LORD KILLEEN'S REVENGE

CHAPTER XIX (Continued.)

There was solace, nay, there was joy in the very look of that bag. It was composed of a light-brown paper, and had "Moriarty, Confectioner," printed on it in big, bold letters. It was plain that Moriarty was not ashamed of herself, and indeed, there was no reason why she should be. She was the cake and lollipop lady of the village, and well deserved the renown that was hers. She was dear to the hearts of the youth of the parish, who, at any time, would have been ready to raise (pocket-money permitting) a statue, more imposing even than Mr. Peabody's, in her honor.

Norah opened her eyes wide, and colored warmly.

"Now, I think we have the old lady," said Barry, gayly. "They are piping hot, I can tell you, just out of the oven; I waited for them, or I'd have been here sooner. I have my doubts about that troublesome old tart there," with terrible irony, "being quite as good as these!"

He placed the bag upon the child's lap, and opened the mouth of it. A fragrant steam ascended. Norah, but a baby in years as yet, was not proof against it. The sorrow died from her eyes, her lips parted in an expectant smile.

"It's jam puffs!" she said, in a delightful whisper.

"That's what Miss Moriarty said. But how can we be sure of her truth until we put a tooth into one of them? See now, d'ye think you'll be able to get through the bag in the specified sixty minutes—fifty now, by Jove!"

"Oh, no!" said Norah, with a laugh; it was a bag, as I have said, of a goodly size. "Two," shyly, "I should like. And—and there are the boys—they are always starving when they come home from their lessons; and there is Connie!"

"Connie! Does she like tarts?"

"Loves them!" said Norah, with emphasis.

"Good heavens! why didn't you tell me that before?" He seemed stricken with self-remorse. That she should love such simple things, and yet be without them! It almost amounted to a crime. He recovered himself in a moment, however, seeing Norah's inquisitive, if puzzled glance. "Two!" he said. "Pouf! what folly!"

"Three, then," modestly.

"Make it the decent half dozen when you are about it," advised Mr. Barry, genially, seating himself on the edge of the table, "and I'll keep the rest here until you are ready to cry for the seventh."

Norah, nothing loath, fell upon a dainty tartlet, and soon reduced it to a crumb or two. Whereupon Barry who had also been regaling himself, solemnly handed her a second. This, too, went the way of all flesh; then a third, a fourth, a little, very light conversation accompanying their demolition.

It was a silent feast, but, on the whole, perhaps one of the pleasantest half hours the child had ever spent. Miss MacGillicuddy's welcome absence; Barry's presence; the feeling that he was her friend, that he had taken her part; the happy thought that finally she would have the remaining tartlets (there were a couple of dozen of them) to give to the boys and her Con, all made her heart light.

"I say, old girl, you needn't hurry. There is lots of time yet," said Barry, as he handed over the fifth tart.

"Suppose," said Norah, a rush of the old terror seizing on her, "suppose she should come back now. To catch you here with the cakes—giving them to me."

"Well, let her," said he, valiantly. "D'ye think I'm afraid of her? She's a reg'lar old sweep, that I allow, but I'm as good as her any day."

Whether it quite came home to him that he was calling himself "a reg'lar old sweep" too, Norah had no means of judging. But she could not refrain from a mild little cackle.

"Ah! you laugh at me," said Barry, shaking his fist at her, "but you shall see. You will live to see me floor that Tartar yet!" He grew excited in his argument. He placed his palms on the table on which he had perched himself, and jerked himself up and down. "What!" cried he, "you saucy puss, d'ye imagine I should shrink before her? D'ye think such as she could conquer me? Have I not as good a courage as another? Lives there the one who has witnessed my overthrow—"

Even as he spoke he lost his balance, and fell off the table on to the floor, made a wild but ineffectual grab at a chair that meanly eluded him, barked his shins against a crazy ottoman, and finally came to anchor upon the sofa and the bag with such an overwhelming crash as reduced the dozen and three remaining tarts to one."

"By, jingo! I went that at a rattling pace," groaned he, when he had put his joints together again, and had leisure to rub an elbow that was considerably the worse for wear; then he looked at Norah. But that ungrateful person was incapable of administering consolation by reason of her mirth. She had broken, indeed, into uproarious laughter, that Providence alone prevented from reaching the village schoolhouse below, where her aunt was presumably addressing the Blue Ribbon—until Barry, catching the infection, ites. She laughed and laughed again, joined in with her, and they both roared in concert, until you would think this merriment of theirs might wake the dead, could such a terrible thing be. Both he, indeed, and she were speechless with mirth, when the door slowly opened to admit Miss MacGillicuddy.

So far as Norah was concerned the effect was magical. The child froze; the smile died on her lips; her eyes started from her head. But to Mr. Barry the entrance of the tyrant at this supreme moment seemed but the correct finale to the joke. He roared on with even greater enjoyment than before, merrily, unrestrainedly, whilst Miss MacGillicuddy stood still in the middle of the room and glared at him.

"What is the meaning of all this?" she said. "Is it thus you keep this wicked girl in order? What have you been doing? Why are my chairs upset?"

She waited for an answer, but none came. Norah could not and Barry would not give her an explanation.

"Speak, sir," cried the spinster, her voice rising shrill with indignation. "What have you been doing? I insist upon an immediate answer."

"Leap-frog, ma'am," returned Barry, the irrepressible, still laughing as if his heart would break. Then he turned to Norah, lifting her off her high chair and pushed her toward the door. "Run," he said, kindly. "Your term is up. I give you your ticket-of-leave—cut!"

Norah took the hint, caught up the crushed bag (even then she did not forget the little brothers), and darted like a swallow from the room.

Miss MacGillicuddy stood firm, and looked at Barry.

"That was an excellent word you used," she said. "I thank you for it. Let me repeat it for your benefit — Cut!"

CHAPTER XX.

He got out of the house, still laughing, and took his homeward way. He had come there in a highly sentimental mood, with his heart full of Constantia, and with a desire to gain from her some word of hope. But he had forgotten all about it by this time, and was now in the wildest spirits—so mercurial was his temperament. He took the path that led to the high-way, and so missed Constantia, who was on the lower pathway that led to the woods of Grange. She often wandered there, not in hope of seeing its master—as Featherston, though her place and his adjoined, never knew of her solitary walks there—but because the poverty of the shrubberies that surrounded the Cottage oppressed her, forbidding thought, and a great longing for the dreamy silense of the dense woods drew her to them. Only a little brawling, angry brook, now flushed and noisier than usual, because of last night's rain, divided her from these wished for retreats; but as she came close to the brink, she found the stepping-stones had disappeared—buried beneath the savage little flood that came tumbling down from the hills above her. The old landmarks were covered or swept away, and how was she to find her way into the beloved woods?

As she stood, puzzled and perplexed, and grievously disappointed, she saw Stronge coming toward her, on the opposite side of the broad stream, walking quickly through the green paradise as though dead to its budding beauties.

He rather sunk in her estimation, as this lack of appreciation of all that she held sweetest became apparent to her. How could he hurry through the lovely woods without a glance right or left at all their gorgeous coloring? Was he so material that he could think of nothing save things mundane?

She wronged him overmuch, however. He was hurrying to see her. He lost his hold on the beauties of nature round him, because before his eyes there was pictured a vision of her that blotted out all the rest. Somehow, when she found how his face lighted up when he saw her, she, being a woman, forgave all his sins.

"Oh, how am I to get across?" she cried; and then blushing, as she remembered he was probably coming to The Cottage, and that therefore she had no right to dream of a visit to the woods when her guest required her, she continued hastily, "you are coming to see us? Come, then."

"I was coming to see you," said he, plainly. He had heard of the Blue Ribbon lecture in the village, and knowing it would be nothing without Miss MacGillicuddy's support, and that therefore she would surely be absent from The Cottage, had elected to pay one of his cherished visits to Constantia on this day. "But why waste the minutes in-doors?" he went on, divining her desire to enter the woods behind him. "May I not pay my visit to you here as well as there?" he indicated The Cottage by a glance.

"You may, indeed," said Constantia, laughing, "But are we to talk commonplaces at the top of our lungs across this terrible little stream? I confess I do not see how I am to get to you, or you to me."

Stronge looked up and down the stream. It might be waded, of course, but he did not dare suggest to her that it would be possible for him to carry her across; and narrow though the stream was, he could see no means of landing her on the other side, without getting her feet wet. Just as his puzzlement grew into despair, he saw a large stone, a considerable distance further down, that he thought would serve.

"Walk down your bank a little way, and I think I shall be able to help you across," he said, and Constantia, catching a glimpse of the stone with her bright eyes, hurried toward it.

Reaching it, Stronge made a spring and alighted on it. It was hardly in mid-stream, being considerably nearer to Constantia's bank than to his. He stretched out his hand to her.

"Now, be careful. Take time. Trust to me. And when I say 'Now,' jump," said he.

Constantia grasped his hand. She took time—she was careful—in fact, she followed all his directions; and when he said "now," she jumped. It seemed quite an easy thing to her to do, but when her feet touched the stone, she found it damp and slippery, and she would probably have fallen into the water had not Stronge caught her in his arms. A moment steadied her, and then they both laughed a little, and Constantia blushed warmly, and a little quick, shy light came into her eyes that made his pulses throb.

But the danger was not over yet. Stronge was glad of this—absurdly glad—but she was not. There was no repugnance to him in her heart, however, there was only a very natural fear and dislike of getting immersed in water with all one's clothes on. She clung tightly to Stronge's arm, and from their desolate island looked across at the promised land before them.

"I'll never do it," she said. "It is twice as long as the last jump and only for you I should now be as drenched as a mermaid."

"If you will only shut your eyes, and spring when I tell you, all will be right," said he.

"You have great faith in yourself," said Constantia, laughing. "Well, if it must be, it must. We certainly can't stand here all day."

She didn't shut her eyes, however. Stronge passed his arm firmly around her waist.

"When I say three," said he, "spring. Now, are you ready? One, two, three!"

In another moment she found herself on the opposite bank, high and dry, and triumphant.

"What a strong man!" she thought to herself, and looked up at him with eyes full of admiration. "How well you did that!" she said aloud. "I am more obliged to you than you know. I had set my heart upon a rambling excursion to-day, and but for you I could not have managed it."

But he required not thanks. He had held her in his arms, not once but twice, and his whole soul was full of happiness. Oh, if she could only love him! If he might dare speak! Would she listen—now in this softened mood of hers, with that sweet light in her eyes—a light for him, now, at least?

"I am not a coward, you must know," she was saying in her gay, pretty voice; "but I confess there was a moment when my spirit quailed. You must confess, however, I was very obedient. I showed a high appreciation of your character. You said, 'Trust me,' and I did, though I believed in my inmost heart that a damp grave yawned for me."

To him, at all events, she was the prettiest creature in the world, as she looked up at him with her fearless eyes (alas! too fearless for love to dwell in them), and made a pretty fun of him in her light-hearted way. All at once, he never knew how, he laid his heart bare to her, and threw himself upon her mercy. Yet even in this supreme moment, filled, too, of impulse, so calm, so controlled was the man's nature, that he spoke in a clear, unimpassioned, if very earnest tone.

"You could trust me then," he said, a faint quiver in his voice alone betraying the terrible agitation he was feeling. "It was but a little thing, Constantia, and yet you trusted. Could you trust me for ever—for all your life? I love you. There is no need to say that, I think; but yet it pleases me to say it aloud. I love you. Will you marry me?"

It was the baldest thing imaginable. There was nothing romantic about it—nothing likely to catch a young girl's sense of the fitness of all such matters. He felt that, when he had finished; but he had said all that he could say just then, and waited, breathless but apparently calm, for her answer. How could she tell, so quiet he was, that the answer meant life or death to him, so fares the happiness of all the years to come was concerned.

Lord Killeen's Revenge.

She grew very pale, and a little trembling shook her. She had a very tender heart, and to give pain to any one was to give great pain to herself. She raised her eyes to his with such an anguish of trouble and regret in them, that he was smitten by it. She tried to speak, but he stopped her. Why should he be the one to cause her suffering, even of this mild kind?

"I know," he said, quickly, suppressing his own wounds—nay, losing sight of them in his fear for hers. "I know all you would say. Do not distress yourself. You could not like me well enough, then, you think?"

"No. Not in that way," said she. Her pallor forsook her as speech came, and now she grew crimson, and heavy tears rose and shone in her large, distressed eyes.

"Well, never mind," said he, cheerfully. What an assumption of cheerfulness it was! "I didn't really think you could, you know, only it has been on my mind for so long, and I—I thought I'd get it over, so that I might never have to worry myself again with a pretence of believing that you—that is, that it—might have been otherwise."

His heart sunk in his body, as he realized that now indeed that sweet doubt could never be again; that all was over, done; that she would be naught to him, ever any more. But he conquered himself as he saw her drooping head, and sad face and went on hurriedly:

"It really is not worth another thought of yours. You must put it all out of your head at once, because for all the happiness the earth could give me I would not be the cause of even one tear in your eyes." Her eyes were very full as he spoke, and the tears hurt him at the instant with a physical pain. "Don't look like that," he went on nervously. "And yet I know it is kind of you. By and by, perhaps, I shall like to remember that you shed a tear for me, but now it is terrible to me."

"I suppose," said she in a low tone, her eyes on the ground, "it would do you no good to tell you how I like you."

"Yes, it would," he said eagerly, anxious to comfort her. "And—and you mustn't think it is as bad with me as with some people, because you see I never had much hope—never any really, I think. And besides—" He paused. He did not finish that sentence. "Well, that is all over, I suppose," he said. "But I am not sorry I spoke. There was no hope, ever. I knew I was not much in your sight, that you regarded me as a plain man, as—"

He paused, struck by a lightning glance she cast at him—a horrified glance. She put up her hand deprecatingly, and her face flushed crimson. Her thoughts had flown backward to that unlucky day, when he had overheard her as she descanted upon his utter lack of personal charms. In spite of the dejection that was fast making him its prey, a smile crossed his face.

"I wasn't thinking of that," he said—"I can guess your thoughts, but it wasn't plain in that sense I meant—only commonplace, ordinary uninteresting."

Constantia was still very red.

"I shall never forget that day," she said. "It has come back to me so often since; and always it has caused me regret. It was so rude, and besides untrue." This she said very sincerely. She had grown to like him so well of late, that he no longer seemed ugly. "No, I shall never forget that day," she said.

"Why should you?" said he gently. "I shall never forget it either."

She looked at him reproachfully. "Is that kind, is that generous?" she murmured.

"It has nothing to do with kindness or generosity. It is only that I shall never forget any day or hour with which you have had to do." He spoke, very simply, and without any demonstrative emotion, yet she knew how thoroughly he meant every word he said. "I shall be even less likely to forget after this interview; my memory will be all I shall have to live upon."

"You will not go away?" said she quickly; there was undeniable regret in her tone. His face flushed.

"Not if you wish me to remain—not if I can be of any use to you." He regarded her very earnestly. Yes, certainly she had seemed sorry at the thought of his departure. "Constantia, are you sure of yourself?" he went on hurriedly; "would time do nothing for me? We are friends already; you like me. After awhile, perhaps, you would learn to regard me in a warmer light." Then some words rushed to his lips and passed through before he had time to weigh them: "I could do a good deal for the children."

He stopped short abruptly. When it was said, the bribe offered, he was honestly ashamed of himself; he would have given the world to recall it, but it was too late. He lowered his eyes, and waited, conscience-stricken, for her rebuke on this his first mean action.

"I know," she said gently. "I know, too, that many girls would think it almost their duty to sacrifice themselves for the sake of their brothers and sisters; but—I am not one of them. I would not marry a man unless I loved him, for even the children; it would be unfair, I think, to myself, and," softly, "to the man, too."

"I suppose so." He agreed with her outwardly, but he nevertheless gave her the impression that he would gladly have taken her, had she given herself to him, notwithstanding the unfairness. He would have risked that.

"You would not have me marry you unless I loved you?" she asked, a little impatiently.

"It would not be the way, of course, to ensure your happiness."

"Nor yours either?"

He was silent; then, after quite a minute:

"I am sorry I made you that speech," he said.

"Do not regret it," entreated she, very sweetly. "Indeed, it does not matter at all; it seems to me to be such a natural thing to say. Why not? Why should not Norah and the boys influence me?"

"Ah, that is just it," exclaimed he remorsefully. "I would have influenced you through them—through your love, your devotion to them. There lay the baseness, the selfishness of my words. I am glad they had no effect upon you."

"No," she said, "that is true; they could not touch me in that way. I could not give myself away like that. I could starve with those I loved; I could not betray myself for them. And, besides, I should wrong them if I believed for one moment that they would have it so. Oh, no. I am wise, indeed." Her tone had grown tremulous, but now she drew her breath sharply and became quite calm again. "We are poor people," she went on lightly; "yet still we seem to pull on somehow. We are always on the brink, as it were, and some day I expect we shall take a header and never come to the surface again; but still I prefer risking such total extinction to—to—selling myself!"

"I understand. You are right, quite right," he said. "All along, indeed, I understood you well enough to know that no temptation I could hold out would move you. It was a miserable mistake, my saying what I did."

"Do not let that trouble you," cried she eagerly. "Why should you not have shown the children to me, why not have brought them face to face with me and the good that through me you could have done them? You sought to gain your own end. That was quite fair. In your case"—with a kindly desire to make him once more comfortable with himself—"I should have said or done anything to gain a cause that was dear to me."

Then she thought she had said too much, had laid too great value on the gaining of herself, and blushed deeply.

"It was the dearest cause in the world. It was the only cause I really care to gain," returned he, with a sigh. Yet in a sense she had comforted him. If the word "happy" could be applied to him just then, he certainly felt the happier because of her words, and the assurance they gave him that she did not despise him for the suggestion he had held out. "Well!" he said, after a bit. "You were anxious for a quiet walk here, and I have only disturbed you with my idle dreams. I will bid you good-bye now, and let you have at least one hour in peace." He smiled and held out his hand.

(To be Continued.)

WHY LATIN IS USED

A Very Good Reason Why This Language is Used in Writing Prescriptions.

The New York Herald publishes the following reply to the query why doctors use Latin in writing their prescriptions instead of English.

In the first place, Latin is a more exact and concise language than English, and, being a dead language, does not change, as all living languages do.

Then, again, since a very large part of all drugs in use are botanical, they have in the pharmacopoeia the same names that they have in botany— the scientific names. Two-thirds of such drugs haven't any English names, and so couldn't be written in English.

But suppose a doctor did write a prescription in English for an uneducated patient. The patient reads it, thinks he remembers it, and so tries to get it filled from memory the second time. Suppose, for instance, it called for iodide of potassium, and he got it confused with cyanide of potassium. He could safely take a number of grains of the first, but one grain of the second would kill him.

That's an extreme case, but it will serve for an illustration. Don't you see how the Latin is a protection and a safeguard to the patient? Prescriptions in Latin he can't read, and consequently does not try to remember.

Now for a final reason. Latin is a language that is used by scientific men the world over, and no other language is. You can get a Latin prescription filled in any country on the face of the earth where there is a drug store.

We had a prescription here the other day which we had put up originally, and which had since been stamped by druggists in London, Paris, Berlin, Constantinople, Cairo and Calcutta. What good would an English prescription be in St. Petersburg?

THE MARS AND THE FUJI.

BRITISH BUILT BATTLE SHIPS RECENTLY LAUNCHED.

A Ship That was Floated With Heavy Side Armor in Place—Another That was the Heaviest Ever Launched—A Flight of Pigeons in Lieu of the Traditional Bottle of Champagne at the Christening.

Two large armorclads launched in England a few days ago. Strictly speaking, only the Fuji was "launched," for the Mars was simply floated out of the dock from the yard of the Lairds at Birkenhead. And one advantage shown in this experiment of building an enormous modern battle ship in dock instead of on a slip, to be launched, is shown by her carrying already all her citadel and most of her barbette armor, with four casemate fronts. In fact, she might have had on her complete suit of armor, except that the Sheffield makers were too driven with other work to finish it.

For the rest, it is enough to say that the Mars is one of the nine new sister ships, built or building, including the Majestic, Prince George, and Ceasar, at Portsmouth; the Magnificent, Illustrious and Victorious, at Chatham; the Mars in the Mersey, the Jupiter at Glasgow, and the Hannibal at Pembroke.

Designed by Sir W. H. White, she has length of 390 feet, a breadth of 75, a mean draught of 27 1-2, a freeboard forward of 25, and aft of 18 1-2, a horse power of 10,000 with natural and 12,000 with forced draught, to give speeds respectively of 16 1-2 and 17 1-2 knots, and a displacement of 14,900 tons. She has a total coal stowage of 1,900 tons, allowing her to steam a month or 8,000 knots, at

TEN KNOTS AN HOUR.

Her Harveyed armor is 220 feet long on the sides, 15 feet high, and nine inches thick, and on the barbettes 14 inches thick. The protective deck is 4 inches on the slopes and 2 1-2 on the flat. The guns are four wire-coiled 12-inch and twelve rapid-fire 6-inch, with eighteen 12-pounders, twelve 3-pounders, eight machine and five field guns. The heavy barbette 12-inch guns are 27 feet above the water line. The Mars is built of mild steel throughout. Her anchors and chain cables weigh 112 tons, and the latter, in a single line, would extend about one mile.

Turning to the Fuji, built for Japan by the Thames Iron Works at Blackwall, she is a sister ship of a vessel also building for Japan by Sir W. Armstrong & Co. Her launch was a graceful performance, for when Mme. Kato, the wife of the Japanese Minister, severed the cord, which, in due progression, released the ship, pigeons were set free from a gayly decorated cage at the bows, this being the characteristically artistic Japanese substitute for the ceremony of smashing a bottle of champagne. The launching party also had its laurels, as Bow Creek, at the end of the slipway, was not more than 200 feet wide, and yet the Fuji slid away without a hitch.

According to the English papers, too, she was the heaviest battle ship ever launched from any slip, either in a public or private yard, for she was launched with her side armor in place, her weight as she stood being nearly 7,500 tons, and her length between perpendiculars 374 feet, or over all about 412. This was 2,000 tons heavier on the ways than the Victorious, lately launched at Chatham, and hence she required as substantial a cradle, the weight of the latter being 280 tons, thus increasing the dead weight on the ways to nearly 7,800 tons. The cost of preparations for this launch was great, while the skill in putting a ship so heavy into so narrow a waterway also makes this

A MEMORABLE LAUNCH.

When completed the Fuji will be of 12,450 tons displacement at her mean load draught of 26 1-4 feet. She is 374 feet long between perpendiculars, and has a moulded breath and depth respectively of 73 and 44 feet. The description of her protection has an interest:

The Fuji is side-armored, with Harveyed steel plates, for 226 feet of her length, the lower or main armor belt being 8 feet in depth (3 feet being above and 5 feet below the deep-load water line), 18 inches thick at the mid length, and 16 inches at the ends. Above the main armor belt there is a secondery one—for the protection of the battery—7 feet wide and 4 inches thick, slanting off at its ends to meet the armored sides of the barbettes, both belts having a backing of teak—to which they are bolted—bringing up the thickness of the vessel's sides at these parts to 22 inches. At both ends of the main armor belt a screen of 6-inch armor runs square across the main and lower decks to protect the guns from a raking fire.

Barbettes of the usual pear-shaped form are built at each end of the battery, and are plated with 14,inch steel armor between the main and upper decks and with 9-inch armor down to the protective deck on which they stand.

She has a flat protective deck, 2 1-2 inches thick, terminating forward in a powerful ram. She carries four 12-inch guns, ten rapid-fire 6-inch, the six on the upper deck being protected by shields and the four on the main deck by 6-inch casemates; finally, twenty 3-pounder and four 2 1-2-pounder guns and five 18-inch torpedo ejectors, four above water and one below.

Her twin-screw engines are by the famous Humphreys, Tennant & Co. of Deptford, and designed for 14,000 horse power under a moderate forced draught, so that she ought to have high speed for a battle ship.

A NEW USE FOR APPLES.

Germany, for purposes of her own, has almost cleared the whole of France, of apples, besides having taken all the fruit obtainable in Belgium and Holland. What she requires them for is a mystery. It may be for cider, or syrup, or it may be for a new kind of champagne which it is rumored she has discovered, at any rate, whatever the purposes for which they are intended, the German merchants have taken during the past season between 60,000 and 100,000 tons of apples from France alone.