LORD KILLEEN'S REVENGE.

CHAPTER XLII.—(Continued.)

He had grown almost superstitious about the necessity of seeing Constantia to-day and putting her affection to the test. He had no fear of the result if he were given time to explain away certain compromising matters; but as it was he felt he should have the first word. If it hadn't been for that unfortunate mistake at the masked ball he would willingly have let Barry go to his destruction, knowing that she would refuse him; but just now, with a sense of injury full upon her, it was impossible to know what she might do even though her heart might be—nay, certainly was—his, Featherston's. Of that he had no doubt at all.

As for this game of chance, why should he hesitate about it? Luck was on his side beyond doubt, he knew, he felt it. Should he accede to Barry's wild proposition it would be to his rival's downfall, not to his. A sense of exultation fired his breast. His heart rose within him. But true to his role of good young man, he pretended a mild horror of such a scandalous proceeding as tossing on a public road.

"What! Here!" he said, in a tone of pious alarm. "Consider—"

"The lilies of virtue," put in Barry, with a peculiar smile, finishing a suppositious sentence for him. "If it offends your tender morals," he said, "to sin before the world, by all means let us wink at your doing in it secret. The leafy recesses of your own woods hold out to us a helping hand, let us enter them and there penetrate the deed of darkness."

"So be it," said Featherston, calmly. He was determined he would not be offended by anything this man could say. A stile led from the road into this part of the wood that was quite close to the grounds of The Cottage, and he stepped lightly over it to the grass beyond. Barry, while following him, looked back at Stronge.

"You will come, too," he said.

"No; there is really no necessity," Stronge was beginning when Featherston interrupted him.

"Every necessity," he said, strongly, with an insulting glance at Barry; "there should be a third person to see fair play." In reality he was afraid to go with Barry alone into the silent wood.

"You mean that for me," said Barry, softly.

"For you," returned Featherston.

"Other matters press just now," said the Limerick man, ever so sweetly, "but I shall break every bone in your body for that speech some day."

He smiled genially, and led the way into the wood.

Featherston followed, and so did Stronge, who somehow misliked that smile. He hated Featherston and liked Barry, so he went after the two to protect the latter, though, in truth, the former had more need of his assistance.

They all walked on in a deadly silence until they came into a little grass dell hedged in by rhododendrons, very near the spot where Constantia had heard of Lord Varley's perfidy.

Here Barry came to a full stop.

"As Stronge is present to see fair play," he said, looking full at Featherston, who paled beneath the irony of his eye, "and lest I should have sharpers' coins in my pocket, I suggest that he should be the one to toss for us. Agreed? Now, then, Stronge."

Stronge slowly and very unwillingly drew a florin from his pocket and flung it into the air. There was a moment's suspense, and then they knew that Featherston had won the toss.

He stood back a little from the other two, and glanced at them curiously. His eye brightened; his whole face became transformed; he drew himself up into a rather triumphant attitude. Yes, he was in luck assuredly; he had not been mistaken when he thought that he would win. This happy victory was but the beginning of the end; success would surely crown his every deed today.

He secured the florin that had done him so good service, and held out another to Stronge.

"With your permission I shall keep this one," he said, "as a memento of this happy hour—as a sort of trophy, you will understand. It is, I feel assured the harbinger of future joy."

"Hope, they say, wins half a battle," said Stronge, coldly if courteously. He would have liked Barry to win, though he honestly believed, now that he was in his clearest moments, that to neither of them would Constantia confide the precious treasure of herself. He was about to say something further when a slight rustling behind the shrubs on their right hand caught their ears.

A footfall could be distnctly heard. Featherston and Barry glanced curiously in its direction. But Stronge grew pale. He knew!

Another second, and Constantia stepped quickly into the light.

CHAPTER XLIII.

Barry burst out laughing. Here was a situation with a vengeance! There was nothing infectious about his laughter, however; it was suggestive of rather malicious amusement, and struck Stronge unpleasantly as being singularly out of place. But Barry saw only Constantia and a chance of revenge on Featherston.

"Ah! You, Constantia!" he cried, gayly. He moved quickly toward her with something in his air that convinced Stronge he was wholly reckless now, and that, to interfere, would be but to make bad worse. "You have come in a happy hour! See, here is Featherston flying on the wings of love to lay his name and fortune at your feet."

"Are you mad?" exclaimed Stronge, roughly throwing out his arms to force the other backward. "What folly is this? Have you no respect for her or for yourself?"

Constantia had stopped short; she did not look frightened, only a little troubled, a little vexed.

"What is it?" she asked, looking slowly from one to the other. After awhile she grasped all the meaning of the scene. Upon Stronge her glance lingered longest.

"Come, Featherston, why don't you speak?" said Barry, with a sneer. His face was as colorless as Constantia's, his nostrils dilated. Passion had full sway over him. "Take heart, man! So sure as you are of a good reception, why need you hesitate to declare yourself? Come, as you have already told us, the game is in your own hands. You have but to open your lips."

There was something very akin to murder in Featherston's eye, as Barry finshed. Hs breath came iiqucikly. He was evidently about to take one step, when Constantia's voice broke in clear and distinct. She took no notice of either Stronge or Featherston.

"Garrett," she said, in a low tone and very gently, "go home!"

There was something so calm, so dignified, yet so strong in the fresh young voice, and in the slight, girlish figure now drawn up to its fullest height, that Barry was sobered by it.

"As you will," he said, and bowing profoundly, he turned and left the spot.

"Is this thing true?" said Constantia then, flashing a curious glance at Featherston, whose demeanor was anything but easy. He was flushed, self-conscious to a painful degree, and almost trembling with vindictive anger. By a supreme effort he controlled himself, however, and prepared to answer her question with an air becoming to the moment.

"That I meant to address you thus in public—no," he said, with a touch of exalted resentment that did him credit. "That I am indeed here to-day as a suitor for your hand—yes. You must pardon me the coarseness of my approach. It was, as you know, thrust upon me. I would willingly have come on bended knee to sue for the one thing that can alone make my happiness."

He spoke with extreme humility and sensitiveness, making a great effort to undo the effects of Barry's fatal speech. His face was pale and earnest, his tone eloquent. He looked wonderfully handsome as he stood there, pleading to her with head uncovered beneath the soft widening branches of the trees.

Stronge made a movement as if to leave them; but Constantia put up her hand, and by a slight gesture checked him.

"Stay," she said, rather imperiously, lifting to his two great eyes ablaze with scorn; "since you have been at the trouble of bringing Mr. Featherston here, I will ask you to remain a moment that you may take him back again."

Something in her tone struck like a chill on Featherston's heart. He looked up quickly and marked the coldness, the unrelenting of her eyes. Yes, the old wound was open, no doubt; she thought of that hour on the terrace at Ballymore; yet despair was far from him even now; he assurred himself, that if time were given him, he could combat successfully that damning memory.

"Grant me five minutes aolne," he asked, boldly.

"Not one," returned she softly. "There is no necessity for such waste of time. You say you came here to-day to ask me to be your wife—"

"To entreat—to implore!" interrupted he passionately. "Constantia, if it be only one minute. give me that."

Some vague sense of his coming overthrow now dawned upon him. He felt maddened— savagely resentful— desperate.

"Not one," she said again. And then: "Do not make the thing harder for yourself," she said, with cold kindliness. "Do not descend to entreaty—it is useless."

"Am I to understand that you decline my proposal?" demanded he, as one might who finds it impossible to believe the evidence of his own ears.

"Oh, I hope you will not misunderstand that," returned she, gently.

"Do you know what you are doing?" cried he, now pale with vehement anger. "If you refuse me to-day it shall be a final thing. I shall not come back—"

"I am glad of that"—quietly.

"Constantia—think!" cried he, making a last violent effort to regain his hold on her. "If I have—offended you—still, you do not know all about it. I could, if you gave me an opportunity, explain it away. And is it nothing to you how I have loved you?"

He broke off abruptly, and looked at her with all the heart he had in his eyes. She returned his look bravely, and a little pale smile curled her lips.

"Your love!" she said. The contempt in her low voice was terrible. He shrunk beneath it. Yet it gave him hope.

"Ah, it is that old offense, then, that stands between us," he cried, quickly. "You judged me too harshly there, believe me. I could make you understand. And if that is all—"

"All? Is it not enough? Is treachery nothing?" said she. She regarded him earnestly for a moment, and then: "But it is not all," she said, in a tone that had fallen almost to a whisper.

"What more?" asked he,eagerly. Some trivial girlish grief, no doubt: some vague neglect, but worse in her eyes, no doubt than a heavier sin. If he could conquer this! Once more, delusive hope took possession of him. He felt a sense of coming victory. "Tell me," he said.

Constantia went up to him. She put out her right hand, and lightly touched the blue ribbon on his breast.

"Should you wear that?" she said.

He fell back from her. His whole face changed, and grew full of an abject fear.

"You mean?" he stammered, faintly.

"You know what I mean!" The pretty, ringing voice was now cold and stern. "Should such a badge be lying on your breast?" She paused. "You see that I know all," she went on, more kindly. "Spare yourself and me, then, any further pain." She drew back with a soft gesture meant as a farewell, but he still lingered. "Oh go!" she said.

There was a suspicion of contempt in her voice, as these two last words left her lips; and, roused by it, he turned aside, and, like a beaten hound, left her presence. He who had come to confer an honor on her as he insolently deemed it, now crept from her sight, stricken, crushed by the weight of her scorn.

He went quickly, as though he could never soon enough escape from the scorching furnace of her clear eyes, and presently a kindly clump of laurestinas caught and bid him from view.

A heavy sigh broke from her. It was a last tribute to a first illusion. She moved her head restlessly, and so came face to face with Stronge, who, obedient to her commands, had remained upon the spot, but at so great a distance that what she and Featherston had said to each other was unheard by him. He was now gazing earnestly at her, and met the frown with which she greeted him with extreme fortitude. She had started violently, indeed, on first meeting his eyes, as one might who had been suddenly awakened from some painful dream; but she had recovered herself quickly.

"Did you come here to advocate his virtues?" she asked, slowly.

CHAPTER XLIV.

She hardly noticed that he did not answer her. Her voice quivered with ill-suppressed emotion, and a sense of loss, of injury; and then died away altogether. That this man, who so lately had been himself at her feet, should come here coldly to-day to say a kindly word for another suitor, was very bitter to her. Was all his boasted devotion, then, worth just so much that he could fling it aside and forget it so entirely that it cost him nothing to bring her another aspirant for that hand he had once considered priceless? And yet, of all others, she had believed that he—

The scorn died out of her eyes, and a little mist rose and blotted him for a moment from her sight. She was dismayed, astounded at the rush of feeling that threatened to overpower her. Was it disappointment, or grief, or despair? She felt suddenly dead cold as it were, and, by an heroic determination only, kept herself from openly shivering.

She felt very lonely, very unstrung. This parting with Featherston, which was of course the final touch of all so far as they two were concerned, had affected her more than she knew, and had saddened her inexpressibly. There was almosti aversion in her regard now for Featherston, yet she could not all at once forget that she had believed in him, and that he had proved himself unworthier than most.

And Mr. Stronge! A pang shot through her heart. Was he, too, unworthy?

She sighed again as though her heart was full, and lifted her heavy eyes to his. He had not answered her, as if he deemed the question undeserving a response. But she compelled him to speech of some sort.

"Was it you who brought him?" she persisted, fixing two aggrieved eyes on his.

"No; it was he brought me. I was on my way here when Barry and he met me. They asked me to accompany them."

"And you consented? Probably—it was a farce that promised so well—you were desirous of seeing it played out. Well, has it contented you, may I ask?" coming nearer to him—"a mere poor matter of curiosity, mind—but—did you think I should favor him?"

"No," quietly. "I knew you would refuse him. I confess, however, I could not resist my anxiety to make sure. I should have gone when you commanded me to stay, but I was glad of that command; though I heard nothing. I could see that he left hope behind him when he went. Do you imagine," he asked, sharply, "that if I had thought otherwise I could have stayed?"

"I can not imagine your coming," she said coldly,

"If you will let me tell you about that," he said. She gave him an unspoken permission, and he told her the whole story of his meeting with them, and of how he feared a quarrel between the two men, and how he had gone with them into the wood to be ready to separate them should they, as he feared, come to blows. "It was just then you came on the scene," he wound up, briefly. "It was the first time in my life I was not glad to see you. I remained there at your request, because I do not trust Featherston, and because I knew that, however you might still regard him, you would not now consent to be his wife."

Something in his tone surprised and annoyed her,

"I regard him as a hypocrite," she said coldly, "In no other light. Do not make any mistake about that."

He flushed warmly.

"There was a time, however," he said, "when you—you—thought very kindly of him."

"Was that folly so apparent to all the world?" demanded she, with a frown and an unmirthful laugh. "Can not a girl have a silly fancy without its being magnified into an undying attachment?"

? "Yours died then?" He asked the question standing straight before her and regarding her steadily. "When?"

"The night of Mrs. Dundas's ball!" She answered him quite simply, without any shadow of displeasure. She did not even seem to have grasped the fact that his right to question her had no foundation, and that the question in itself was unusual. Her thoughts had flown to that miserable night, and like a flash she remembered her meeting there with Stronge; how he had spoken to her, and how she had mistaken him for Featherston, and—

The hot blood mounted to her brow. No wonder he had called her "kind" to Featherston. Oh, the shame of it all! As she grew crimson before him, her eyes slowly filled with tears.

"I know," exclaimed Stronge, hastily, divining the thought that hurt her, and longing, in a vain, unhappy way, to be allowed to comfort her. "Don't look like that, there is no need for it. It was only a very natural mistake, after all; but it told me how you felt toward Featherston, and it told me, too, that any foolish hope I might still have entertained after—after your rejection of me—was at an end."

She made no answer to this. Her eyes were lowered, and she was busy blinking back the tears out of them.

"You tell me now that Featherston is no longer of any account in your sight," he went on presently. "Of course I know nothing of that, or why it should be so." He paused. He did not ask for an explanation, but she knew he was hoping for one.

(To be Continued.)

CONSCIENCE MONEY.

A merchant in Biddeford, Me., a few days ago received a letter inclosing $1 and a sheet of paper, on which the word "Conscience" was written. This calls to mind an old story of a thief who broke into a store in Skowhegan several years ago, and secured a good sum of money from the cash drawer. A few months afterward the merchant received a letter in which was a $10 and the following note: "I stole $78 from your money drawer. Remorse gnaws at my conscience. When remorse gnaws again I will send you some more."

LOST ON THE OCEAN WIDE.

TALES OF SHIPWRECKS AND HEROES OF THE SEA.

How the Gallant Crew of the Birkenhead Went Down—Standing Shoulder to Shoulder They Met Death After Having Saved the Women and Children—Other Memorable Wrecks.

The sight of a battered and sea-worn piece of wreck washed ashore by the sea fills one with pathetic thoughts that words cannot fully describe. Back of that bit of wood, which once formed a part of a noble ship, lies a story of thrilling incidents—anguish, privation, despair and sorrow. Perhaps that old ship-wrecked spar, green with sea age, was the last hope of some ocean-tossed mariner; to it his last earthly hope clung, but weakness and the billows of ocean drove him from it.

LOSS OF THE DRUMMOND CASTLE.

About a month ago the civilized world was shocked by the loss of the Castle Line steamer Drummond Castle while en route from Cape Town, South Africa, to Southampton, England. All the passengers and a majority of the crew had gone to bed, numbering about 300 in all, with no thought of danger. Without a moment's warning the steamer struck a rock on the coast of France. She sank in a few moments. There was no time to put out the boats, and but three were saved. All the other's just as they were nearing their journey's end, met with a watery grave. Such was the fate of the Drummond Castle; and her disaster calls up the various notable shipwrecks and disappearances of vessels that at the time of their occurrence cast a sorrow over the civilized world.

Every schoolboy and girl has read these lines:

"Toll for the brave,
The brave that are no more;
All sunk beneath the wave
Close by their native shore."

These stirring words recall the sad loss of the English man-of-war Royal George, August 29, 1782. She was anchored off Spithead, with a crew of officers and men numbering 800. The Admiral had given orders to have a repair done on the outside of the vessel. In order to do this it was necessary to keel the vessel to one side. All the guns and heavy materials were brought to one side. Just at the time a heavy squall struck the man-of-war, and the Royal George sank with every soul on board, without a moment's notice.

SINKING OF THE BIRKENHEAD.

Who can ever forget the heroic conduct of the soldiers and sailors on board the British transport ship Birkenhead, which sank February 22, 1852, off Simon's Bay, near Cape of Good Hope, South Africa. The Birkenhead was bound from Queenstown to South Africa with a large number of troops, accompanied by their wives and children. It was on the morning of the above date, the waves were running mountains high, that the Birkenhead struck on a rock. The Captain at once ordered a call to quarters. It became evident that the ship was fast sinking. But there was not a least excitement on board; every man quietly went to his place of duty with a determination to die at his post if it was necessary. The boats were lowered. Hastily the sick women and children were transferred from the sinking ship. It was known to all that it would be impossible to save any more.

DIED SINGING "RULE BRITANNIA."

The British ensign was hoisted, the sailors and soldiers were arrayed in line as on a review, they presented arms and sang "God Save the Queen." Lower and lower the vessel sank; the waves swept over the vessel. A volley was fired—a volley over their own graves. They once more presented arms and went down with the ship unbroken in ranks singing "Rule Britannia." Shoulder to shoulder did this noble band of 454 souls meet their fate. Their conduct became the world's wonder. Well might England mourn the loss of such brave and noble men. Such heroism has never been surpassed on water or land, and seldom equaled.

WRECK OF THE ROYAL CHARTER.

The loss of the screw steamer Royal Charter night of October 25, and morning of 26, 1859, off the Welsh coast, near Moelfra, Angleseashire, was specially distressing. With this wreck 446 lives were lost. The Royal Charter was bound for Liverpool from Australian ports. There were a large number of passengers on board and £800,000 in gold ($4,000,000.) The voyage had been a pleasant one. Not a thought of danger had entered the minds of any one on board. Many of the passengers were returning home rich from the Australian gold fields. They had pictured their future and the happiness they would bring to a dear mother, wife or sweetheart that had been left at home while they had gone out to win a fortune.

All had progressed well during the voyage until the vessel reached the Irish Channel. A terrific storm then came up. The Captain ran the ship into the nearest shelter, which was a little cove opposite Moelfra. Both anchors dropped, but they were not sufficient to hold the vessel; she dragged away. The engines were set in motion, but all to no avail. The storm increased in fury and at last the Royal Charter struck on the rocks. By this time the waves were running high and threatened every moment to tear the disabled steamer to pieces. Distress signals were fired. The population of Moelfra gathered on the beach, but they could render no aid, and it was a human impossibility to lower a boat.

A MALAY HERO.

There was a Malay on board of the ship. Like all of his race he was an expert swimmer. He volunteered to swim ashore, a distance of three miles, with a rope tied round his shoulders. This would be the means to draw a hawser on shore, and in this manner those on board would be saved. Disrobing, he jumped into the angry sea, with a small lead line attached to his person. Bravely he fought against those fierce waves. As billow after billow, and surge after surge met him, he dove under the waves. At times it seemed that he was lost. It did not seem possible that a human being could accomplish such a feat. Men on shore with glasses had seen him dive from the ship. Anxious hearts on ship and shore were fervently praying that he might be granted strength to be successful.

BATTLING WITH THE WAVES.

The moments went into the hours. It sometimes seemed that he had failed, but a tug would come on the line, a head would appear above the crest of the waves, which made it known that the hero was still battling for their lives. At length the task was completed. The Malay was tossed by a surf on the beach more dead than alive Willing hands came to his rescue and carried him out of danger. A mighty cheer rang from the shore which was carried by the storm to the ship. Those who were doomed felt then that there was some hope.

SAVES TWO HUNDRED LIVES.

The lead line was drawn to land, then a small rope and finally a large hawser which had an endless rope attached to it, had been fastened to the mast of the ship, and the other end on a hastily rigged derrick on shore. Nearly 200 persons were carried ashore safely by this means—and all would have been saved had it not been for the fact that a panic ensued on board the ship. Too many scrambled for the buoys, and the hawser broke, and 400 lives were lost.

A very distressing case on board of the Royal Charter was that of a young Welshman who was drowned within four miles of his home. When the ship first came to anchor opposite Moelfra, on the night of October 25, he could see the light shining in his mother's window, but, like many others, his body was cast on the beach, torn and mangled.

The news of this wreck flew through England like wildfire. The heroism of the Malay rang throughout the civilized world. The Queen expressed a desire to meet him. He was presented with the Victoria Cross, and, if ever a man deserved the honor, it was he. The hero was made the lion of the hour. Popular subscriptions were raised for him, and the poor Malay passenger found himself both famous and rich.

SWALLOWED BY THE OCEAN.

Missing ships have caused anxiety from time to time. There was the English training ship Arethusa, which had taken a large number of boys from England in 1878 for a cruise of West India stations. She was a sailing ship, brig rigged. The Arethusa left Bermuda on the homeward trip with her freight of nearly 300 boys, but was never heard of again. Not even a piece of the vessel was ever found to tell the story. She and all on board were swallowed up by the angry Atlantic Ocean.

It was in the early part of 1893 that the freight steamer Gaelic, of the White Star Line, left Liverpool with a valuable cargo for New York. She, like the Arethusa, was never heard from, and her fate to this date is mysterious.

The steamer City of Glasgow, which sailed from Liverpool in March, 1854, for Philadelphia, with 400 passengers on board, was missed from the ocean, and not a particle of wreck left to tell the sad story of how the noble ship went down. Hundreds of other vessels, with all on board, have gone down, swallowed up in a moment, and never a soul escaped to tell the sorrowful story. It would take volumes to narrate the loss of missing ships. The mind of man would be astonished at the number of lives lost, and it would be impossible to realize the amount of wealth lost in the briny waves.

It was a fearful shipwreck, that of the Norwegian barque Thelkla. This wreck took place in December, 1892, in the Atlantic Ocean. The vessel became water-logged with only the masts sticking out of the water. All but four of the crew had gone off in boats and were lost.

LIVED ON THEIR SHIPMATE.

Three Scandinavians and a Dutchman had secured themselves to the rigging. For days they were in that position without any thing to eat or drink. The Dutch sailor offered his life to save theirs. To this the others would not agree unless lots were taken, which was agreed to. Strange to say, the Dutchman drew the fatal number. The three Scandinavians killed him, drank his blood and lived on his body until they were rescued from their perilous position. It is impossible to imagine such a position without a horror and a shudder. The narratives of sailors who have saved their lives by eating a shipmate have time and time again been printed in the newspapers. It is next to impossible to realize the awfulness of such a position.

Yes, back of every piece of an old wreck that is washed on the seashore there is a story, and could the wreckage speak it would probably spin a yarn that would surpass in pathos, sentiment and horror any romance that was ever written. Until the sea gives up its dead the fate of the missing ones will be unknown.

A WONDERFUL PRODUCT.

An Article Which Can Be Adapted for a Variety of Uses.

A new material has been put on the market in England, which has a perfectly bewildering variety of uses. In its raw state it is a pulp, but by a patent process it can be made available for all manner of things, from an imitation of leather to the manufacture of artificial flowers. By imposing the jelly on cotton cloth it forms a very cheap substitute for real hide, most difficult of detection, and it is claimed to be the only imitation which can be embossed like leather. It is waterproof, and can stand any amount of washing. The appearance of chairs and couches upholstered with it is distinctly attractive, and a thin solution over wad paper keeps the most delicate colors from staining; even ink spots can be promptly removed. It has a further use in the covering of books, and here its ability to withstand water and grease is particularly valuable. That it makes excellent shoes will be welcome news to that extreme section of the vegetation fraternity which objects to make use of the outer covering of slaughtered cattle. Cretonnes, leggings, advertisement posters, awnings, and many fancy articles are made by this peculiarly convenient process, which is also being utilized for the making of cartridge cases, the treatment of cloth, and the protection of posters and maps.