

WAVERLAND.

A TALE OF OUR CONTEMPORARY LANDLORDS.

By SARAH MAHER BRIGHAM.

Copenhagen, 1884.

"Miss nee dear, loving letters," exclaimed the colonel. "It makes me feel better to know that she is here. But tell her not to grieve for me."

When I returned to the ladies I found Sir Wren in the room. He had remained at the party until the count had been announced, and had come to tell me the result, and hear from my friend.

"You are elected by a large majority. It is the colonel," he asked, grasping my hand.

"Better, very comfortable now. The surgeon has ordered perfect quiet, and he has taken his position as nurse to enforce his order."

"I am elected," I said, as we entered the drawing-room where Stella and Annie were sitting.

"But we came near making a terrible sacrifice for it," said Sir Wren. "What could the wretch have thought?"

"Hard to tell," I said. "I almost think the fellow was insane, but he can never explain his motives now."

"I would not be surprised that we heard of a good many desperate things before the returns for this election are all in," said Sir Wren.

"Well, how's your hero?" he asked of Annie, as he took his place on the sofa beside Annie. She leaned her head upon her father's shoulder and found comfort in a woman's balm—a flood of tears.

Through the long evening, Myrtle, with a noiseless step brought frequent reports from the sick man's room. She had taken her position by the surgeon's side to do his bidding from the moment of our arrival.

"How is your patient now?" I asked, as she came and perched herself on her favorite seat upon my knee.

"He is sleeping now. I'm not to go back again to-night, but in the morning I may come early the doctor said."

"I sent Myrtle a message telling him of the colonel's hurt and that we would not be at Blue Ridge as we had anticipated. I also sent word of your election," said Sir Wren, as he bade me good-night.

The next morning Annie and Myrtle took their positions as assistant nurses to the sick man, and the dainty morsels of food and cool drinks that found their way into the colonel's room were evidence of tender care.

Annie was happy when the professional nurse that the surgeon had sent would allow her the pleasure of caring for Fred, as she now called the colonel. At his request she had discarded all the formal names.

The colonel continued to improve from day to day, though great care was necessary to prevent fever. When Annie was by his side, reading or talking to him, he seemed perfectly happy.

CHAPTER XXVII.—THE UNTOWARD EVENT.

After weeks of close confinement the colonel was with us again. I believe he was sorry when the surgeon declared him convalescent. He had enjoyed the society of his new found friend in those days of close companionship, more than he had realized until they were past. Or as Shakspeare says:

"For it so falls out, that what we have we prize not to the worth, while we enjoy it."

One day after he had so far recovered that he could ride about there was a grand jubilee. The nationalists under the leadership of Parnell, had won a great victory throughout Ireland. The time had come now for rejoicing. The committee on programme had decided that as our county had given such a handsome majority for Lord Waverland, that we would have a grand jubilee with Mr. Parnell as speaker. Our county had been the stronghold of clanish insubordination. The great leader himself had at first been hissed and insulted. Now it would tend to cement the union of hearts and voices by having a day of general rejoicing.

At an early hour delegations began pouring in from all directions, to the great open space in the park that had been prepared with seats and a stand for the speakers near the beautiful lake Killarney. From every town and village for miles around the people came on horseback, in carriages and on foot.

It seemed as though nearly the whole of the province of Connaught had turned out. Men, women and children, had gathered to hear and see the greatest hero of his age, Charles Stuart Parnell. The man who had taught them to "hold the harvest," in times of famine; and to "stand together" for their rights when casting their ballots. He represented to them liberty and plenty. It was a concourse of thinking, throbbing humanity, with badges and banners, uniting to celebrate the most wonderful victory of the nineteenth century. A victory of the ignorant populace over their prejudices. The one man had made them lose sight of their personal wrongs for the good of Ireland. Emblems of every device and of every trade and occupation were to be seen in the vast procession, while through and over all floated the golden harp of Ireland united with the stars and stripes of America.

The procession marched up in order before the stand. The band with its soul-stirring powers swayed all hearts by playing "God Save Ireland!" Then came a group of little girls dressed in white, to represent the historical eighty-six, each with an appropriate badge to indicate the district she represented. When Mr. Parnell came upon the stand this group of little girls marched in a double circle around the stage, each throwing a bouquet of flowers and evergreens at his feet as they passed him. It was a most beautiful sight; children's trust and love was written on each face. Parnell seemed overjoyed, and for a moment remained silent after the children had passed. Then deafening cheers for a time made the air echo and re-echo with the earnest voices of an enthusiastic people.

When the chairman of the committee introduced Mr. Parnell he made a slight bow of acknowledgement, and said:

"My friends, I thank you for the emblems of renewed hope your little ones have given me. This little token," he said, picking up one of the bouquets at his feet, "is like a message of hope to my heart. It comes at a time when we have a gleam of a brighter future. We have shown England that we are united and that we know what we want. My main purpose is unchanged. Nothing that has occurred during or since the campaign which your little ones have shown us was a glory of my plans or purposes. We shall demand and be satisfied with nothing less than the creation of an Irish parliament. It must be equipped and empowered to legislate for all of Ireland's affairs and interests. (Applause.)

"You have helped to show any English government whether Whig or Tory, that may in future attempt to rob Ireland of her freedom, that the first thing which an Irishman in Ireland, England or America wants is Liberty!

"Whatever party attempts to forge chains for Ireland will at the first opportunity find that the vengeance of the Gael, though slow is sure! They will never leave the trail of the cooperator until they have run him down. They will throttle him as they just throttled the liberal party in parliament! (Applause.)

"In our time of rejoicing we must not forget the generous aid of our trans-Atlantic friends. (Cheers for America.) Seldom, indeed, have benefactors been more aptly termed twice blessed. Blessed in giving hope and cheer to the recipients, and glad satisfaction to the donors' hearts and consciences. We feel assured that nothing will be left undone by our American friends, to enable us to speedily and surely win the legislative right for Ireland. We have now forged a mighty weapon for ourselves by returning a body of eighty-six representatives of the people, whose power the future can only determine. We now hold the position it has always seemed

necessary for us to obtain, in order to commence a successful movement for the restoration of "Home Rule" in Ireland. I cannot doubt that we shall see a speedy and happy issue to this struggle." (Great applause.)

As we were going home from the meeting, Col. Haynes remarked:

"I thought that America could beat the world for big demonstrations, but the Irish have won the laurels this time. I never saw such a sea of humanity before; and so full of enthusiasm."

"They are in earnest. This to them means liberty. How beautiful and appropriate it was to see those children. I heard that Lady Waverland arranged that part of the programme," I said, looking at Stella, who had enjoyed the exercises exceedingly.

"Yes, Loyd, I did that for your sake," she said with a smile of satisfaction.

"I can see now," said the colonel, "that England may rob, enslave, imprison and even kill the Irish, but the true, the living sentiment is beyond her reach. This feeling came to the front to-day, rejecting in this victory and demanding fuller liberty."

Sir Wren and Annie joined us as we entered the hall door.

"Well, Fred," said Sir Wren, "how do you like an Irish jubilee?"

"I was just saying that I thought they could beat the Americans in enthusiasm," answered the colonel.

"I see England is beginning to complain of America, for sending aid to the Irish," I said, looking over the evening papers.

"It would be strange indeed if she did not find fault," said the colonel. "But Americans will have no trouble of conscience on that score. They remember but too well how England assisted the South during the years of our rebellion. There is no doubt in the average American mind, but that England, as a nation, would have rejoiced in the destruction of our republican government. It has been a thorn in her side ever since she drank of the bitter waters of defeat at Yorktown and New Orleans. England never makes any complaints about the forty million dollars a year that is coming from the Irish Americans to help to support landlordism in Ireland."

"Forty millions!" exclaimed Stella.

"How is that?"

"I have the statement given for the truth," said the colonel. "It is established on reports taken from the different banking houses in America. It is stated that the New York banks alone forward twenty-five million dollars a year of individual contributions from Irish Americans. We grumble at our taxes for paying the interest on our public debt, but that is only forty-eight millions, while these people pay a self-imposed tax of forty millions a year to help their poor relatives in Ireland to pay rent to the British landlords. Can we wonder that they are anxious to see landlordism crushed out of their fatherland?"

"A voluntary tax of forty millions a year paid by American citizens to support and pamper British landlordism! The paradox of the nineteenth century is worthy of our serious thoughts."

"That is a wonderful fact! But it is quite a different thing to be sending aid to defeat slavery from what it is to support it," said Sir Wren. "The British government is always on the side of slavery when the final pinch comes. Landlordism is only another form of slavery."

"Look here, papa," said Annie, handing Sir Wren a paper. "See how Punch has pictured Gladstone, Parnell and Salisbury, as three wizards asking 'when shall we three meet again?'"

"Punch always sees the comical side of anything," said Sir Wren, laughing.

"O, did you know we were all to go to Blue Ridge to spend Christmas?" I asked after reading my packet of letters.

That was a key for a new theme of discussion. Since the colonel was wounded we had not made any arrangements for the coming holidays. We were all very glad to accept the invitation.

"There will be some lively debates at the dinners and receptions," said Sir Wren. "For Cordella will never limit her circle of friends for political effect."

On Christmas eve a merry party met at Blue Ridge. After being shown to our rooms and making ourselves presentable, we passed down to the drawing-room, where we were welcomed by the Duke of Melborne and his lovely wife. We were presented to Mrs. Haynes, an elderly lady, who had a kind, motherly face, with strongly marked features; but they were so nicely blended and harmonized by patience and sympathy, that we were attracted to her at once.

But what was our surprise at seeing the colonel when he came into the room, throw his arms about her neck and kissing her on lips and brow exclaimed:

"O, my mother! How came you here?"

"Well, this is a royal surprise," said the colonel.

"I sent for her," said the Duchess. "I knew you could not spend your holidays with her in America so I sent for her to spend them here with you. I had just received word from Mr. and Mrs. Lollard that they would be in London before Christmas, when we received your message saying that you were wounded. I sent a message immediately to the Lollards asking them to call on Mrs. Haynes and to invite her to join them on their voyage; and, I also sent a message to your mother to be my guest and meet you here."

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"It was rather tedious waiting," said Mrs. Haynes. "I have been here a week."

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P. J. HANSEN

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F. G. Frick & Co., Druggists & Pharmacists, Union Block, Plattsmouth, Neb. desire to inform the public, that they are agents, for the most successful preparation that has yet been produced for coughs, colds and croup. It will loosen and relieve a severe cold in less time than any other treatment. The article referred to is Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It is a medicine which has won fame and popularity on its merits and one that can always be depended upon. It is the only known remedy that will prevent croup. It must be tried to be appreciated. It is put up in 50 cent and \$1 bottles.

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