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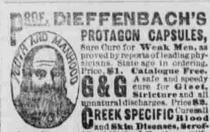
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Continued From Sixth Page.

rove and trust was more elequent than words. Myrile, my sweet shy little aister, came to Siella, and putting her arms about her neck wept for joy.

Annie came with her merry greeting, and not a shade of care or sorrow on her fair face. Colonel Haynes was also among the first to wish us joy and happiness. Soon after the congratulations were over we were invited to a most sumptnous ban-

As I looked across the table I was pleased to see Colonel Haynes with Sir Wren and Arme, conversing in the most friendly manner. Melvorne looked contented. The quiet dignity that he always possessed seemed now to lend an added charm to his behavior, as he moved among the guests in the grand drawing room. Music and song, and the lively sparkle of joyous wit, made the evening pass like a theeting fairy tale.

This was the beginning of a series of dinners and receptions. At Blue Ridge the next day, the mansion seemed a per feet Eden of bloom and fragrance. Hortense, with exquisite taste had arranged everything in the most delightful order. A grand concert was the final treat.

Sir Wren could not forget the important political questions of the day even amid all this gayety, but would always find some one with whom he could discuss the difficult problems agitating the country. During the concert justead of listening to the music, he was in a retired corner of the great drawing room in earnest conversation with a member of the British Parliament. When I heard Parnell's name I became interested and asked Lady Waverland to excuse me and I soon joined them in the discussion.

"But sir," said Sir Wren, "why need the new party be destroyed?"

"The power they will hold can force one party or the other to grant their demands in the coming parliament. If the men are elected, in the strength that Parnell expects, he will hold a controlling power," said the M. P.

"I believe he will elect nearly every canlidate he chooses to nominate," said Sir Wren, earnestly. "But England need not care," he continued, "if she is willing to comply with an act of parliament passed in the first year of the present century. That the independence of Ireland should ever remain to her."

"Why sir," said the M. P., "that can never be. Ireland is a part of the empire, and as such she can never be independ-

"Ireland does not ask complete independence, but to have the legislative right for a local parliament and local govern-

"If we should grant that in this coming parliament, in the next she will ask even nore. The more we grant the Irish people the more they want!" exclaimed the M. P., with animation.

"I will grant that, sir," said Sir Wren, But one must remember that what rights they now enjoy they have had to struggle hard to obtain. And we cannot blame them for longing for more liberty. They only ask that their laws may be made by their own people, and that their interests may be protected by laws of their own making."

"Could we grant them so much without making our landed interest void?" asked

"Yes sir, I think we could," replied Sir Wren. "But I believe the transfer of our land titles should be through the government, and, that the owners of lands in Ireland should be compensated for their lands by bonds bearing interest issued by

the government." Vould you be willing to part s lands on these conditions?" asked the M. P. "I would. I believe every evil that now rests on Ireland or any other country where land monopoly is allowed, grows out of the false system of the lands being held by the few and worked by the many,'

"But, Sir Wren," I said, "if the English government held the lands of England and Ireland as carelessly as the American government holds the lands entrusted to it for future generations, in a few years the lands would all be held by a small minor-

said Sir Wren warmly.

ity."
"That is true," said Lord Sanders, as he joined the group. "I own nearly one hundred thousand acres in Illinois and about as much more in Kansas and Nebraska. And not an acre but will yield me ten times the amount it has cost me, in less than five years. And I can secure tenants on better terms there than in Ireland."

"Then America will soon feel the same appalling misery and hear the same helpless cries that afflict and curse Ireland today!" said Sir Wren.

"Even now she feels that," I said, remembering my visit. "In the districts where tenants occupy the lands, you see the same wretched hovels and signs of destitution that we see in Ireland!"

"Well it brings us a fine income," said Lord Sanders, putting his hands into his pockets with a satisfied air. "I can live in luxury and ease and my family can hold a high position in the world while these proud Americans are glad to sweat for the gold I spend!" "But how many families are bound un-

der iron clad leases and driven almost to starvation to provide you with the means for all your pleasures?" said Sir Wren. "I don't know," said Lord Sanders indifferently. "They do well enough. They only pay me rents for my lands."

"To think," said Colonel Haynes, who joined the group in time to hear Lord Sander's last remark, "that any American citizen must pay tribute to a foreigner for the privilege of living on American soil! It would be a queer sight for our State militia to be called upon, as her majestyle troops are in Ireland, to evict an American citizen from his home, because he cannot pay his foreign landlord the rack-rent demanded. Why, we boast that we are free from paying tribute money to foreign nations, especially to Britons! I thought that our war of independence meant some-

"Well I am glad to hear that America is following in our tracks," said the M. P. They will soon feel the annoyances we are laboring under, from the false system that was established years ago; if it is a talse system.

"Glad! no! I would rather sound the note of warning so long and loud that every free American citizen would rouse up with the independent energy of their forefathers and crush out this foreign element which only holds her lands as means to obtain tribute money. No bloody war can make her suffer more than this crue! land monopoly will, in time," said Sir

Wren with solemn carnestness. "O, well, sir," said Lord Sanders, "they are not so sensitive as you are. They are glad to sell us lands; it brings our money

into the hands of their land agents. And as long as we can hold the titles and make our own terms with the tenants, our income is sure.

"But they may not always be so quiet," said Colonel Haynes. "If our people begin to realize the danger of allowing for eigners to obtain such immense tracts of lands they may soon find a remedy, and those wealthy landlords may have to seek some other source of revenue. It seems that for years the General Land Office, at Washington, has been the most corrupt department that ever existed in any government on the face of the globe. The choicest locations have been secured to alien landlords, who will not sell, and only hold them to introduce into America the feudal system that oppresses the poor tenantry in Europe. Rentals are placed at two or three dollars per acre and the tenants are compelled to pay the taxes on lands they occupy, besides. When will our people awake to the dangers? Congress should make some laws curtailing these frauds and restore the lands to the people who have just claims on the government for protection against these unprincipled land thieves."

"How would you dispose of the lands we now hold?" asked Lord Sanders.

"Pay you what they have cost you and no more!" said Colonel Haynes. tend to aliens the same rights and privileges of a free born American by his be coming a bona fide citizen. Our people will not quietly submit to being robbed of their inheritance by alien capitalists and enemies to our institutions! Our lands are to be preserved for the use and benefit of American citizens only, if we wish to retain our present system of free govern-

The amusement of the evening ended and the company gradually gathered gound the party that had been having such an earnest and interesting discussion. It was a signal for adjournment which proved effectual.

The last reception was given at Raven's Park. There, Lady Waverland, or Stella, as I love to call her, assisted by the Duchess of Mclyorne received the guests at the grand old mansion with quiet dignity, Colonel Haynes had established himself as Annie's companion at all these enter tainments. She seemed well pleased with

Notwithstanding the pleasure we en joyed, I longed for the quiet of Waverland, where I could have the luxury of a happy home, for such I was sure it would be with my dear wife as my companion. As we were standing together after the guesta had nearly all left, I said:

"To-morrow, little wife, we will be at Waverland once more.'

"I am so glad," said Stella, with a quiet pleasure in her voice. "All this gaiety is nice, but I long for the rest of home." "Well, we'll soon be home again," said

Sir Wren, joining us as we stood by an open door. "We want you to stand as member of parliament from our district, Loyd, in the

coming election.' "I am willing to try. But I fear there will be a strong fight against me," I said. "Very much will depend on Lady verland. If she is popular she will be a great help to you in the coming campaign,"

said Sir Wren. "They will meet her first," I said, "at our reception and banquet. But I have no fear for her; she has a strong hold on the

people's hearts already.
"How do you know?" she asked with a smile. "I have heard of you very often among my tenants," I said, as we passed into

Sir Wren, Annie and Colonel Haynes were our guests at Raven's Park, and were to accompany us home to Waverland.

CHAPTER XXIV .- THE BRIDE'S HOME COMING. The next morning we bade good-bye to the happy friends with whom we had shared so many happy hours. With many promises for exchange of letters and visits in the near future we left Raven's Park and started for Waverland. Sir Wren, Annie and Colonel Haynes were still with

us. The Colonel had accepted an invitation to spend a month or two with us in Ireland to learn something of the true state of things there. I suspect a certain pair of blue eyes had a charm for him, greater even than the troubles of the country, judging from the attention he paid their owner.

Raven's Park we left in the care of the servants who had lived there in the days of Sir Edward, Stella's grandfather. It was arranged that we were to return there to spend the Winter.

"O, this is our station!" exclaimed Myrtle, as our train rolled up to the platform. We were met by a delegation of our people; and such a throng!

"Why, I did not know there were so many people in the county," said Sir Wren as we stood contemplating the situation and waiting for the train to move on. It was indeed a sight to behold! Women in their blue cloaks with happy, smiling faces; men in their smart Sunday jackets and children of all sizes, eager for a glimpse of our party. As the train moved on, so that they could see us, cheer after cheer made the air ring with shouts of "Hurrah for the 'swate lady!" "Long life

to young masther!" "This is your home coming, darling," I said, helping Stella to a place in the car-

When at a little distance from the depot we were met by carriages full of people; it seemed as though all the country had put on its holiday garments and were having a jubilee.

As we were passing through the gateway Stella said: 'O, Loyd! you have copied that poem of a gateway from one we saw in Glen

'Yes, I tried to make it like that, as a memorial of the love I found awaiting me in that far away land. And may it ever be a pleasant reminder of the happy hours we passed there," I said.

Myrtle was in an ecstacy of delight at being home again, and seeing so many people about. "Sister Stella," said Myrtle, nestling in

her arms, "you will never go away again will you?" "No, darling, I am at home to stay with you now," she said.

"And Loyd too? asked Myrtle. "This is our home, all together now, little sister," I said, as we drove up to the doorway.

The old butler and his wife met us as we

entered the great hall. He was more pompons than ever in his enormous wig, high coat collar and cravat, while his wife, who was the nousekeeper, seeked smart in a new cotton gown and fancy cap.

Waverland; and long life to ve's, and my Lady," said the butler, making a most future?" profound bow, as we entered the house. on Monn Annie and the Colonel were

soon with us, and friends from every onceotion came to offer their congratulations. The broad beautiful lawn was full of people. Soon Stella and I were in their midst shaking bands with them, and receiving their "Goal bless ye's!"

It was a merry company that gathered at the long tables to partake of the sumptuous feast that afternoon, and, as we passed here and there we heard these re-

"I thought it was a great lady coming to Waverland, but it is the swate angel who rame to me when I was sick?" or, "It's the swate leddy who told me how to make bread!" and, "It's the governess who was



Soon Stella and I were in their midst shaking hands with them

here and came with her little box of medicine and docktored my Jammie when he had the measels, so it is?

All united in calling her the "swate The children gathered round Lady Waverland for a kind word. No one was overboked. Most of them Stella knew and remembered their names. She had a peculiar faculty of gaining children's I had often noticed when in a room full of strangers, the children would soon find their way to Stella's side.

While we were busy seeing that our people were having good cheer, the invited guests were enjoying themselves according to their own tastes and inclinations. Some were busy with ball and mallet at croquet. Others with bow and arrow were sending forth joyous peals of laughter at the mistakes or good hits of their companions. One and all were having a good time. Sir Wren was in an ecstacy of delight, and seemed the youngest of the party, giving a passing joke and friendly greeting to every one he met. As he and I were standing together and Stella was engaged with the little ones, I said:

"You see, Sir Wren, that there is no danger but that Lady Waverland will be popular with our people. She has won their love and trust as she has won mine, by the goodness of her heart. I have no fear but that it will continue."

"You are very fortunate Loyd, in securing such a lovely wife. I congratulate you with a warmer heart since I have seen her among the people. Her gentle influence will have great force for their good."

In the evening Lady Waverland was no less a favorite than among the humbler classes. The rich and haughty were glad to claim her for an acquaintance on account of her noble birth and great wealth. I thought as I saw some of the grand ladies and gentlemen who had formerly stung her sensitive heart with cruel words, now trying to win more than a passing greeting from her, how different their conduct would have been had she returned as simply a governess! But wealth and position are powerful agents with those who have no higher aims in life than show and

fashion. Lady Waverland was equally a favorite with rich and poor and made every one

who came into her presence feel at ease. A few days after our return the people gathered to hear Mr. Parnell and to choose a candidate to stand from our district for member of parliament. Our district was one of the most extremely nationalist of any in Ireland. When Mr. Parnell came he found a remarkable gathering. It was thoroughly representative; people of all trades, merchants, mechanics, professors, laborers and noblemen had met to see and hear the "uncrowned king."

The applause and cheers that greeted Mr. Parnell were loud and hearty, but some hissed and many flourished black thorn shillalah. That is a practical weapon in the hands of an Irishman and has convinced many a man against his

Mr. Parnell came to the front and was formally introduced by the chairman of the committee. He bowed slightly, and commenced speaking in a conversational tone of voice, without the least visible excitement. At first the confusion in the crowd was so great that very few heard him. But, with the command he had obtained over himself in parliament he continued speaking. Very soon order prevailed and nearly every one in the vast audience could hear distinctly every word he uttered.

"Friends," he said, "I hope we may gain Home Rule for Ireland in the coming parliamentary struggle. That will pave the way for every tenant farmer to own the land he tills. But to obtain this we must stand united. In union lies our strength. England has said that we never can agree among ourselves, so they have nothing to fear from us. In the coming election I would like to prove to England that we know what we want and are united in asking for it.

Now, friends, I want your assistance, to help secure Ireland the management of our local affairs, and protection of our home industries. We have every advantage for successful manufactories. All we need is protection. But brute force will never accomplish anything. I hate the cowardly heart that can find refuge in dynamite. ['It's the only way!' cried a voice from the crowdl.

"It's base and cowardly in the extreme and Ireland in the use of it has weakened her power! Liberty for Ireland must come through the people. We must unite in asking for what we need and then stand together for our rights. We can only reckon on what we can extort from England through our united voices. We are tired of being handled sometimes very roughly, by English officials; of being treated like quarrelsome children; of having nothing to say but amen to every decree and nothing to do except to obey the will of our imperious masters.

'In the past, the liberals with Gladstone at the head have pursued a course of unpardonable cruelty and exasperation Wholesale evictions have been permitted! Arbitrary arrests have been made! ireland has been treated as though unfit for any "And it's welcome home, ye are, Lord thing better than to be trodden under foot! Are you willing to submit to all this in the