himself, and persuade his better judgment that he might enter, still prudence, and a natural modesty that sat very admirably upon him, always won the day. He was an honest lover, and never denied to himself for a moment that he loved Constantia with all his large and kindly heart; but just as honestly he acknowledged to himself those defects of his that might easily render him undesirable in the eyes of a young girl. His years (he was fully thirty-four and she was eighteen); his parentage, which was a thing of naught; his face, which was not handsome (to put it kindly); and his large figure, which was very loosely knit—all these were bad, but it was the blankets that crushed him. He felt they damaged his cause more than all the rest. The country was kindly, and had received him graciously enough, and yet he knew those blankets were a trial to it, and that Constantia, whose blood was old and famous, would necessarily look down upon a man whose grandfather was nowhere, and whose money had been gained by trade. Yet, though he dwelt upon all this a good deal more than it was worth—still he hoped.

To-day—having absented himself, with a courage that was Spartan, from The Cottage, for the orthodox nine days—he felt he might call there without being regarded with coldness, or snubbed as a too persistent visitor. It was a fine May afternoon, and as he walked up the steps and knocked at the hall door, the extreme beauty of the hour, the season, entered into him. The lilacs were all abloom, their perfume filled the air, and the music of small glad birds rang sweetly from bough to bough. Rippling streams sang in the distance, and a cloudless sky lay over all. Stronge felt his heart uplifted, and a sense of youth, of joy, took possession of him. Suddenly, too, it seemed to him that there must be hope in the future.

The door was opened presently by the demure Minnie, who wore, besides a jubilant air—that sat very much at home upon her pretty peasant face—a new and remarkably smart cap. It was trimmed with cherry-colored ribbons, and was of a most abnormally small size.

"Miss MacGillicuddy is not in, sir," she said, in answer to his question. "She is off to Dubling, but Miss Connie and Miss Norah's at home. Come in, sir; they an' the young gintlemen is in the garden up to some game or another. They'll be raal plazed to see ye, for there hasn't been a sowl near the place all the mornin'."

Minnie was talkative, and she liked Stronge, as did most people who knew him. In her opinion "he was a raal fine gintleman, though may be a thrifle too ould for Miss Connie, an' not a patch on Misther Barry, who was the divil all out for fun."

Stronge went into the shabby little drawing-room to wait for Constantia, feeling almost as glad as Minnie herself that Miss MacGillicuddy was in Dublin. That meant absence from The Cottage for a day or two at all events, perhaps for a week. Would it be possible for him to call at her house during her absence, with, say, an ostensible message for the boys? A gift, an invitation to go shooting. Shooting what, though? Why, rabbits: all boys liked shooting rabbits. George, the eldest MacGillicuddy, was now at home, and he had no gun. He, Stronge, might make him a present of one. There was that breech-loader he got the other day, and didn't exactly want. After all, what on earth had he got for it? in all probability he would never use it, be much preferred the two old ones to which he was accustomed; and—yes—George might as well have it. It would be a most natural gift for a boy to receive from a man of his years. Of his years! He checked himself here with a little start, and a pang of regret. Of his years! and Constantia was exactly two years older than "the boy."; He put this reflection away hurriedly, and went back to his first thought. To be able to call upon her (she had been "her" for a long time now), even for a moment or two, every day for a week; to be able to see her once in every twenty-four hours. It seemed too good to be true. He was so wrapped up in his blissful dreaming that it was with a quick start he turned from the open window near which he was standing, and which was only a foot from the ground outside, as the door of the drawing-room was flung violently open. He glanced toward it expectantly, and then something—some one—dashed past him, cleared the window-sill, and was gone like a flash of lightning around the corner.

It was a little flying figure with silken hair streaming wildly in the wind. It was Norah; her eyes blazing with excitement, and evidently in mad fear, to judge by the rapidity with which she ran. She had literally flown past him! "Oh, Mr. Stronge," she had gasped, and that was all. In another instant she was out of sight.

"What had happened? Had the old woman returned unexpectedly, and was she now pursuing her? Was there murder in the air? Where was Constantia?"

Mr. Stronge had just begun to form some plans for the staying of Miss MacGillicuddy's vengeance when once more the sound of hurrying footsteps caught his ear.

Again the door was thrown wide, and in rushed the rest of the MacGillicuddys en masse. First the collegian, then Constantia, then the two younger boys. They all made for the window; they all went through it, all save Constantia. She paused with one foot on the sill to cry aloud to him in a breathless way.

"Come on. Come on. She'll be round the corner, and if she once gets to the wood we'll never catch her. I can't stay. Come on. Come on with us."

"For what? What has she done?" cried Mr. Stronge, roused out of his customary calm by all these terrible, successive shocks. What on earth had that wretched Norah done now? Would they lynch her? Who could tell what these wild Irish children might or might not do? He stared in bewilderment at Constantia. Was this lovely, brilliant-eyed, eager creature, the sedate girl who had sat in this room with Miss MacGillicuddy some days ago with her work in her hands, and her head downbent, and her voice low and toned?

"You'll lose it all," cried the "brilliant creature" now, with an impatient stamp of her foot.

"Lose what—the lynching?" Mr. Stronge had not been many months in Ireland, and was still in much doubt about the inhabitants.

"It is rude to leave you, I know, but go I must. I've set my heart on catching her, and there never was a hare like Norah."

Dawn broke upon Stronge. A hare? Hare and hounds, of course! All this extraordinary excitement, then, was about nothing greater than a game—a simple game—an old game. He remembered it well. The very sound of it brought back his youthful hours. Once more he saw himself as he was when he was considerably slimmer, scudding across country with a whole school of fellows at his heels. It was absurd; but as this picture grew before his mental eye, his heart began to beat vigorously. Could he fall in and hunt the flying Norah? Should he—he, with his years, his—his size? It would be undignified, of course, and yet—

"What are you waiting for?" cried Miss MacGillicuddy, indignantly this time. "Are you coming, or are you not? Can't you run?"

There was scorn in her glance. She did not even seek to disguise it. Stronge grew miserable. Yes; that was it. She had touched the point of points. Ought he at his age to run, like an irresponsible schoolboy? Memory, which is generally hateful, reminded him on the instant of the gray hair he had discovered when brushing his head that morning, and of the shock the discovery had given him. A man with gray hair to go racing all over the place with a set of lunatic children! And yet, to run—to run with Constantia! He looked at her. The scorn was still upon her lips, and she had taken a step forward that meant a continuance of her flight. He saw, understood, hesitated, and was lost.

In another instant he had sprung after her through the low window, and was running as if for his very life.

"Follow me; I know a short cut. We'll catch them up this way," panted Constantia.

And follow her he did: into the yard over the ducks, through the geese, who knew him at once as an intruder, and raised an unholy row over him, and made vicious dabs at his legs; past them, and into a whole flock of turkeys, who gave way only to precipitate him into a pecking household, where infants ruled the day. The hens and their chicks scrambled to their feet in awful wrath. The little, tiny, yellow, fluffy things chirped loudly, and their mothers rose at him. In a body they advanced. He flew past them; he scattered the bantams that delight in war, but nearly came to grief over a huge sow, who, with her family, was asleep in an angle of the yard, all her lovely babies slumbering round her.

All these delights he left behind him, and, still following wildly in Constantia's footsteps, found himself presently in the orchard, toiling at breakneck speed up a stiff little hill that rose in the center of it, and was decorated on either side by flowering apple-trees—not the modern espaliers, but good, old-fashioned, moss-covered trees, gnarled, and highly respectable, and indeed of very ancient lineage.

The hill, though short, was steep. Mr. Stronge went bravely up it, though panting and puffing in a rather alarming degree; but Constantia took it like a young deer. At the top of it they overtook the others, still in full cry, and rushed with them through a wooden gateway into a small wood beyond, made sweet with shadows and cool winds, and in all ways desirable as a retreat from the burning rays of the young spring sun.

But if Mr. Stronge had imagined he was to be allowed to breathe here, he was much mistaken. Now, he and Constantia were completely mixed up with the others, and he was swept onward through the grateful shade into the burning open beyond.

At this instant a wild shout arose from the leading MacGillicuddy boy. He pointed frantically with his hand, and there, far away, at the very end of the long field that stretches to their left, a fragile little figure in a short white frock and with golden floating tresses can be seen, still in good wind apparently, and making for a gap that will give her a chance of doubling on her pursuers.

A stiff embankment bounded the field, with a heavy fall on the other side of it—a treacherous fall, as it was impossible to judge of it from the wooded side. To the MacGillicuddys it was evidently an old friend, as they all made for it in a body, cleared it like so many birds, and were scouring away down the field before you could say "Jack Robinson." Not so Mr. Stronge! Essaying to emulate them, he found his wings were clipped by time, and, missing his mark, caught his foot in a malicious bit of bindweed, and rolled comfortably on to his face and hands.

Not hurt, however! He was up again in an instant, satisfied himself that Constantia had not been a witness of his downfall, and was presently tearing along again at a gallant pace. Age, dignity, dread of ridicule—all were forgotten; he knew only that he was eagerly bent on catching that little, slim, flying form at the end of the field. Not for years had such a sense of thorough enjoyment warmed his blood; he felt young again! Pooh! he was young. What signified a gray hair or two, or his thirty-five years? Other men of thirty-five were only boys; he would be a boy, too. He scouted the notion that he was considerably out of breath, and, indeed, put on such a fresh and gallant spurt that in a minute he had caught Jimmy and actually passed him—passed a lad of twelve! "Io triumphe! Viva! Hurrah! Tallyho!" he shouted to himself in glee, and was so far carried on by his delicious enthusiasm that presently he passed the other boy, and came up with George and Constantia, who had circumvented the wretched little hare, and now were pursuing with hands outstretched to grasp, so near was the prey.

"You! you!" cried Constantia, as Stronge joined with her. Evidently she was both surprised and delighted with his prowess.

(To Be Continued.)

A TELESCOPE THAT LOOKS BEHIND.

With This Ingenious Instrument You May See a Man While He Cannot See You.

Mankind once had an extra eye in the back of the head. Scientists say that they can still find traces of this eye in a certain irregular formation of the skull at the point where the ancient eye socket used to be. These irregular places are called rudimentary eyes, but they are not to be found in all people. In fact a man who can boast of a rudimentary eye is quite a superior person. Of course these rudimentary eyes are of no real use to anybody, not even to the owner of one of them, but they serve to show us that at a certain stage in our career nature thought it was a wise thing to enable us to keep a watch in the rear.

This was certainly a very wise provision, for in the primitive condition of mankind our ancestors were not only very treacherous and cruel, but they were surrounded by all kinds of dangerous wild beasts, very monstrous and horrible to behold, and with names still more monstrous and horrible to hear. Of course it must be borne in mind that neither the antediluvian animals nor the members of the human race who existed at that time are responsible for these names. They were invented by

SCIENTIFIC GENTLEMEN

for the purpose of preventing any one but themselves from mentioning the animals familiarly. No one but a scientific person can pronounce those names correctly.

It would be a very bold thing to question the wisdom of nature is depriving us of this rear eye, but it does seem as if it would have been just as well to let it remain. There are thousands of ways in which it could be made useful. For example, ladies on the street would not be obliged to turn round in order to study the dress of another lady who had just passed.

A foreign firm of opticians have very considerately endeavored to supply, as far as may be done by mechanical means, the loss of this rear-view eye. They have constructed a telescope which enables the user to look around a corner. By its means you may see and remain unseen, a circumstance which possesses obvious advantages. They call the invention the steneo-telescope. Stereo comes from a Greek word meaning solid, and in this connection it is used as indicating that the image as seen through the steneo-telescope means an exact counterpart of the object, and not a mere picture of it.

The general scheme of this new telescope may be easily understood by the following description. The two tubes that extend horizontally carry

AN OBJECT GLASS

in either end. The eye pieces are placed on an axis at right angles to that of the objective or long tubes. When the observer looks through the small peepholes he sees a different field with each eye. The rays of light from the objects that lie in the field of vision are reflected by means of prisms so that they turn the corner of the right angle. Thus you may leisurely study an object while under cover, the head being in such a position as not to admit of its being seen. When the tubes are thus extended the observer may stand behind a tree or a wall and reconnoitre from his concealed position.

There are also other points in favor of the instrument. The field of vision enormously extended. You may study objects at opposite points of the compass with no more trouble than the winking of your eye. The stereo-telescope may be folded up, in which position, being held with the tubes upward, it enables the observer to look above an object obstructing his view, such as a hedge, wall or crowd of people.

The stereo-telescope should be a useful instrument in the hands of a spy or a sharpshooter. Detectives would also find it valuable. If the police could be provided with them they could keep an eye on both the front door and the side door of a saloon at one time. And as for women, with one of these implements in her hand she would never have to turn her head to see the cut of that other woman's gown or the trim of her bonnet.

Emile Zola will visit England again in the spring. He wishes to study the industrial and social life in such cities as Manchester and Sheffield.

CURIOUS HAPPENINGS

SOME STRANGE FEATURES OF EVERYDAY LIFE.

A Pin in Her Lungs—A Mother's Fatal Mistake—The Dog Came Back—Killed By a Peanut—Number of Hairs in a Beard —Death, Funeral, Wedding, etc., etc.

Mrs. O. Boice, of South Plainfield, N. J., is very ill at her home from having drawn a pin down into her lungs. She was sewing two weeks ago, and had a pin between her teeth. In a coughing fit she sucked the pin down. She has almost constant hemorrhages, and it is feared that fatal results will follow.

Mrs. Gustav Hyman, of Newark, N. J., is prostrated with grief, and it is feared that she will go insane, over the sad death of her seventeen-year-old daughter Ella. The young woman went to bed on Wednesday night with a slight cold. During the night her mother arose to give her a dose of castor oil, but by some mistake poured out carbolic acid instead. The girl swallowed the poison before the horrified mother discovered her mistake. Physicians were summoned, but their efforts to save the girl were futile. She died after two hours of great suffering. The mother became crazed with grief, and it is feared the tragedy may result in her death.

A prominent family residing in the business part of Wayneport, Me., possess a dog, which, having reached old age, they decided to put an end to. They procured a quantity of chloroform, and the wife proceeded to administer it. The handkerchief saturated with the fluid was held to (or near) the dog's nostrils, but the applicant, watching closely to hear the dog draw his last breath, inhaled the chloroform in much larger quantities than the dog, and promptly went off into an afternoon nap which was awakened by the dog's quite lively voice. The dog still lives, and the family have decided to let him die a natural death.

Ed. Anderson and E. E. Knapp, while excavating in the Ladess Mine, Col., on the North side of Cow Mountain, opened up an extensive cave, containing five halls. The first three are plastered with ice a foot thick. Curtains of ice, 10 feet long by 18 inches tain sof ice, 10 feet long by 18 inches thick, are suspended from the ceiling. In one room an abundance of white talo was found, which assays $9 gold per ton.

The other day the three-year-old child of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Meadows, of Meryville, La., died. The child swallowed a peanut whole, which lodged in the windpipe. Failing to dislodge it, the parents went to Lake Charles for surgical aid. Too much time had elapsed, however, and shortly after reaching the hotel the glands became swollen to such an extent as to obstruct breathing and death resulted.

A Pottstown, Pa., barber has found a new occupation for spare moments. He has counted the number of hairs in a man's beard whom he had shaved. When the lather dried which had been used in shaving it was not difficult, although tedious, to count the hairs, which numbered 12,662.

James H. Grayson, living at Saline City, Ind., reports that his well, which all along for years before the recent earthquake afforded only the hardest kind of water, has ever since yielded only soft water, almost equal to rain water for domestic purposes.

Two deaths occurred at Kearney, N. J., the other night, which have thrown a gloom over the town. One was the result of an accident, the other of grief over the death of a bright newsboy. While returning to his home on Magnolia avenue, George Helm, 12 years old, was instantly killed near the Arlington section of the Greenwood Lake Railroad. The boy had been skating, and was crossing the track to make a short cut for his home. His head was completely severed from his body. Two companions fainted at the scene of the accident. Another companion ran through the streets, spreading the news of the fatality, and stopped at the home of George L. Andrews, while the family were at dinner. Mr. Andrews, his wife and his sister, Mrs. Abby Graff, the latter 63 years old, sat at the table. They were all intimate friends of the Helm family, and George was a great favorite with all of them. While the messenger was rehearsing the details of the accident Mrs. Gaff began to weep in a hysterical manner. She was removed to her room and died within a few moments.

Peter Forks was killed in the mines near Wilkesbarre, Pa., Wednesday, he was mourned for on Thursday, Friday he was buried, and that evening his widow married a boarder named John Strong.

Where the Day Begins.

When a mariner sails around the world to the westward he sees the sun rise one time less than those who have remained stationary. For this reason, if his calendar, on his return, is to correspond with that of the place he sailed from, he must somewhere in his journey add a day to it. For the same reason, if he is going eastward, he must subtract a day. The line where this change is made is sometimes called the "date line," and it is the meridian running through the Pacific Ocean, 108 degrees from Greenwich. A mariner going westward, who reaches this line on Wednesday afternoon, calls the time Thursday afternoon, as soon as he has crossed the line. If he is going eastward he changes from Wednesday to Tuesday. The line alluded to by "Nellie" the international date line, runs from 167 degrees east to about 118 degrees east, and back again to about 175 degrees east, and appears to be intended to separate those lands which were discovered by persons sailing from the east from those which were discovered by persons coming from the west, and, therefore, conform to the maritime reckoning. It is certain that mariners crossing the ocean pay no attention to any such line, but change their date 180 degrees from Greenwich.