## ALONE.

BY R. H. NEWBLL.

Three stalwart sons old Sweyn, the Saxon, had, Brave, hardy lads for battle or the chase; And though, like passant, barbarously slad, Each wore the nameloss Noble in his face: One o'er another rose their heads in tiers, Steps for their father's honorable years.

One night in Autumn sat they round the fire, In the rude cable bountful of Home;
Mild was the rev'ronce due from child to sire,
Bold in the manhood of mast'ry come;
Working their tasks o'er buntsman's forest gear,
Loos'ning the bow and sharpening the spear.

Lost in his thoughts, old Sweyn, the Saxon, stood Leaning in siloned gainst the chimney stone; Staring unconscious at the blazing wood. Stooped in the mood of mind he oft had known; As an old tree, whose stoutest branches shake, Scarce from their vigor sign of life will take.

Athol, the bearded, with his bow had done, Alfred, the nimble, laid his spear aside, Edrie, the fairest, tiring of his fun. Left the old hound to slumber on his hide; Yot was their sire like one whose features seem Shaded by sleep, and all their light a dream.

Bold in the favor of the eldest born,
Athol, for both his younger brothers, spoke;
"Father, the fox is prowling in the corn,
And hear the night owl heating from the oak;
Let us to couch." But Sweyn had raised his head
And thus, unwitting what had passed, he said:—

"See from my breast I draw this chain of gold;" Fair in the firelight royally it shone,— "This for his honer that shall best unfold Who, of all creatures, is most Alone; Take him from palace, monast'ry or cot, Loving, unloved, forgetting, or forget."

Then Athol spoke, with thoughtful tone and look, "He is the loneliest—most Alone of all Who, in a skiff to the mid-sens forsook, Finds not an echo. even to his call; If echo lived not, all Alone were he; But there's no echo on the solemn sea!"

And Alfred next:—"But lonelier, brother, far,
The wrotch that flies a just avenging rod.
To him all scenes are waste, a fee the star,
All earth he's lost, yet knows no heav'n, no God;
Most Lonely he, who, making man his fee,
Unto man's Maker dareth not to go!"

Thus spoke the lads, with wit beyond their years, And yet the old man hold his beard and sigh'd, As one who gains the form his wishing wears, But misses still a something most denied: Upon his youngest eager looks be turned. And Edric's cheek with grace ingenuous burned.

"I think, my father," and his tone was low,
"That lonelier yet, and most Alone is he,
Scarce taught, the crowds are leading where to go,
And one face missing, can no other see;
Though all the Norman's coart around him moves,
He is Alone apart from Her he loves."

A hosh fell on them. Then, with loving air And all the touching romance of the Old, The hoary father kissed young Edric's hair. And o'er his shoulders threw the chain of gold; Then fell upon his darling's neck and cried; "I have been lonely since thy mother died!"

## BROOKDALE.

BY ERNEST BRENT.

Author of Love's Redemption, &c.

CHAPTER XLIV. ON THE TRACK.

Mr. Drayton went to England by the short sea route, and lost no time by studying his personal comfort on the way: but in spite of his energy and the promises of the rallway company he did not arrive in London till the advertised ten hours had merged into nearly twenty.

There were vextious delays—a stoppage on the last bit of railway from Paris to Calais, for locomotive travelling is one of the thin is that they do not do better in France. Then the boat was late, and proved when it came to be a wretched thing, with worn-out engines, and accommodation that would have been a disgrace to a Woolwich steamer.
For the man speeding to the bedside of a sick

friend, or to the rescue of one he loves from an unknown danger, the choice between riding in a slow train or waiting an hour or so for a fast one is simply a choice of torture.

Laurence had to make this choice, and took the slow train. He had almost forgotten, in his impatience, that it would put him down at Hastings, whereas the express would have taken him direct to London, and so occasioned grievous loss of time.

Never had the Hastings station—a shed-like, wooden structure on a desert of platform—been so welcome to his sight. Ho hurried through, and placed his small travelling-bag of neces saries into the first volicie he saw at liberty, and was joited to Castle Hill with all the speed the stolid driver could extract from a stubborn horse, with disproportionate hind-quarters

stances were against Mr. Drayton on this occasion, and he did not reach Mr. Wyatt's residence

till the afternoon was gone.

Ills summons at the hall was answered by the butler, and his low-toned inquiry was answered without the least appearance of alarm. In fact, the man looked slightly surprised at Laurence's manner.

"Mr. Tomple was here, sir, till yesterday, and then he went home. He was perfectly

"Perfectly well! Are you sure?"

"Quite sure, sir."
"Then why," began Laurence, bewildered by a strange suspicion, "was such a message sen But perhaps I had better see Mr. "I think you had, sir," said the man, respect

fully, and Laurence was conducted to an ante-room communicating with one whence came the subtle fragrance of a well-cooked dinner, and the pleasant jingle of plate and glass.

Edith's father came out presently.

"Mr. Drayton!" he said, looking with pardonable astonishment at the traveller's anxious and wearled appearance. "You thought Eugene

"Yes; most assuredly. This telegram came yesterday from you, telling me that he was in

"I sent no telegram," said Mr. Wyatt. " As for Eugene, he is better than I ever saw him in his life. Some stupid practical joke, depend upon it, and the perpetrator deserves a horsewhip. I should like to bring in a bill to make the forgery of a letter or a telegram an act of felony or a misdemeaner. Three months or so with hard labor would have a wholesome influence on the ingenious inspirations of the prac-

But Mr. Drayton did not see the hand of anything so innocent even as that social pest the practical jester in this. The meeting with Ever-ard Grantley recurred to him, and the instinct that enabled him to know his enemy so thoroughly pointed out what poril Julia might be in, alone in a strange land, and with that ruth-

sa foo of his so near. "Beyond the annoyance that you naturally

feel, it is scarcely a matter to take seriously," said Edith's father. "The fellow, whoover he is, deserves a little credit for not letting you frighten Julia. We are just at dinner, and you had better join us sans cérémonie."

"I am afraid it is something worse than a joke," said Laurence, gravely. "It may be a stratagem to get me out of the way." "A stratagem. On whose part, and for what

purpose?"
"On Grantley's part. I saw him a few days before I received this. Julia alone there would

be at his mercy."
"My dear fellow," said Mr Wyatt, "what on earth could be do to ber? She has her servants and there are plenty of people in the house. It is a vexatious, stupid jost at best, and you are very naturally annoyed. It will not look half

so serious after dinner, depend upon it, and in any case you can do nothing to-night," "I do not know," said Laurence, thoughtfully. "Butdo not let me detain you from your friends; the last train from London comes in at nine, and reaches Dover in time for the night bont." "Well, you shall catch the night boat if you will," said the muster of Castle Hill, smiling at what he thought the needless anxiety of a newly-married man; "and you have plenty of time for dinner all the same.

He had an Englishman's regard for comfort,

"Came with a telifgram, and mistress said you had lost the train, and was waiting for her in Paris; and she went that very minute

"Come with me," he said, composedly, "and soe if you can point out that commissionnaire.
Do not lose more time than you can help. How
was your mistress dressed?"

"In her dark blue cloth costume, with braid

"In her dark blue cloth costume, with braid trimming and buttons."
"Did she wear a bonnet or a hat?"
"Her black velvet hat, sir with the feather."
"I know! And what luggage had she?"
"One box. She said she would send it on direct to the station."
He asked no more. The worst fear he had was finding confirmation now, and a sense of such dread and desolation as he had never known fell upon him. It was Grantley's work. No one else could have thought of a plot at once

known fell upon him. It was Grantley's work. No one else could have thought of a plot at once so simply cruel and deliberate. He had bided his time, and this was his revenge.

"And if it is he," said Laurence, in the very agony of despair, "she has been in his power since the day before yesterday."

It had not long to wait for Ruchel. She read the trouble in his face with a keener instinct than he gave her credit for, and felt for him more deeply than she dured show. He asked very few questions on the way.

very few questions on the way.

"If Julia sent her box to Paris," he said, as he led Rachel towards the principal railway

has strict instructions to give it to no one else. We have not a moment to spare, my dearest husband, for we do not know when Everard may national. Its decayed me hore by a false message, and but for Margaret I should never see you again. Even now I shudder to think what may

again. Even now I shadder to think what may be the consequence should be overtake us.

"I have no time to write more. We shall make our way to England, and hide ourselves at Brookdale till you come. I pray to heaven you may not meet Everard, for he has sworn a terrible outh that I shall never see you again. I should have been quite lost but for Margaret, and shall as saved me at I do not know what danger to herself."

"Thank God for this," said Laurence, with a

thought of heartfelt gratitude. "If Margaret Grantley has said that she will save my darling she will keep her word. Women, even at the she will keep her word. Women, even at the worst, have the one hely sonse which makes

worst, have the one holy some which makes them true to each other in the hour of trial."
"You are satisfied?" asked the quiet voice of the commissary. "Madam is safe?"
"So far, yes; but my wife is still in danger from this man should be reach England before I do. Can you have him arrosted if you find him?"

"If he is on the soil of France; but you mus specify a charge "
"The unlawful detention of my wife."

"It would have to be proved. We night de-

JULIA WINS MARGARET'S HELP.

and would take no denial of his hospitable desire. He rang for his butler.

3" Take Mr. Drayton to my dressing-room," he said, "and then send a groom to Mr. Temple."

"Yes, sir."

"Yes, sir."

"He had better ride over, and be quick. What is the message, Mr. Drayton?"
"That I am home, and wish to see him before
I roturn to France. I take the last train to-

Five minutes later he heard the messenger ride fast from the stables, and in less than an hour Eugene came in. His first inquiry was for

Julia.
"I left her at Versailles," said Laurence.
"Some one has played a stupid hoax upon me,

"Some one has played a stupid hoax upon me, unless there is worse in it. I had a telegram purporting to be from Mr. Wyatt, saying that something had happened to you, and telling me to come immediately, &c."

Eugene took the message. It was the ordinary kind of message, scrawled with a hard pencil on rough, discolored paper, and was to all appearance genuine enough. Like Elith's father, he was disposed to smile at seeing Laurence take the matter so seriously.

remee take the matter so seriously.
"But when I tell you," said Laurence, "that I saw Grantley a few days ago?"

"If he were a bandit, and you had met him on the Greek mountains," said Eugene, "I should see some room for fear. But at Ver-sailles—a quaint little aristocratic town like Windsor, where every one can see the doings of Mr. Drayton had finished, "and ask you to be his neighbour-I think your anxiety ground-

"Yet, remember what he did to you." "He had a large, solitary house at his dis-

"Still he may have decoyed her away," said Laurence, mubble to let his friend convince him. "and I shall not rest till I am certain of her safety. I shudder at the thought of her being even for a moment in the power of a wretch so

They could not dissuade him from returning that night. In truth, their own fears struck deeper than they cared to show, for they knew there was no crime of which Grantley would not be guilty to gratify his passions and revenge.

Laurence met the last train down, and had better fortune on the return journey. It was a beautiful night. The summer moon was up, and the boat rode over a sea that rippled as culmly as a river. It soothed him, tired as he

"I should like to find the perpetrator of the jest," he thought, " if it is a jest. There must be something apish and cruel about people who can do such things. They have no more right cause a fellow creature wanton mental pair than they have to inflict bodily injury upon

By the time he reached the Boulevard du Roi ne had made up his mind that he was a line of the line line had made up his mind that he was the vic-m of a hear and nothing more. It was not tim of a hoax and nothing more. till Brutus blundered out to meet him, and Rahim with an inquiring look, that he was unde-

"Well, Rachel," he said, as cheerfully as he him, "where is your mistress?"

"Why, lor, sir," was the suprised reply, "I thought she were with you." He went very pale; but he was too proud to show emotion even before this faithful creature and he spoke quite calmly, to get the sooner at

the truth.

'No. When did she go out? Tell me quickly, please, and do not be frightened. There is some slight misunderstanding, which will soon be explained.

"You had been gone about two hours, when one of them foreign missionaries, with a uniform, and a straight peak to his cap, sticking

station, "those who took her instructions will not be likely to forget her. Look round, my girl, and see if the man is here."

giri, and see if the man is here."

There were but two guides or commissionnaires in the station at the fileve Droit; one a lithe, active little man, with an alert eye and a junnty air—the other tall and spare, with a dark beard and the manner of a veteran.

Rachel pointed to the latter.

"That," she said, "is the one."

Laurence went over and spoke to him in Fronch. Did he remember taking a message to the Boulevard du Roi the day before yesteriay?

the Boulevard du Roi the day before yesterday? Yes. And giving it to the young person now present? Yes. Could be describe the gentle-man who asked him to deliver it?

Then came the first disappointment. The message and a couple of francs were handed to him by a boy, and he had asked the boy no

So far the quest was hopeless. Fixing on Grantley, and no other, as the man who had entrapped his bride, Laurence resolved to waste no time in a desultory search. The place was alto-gether strange to him, and every step he took was taken in difficulty. He went at once to an officer of police and stated his case briefly, describing Julia and Everard Grantley most min-

He was listened to with profound attention.

"I will only promise you that everything possible shall be done," the officer said, when

as patient as you can till you hear from me."
Impenetrable as he seemed, the French detective was really touched by the silent agony that betrayed itself in Drayton's countenance It was no idle promise that everything possible should be done. He was not sorry for the chance he had of proving to an Englishman that the spirit of Fouche and Vidocq was not yet extin-

"Putience!" said! Laurence, as he left the officer; "what a mockery it seems to tell me that! Yet what can I do? Patience! As well give the empty comfort of words to a man strotched on the rack."

How he passed the next few hours—where he wandered, and what he did till the end of that wretched day saw him waiting in weary suspense for the tidings he dreaded to hear—he never He went into Julia's room-her own dainty boudoir, in which everything that met his eye was a tender memory. He could not look at them long through the tent striat blinded

" My poor, poor darling," he said, many and many a time, as the thought came over him, " what she must suffer in such cruel peril! know her own pure instincts, and I know tender love for me, and I have the one sad solation of knowing that she would rather meet

death than dishoner. It was nearly midnight when the concierge came up to tell him he was wanted by a gentle-man, and before he had time to reply the gen-

" Mr. Drayton?" hesal "I am Mr. Drayton. You have come-"From the Commissary of Police. The lady you were inquiring for has left France."
"With whom?"

"An English lady-Miss Margaret Grantley, who, until the day before yesterday, was domi-ciled with her brother, Mr. Everard Grantley, in the Rue de Valle at Paris."

"And he?"

"We have not traced him yet; but he is not with them. They went to Dieppe by a circuitous route, and took steamer for Newhaven. This letter was left for you at the Rue do Valle in case you should call."

Mr. Desylonic hand trembled as he took the

Mr. Drayton's hand trembled as he took the oppixed Julia's handwriting.

"Margaret leaves this with the concierge in the after all, no matter what the means. I have

Do that, then. Mention my name, and he "To that, then. Mention my name, and ne will not resist, for he knows," added Laurence, between his teeth, "there is one charge I could make against him that would place more than his liborty in danger, and but for his sister I would be the could be th would do it."

## CHAPTER XLV.

NEARING THE END.

When Grantley left the Rue de Valle with those words of warning to his sister, he went to make the few final preparations that were needed. He was sure of Julia now. Margaret had been his accemplice in deeper and more dangerous infquity than this. For her tacit compliance in what he intended he relied on his strong influence over her, and on her love

"I will keep her with me till Julia grows more accustomed to her position," he resolved, " and then she had better leave me. Her pre-sence after a certain time would only, perhaps, strengthen the girl in resistance, and she must be mine at any hazard now. It would be better for her in the future if she did."

He know exactly what he had to fight against. Julia's firm instincts and her passionate love for Laurence Drayton were barriers that would not easily be broken down. If she ever gave way it would be in sheer hopelessness of spirit, when succour was impossible, or could only come too There was no desperate thought in his as yet. He wanted to win her by patient gentleness if he could—let her see that in all he had done he was moved by nothing but the mighty spirit of his passion for her. In this man's singular nature this strange love

for his fair young cousin had over held the strongest place. He tried to build the future now as though the past had never been. He would not give entrance to the thought that between himself and Julia rose the sacred tie which bound her to another. Had she been less true, had she ever liked him, or had she been mar ried to a man for whom she had les than she had for Laurence, her lot with Grantley would, but for its shame, have been a hap-

For If he despised conventional ties and creeds he neted up to the spirit of his own belief, and his devotion would have been unchanging throughout a lifetime. Few men had been more free from the pettier sins of the passions than he. Grantley had no miserable little tiatsons to reflect upon—no haunting memories of a pale face saddened by a broken trust to reproach himself with. When he had loved his love had been written in letters of fire. His very crimes were tinged with a certain sort of grandour, and those who let themselves be tempted for his sake were never left to the mercy of the

"I will never give her cause for a tear when she has once learned to love me." he said, no blinding himself to the fact that the lesson " Her over wish shall be so gratified that she shall have but one regret, and that one because she was not mine from the first. I wonder what manner of men they are who outgrow love at my age. I nover knew what it was in its strength and beauty till now."

He pictured the task before him - the tears the pleadings, that by and by would settle down into dull resignation, and then gradually, under his patient gentleness and tender devotion waken into the softer feeling of forgiveness, and so by degrees into the love he wanted. He was not sanguine—it would be a work of time; but while she was safe in his possession he could

"Yos; a commusionnaire, you mean. Well!" event of your discovering us," it ran, "and he wealth—as much as I could desire—and I have

the only woman I ever cared for. And what beyond these is there in this world worth a second thought ?"

He made his preparations with the precision He made his preparations with the precision which characterized him in everything — arranged his route of travel, sent a courier in advance, and wrote to his agents in London. On England he had turned his back for ever. He did not care to hang about the outskirts of society, and at best be received in a second set, when by living abroad he could rank with the princes of the land.

A rich Englishman, who has reasons for not staying at home, can exist almost anywhere without being troubled by the unseen tribunal that gives each man his proper place, and shuts an invisible but passless door against all doubtful comers. Margaret was glad when her brother went out.

Margaret was glad when her brother went out. Ils absence gave her time to think, and she looked with pitying remorse at the sweet face on the pillow. Her sins had not hardened her; her punishment, bitter as it was, did not make her close her heart against those who wanted help; and she wished most fervently that Everarel had falled at the outset of his design.

ard had falled at the outset of his design.
Julia found herself in Margaret's arms when
she recovered. She looked round with a shuddering fear for Grantley, but he was gone, and
then her faint, prayerful words moved Margaret

then hor faint, prayerful words moved Margaret deeply.

Let me go home," she said; "don't keep me from my husband, Margaret. Remember the old times, when you loved me, and let me go; my heart will break if you do not."

And I dare not, "said Margaret, sorrowfully.

He has so set his soul upon you that if I disappoint him he will do something more desperate than I dare to think."

Oh, Margaret! dear Margaret! do not betp him in this hideous sin. Think of me as if I were yourself. I have been married but a few short months, and I love my husband so dearly—oh, so dearly! Think of him when he returns, and fluds that I am gone; his agony, his terrible suspense.— the fear upon him that I have, perhaps, suffered worse than death. Dear Marperhaps, suffered worse than death. Dear Margaret, I bever wronged you, we never had any angry word together, and I cannot think—I cannot believe that you will help your brother in this crime!"

o But what can I do," Margaret asked, with gloomy quietude, e when my choice between you and him? His last words, when he want out

were that if I let you go, or lost sight of you, his death would be at my door."

And if you do not mine will be at your door!

Ask your own heart which is hest to do. Sacribee me to his fearful passions, give mo to a life so slameful that death would be my only respective, or save, me, and win the excitation of all

so shameful that death would be my only refuge, or save me, and win the gratitude of all
who love me? Oh, Margaret! you are a woman, and you can but give one answer—you will
save me. I know you will?"

"And sacrilize my brother?"

"It was but an bile threat to frighten you."

Miss Grantley shook her head.

"You do not know him. He is capable of
any deed, any crime, to obtain his purpose, and
the loss of you would drive him desperate. I
believe that if he returned and found you gone, believe that if he returned and found you gone, be would seek your husband out and slay bim. though retribution overtook him the next mo

The poor girl shuddered. Then herdivine be-

The poor girl shuddered. Then her divine belief gave her courage.

"Heaven would not permit such iniquity," she said; "and at the worst I should die too. Leave your brother to his sinful ways, and come home with me. They would never forget that you had saved me, and you would be restored to your place in the hearts of those who loved you."

"Northbur that I could do would restore no

"Nothing that I could do would restore me "Nothing that I could do would restore me to the heart of the only one whose love I care for. That dream ended long ago, and since then I have found no one so true and kind as Everard. If you had cared for him, Julia, things

would have been so different." "Could I help not earing for him?" said Julia, with inneent pathos, "Doos not your own devotion to Mr. Fleming tell you how Impossible it was for me to care for any one but passore it was for me to care for may one out Laurence? Ab, Margaret, how many a time when I was a child you have taken me in your arms, and said I was your own sweet little sis-ter, and told me there was no trouble in the world that you would not bear for my sake!" " Do you love this Laurence Drayton, then,

so much ?" "So dearly—so dearly, that if you keep me from him I shall die."

"Well," said Margaret, with a heavy sigh, "I will do this for you, though it takes me for ever from my brother, and I have no other friend in the world. He will never forgive me; and all the rest have turned against me. I have deserved it, but it is not the less hard for that."

"And you will save me?" "Yes, dear, at any risk, though something tells me the consequence will be terrible. Lit-tie as Laurence Drayton likes me I will save your pure young life from shame, and give you back to him at a heavier sacrifice than you or be can comprehend." "I knew you would," said Julia, with a doop,

tearful underthrill. "It is not like you to see me in such pain and danger. Will you take me me in such pain and danger. Miss Grantley folded the slender figure in her arms, and kissed the trembling, sensitive lips.
"We must both be firm and quiet, and lose

no time, my darling Julia. Should Everard return all will be lost beyond hope. We dare not stay in France. Write a note to Mr. Drayton. Tell him what you please—he must know the truth sooner or later. We must go to England. Say that we shall make our way to Brookdale, and then I will see you safe in the custody of And you?"

"There is nothing for me this side of heaven but the misery I have brought upon myself. Do not think of me, but write. Mr. Drayton is nimost sure to trace you to here, and I will take care the letter is delivered to him should

The letter was written while Margaret penned n brief note to her brother. She said briefly

"I am taking the poor child to her friends, and it will be useless for you to follow us. I in-tend to save her from you at any risk. Dearly as I love you, as I have proved to my bitter cost, I would rather part from you for ever than help you in such unholy work. Try to repent, dear Everard, and when I come back to you let it be with the hope that we may live so that our sins shall be forgiven."

That letter she left on the centre table, addressed to him in a distinct, firm hand. Julia's she took downstairs to the conclerge, with instructions that he should surrender it to no one who did not answer to the name and descrip-

tion of Laurence Drayton.

They had loft the house an hour later. Julia was full of fears up to the very last that Grantley would return and prevent their escape; but

Margaret reassured her. "He can do nothing now," she said. "Ever-ard knows that, no matter what the result, I shall abide by the step I have taken. Once away from him, we can find protection any-where should we need it."

Nevertheless, she was careful to avoid meeting him. In Paris, as in London, two mortal

