WAVERLAND.

A TALE OF CU[illegible] LANDLORDS.

BY SARAH [illegible] BRIGHAM.

[illegible]

Soon the [illegible] completed. The [illegible] the door. Myrt[illegible]. The lunch [illegible] and [illegible] every[illegible] ure [illegible] wa[illegible] compa[illegible]. With [illegible] ed for Sir Wren's.

As we passed through the little tenant village we saw many a pleasant face, eager for a smile from the "swate leddy!"

"Are you doing anything to help my cause in the coming election?" I asked of Stella.

"Only remembering old acquaintances and making a few new ones," she said.

"I can see a great change in the condition of the people on your estate since last year."

"I know they are more comfortable and I think more contented. But who could blame them for being discontented? Hunger and cold would affect even my placid temperament," I said, laughing.

"Yes, the old adage that 'if you give an Englishman a good dinner, then nothing can harm him,' holds good the world over," said Col. Haynes.

"Here we are at St. Clair's; you are the proper one to invite them, I think," said Stella to me.

Away I went, like a school boy on a holiday, nearly falling over the shaggy little pug, that came barking at my feet. I rang the door bell and Miss Sarah came herself to answer the call. I made known my errand and found that four would join us.

At O'Rork's we found three. So we were to have quite a party. When we reached Sir Wren's, Annie came running down the steps to meet us, exclaiming [illegible] voice:

"What mischief is on foot now? You all look so happy!"

"A picnic!" cried Myrtle, eager to tell the news.

"The St. Clair's and O'Rork's will join us," said Stella, as we entered the hall.

Sir Wren entered into the pleasure with the young people and declared he was going too. When the company had gathered, we all started for the lake. The St. Clair girls were fine looking, sensible and full of life. George, their brother, was just budding into manhood, and was preparing for admission to the bar. Nellie O'Rork was a lively brunette, saucy and ready for mischief. Johnny was the wit of the party, making us laugh at his original witticisms in spite of ourselves. The young lady who was visiting the O'Rork's was a fashionable belle and a languid beauty.

When we arrived at the lake we left our carriages in the care of the drivers, giving orders for our provisions and implements of pleasure to be brought to the Turk's cottage in about an hour. We entered the yacht, cruised about a while to enjoy the scenery, then landed at the cottage. There we separated into groups as best suited us, and began to ramble over the beautiful grounds.

I was very much amused to see the way the Colonel and Johnny O'Rork maneuvered to gain Annie for a companion in their walks. But Annie was ready for mischief, and putting her arms about Stella's waist she led the way to the old abbey that had been a ruin so long that the ivy had mantled its broken walls and made them an object of beauty, and the tall yew tree in front shaded it from the sun.

"What a delightful place this must have been! Such a quiet retreat from everything that could vex or annoy!" said Annie, with half serious and half comic expression.

"Just think," said Nellie O'Rork, "here once stood a grand old cathedral with holy men and women reverently kneeling before their sacred shrines; but now the solemn eyed owl and web-winged bat hold their nightly revelries here and conduct the service."

"Just see," said Stella, "how nature has covered these brown and broken walls and windows with twining vines whose tiny rootlets creep and cling among the crevices from nave to transept."

"Nature always loves the beautiful and hastens with her offerings to cover all things repulsive or disagreeable," said the Colonel, as we stood looking at the old ruins.

From the abby we walked through the cloister, whose broken pavement seemed still to echo the tread of ancient friars, telling o'er their beads and mingling with their prayers the loves of their early days.

Some of us climbed the broken stairway to gain a more general view of the wreck time was making of this grand creation of the middle ages.

"Through all the ruin, from chapel walls to oriel windows there come voices reaching downward from the misty past, saying to us: 'You, too, must vanish into dust!'" said Stella, as though echoing some long forgotten thought of her childhood.

Back, down the winding stairs we went, feeling the solemnity of the sacred place in spite of our mirth. No one spoke until we stood beneath the old yew tree, through whose foliage the golden sunshine was dancing in merry glee upon the broken walls.

"There, I can breathe again!" exclaimed Johnny O'Rork. "I'm glad the sunshine can be merry in that ghostly old place."

We passed out through the avenues, winding among the evergreens and hedges, to see the Turk's waterfall. As we scrambled out and in, around the trees and rocks, we became separated. I was busy keeping Stella and [illegible] from the falls [illegible] at just [illegible] at the [illegible] of terror [illegible] onel just [illegible]

Looking down we saw the Colonel just catching Annie.

on the smooth surface of a projecting rock. She laughed, as he helped her to a place of safety, and said:

"I thought I had gone to the bottom and it seemed terrible," placing her hands over her eyes to shut out the light.

"But you are safe, now," said Stella. "Thanks to Colonel Haynes' strong arms."

Annie looked up with a bewitching smile, saying:

"Yes, Colonel, I owe you for the loss of a thousand bruises, to say nothing of my neck."

The Colonel did not answer but gave her a look so full of love in return for her saucy speech that her cheeks flushed and her bright eyes were shaded by the drooping lashes. Col. Haynes did not trust Annie alone after that.

"I am afraid that if I were not near to save you you would break your neck yet," he said, as we all started to gather gum from the spruce trees that grew so plentifully higher up in the mountains. We gathered the gum from the trees and were soon imitating the ruminants. We were busy wagging our jaws in a most industrious, not to say ludicrous fashion. We did not try to descend by the margin of the cataract but took a longer route.

Sir Wren had remained at the chapel, and as we entered the long avenue, we saw him going to the yacht ready for a lunch. We all hastened on to meet him there. Our gum did not satisfy our appetites. Johnny O'Rork stalked on alone without speaking to anyone. He had been glum and melancholy ever since the Colonel had saved Annie from falling.

"Where is Johnny going?" asked Nellie O'Rork.

"I think he is anxious to appease his hunger with something more substantial than the vegetable secretion of the spruce tree," said the languid beauty who was with Nellie O'Rork and who had tried very unsuccessfully to secure Johnny's attention in our rambles.

As we [illegible] yacht I looked back up the [illegible] and saw Annie and [illegible] coming very leisurely along. Annie was leaning on the Colonel's arm, [illegible] forward [illegible] his words greater force or catch the sound of Annie's voice. I thought of the Colonel's words in the morning and wondered if he had found the woman who could make him "happy as a king."

When we reached the lake shore we found the servants had prepared our lunch by spreading the snowy white linen on the smooth surface of some broad neighborly stones that lay plentifully around beneath the shade of spreading oaks. The trees were gorgeous in their rich Autumn tints, and formed a rainbow roof to shelter us. The carpet was woven by dame Nature herself, and was green, soft and velvety. There were stone seats in abundance, covered with rugs and cushions, to accommodate all. The servants were ready to do honor to the occasion in tidy white aprons. When the guests all gathered in real artistic style, few at a table, we found ourselves supplied with an abundance of everything that heart could wish. An hour passed in joyous conversation. Every one was happy except poor Johnny. In my heart I pitied the poor fellow, but it was comical to see the wrathful looks he cast toward the Colonel. No more witty remarks, but sullen wrath. The Colonel seemed perfectly oblivious to the great danger he was in. Annie could not hide the joyous light that shone in her merry blue eyes.

After lunch, archery and games were enjoyed by the merry company. Late in the day, tired but delighted we started for home.

At Sir Wren's we were invited to spend the evening and have dinner. But all excused themselves except our party from Waverland. We accepted the invitation gladly, as it was our last visit here with Colonel Haynes. When the dinner bell sounded we all sought a place of safety for our precious gum. The Colonel laid his chew on the corner of Annie's picture frame saying:

"I'll know where to look for this when I come again," looking at Annie as he spoke. She blushed as she led the way out to the dining room, as in duty bound. At dinner the conversation was concerning the old abbey, the waterfalls, and the delightful time we all had together.

"Sir Wren, Annie came near having a serious fall," said Stella.

"Tut, tut, little one, I thought you would be safe with so many around you," he said shaking his head at her.

"So I was, for here I am safe and sound thanks to Colonel Haynes," she said, giving the Colonel a quick bright look.

"Miss Annie, I am glad I was able to save you," he said to Annie. "And I am very glad the day has been so pleasant: it will be something to be remembered when I am far from here."

"Why, are you going to leave us soon?" asked Sir Wren.

"Day after to-morrow I expect to start for London, from there to New York, in a short time. I promised my mother that I would spend the holidays at home. I have been away more than a year."

CHAPTER XXVI.—THE EVENTFUL DAY.

In the morning at the request of Lady Waverland, the family carriage was brought to the door. Very early the Colonel and she started on their political campaign to secure votes for me. They set off in the best of spirits, each wearing a blue rosette. Stella gave me a peep into a box she had with her. It was full of the same colored rosettes [illegible] she meant to distribute among the people. Bless her dear heart! [illegible] at [illegible]

[illegible] Nearly every one [illegible] to me, and donned my color. [illegible] some of my tenants came with a rosette pinned on their breasts, I asked where they got them.

"The 'swate leddy' gave them to us," was the answer I was sure to hear. How proud I was of my good angel on that day! Her [illegible] loveliness was winning her [illegible] every day. She [illegible] in a quiet way hiding the cause [illegible] in our hearts.

Late in the afternoon Lady Waverland entered the village. As soon as her carriage was discovered she was greeted with deafening cheers from the crowd. "Long live the noble lady!" "God bless the swate leddy!" came from every direction.

In the midst of the shouting a shot was heard. We could not tell whence it came. In an instant there seemed to be a fight near where Sir Wren and I were standing. Four or five men were struggling with one who was uttering the most profane oaths. While I was trying to discover what it all meant, I heard the prisoner say:

"I hit the d—d Yankee, when I meant to kill the meddling fool of a woman!" Just then some one called to me that I was needed at my carriage. I could hardly stand! All the strength in my body seemed to have deserted me and I stood trembling with fear. But it was only for an instant that I stood paralyzed. As I neared the carriage I saw my wife safe. But her face was white as a ghost! She was supporting the Colonel's head. He seemed entirely senseless. His face was ashen white, his lips were colorless, and there was a cold, clammy sweat upon his brow. His countenance seemed shrunken and contracted. His eyes were partly closed and lustreless.

"Is he dead?" I anxiously inquired.

"No, I think not, but get him into a house as quickly as possible," said my wife in nervous haste.

He was taken into the first house we could find and in a few moments the surgeon came. He found that the ball had entered the muscles of the shoulder, breaking the shoulder blade and touching some of the sensitive nerves of the spinal column, had caused utter prostration by the shock. The surgeon kept administering stimulants and applied artificial heat to maintain the normal temperature of the body. After what seemed to us a very long time the patient drew a long breath and tried to turn himself. Then for the first time he opened his eyes. He looked around in a dazed, bewildered sort of way until he saw me, then in a feeble voice he asked:

"What is it? where have I been?"

"You have been hurt," I said, "and you must remain quiet."

"Where is Lady Waverland?"

"She is safe at home," I answered, "and you must keep still."

For some time he remained quiet and seemed to be sleeping. While a few of us had been watching the wounded man there had been a most fearful tragedy enacted outside. The villain who had so fiercely tried to murder my wife, had been taken by the infuriated people to an old tree by the roadside where he paid the penalty for his unnatural crime with his life.

One of my tenants came to me saying:

"Lady Waverland has sent a light wagon with bed and cushions, prepared to take the wounded man to Waverland. That man," said the tenant, pointing to the tree where the would be murderer hung, "has got what he deserved! He begged most piteously for mercy, (the coward), but we had no mercy, for such as him!"

"It's a sad affair for him as well as for my friend," I said, turning away with a shudder.

I went back into the sick man's room and explained to the surgeon everything was ready to take Col. Haynes to Waverland as soon as he thought proper to try moving his patient.

"After a little if we can keep him warm; it will be best to move him before the wound is finally dressed."

The wagon was brought to the door and men lifted the colonel, bed and all, into it. The surgeon took his place beside his patient, and we drove home with the greatest possible care, followed by an excited crowd, ready to carry wagon, horses and all in their powerful arms if necessary.

At Waverland men took the colonel in their arms and soon he was comfortably resting in his own warm room. He seemed relieved, knowing that he was in a familiar place. The wound was properly dressed and the surgeon pronounced his patient out of immediate danger.

"How are you now?" I asked after a little rest.

"Better, does Annie know of this?"

"Yes, Stella has sent word to her and she will soon be here," I answered.

"But you can see no one to-night," said the surgeon, with decision.

"I would like a message sent to my mother. She will look for me home soon," he said.

"Doctor," I said, turning to the surgeon, "will you write the message?"

He assented and I handed him the necessary writing materials. After he had written it he read it to the colonel.

Mrs. A. I. HAYNES, New York, }
U. S. A. 188[illegible]. }

Your son was accidentally hurt to-day while riding out in his carriage, but not fatally. It will delay his return home at present.

S. D. BROWN, Surgeon.

"Poor mother, how anxious that will make her, but it is the best that she should know at once. When Annie comes let me know," he said, as I turned to leave the room.

[illegible] found Stella [illegible] looked sad and [illegible]

"I feel almost guilty for having asked the colonel to go with me," she said. "Is he dangerously hurt?"

I handed her the message. I thought that would be the best way to answer her question. I called a servant and the message was sent with lightning speed away to grieve a mother's heart.

"Darling do you know that ball was aimed at you?" I asked, as I led my wife to a sofa. She shuddered but made no answer.

"I heard the fellow swearing because he missed his aim," I said.

"Can that be true?" she asked. "I wonder if it was the man who swore so fearfully when I offered him a rosette, saying he would not wear the colors of any follower of Parnell in the country. He told me I had better not be meddling with politics, but that I had better stay at home and mind my own business. Did he have a shock of shaggy red hair about his head and face?"

"That describes the man who is now hanging from a tree near where the shooting was done," I said, holding [illegible] to my side, thankful to my Heavenly Father for having spared my precious wife to me a little longer. In the brief pause before I [illegible] she was safe I realized how very [illegible] to me.

"How terrible," she said, putting her hands over her eyes, "to think of the death of that poor mistaken man!"

"But think how terrible he meant it to be for you and I. Here comes Annie," I said.

Stella went out to meet her, and, clasping her in her arms led her into the drawing-room where she told her what she thought was necessary about the colonel's wound. After a while they came to me in the library and Annie with a face so white and full of sorrow asked if she might see the colonel.

I told her of the surgeon's order and said I would deliver any message she wished.

"Then tell him I am here and that I will come to him as soon as I have permission."

The colonel had been listening and waiting for a word from Annie. As I opened the door his eager eyes asked the question before his lips could utter the words.

"Yes, she is here," I said, going to his side, "and will come to you as soon as the surgeon will permit."

"May I see her just a moment, doctor? I'll be quiet."

"Not till morning," said the surgeon; "I'm not going to risk anything now, so send your message."

Continued [illegible]

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