WAVERLAND.

A Tale of Our Coming Landlords.

BY SARAH MARIE BRIGHAM.

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CHAPTER XXVIII.—THE HISTORIC QUESTS.

At a reception given at Raven's Park quite a number of distinguished guests were present. Among them was a gentleman who had once been a United States minister to Persia; who, by the way, was a friend of Col. Haynes. They soon engaged in earnest conversation on the one topic that the Colonel was so much interested in, viz: the great and increasing number of English landlords in America.

"Why, I have not heard very much about the subject. I believe: I did read something in the papers about a duke or someone, owning from twenty to fifty miles of land in Dakota, but I was not interested in it," said the ex-minister in an uncovered Italian fashion.

"I was no more interested than you are," said the Colonel, "when I came to Britain, but I am beginning to learn the extent of their investments and can realize that something must be done to stop it, or British lords will soon lord it over more land in America than they had in all the British Islands together.

"Oh, well, Haynes, if they do it will only give us Republicans a chance to show our importance by having a few aristocrats in our midst. Look at the ex-minister, watching the ladies in a great excitement. I wonder he will rather pin them than discuss the unimportant theme of absentee landlordism in America, which only involves the weal or woe of a few hundred, quadrillions of people."

The Colonel reading the wishing ex-minister's eyes, crossed the room, and presented him as a personal friend, to the Duchess of Melborne, Lady Waverland and Miss Annie, who formed a pleasant group among the brilliant throng.

"There, you see how most Americans feel on the subject of foreign landlords," said Mr. Parnell, who had been standing near enough to hear the Colonel and ex-minister had been conversing.

"I see plenty of evidence of Continuus," I said, "I was crowded in every part. At a very early hour Mr. Parnell and his faithful Irish friends were there, and I noticed hats on the choicest spots on the opposition benches. The breakfast at which we regaled ourselves in the dining room of the House was a sight to see. Sixty sat down to one long table, the remainder at a cross table. The view from the statelier dining rooms which overlook the river is charming one, the sunlit up the scene, as facetious Disterman was one who aspired to outdo the Parnellites by rising early. When the night came, Mr. Parnell had his friends in the dining room to see the prodigy." He was greeted with a roar of thunder in the shape of an uproarious laughter. They did not forget the courtesy of war, however, but invited him to partake with them, and instead of the usual wine which the English gave to Shane O'Neil, they gave him his choice of honest beefsteak, eggs and bacon. By noon we were seat in the House of Commons. As there was not a so business done in House until four o'clock, the members amused themselves by strolling on the lobby and grounds to pass away the lagging hours. At last the Herald's voice was heard resounding through the hall. Every member rose to his feet, while the sergeant at arms bearing the mace, the chaplain, the speaker and his train bearer entered. Prayers occupied about ten minutes. Then followed an oppressing silence. Juss when every nerve was raised to the utmost tension, a unidentity gentleman rose and gave a bomb on hats, until Mr. Bradlaugh's finger and Goshen's fist caused an interruption. During the bombing, Mr. Gladstone, who looks fresh as well for a man of seventy seven, sat in his favorite attitude with his head thrown back and half bent forward—the one great figure in the whole assembly.

"Yes," exclaimed Melborne, "he is always that, the venerable man.

"When the sides were shift it was a complete defeat to the Tory government that had been threatening to suppress the National League and to establish a new coercion in Ireland. The wildest cheers of the Irish members greeted the announcement of the vote."

"This is the second ministry that Parnell has destroyed within the last eight months," said the Colonel.

"The Irish may have reason to regret this act," said Melborne, "A ministry with a powerful majority would be apt to do the right thing if Gladstone was out of it. He always has done the wrong thing for Ireland and always will, I fear. He is vain and vacillating."

"He has no easy task," said, "He must now form a policy which the whigs have heretofore bitterly detested and which will fill his party with doubts and misgivings."

"England needs just now a Lincoln or a Grant," exclaimed Col. Haynes. "Men who can think and act for themselves and beyond themselves and see what will be the best for nations and for mankind at a glance.

"I am sorry that Gladstone is in power. With him as chief pilot we may have insurrection in Ireland, war with England and mutiny in India," said Melborne, thoughtfully. "Then he is not in favor with the Queen. She resorted to every device before she submitted to the inevitable by placing Gladstone in power."

"That makes it harder for him to extricate himself. While Parnell would not accept an office in the English government, he will rule his destinies in a great measure," I said.

"At present he is master of the situation. If gets as you believe the earnest friend of the Irish cause, if he can continued his influence and keep his followers united, there is every reason to believe that he will gain for Ireland some form of Home Rule," said Melborne.

"He had to control men who are in the condition that the Irish are just now. Keen thing is upsetted, the great and uncontrollable fact that occurred in London has added fuel to the fire of hate. It is a strange indeed if we do not hear of some lawlessness." They are deeply earnest for Home Rule but Irish liberty. Anything that they imagine will hinder that they will overthrow. If it costs them their lives, I say, hurrah!

"The only hope for a speedy settlement of the matter without the shedding of blood," said Col. Haynes, "I have gained from my friend Mr. Parnell and other Irishmen that shall try to turn to the good of our own nation. When I reach New York I shall commence a life campaign against the coming landlords.

"I am sorry, in that sentiment my son," said Mr. Wren, sighing deeply.

"Why, papa, exclaimed Annie, as she sprang to meet her father.

"Well, pet," he answered giving her a tender kiss, "I see you are looking well. I seem to be just in time to join a family party," he continued, giving to each some word of greeting.

"Yes, Sir Wren," said Stella, "this is our last family gathering. This evening the great Parnell is to come and bring a message for us from my cousin Colonel Haynes with his party leaves for America.

"We had lunch together and were pleased to hear Sir Wren's account of how he had disposed of his large estate.

"Then you think it is safe to sell to the tenants on such easy terms?" asked Mrs. Morne.

"Yes, I consider it perfectly safe. The tenants will pay the money rather instead of rent, on the installment plan."

"Then you will invest your money in American lands," said Melborne.

"Not unless I remain there to reside. I cannot begin now to follow out a practice that I have always condemned, of taking my money from my native land, spending it in another, without leaving an equivalent."

"Then there are a goodly number under condemnation," said Melborne, "for as British landlords, as Individuals or companies, are, now receiving rent in some form, from more than twenty million acres in America. And I know of many in the coming year, intend to invest millions of dollars in American lands."

"I have learned that we have our selves by taking the land values of the country and not the Independent," said Colonel Haynes. "Or, our government can establish such laws as shall prevent aliens from holding lands in America, except as actual settlers. One is astonished to find that there are now more tenant farmers in America than in England, Scotland and Ireland combined. It is time we began to think and act."

"From the discussion of important national affairs we changed to the arrangements for the evening. It was arranged that we were to meet at Blue Ridge in the evening for the wedding, and from there to see our friends on their way to Liverpool.

TO BE CONTINUED.

OUT OF THE COMMON.

From Dorcas to Kitchen There Is a Demand for Something New.

Chaos reigns in furniture. The cry is for something "original." Nothing is novel or ancient. Last season when lounges were filled with Greek and Oriental rooms, every woman was dressed a Pompadour. The contrast was grotesque. The "Josephine" has been laid aside and now comes the newest thing cry for "something uncommon."

To begin at the doorstep there is a general carting away of piazzas, balconies and railing. Piazzas are sold for junk, the planks are given away and the stone about the stoop and windows chipped though, it must be remembered that it is impossible to handle to make her entrance hall individual, whether it be a mud square or of the Italian marble. In all parts the paint are used let it be unlike anything else in the house.

There are rich red papers for the purpose although the cost of the hanging is dreadful. Hoak is used panels of dark rosy du Barri and full gold paper can be let in with fine effect and the border laid in gold. Another is a gold wood carpet, which is cheaper, or the boards filled and stained and then covered with a rug of a color that the case must be different and gay to the last degree. For this there are French papers of brilliant bird-like patterns which shamm and shine like the lovely style of this wall paper is made of a simple rose branch with a bird on it thrown against a pale crimson cream ground. Another is a gold ground with a peacock appears almost life size and as grand as his colors could be in any element but sunshine. In all parts the wonderful old house there is a demand for high colors, bright tints and airy, delicate designs.

Fancy a dining room done in crimson and white with window drapery of silver tissue and hangings of white beads and bamboo and you have an idea of the tints that are used. Now it is possible as well as pretty to fasten open the folding doors of the dining-parlor and in the arch place a white cateree gate of open Moslar-abyeh carving.

Nothing nowadays goes in twos but wedding couples. Chairs and tables and chairs and two pictures make the half dozen horrors against which the artistic and esthetic worlds are screaming. Instead of the stiff plush and hair cloth coverings a steady and growing preference is shown for those French and Turkish linen cloths of palegreen, blue and ecru, with stamped magnolias and roses cupped after and printed line the impression tapestries. These stuffs are wear-lasting, cool and clean, and any stain or soil can be removed with soap and water.

In lieu of the costly and perishable lace curtains are used silk gauze hangings of bat-sticklike weave in cream and atmospheric tint machine worked with trellised vines and trailing plants that are so fine and so full of lace tracery as delicate as lace work.

There is wisdom in going about and circulating among art shops and drapery stores before buying anything.—*N. Y. World.*

Cromwell's Famous Speech.

The speech with which Oliver Cromwell turned Parliament out of doors in 1653 has come to light through the researches of Dr. Wolfgang Michael, and there is every evidence of its authenticity. It was thus: "It is high time for me to put an end to your sitting in this place, which you have dishonored by your unjustice, your corruption and defiled by your practice of every vice. Ye are a factious crew, and enemies to all good government. Ye are a pack of ravenous wolves, and I would—like Esau—sell your country for a mess of pottage, and like Judas betray your God for a few pieces of money. Is there a single one of you remaining among you? Is there one vice you do not possess? Ye have no more religion than no horse. Gold is your God. Which of you have not bartered away your consciences for bribes? Is there a man among you that hath the public good at heart? Is the commonwealth? Ye sordid prostitutes! have ye not defiled this sacred place, and turned the temple temple into a den of thieves? By your immoral principles and wicked practices ye are grown insufficiently odious to the whole nation. You who are destined here by the people to get their grievances redressed, are yourselves become their greatest grievance. Your commission is expired! I dissolve this Parliament! Ye are no longer a Parliament! Is this Augean stable by putting a final period to your impurities proceeding in this house and which has long, long and too grievously been the bane of all my good ones to do. I command you, therefore, upon peril of your lives, to depart out of this place! Go! Get you out! Go! Get you out! Make haste! Ye vessel slaves begone! Go! Take away that shining bauble yonder, and lock up the door!"

What to Teach Young Women.

A mother wrote to ask, "What shall I teach my daughter?" The question is important and troublesome for many sisters.

That there is no happiness in this world for a girl who is not taught to be useful, and who is not taught, as much as possible, to make others happy, is a wretched fact. The little girls of well-to-do families are allowed, and taught, that the world revolves around them. Millions, thousands, hundreds of thousands, are taught that it is their duty to get somebody else to take care of them. Instead of that, their mission should be to help others. The sample facts that a young lady thinks she may be married, and that it is not her duty, after growing up, to change the false notions of her parents, asked the question, in a mother's mind, that she should be taught to support herself. Ten thousand times ten thousand girls have to do it themselves. It is ruination and misery for any father or mother who pass their daughters into the world without having taught them how to earn their living by individual. Marriage is a chance. It is not their good or bad luck. It is a proof of luck. Ten thousand times ten thousand girls have been taught that the world owes them a living. Ten thousand times ten thousand girls have been taught that the world owes them a living in their life. Ten thousand times ten thousand girls have been taught that it is not somebody's duty to take care of them. Instead of that, their mission should be to help others. The sample facts that a young lady thinks she may be married, and that it is not her duty, after growing up, to change the false notions of her parents, asked the question, in a mother's mind, that she should be taught to support herself. Ten thousand times ten thousand girls have to do it themselves. It is ruination and misery for any father or mother who pass their daughters into the world without having taught them how to earn their living by individual. Marriage is a chance. It is not their good or bad luck. It is a proof of luck. Ten thousand times ten thousand girls have been taught that the world owes them a living