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One evening about a week after Stella's departure, I came home from a long ride more sad and lonely than ever. After eating a few mouthsful of supper I went to my room, thinking I would form some plan for leaving Waverland. As I sat trying to decide what course to pursue, I heard Stella's voice as plainly as I ever did in my life, saying. "If I were you I would not let my inheritance go to waste." I started from my chair and looked around. It seemed to me that she was near. But it was only a tempting dream. There was no bright face with a welcoming smile. Only empty space. But I had been aroused. I began to think what she would have me do. I made myself a promise that I would fulfill her wish and save my inheritance. I would strive to be a man worthy of her love if we ever met again. Then came to my mind the words we had often sung to-

"When shall we meet again?
Dear heart, the time is long;
That brings this discord strain,
Like minor in a song.

"Some day the clouds will lift From off my waiting heart; And through the golden rift Eun-lighted beams will dart.

"For on that dar you'll come; Your hand will touch my own My heart, now sadly dumb, Will speak for you alone."

That seemed a sweet promise for the future, and I was comforted. I believed that Stella was safe and that sometime we would meet again. What a sense of rest came to my mind, bringing by the aid of memory all her quiet ways and pleasant words back again, until I seemed to feel her very presence. I was anxious to do some good deed to be worthy of her pure Can mind take form and visit mind? Yes, I believe that sympathy of love can unite as though distance may intervene. But would she believe what my mother said, that Annie and I were engaged? O, mother, how could you tell her that! Annie and I had been playmates, but what was my love for her compared with this strong, deep passion, that filled my waking thoughts and visited my dreams? My Stella was my queen, my life-star, and if I failed to find her I felt that life would be a

Moving some furniture one day in Stella's room a little blank envelope fell to the floor. I picked it up and found it was not sealed. Surely here was the message I had longed for. I hastened to my room to examine the contents. I had not a doubt that it was for me, until I opened it. I found a little square card divided into thirty-six equal parts. Twenty-seven were closed and nine were open. Such a card, at college, the boys called a grating. It was used to decipher messages when great secreey was desired. What was the message? Should I read? For a little while I debated with myself, then curiosity prevailed, and I tried. It was addressed "To my darling," and contained the following words

Idonra enveld ranelp eroarn hdayre swmadt awtice drefse roveak yrfaom

There was no meaning to the words in this shape. But I had learned the use of the grating years ago, when we had planned midnight rable about the buildings and grounds of the university. I copied the first row of words into squares corresponding to the thirty-six equal parts of the grating. Then I placed the card with the nine open squares over my letters, carefully observing the little cross on the upper left hand corner, which marked the top. Then the letters revealed through the spaces were: d, n, a, l, g, n, e, k, r. There was no more meaning than before But I replaced my card, moving the cross to the right hand upper corner; these letters were visible: a, p, s, n, e, v, a, r, m.

I turned the grating once more. The cross now came to the lower right hand corner and these were the letters that appeared through the openings orfkroy fo. I turned the grating once more. The cross now came at the lower left corner. I read: Iraettere. Mechanically I arranged the other letters and obtained as a wesult the following letters:

vedrawdef enosttere vedrawdes elrahemai

At the university when we had deciphered a message by the use of the grating we wrote all the letters together and then separated them into words. I wrote the sevency-two letters in the order that I nad discovered them, and had the following: d n algnekrapsnevarmorfkrovf olraetterevedrawdefonostt erevedrawdeselrahemai.

That was all. The enigma seemed as meaningless as ever. Discouraged, I leaned back in my chair and threw my hands behind my head. My writing was revealed to me in the looking-glass that hung above the table. I caught the letters forming the word Everett. Quick as thought I solved the mystery. The message had been writ-ten backward, and the glass had made it right. I followed out the thought and obtained: "I am Charles Edward Everett, son of Edward Everett, earl of York from Raven's Park, England.

The message was plain, but the mystery remained. Evidently it was from some relative or friend of the same family name of my lost darling. It revealed nothing to me. I placed the card, the message and my solution in the envelope and put it in my note book. It was something to keep. Lake a little withered flower, it reminded me of my lost friend. Where was she now? If I could only know that she was safe and with friends.

CHAPTER VIII.-WHAT CAUSED THE FAMINE.

Once more I had an object to attain. There was work for me to do, and I was ready to begin. The most important work was to plan greater comfort for my tenants! I never dreamed of opposition in carrying out the methods used by Sir Wren; of changing my tenants into labo-rers. The first farmer I visited lived in an old hut surrounded by filth of every description. I knocked at the door, and was admitted into a room where a man, a woman, six children, a cow and four pigs all lived huddled into a space of not more than twelve by sixteen feet.

Mike came to the door, looking as though he feared my presence meant eviction. As ne came to me i offered my nand, and, at-ter a cordial hand-shake, I said:

"Mike, would you like to give up your holding and hire out to me?"

"Och, thin, ye're going to be worse thin the ould masther and turn us out all togither," he said, shaking his powerful fist by way of emphasis; while the woman

came nearer in a threatening manner. "Na Mike." I said, in a friendly way.

"von mimake the. I want to make you more comfortable. On your small holding you can hardly raise enough to keep your family from want. But if you will work for me, I will give you good wages for yourself, your wife, and all the saild

that are large enough to work." "My father lived here and his father pefore him; and now as soon as ye're masther ye come to root us out of the soil!" he said, shaking his fist in my face, while his wife kept coming nearer and showing the spirit of an angry tigress about to spring. But, Mike," I protested, "I want you to live more comfortable. It is hard work to live in this way," pointing to the pigs and cow.

"Yer want the cow turned out to die, so we can't pay our rint," said Mike, "thin ye'd turn us from our home. No, yer may leave us to oursilves."

I tried to reason with him, but could not make him believe but that I meant to harm him. Mike was honest, industrious and sober, but the few acres he held were not enough to keep his family from want if he never paid any rent. Yet I could not make him believe it was for his good I

made the offer. I visited a dozen farmers, but they were all of the same opinion as Mike, and preferred to live in filth and degradation rather than give up their little holdings. Instead of helping them as I had planned to do, I nearly caused an insurrection. The men gathered together and were ready to fight if I persisted in asking them to change. I soon found the reason for such filthy yards and houses was fear of the rent being raised if the place looked thrifty. Very carefully I set to work to over-

come their mistaken prejudices, I had commenced the work of improvement before Stella had left, as she had advised on that day which seemed to me years ago. O, why was I silent that morning! If I had only spoken the loving words within my heart, I might have kept her by my side. How much I missed her now! I had learned to value her words of counsel. Her ready tact would influence the tenants to do her will, as I often found. When I offered any plan for change if she had ever spoken of it to them they were very willing to accept it. Gradually I had to learn her way of dealing with the people and was guided accordingly. It was the story of Topsy and Eva over again. Stella was the Eva to teach me there must be sympathy to win regard. As I followed out that principle the tenants began to trust me I. started improvements that gave them work, and the wages gave them a good many comforts.

After a good deal of thought and some expense I had the satisfaction of knowing that every tenant had a comfortable house and that the pigs and cows were sheltered without being members of the family.

It was a beautiful morning in January: the trees and shrubs were clothed with the fairy garb that Jack Frost loves to deck the world in, when I rode over to Sir Wren's to receive instructions for my London visit. He was in his favorite place, the library. He looked up as I entered, and extended his hand, saying:

"I began to think you had forgotten your promise, Loyd. But there is time enough yet. O, by the way, your new theory did not work; came near having a row, I hear."

"Yes, Sir Wren, I thought I had got into a hornets' nest. Even the women were ready to fight me. How did you make the

"It was mostly done before I bought the estate. The former owner, Lord Sanders, had used it for a pasture farm, and had very few tenants. He had a time clearing it, as there were some two or three hundred families on the estate when he bought it. He had them all evicted, though every one had paid his rent quite promptly. Father O'Hale said it was the saddest sight he ever saw when that whole village were turned from home without food or shelter. He said some among them were sick and the excitement and exposure were more than they could stand. He was called to offer consolation to the dying who lay by the roadside in the rain and cold. Every tenant house in the whole village was burned. Lord Sanders never dared to live here. His sheep and cattle were driven away in spite of his agent's watchfulness. Finally he was obliged to sell. That is the way I have laborers instead of tenants.

"I think a landlord would have a lively time of it if he should try to evict tenants at Waverland. Am I in time for the business you wished done at London?"

"Yes, here are the documents," said Sir Wren, as he went to his desk and brought me a packet, "Here is a letter of introduction to the Duke of Melvorne. That will prove an open sesame to political cir-

I hade him good-bye, received his friendly God-speed, then returned home and finished my arrangements for a few weeks'

Arriving at my destination in London, I sought the lawyer to whom I was to deliver my packet, transacted the business intrusted to my care, and went out to find the Duke of Melvorne. He was at his club room. I gave him the letter from Sir Wren. He read it, then in the most cordial manner made me feel at ease.

The Duke of Melvorne was tall and strikingly handsome, with expressive brown eyes, dark curly hair and a clear olive complexion. He had the stately bearing of an English nobleman. He introduced me to a young man, a friend of his, Colonel Haynes, from America, to Lord Sanders, an owner of American land and to some dozen more. The young American was a powerful looking man, with black hair, penetrating black eyes that could sparkle with wit or melt into tenderness, a clear, ringing voice and a grateful manner. Lord Sanders was a dried-up little man, with a dark, squeezedup face, small, restless black eyes and a ong straight nose. He was dressed in black, with boots as shiny as his eyes. He had a gold watch-chain with immense seals, depending from his fob, which he

rattled to emphasize his speech.
"How is Sir Wren and his fair daugh-

ter" asked the duke. "They are quite well except the little rheumatics that kept Sir Wren at home just now," I answered. "They have had a niece of Sir Wren's visiting them from London. Are you acquainted with her?"

"Lady Irving, do you mean?" he asked, half judifferently, yet slightly ancious. "That is her name. She is a widow and a beauty," I said. "Rich young widows are usually good company," said Colonel Haynes. "But I

think the English ladies are not as goodlooking as our American women. "I believe you are right there, said the duke. "And the American girls have more

animation than ours." "What is the latest news in Ireland?" asked Colonel Haynes, turning toward me

as he spoke. "Earl Spencer is ruling with a despotie sway," I said. "Anyone who has not been arrested or in prison is out of the fashion

"Then Parnell must be the priace of Irish fashion," said Colonel Haynes.

"Parnell a prince," sneeringly said the Duke of Me.v one. "Yes, he is a prince to some a mail ou propies pockets! Way, even, the Americans were gulled into paying him large sums of money for his 'Irish sufferers'.

"But Parnell did not use the money, it came to the people, as I can testify. I have seen ships from America loaded with provisions in our harbors, and I have seen those same provisions portioned out to the starving people of Ireland. I have also seen the English government paying an armed force to evict these same people without a thought of aid," I said, indignant that an Englishman, of all men, should accuse Parnell of trickery and dishonesty.

"Yes, Lord Waverland, you are right. I. too, have seen ships from the United States, in the Irish harbors, londed with the same provisions that other ships were loaded with, that were leaving Ireland for England. It was not lack of food that

made famine," said Colonel Haynes. "That is true, sir" I said. "There is enough of everything raised in Ireland for her people to have plenty. At the very time wher American food and money were being distributed to the suffering people they were sending from Ireland to England thirty large steamers every week. laden to the gunwates with fat cattle, sheep, pigs and the most expensive kinds of food.

"Then what made the famine?" asked the Duke of Melvorne.

"The feudal system of land tenure under which Ireland is groaning is what caused it." I answered.

"Why, are you a landlord and yet advocate the tenants' rights so zealously?' asked Lord Sanders a little annoyed.

"Yes, Lord Sanders, I am a landlord, yet I would willingly yield my interest in the land as the Persians did theirs." "Why, how was that?" asked Colonel

Haynes. "The land-owners were compensated for their lands by the government issuing bonds bearing four per cent interest to

them, while the tenants paid the governmeat five per cent on the bonds," I explained. 'Yes that sounds very well," said the Duke of Melvorne. "But the Irish people never will be satisfied until they have driven every landlord out of Ireland and

possess the land free of cost. Then in five years they will be ready for another gift of like value. The Irish are a thriftless, vagabond people, who never know the value "Then they change mightily by coming to America," said Colonel Haynes, "To

be sure, some of them are, as you say, vagabonds and drunkards; but the most of them are sober, industrious people; and not only provide for themselves and their families, but send a large part of their earnings back to Ireland every year." "I have tenants on my estate who could never pay the rent but for the aid that

said. "And they are sober, hard-working men, anxious to keep their holdings." "I think, Lord Waverland, that you have been taking lessons of Sir Wren," said the Duke of Melvorne, walking back and forth through the room, "I remember he used to be very bitter against absent

comes from boys and girls in America," I

too. Why, I derive nearly two hundred thousand dollars a year from tenant farmers in America, and I am not the only one who is reaping a rich reward from American labor. But there is no sign of a famine there, as yet."

"No," said the Duke of Melvorne, "on the contrary, America is one of the most prosperous nations on the globe."

We are a prosperous nation," said Colonel Haynes with animation, "but this heavy drain on our people may cause suffering before we are expecting it."

"O, bah, on your suffering! I expect to hear the American people begin to complain as a compliment to this infernal Irish agitation," said Lord Sanders, with more arrogance than usual. "I am not afraid of any complaints, as long as the laws are made to suit ourselves."

"But the laws are made by the people and for the people," protested Colonel Haynes.

"Ha, ha, you haven't cut your eye teeth yet," laughed Lord Sanders. "Why, every clause enacted by the Illinois Legislature has been in favor of the landlords. You cannot find a tenant in Ireland that is bound under such strict laws as my tenants in Illinois are.

"Then God pity them." I said.

"It seems to me," said Colonel Haynes, "that about the time Ireland is free from English landlords America will be pretty well burdened with them. The thought is repulsive. We love to call our land, "The land of the free and the home of the brave." Our forefathers fought and suffered a hundred years ago to make it a nation of homes. But not one drop of precious blood was ever given to make it a trading ground for English capitalists or to give foreigners the power to oppress our

"Well, don't get excited," said Lord Sanders, going to the Colonel and placing his hand upon his shoulder in the most familiar manner. "We pay for the lands we get, and we have a right to buy whereever we choose. And, then, we have a right to use our own property as we wish. No government on earth has a right to say where I shall live or where I shall spend my money.

"That is true," said the Duke of Melvorne, approvingly. "I hold large tracts of land in the United States now, and I intend to own ten times as much within the next five years."

"Hear! hear!" cried several voices. "So will we."

The evening passed before we realized it. Many besides ourselves had been in-terested in the discussions. The Duke of Melvorne invited Colonel Haynes and myself to be his guests during our stay in London.

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--- There is always some Continued on next page.

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landlords."

"He thinks they are a curse to Ireland yet," I said, "by draining the country of a million pounds a year. He claims that no nation on earth could avoid famine under such a system."

"That remains to be seen," said Lord Sanders, "I know there are more tenant farmers in America, than in Ireland, Scotland and England combined. A large per cent of the land owners are Englishmen, too. Why, I derive nearly two hundred to and a properly nourished fame."

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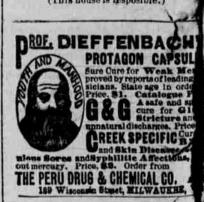
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