THE LAND WHERE THE SHAMROCK GROWS.

The following song, composed and set to music by the well known poetess, Miss Agnes Burt, was sung in chorus by the boys of St. Ann's school in honor of Father Hogan before his departure for Ireland :—

There's an Isle of glorious beauty
On the broad Atlantic's breast,
And of all the lands the sun shines on,
We Irish love it best.
We are only boys, but proudly we prize,
The land of our father's birth,
For well we've learned at our mothers' knee,
'Tis the holiest isle on earth.

CHORUS:

God save thee, darling Erin,
May the day not distant be,
When thou, the land where the Shamrock grows
Shall once again be free.

Land of the Cross and Shamrock green,
Emblems of love divine,
To thee we sing our schoolboys' song,
For thee the wreath we twine;
Then as we pass to manhood's years,
Let us cherish true and strong,
A love for the Isle St. Patrick blest
With the gifts of faith and song.

CHORUS:

God save thee, darling Erin,
May the day not distant be,
When thou, the land where the Shamrock grows,
Shall once again be free.

Fain would our boyish hearts cross o'er
The ocean's billowy foam,
With him who goes once more to greet
His dear old Irish home;
With him, dear Soggarth, tried and true,
Who goes once again to see
The land of his birth, Queen Eire of the earth,
Oh! May she soon be free.

CHORUS:

God save and guard from danger,
God save and guard him well,
And bring him back once again to our hearts,
Our Soggarth dear, farewell.

AGNES BURT.

Montreal, May 22nd.

THE TRUE WITNESS FOR 1881.

The TRUE WITNESS has within the past year made an immense stride in circulation, and it the testimony of a large number of our subscribers is not too flattering it may also claim a stride in general improvement.

This is the age of general improvement and the TRUE WITNESS will advance with it. Newspapers are starting up around us on all sides with more or less pretensions to public favor, some of them die in their tender infancy, some of them die of disease of the heart after a few years, while others, though the fewest in number, grow stronger as they advance in years and root themselves all the more firmly in public esteem, which in fact is their life. However, we may criticise Darwins theory as applied to the species there is no doubt it holds good in newspaper enterprises, it is the fittest which survives. The TRUE WITNESS has survived a generation of men all but two years, and it is now what we may term an established fact.

But we want to extend its usefulness and its circulation still further, and we want its friends to assist us if they believe this journal to be worth $1.50 a year, and we think they do. We would like to impress upon their memories that the TRUE WITNESS is without exception the cheapest paper of its class on this continent.

It was formerly two dollars per annum in the country and two dollars and a half in the city, but the present proprietors having taken charge of it in the hardest of times, and knowing that to many poor people a reduction of twenty or twenty-five per cent would mean something and would not only enable the old subscribers to retain it but new ones to enroll themselves under the reduction, they have no reason to regret it. For what they lost one way they gained in another, and they assisted the introduction into Catholic families throughout Canada and the United States of a Catholic paper which would defend their religion and their rights.

The TRUE WITNESS is too cheap to offer premiums or "chromos" as an inducement to subscribers, even if they believed in their efficacy. It goes simply on its merits as a journal, and it is for the people to judge whether they are right or wrong.

But as we have stated we want our circulation doubled in 1881, and all we can do to encourage our agents and the public generally is to promise them that, if our efforts are seconded by our friends, this paper will be still enlarged and improved during the coming year.

On receipt of $1.50, the subscriber will be entitled to receive the TRUE WITNESS for one year.

Any one sending us the names of 5 new subscribers, at one time, with the cash, ($1.50 each) will receive one copy free and $1.00 cash; or 10 new names, with the cash, one copy free and $2.50.

Our readers will oblige by informing their friends of the above *very liberal* inducements to subscribe for the TRUE WITNESS; also by sending the name of a reliable person who will act as agent in their locality for the publishers, and sample copies will be sent on application.

We want active intelligent agents throughout Canada and the Northern and Western States of the Union, who can, by serving our interests, serve their own as well and add materially to their income without interfering with their legitimate business.

The TRUE WITNESS will be mailed to clergymen, school teachers and postmasters at $1.00 per annum in advance.

Parties getting up clubs are not obliged to confine themselves to any particular locality, but can work up their quota from different towns or districts; nor is it necessary to send all the names at once. They will fulfil all the conditions by forwarding the names and amounts until the club is completed. We have observed that our paper is, if possible, more popular with the ladies than with the other sex, and we appeal to the ladies, therefore, to use the gentle but irresistible pressure of which they are mistresses in our behalf on their husbands, fathers, brothers and sons, though for the matter of that we will take subscriptions from themselves and their sisters and cousins as well. Rate for clubs of five or more, $1.00 per annum in advance.

In conclusion, we thank those of our friends who have responded so promptly and so cheerfully to our call for amounts due, and request those of them who have not, to follow their example at once.

"POST" PRINTING & PUBLISHING CO.
741 CRAIG ST., MONTREAL, CANADA.

WOMAN'S WISDOM.

"She insists that it is of more importance that her family shall be kept in full health than that she should have all the fashionable dresses and styles of the times. She, therefore, sees to it, that each member of her family is supplied with enough Hop Bitters, at the first appearance of any symptoms of ill-health, to prevent a fit of sickness with its attendant expense, care and anxiety. All women should exercise their wisdom in this way."—*New Haven Palladium.*

CHARLIE STUART
AND HIS SISTER.

BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING.

CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.

If Jane Pool hadn't said Sir Victor had gone off to Powyss-place, and that she didn't think it would be proper to disturb my lady just then, I would have gone up to my lady for orders. Jane had her supper and went up to the nursery for baby. She came back again after awhile—it was just past eight—in a temper, saying she had left my lady asleep when she took away baby, and returned to awake her. She had met Miss Inez, who ordered her away about her business, saying my lady was still asleep. Jane Pool said—"

THE CORONER—"Young woman, we don't want to hear what Jane Pool said. Jane Pool will tell her own story presently; we won't trouble you to tell both. At what hour did you go up to the nursery yourself?"

ELLEN BUTTERS (more sulkily)—"I disremember; it was after eight. I could tell all about it better, if you wouldn't keep interrupting me and putting me out. It was about a quarter or twenty minutes past eight, I think—"

THE CORONER (dogmatically).—"What you think won't do. Be more precise if you please, and keep your temper. What o'clock was it, I say, when you went to the nursery?"

ELLEN BUTTERS (excitedly).—"It was about a quarter or twenty minutes past eight—how can I know any surer when I don't know? I don't carry a watch, and didn't look at the clock. I'm sure I never expected to be badgered about it in this way. I said I'd go and wake my lady up, and not leave her there to catch her death, in spite of fifty Miss Catherons. I rapped at the door and got no answer, then I opened it and went in. There was no light, but the moon was shining bright and clear, and I saw my lady sitting, with her shawl around her, in the arm-chair. I thought she was asleep and called her—there was no answer. I called again, and put my hand on her bosom to arouse her. Something wet my hand—it was blood. I looked at her closer, and saw blood on her dress, and oozing in a little stream from the left breast. then I knew she had been killed. I ran screaming from the room, and down among the rest of the servants. I told them—I don't know how. And I don't remember any more, for I fell in a faint. When I came to I was alone—the rest were up in the nursery. I got up and joined them—that's everything I know about it."

Ellen Butters retired, and William Hooper was called. This is Mr. Hooper's evidence:

"I have been butler in Sir Victor Catheron's family for thirteen years. On the night of Friday last, as I sat in the servants' hall after supper, the young woman, Ellen Butters, my lady's London maid, came screeching downstairs like a creature gone mad, that my lady was murdered, and frightened us all out of our senses. As she was always a flighty young person, I didn't believe her. I ordered her to be quiet, and tell us what she meant. Instead of doing it she gave a sort of gasp and fell fainting down in a heap. I made them lay her down on the floor, and then follow me up to the nursery. We went in a body—I at the head. There was no light but the moonlight in the room. My lady lay back in the arm-chair, her eyes closed, bleeding and quite dead. I ran up to Miss Inez's room and called her. My master was not at home, or I would have called him instead. I think she must have been dead some minutes. She was growing cold when I found her."

"William Hooper," continued the Chesholm Courier, communicatively, "was cross-examined as to the precise time of finding the body. He said it was close upon half-past eight; the half our struck as he went up to Miss Inez's room."

James Dicksey was next called. James Dicksey, a shambling lad of eighteen, took his place, his eyes rolling in abject teror, and under the evident impression that he was being tried for his life. Every answer was rung from the frightened youth as with red-hot pincers, and it was with the utmost difficulty anything consistent could be extorted at all.

"About half past six on Friday evening, Mr. Dicksey was rambling about the grounds, in the direction of the Laurel walk. In the open ground it was still quite light, in the Laurel walk, it was growing dusk. As he drew near, he heard voices in the Laurel walk—angry voices though not very loud—the voices of a man and a woman. Peeped in and saw my lady. Yes, it was my lady—yes, he was sure. Was it likely now he wouldn't know my lady? The man was very tall, had a furrin-looking hat pulled over his eyes, and stood with his back to him. He didn't see his face. They were quarrelling and—well, yes, he did listen. Heard the man call her 'Ethel,' and ask for money. She wouldn't give it to him. Then he asked for jewels. She refused again and ordered him to go. She was very angry—she stamped her foot and said: "If you don't go instantly I'll call my husband. Between you and your sister you will drive me mad." When she said that, he guessed at once who the furrin-looking man was. It was Miss Inez's brother, Mr. Juan Catheron. Had heard tell of him often, and knew he had been at the house the night of my lady's arrival, and that there had been a row."

Mr. Dicksey was here sharply reprimanded, informed that his suspicions and hearsays were not wanted, and requested to come back to the point. He came back.

"My lady wouldn't give him anything, then he got mad and said. (James Dicksey had been vaguely impressed by these remarkable words at the time, and been silently revolving them ever since; 'Give me the jewels, or by all the gods I'll blow the story of your marriage to me all over England!'"

The breathless silence of coroner, jury, and spectators at this juncture was something not to be described. In that profound silence, James Dicksey went rambling on to say, that he could swear before the Queen herself to those words; that he had been thinking them over ever since he had heard them, and that he couldn't make top or tail of them.

THE CORONER (interrupting).—"What further did you overhear? Be careful; remember you are on oath."

JAMES DICKSEY.—"I heard what my lady said. She was in an awful passion, and spoke loud. She said, 'You will not, you dare not, you're a coward; Sir Victor has you in his power, and if you say one word you'll be silenced in Chesholm jail.' Then she stamped her foot again and said, 'Leave me, Juan Catheron; I am not afraid of you. Yes, he was sure of the name; she called him Juan Catheron, and looked as if she could eat him alive. He had heard no more, he was afraid of being caught, and had stolen quietly away. Had said nothing at all about it to any one; was afraid it might reach my lady's ears, and that he would lose his place for eavesdropping. At ten o'clock that night was told of the murder, and was took all of a tremble. Had told Superintendent Ferrick something of this next day, but this was all—yes, so help him, all he had heard, and just as he had heard it."

James Dicksey was rigidly cross-examined, and clung to his testimony with a dogged tenacity nothing could alter or shake. He could swear positively to the name she had uttered, to the words both had spoken, if he were dying. A profound sensation ran through the room as James Dicksey sat down—a thrill of unutterable apprehension, and fear.

The examination of these three witnesses occupied the whole of the afternoon. The Court adjourned until next morning, at ten o'clock.

On Tuesday morning, despite the inclemency of the weather (said the *Chesholm Courier* to its readers), the parlor of the "Mitre," the halls the stairways, and even the inn yard were filled at the hour of nine. The excitement was intense—you might have heard a pin drop in the silence, when the examination of witnesses was resumed. William Hooper was again called to take the stand.

THE CORONER.—"You remember, I suppose, the evening on which Sir Victor brought Lady Catheron home?"

WITNESS.—"I do."

CORONER.—"You had a visitor on that night. You admitted him did you not, Mr. Hooper? Who was that visitor?"

"It was Mr. Juan Catheron."

"Was Mr. Juan Catheron in the habit of visiting Catheron Royals?"

"He was not."

"Can you recollect how long a period had elapsed since his previous visit?"

"Mr. Catheron had not been at the Royals for over four years. He was wild—there was ill-feeling between him and my master."

"Between him and his sister also?"

"I don't know. I—believe so." Here the witness looked piteously at the jury. "I had rather not answer these questions, gentlemen, if you please. I'm an old servant of the family—whatever family secrets may have come under my knowledge, I have no right to reveal."

THE CORONER (blandly).—"Only a few more, Mr. Hooper. We require to know on what footing Mr. Juan Catheron stood with his family. Did he ever come to Catheron Royals to visit his sister?"

"He did not."

"Had he ever been forbidden the house?"

"I—believe so."

"On the evening of Sir Victor and Lady Catheron's arrival, his visit was entirely unexpected then?"

"I don't know."

"You admitted him?"

"I did."

"What did he say to you?"

"I don't remember. Some rattling nonsense—nothing more. He was always light-headed. He was upstairs and into the dining-room before I could prevent it.

"How long did he remain?"

"About twenty minutes—not longer, I am certain Then he came running back and I let him out."

"Had there been a quarrel?"

"I don't know" (doggedly); "I wasn't there. Mr. Juan came down laughing. I know that. I know nothing more about it. I have never seen him since."

CHAPTER X.

FROM THE "CHESHOLM COURIER"—CONTINUED.

Jane Pool was called. A suppressed murmur of interest ran through the room at the name of the witness. It was understood her evidence would have the deepest bearing on the case. Mrs. Pool took the stand. "A decent, intelligent young woman" said the *Chesholm Courier*, "who gave her evidence in a clear, straightforward way, that carried conviction to every hearer." "I am Jane Pool. I am nurse to Sir Victor Catheron's infant son. Early in August I entered the service of the deceased Lady Catheron in London; the first week of September I accompanied them down here. On the evening of the murder, about half past six o'clock, or perhaps a quarter of seven, while I was busy in the day nursery over my duties, my lady came in, as she often did, though not at that hour. She looked pale and flurried, and bent over the baby, who lay asleep, without speaking. Sir Victor came in while she was still there, and without taking any notice of me, told her he had received a note from Lady Helena Powyss saying Squire Powyss had had a stroke, and that he must go at once to Powyss place. He said he thought he would be absent all night, that he would return as soon as he could, and that she was to take care of herself. He kissed her good bye and left the room. My Lady went to the window and waved her hand to him, and watched him out of sight. About ten minutes after, while she still stood there, the door opened and Miss Inez came in and asked for Sir Victor; she said she wanted him.

Then she stooped over and looked at the baby, calling him the heir of Catheron Royals. Then she laughed in her soft way and said: 'I wonder if he is the heir of Catheron Royals! I have been reading the Scotch marriage law, and after what you and my brother said the other night—" If she said any more I couldn't catch it—my lady turned round in such a flame of anger as I never saw her in before, and says she: "You have uttered your last insult, Inez Catheron—you will never utter another beneath this roof. To-morrow you leave it. I am Sir Victor Catheron's wife, and the mistress of Catheron Royals,—this is the last night it will ever shelter you." Then she opened the door. 'Go!' she said; 'when my husband returns, you or I leave this house for ever.' Neither of them took the least notice of me; I was afraid of being seen, and kept as quiet as I could. I heard Miss Inez answer: 'Not all the soap-boiler's daughters in England shall send me from Catheron Royals. You may go to-morrow if you will, but I will never go, never!' With that she went away, and my lady shut the door upon her. I did not want her to see me there, when she turned round, so I slipped out of another door, and downstairs. I took my supper, lingering, I dare say, half an hour; I don't think it was much more than half-past seven when I returned to the nursery for baby. I found my lady asleep in the arm-chair beside the open window. She had been crying—there were tears on her cheeks and eyelashes as she slept. I did not disturb her. I lifted baby and carried him up to the night nursery. I left him in charge of the under nursemaid, and returned to the room my lady was in. The clock was striking eight as I came downstairs. I was going in to awaken my lady, not liking to have her sleep in the night air. My hand was on the handle, when the door opened and Miss Inez came out. She looked paler than common, I thought, but she spoke just as high and haughty as usual. She asked me what I wanted there. I told her I wanted to awaken my lady. She looked at me, as though she would like to bite off my head—she was in one of her tempers, I could see. 'You had better let my lady alone,' she says, 'and attend to your nursery. She's asleep still, and it isn't your place to awaken her. Go!' I was in a fury; I don't mind owning that, but I said nothing and I went. When Miss Inez looked and spoke like that, every servant in the house knew that it was as much as her place was worth to disobey her. I went back and told Ellen Butters. Ellen was drinking her tea; she couldn't abide Miss Inez, and the minute she finished her cup she jumps up. 'I'm not afraid of her,' said Ellen; 'she ain't my missis; I'll go and wake my lady up.' She went; we stayed below. It might be five minutes after, when she comes flying back, screaming fit to wake the dead.' Murder! murder!' There was blood on one of her hands, and before we could get anything more from her except 'My lady! my lady!' she drops down in a faint. We left her there, and followed Hooper upstairs. There was my lady lying in the arm-chair under the window, as I had seen her last—stone dead. We were all so shocked and frightened, I hardly know what was said or done for a while. Then somebody says—I don't know who to this minute—'Where is Miss Catheron?' Nobody made answer. Says the person again: 'Where is Miss Catheron?' I think it frightened Hooper. He turned round, and said he would go for her. He went—we waited. He came back with her in a short while, and we all looked at her. She was nearly as much like a dead woman as my lady herself. I never saw such a look on any face before—her eyes seemed dazed in her head, like. She seemed hardly to know what she was saying or doing, and she didn't seem a bit surprised. Hooper said to her:

'Shall I send for Sir Victor?' She answered, in that stunned sort of way: 'Yes, send for Sir Victor, and the doctor, and the police at once. She was shivering like one in the chills, as she said it. She said she could do nothing more, and she left us and went back to her room. It was then I first missed the dagger. I can swear it was lying on the table beside a book, when my lady first fell asleep; when I looked round, the book was still there, the dagger gone."

The blood-stained dagger found by the policeman was here produced and identified at once by the witness.

"It is the same—I have had it in my hand a hundred times, and seen it with her. Oh, my lady—my lady—my dear lady!"

The sight of the blood-incrusted weapon unnerved the witness. She broke out into hysterical sobbing, which nothing could quiet. It being now noon, the court adjourned until two o'clock.

Jane Pool was then again called, and resumed her important testimony, in the same rapid, narrative, disconnected style as before.

"I felt dreadfully about the murder, and I don't mind owning I had my suspicions. I said to myself: I'll keep an eye on Miss Inez,' and I did, as well as I could. She kept her room nearly all next day. Toward night, Sir Victor was took down with the fever—wild and raving like, and Miss Inez went with Lady Helena to sit with him and watch. I was watching too, Sir Victor's room door. I don't know why, but I seemed to expect something. About nine, or a little later, as I stood at one end of the hall in the shadow, I saw the door open and Miss Inez come out. She looked up and down to see if the coast was clear, then put her shawl over her head, and walked very fast to the opposite end, downstairs and out of the side door. I followed her. It was raining and very dark, and at first I lost her among the trees. Then I heard a whistle, and following it, the next thing I saw was a tall man smoking a cigar, close beside her. It was too dark to see his face; I could just make out that he was very tall. They were talking in whispers, and what with the drip, drip of rain and the rustling of the trees, I couldn't catch at first what they were saying."

"Indeed, Mrs. Pool," the coroner observed at this point, "that is to be regretted. Eavesdropping seems to be your forte."

"I don't think it is any harm to listen in a good cause," Mrs. Pool retorted sullenly. "If you don't care to have me repeat my eavesdropping, I won't."

"Repeat what you heard if it bears on this case."

The first words I heard were from Miss Inez. She was giving him something—money, I thought—and she said: 'Now go and never come back. Your coming has done evil enough surely.' I couldn't catch his answer. He took what she gave him and Miss Inez burst out, as she always does, in one of her tearing passions: 'How dare you say so, you wretch? whom it is my bitterest shame to call brother. But for you she would be alive and well—do you think I don't know it? Go! Living or dead, I never want to look upon your face again.'"

The sensation in the court (said the Chesholm *Courier*) as the witness repeated these words was something indescribable. A low, angry murmur ran from lip to lip; even the coroner turned pale.

"Witness," he said, "take care! You are on oath, remember. How can you recall accurately word for word what you heard"

"Are they the sort of words likely to be forgotten!" Jane Pool retorted. "I know I'm on oath; I'll take five hundred oaths to these words, if you like. Those were the very words Miss Inez Catheron spoke. She called him her brother. She said but for him she would be alive to-night. Then he plunged into the wood and disappeared, and she went back to the house. I haven't spoken of this to any one since. I wrote the words down when I came in. Here is the writing."

She handed the coroner a slip of paper, on which what she repeated was written.

"I knew I would have to swear to it, so I wrote it down to make sure. But my memory is good; I wouldn't have forgotten."

The witness was rigidly cross-examined, but nothing could shake her testimony.

"The window," she said, "of the room where the murder was committed, opened on a lawn and flower garden—any one could have entered by it. The knife lay on the table close by."

Dr. Dane was next called and gave his medical testimony. The dagger shown would inflict the wound that caused Lady Catheron's death. In his opinion but one blow had been struck and had penetrated the heart. Death must have been instantaneous. A strong, sure hand seems to have dealt the blow.

The policeman who had found the dagger was called, and testified as to its discovery among the brake, on the evening succeeding the murder.

Miss Catheron was the next and last witness summoned. At the sound of her name a low ominous hiss was heard—sternly repressed at once by the coroner.

"Miss Catheron came in," quoth the *Courier*, "as pale as marble and looking as emotionless. Her large, dark eyes glanced over the crowded room, and dead silence fell. The young lady gave her evidence clearly and concisely—perfectly calm in tone and manner.

"On the Friday evening in question, the deceased Lady Catheron and myself had a misunderstanding. It was my fault. I made a remark that wounded her, and she retorted by saying I should leave Catheron Royals on the morrow. I answered equally angrily, that I would not, and left the room. When I was alone I began to regret what I had so hastily said. I thought the matter over for a time, and finally resolved to return and apologize. I went back to the nursery and found Lady Catheron fast asleep. I would not disturb her, and immediately left the room. On the threshold I encountered Nurse Pool. I had always disliked the woman and spoke sharply to her, ordering her away. Half an hour after, as I sat in my room alone, Hooper, the butler, came up, and told me my lady was murdered. I was naturally shocked and horrified. I went down with him, and saw her. I hardly knew what to do; I felt stunned and bewildered by the suddenness of so terrible a catastrophe. I told the butler to send for Sir Victor, for the family physician, and the police. I knew not what else to do. I could not remain in the room, because the sight of blood always turns me faint and sick. I retired to my own apartment and remained there until the arrival of Lady Helena Powyss."

There was one fact the Chesholm *Courier* did not chronicle, concerning Miss Catheron's evidence—the formal, constrained manner in which it was given, like one who repeats a well-learned lesson by rote.

As she concluded, the coroner ventured to put a few respectful questions.

"On the night succeeding the murder, Miss Catheron, you met after dusk a man in the grounds. Do you object to telling us who that man was?"

"I do," Miss Catheron replied haughtily. "I most decidedly object. I have told all I have to tell concerning this murder. About my private affairs I will answer no impertinent questions, either now or at any future time."

Miss Catheron was then allowed to retire The jury held a consultation, and it was proposed to adjourn the inquest for a few days, until Juan Catheron should be discovered.

. . . . . .

In one of the rooms of the "Mitre," Miss Catheron stood with Lady Helena, Sir Roger Kendrick, and a few other sympathizing and indignant friends. There was but little said—but little to say. All felt that a dark, terrible cloud was gathering over the girl's head. It broke sooner than they looked for.

As they lingered there for a few moments, awaiting the issue of the inquest, a constable entered with a warrant, approached and touched Miss Catheron lightly on the shoulder.

Lady Helena uttered a gasping cry; Sir Roger strode forward; the young lady slightly recoiled. The constable took off his hat and spoke:

"Very sorry, Miss, but it's my painful duty. I have a warrant here from Squire Smiley, Justice of the Peace, to arrest you on suspicion of wilful murder."

CHAPTER XI.

"RING OUT YOUR BELLS! LET MOURNING SHOWS BE SPREAD!"

Three days after a long and stately procession passed slowly through the great gates under the lofty Norman archway, bearing to the Catheron vaults the body of Ethel, last Lady Catheron. A long and sad ceremonial! Why, it seemed only yesterday that that mournful, passing bell rung out the welcoming peal; but yesterday since they had lit the bonfires and tossed their hats in the air, and cheered with all their hearts and souls the gallant husband and lovely wife. For a "squire of high degree" to marry beneath him, is something that goes home, warm and true, to every humble heart. Sir Victor's tenantry had never been half so proud of him, as when he had brought among them his low-born wife. It seemed but yesterday that all the parish had seen her, walking up this very aisle, in pale, flowing silk, and with the sweetest face the sun ever shone on, leaning on her happy young husband's arm; and now they carried her dead—foully murdered—to the open Catheron vault, and laid her to sleep forever beside the high-born dames of the race who slept their last sleep there.

"All men are equal on the turf and under it," once said a famous sporting nobleman. Ethel Dobb, the London soap-boiler's daughter, took her place to-day among the dead daughters of earls and marquises, their equal at last, by right divine of the great leveller, Death.

A great and solemn hush pervaded all ranks, sexes, and classes. Struck down in her sleep, without a moment's warning, in her own home—a deep murmur that was like the murmur of the angry sea ran through them as they collected together.

Who had done this deed?—the girl confined in Chesholm jail, or her scoundrel brother? They remembered him well—like Ishmael of old, his hand against every man, and every man's hand against him, the head and instigator of every poaching affray, or henroost robbery every fight and evil deed done in Chesholm. Both brother and sister hated her—Inez Catheron that she had taken her lover from her—Juan Catheron that he had lost her himself. After Sir Victor he was heir-at-law. Failing the life of the infant son, he might one day write himself Sir Juan.

It was a lucky thing, croaked the Chesholm gossips, that Nurse Pool had removed the baby, else the dagger that stabbed the mother would have found its way to the heart of the child. Curse the black-hearted murderer of sleeping women, and from the throng in the churchyard there rose up a groan to Heaven, and a hundred angry hearts pledged themselves to avenge it if the law would not.

"The coroner would have let the young lady escape," said one. "See how he snubbed Mrs. Pool, and how easily he let her betters off. If Justice Smiley hadn't got out his warrant, she'd have been off to the Continent and clear away, long before this."

"Why don't they find Juan Catheron?" said another. "They say they're looking for him—why don't they find him then? Murderers don't escape so easily nowadays—the law finds 'em if it wants to find 'em. It's seven days since the murder was done, and no tale or tidings of him yet?"

"And when he is found neither he nor his sister shall escape. If the law lets them clear, we won't. The time when rank could shield crime is over, thank Heaven. Let them hang as high as Haman—they deserve it. I'll be the first to pull the rope."

Day by day the feeling had grown stronger and bitterer against brother and sister. The Englishman's proverbial love of "fair play" seemed for once to be forgotten. The merciful reasoning of the law, that takes every man to be innocent until he be proven guilty, was too lenient to be listened to. The brother had murdered her—the sister had aided and abetted. Let them both hang—that was the vox populi of Chesholm—hanging was too good for them.

"How did she take her arrest—she was always as proud as Lucifer and as haughty as a duke's daughter?" asked the curious townsfolk.

She had taken it very quietly, as though she had expected it. When Lady Helena and Sir Roger had cried out in horror at her arrest, she had stood firm. A slight, sad smile had even crossed her lips.

"Dear Aunt Helena—dear Sir Roger," she had said, "there's nothing to be surprised at Don't interfere with this man; he is only doing his duty, I knew this would come. I have expected it from the first. It will be unpleasant for the time—of the result I have no fear. In these days, when so many guilty escape, it is not likely the innocent will be punished. Let me go with this man quietly, Aunt Helena; I," a flush of proud pain passed over her face, "I don't want the servants—don't want the rabble to see me."

She held ont her hand to her aunt, and her aunt's old friend.

"Good-bye, Aunt Helena," she said wistfully. "Good-bye, Sir Roger. Nothing that they can bring against me will shake your faith in me, I know. You will both come and see me after, I hope, and bring me news of poor Victor. Should—I mean when he recovers—don't tell him of this—don't, I beg. It can do no good—it may do him harm. Good bye once more—give my love to uncle Godfrey. Aunt Helena don't distress yourself so; I cannot bear it."

"Do you think I will let you go alone? No, I will go with you to the prison, if these besotted wretches persist in sending you there. But oh, there must be some mistake; it is too atrocious. Sir Roger, can't you do something? Great Heaven! the idea of Inez Catheron being lodged in Chesholm jail like a common felon!"

"Sir Roger can do nothing," Inez answered; "the law must take its course. Let us end this painful scene—let us go at once." She shuddered in spite of herself. "The sooner it is over the better."

She shook hands with Sir Roger. A cab was at the door—the old baronet handed the ladies in, and stood bareheaded until they were driven out of sight. They reached the square, gloomy, black building called Chesholm jail, standing in the centre of a gloomy, paved quadrangle. Miss Catheron was shown to a room. The jailer had once been a servant in the Powyss family, and he pledged himself now to make Miss Inez as comfortable as was admissable under the circumstances.

Once in the dreary room, with the heavy door closed and locked, Lady Helena suddenly fell down on the stone floor before her niece and held up her hands.

"Inez," she said, in Heaven's name hear me! You are shielding some one—that guilty man—you saw him do this deed. Speak out! Save yourself—let the guilty suffer.

What is he that you should perish for his sake! He was always evil and guilty—forget his blood flows in your veins—speak out and save yourself. Let him who is guilty suffer for his own crime!"

The soft September twilight was filling the room. One pale flash of sunset came slanting through the grated window, and fell on Miss Inez Catheron's face. She stood in the middle of the floor, her clasped hands hanging loosely before her, an indescribable expression on her face.

"Poor Juan!" she said, wearily; "don't be too hard on him, Aunt Helena. We have none of us ever been too gentle to him in his wrong doing, and he wasn't really bad at heart then. If any letter should come from him to you, for me, say nothing about it—bring it here I don't think he will be taken; he can double like a hare, and he is used to being hunted. I hope he is far away at sea before this. For the rest, I have nothing to say—nothing. I can live disgraced, and die a felon if need be, but not ten thousand disgraceful deaths can make me speak one word more than I choose to utter."

Lady Helena's stifled sobbing filled the room. "Oh, my child! my child!" she cried; "what madness is this, and for one so unworthy!"

"But there will be no such tragical ending. I will be tried at the Assizes and acquitted. They can't bring me in guilty. Jane Pool's circumstantial evidence may sound very conclusive in the ears of Mr. Justice Smiley, but it won't bring conviction with a grand jury. You see it wasn't sufficient even for the coroner. The imprisonment here will be the worst, but you will lighten that. Then when it is all over, I will leave England and go back to Spain, to my mother's people. They will receive me gladly, I know. It is growing dark, Aunt Helena—pray don't linger here longer."

Lady Helena arose, her face set in a look of quiet, stubborn resolve.

"Take good care of poor Victor, and watch the baby well. He is the last of the Cathertons now you know. Don't let any one approach Victor but Mrs. Marsh, and warn her not to speak of my arrest—the shock might kill him. I wish—I wish I had treated her more kindly in the past. I feel as though I could never forgive myself now."

"You had better not talk so much, Inez," her aunt said, almost coldly. "You may be overheard. I don't pretend to understand you. You know best whether he for whom you are making this sacrifice deserves it or not. Good-night, my poor child; I will see you early to-morrow."

Lady Helena, her lips set in that rigid line of resolve, her tears dried, rode back to Catheron Royals. The darkness had fallen by this time—fallen with black, fast-drifting clouds, and chill whistling winds. Two or three lights, here and there, gleamed along the lofty facade of the old mansion, now a house of mourning itself. Beneath its roof a foul dark murder had been done—beneath its roof its master lay ill unto death. And for the guilty wretch who had wrought this ruin, Inez Catheron was to suffer imprisonment, suspicion, and life-long disgrace. The curse that the townspeople invoked on Juan Catheron, Lady Helena had it in her heart to echo.

Her first act was to dismiss Jane Pool the nurse.

"We keep servants, not spies and informers at Catheron Royals," she said, imperiously. "Go to Mrs. Marsh—what is due to you she will pay. You leave Catheron Royals without a character, and at once."

"I'm not afraid, my lady," Jane Pool retorted with a toss of her head "People will know why I'm turned away, and I'll get plenty of places. I knew I would lose my situation for telling the truth, but I'm not the first that has suffered in a good cause."

"Lady Helena had swept away, disdaining all reply. She ascended to Sir Victor's room—the night-lamp burned low, mournful shadows filled it. A trusty nurse sat patiently by the bedside.

"How is he now? asked the aunt bending above him.

"Much the same your ladyship—in a sort of stupor all the time, tossing about, and muttering ceaselessly. I can't make out anything he says, except the name Ethel. He repeats that over and over in a way that breaks my heart to hear."

The name seemed to catch the dull ear of the delirious man.

"Ethel," he said, wearily. "Yes—yes, I must go and fetch Ethel home. I wish Inez would go away—her black eyes make me afraid—they follow me everywhere. Ethel—Ethel—Ethel!" He murmured the name dreamily, tenderly. Suddenly he half started up in bed and looked about him wildly. What brings Juan Catheron's picture here—Ethel! Come away from him. How dare you meet him here alone?" He grasped Lady Helena's wrist and looked at her with haggard, blood-shot eyes. "He was your lover once—how dare he come here? Oh, Ethel, you won't leave me for him! I love you—I can't live without you—don't go. Oh, my Ethel! my Ethel! my Ethel!"

He fell back upon the bed with a sort of sobbing cry that brought the tears streaming from the eyes of the tender-hearted nurse.

"He goes on like that continual, my lady"