

ALONE.

BY R. H. NEWELL.

Three stalwart sons old Sweeney, the Saxon, had, Brave, hardly less for battle or the chase;

One night in Autumn sat they round the fire, In the rude cabin bountiful of home;

Lost in his thoughts, old Sweeney, the Saxon, stood Leaning in silence 'neath the chimney stone;

Athol, the bearded, with his bow had done, Alfred, the nimble, laid his spear aside,

Hold in the favor of the oldest born, Athol, for both his younger brothers, spoke;

Then Athol spoke, with thoughtful tone and look, "He is the loneliest—most alone of all

And Alfred next—"But lonelier, brother, far, The wretch that flees a just avenging rod,

Thus spoke the lady, with wit beyond their years, And yet the old man held his head and sigh'd,

"I think, my father," and his tone was low, "That lonelier yet, and most alone is he,

A hush fell on them. Then, with loving air And all the touching romance of the Old,

"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

There were vexatious delays—a stoppage on the last bit of railway from Paris to Calais,

For the man speaking to the bedside of a sick friend, or to the rescue of one he loved from an unknown danger,

Laurence had to make this choice, and took the slow train. He had almost forgotten, in his impatience,

Never had the Hastings station—a shed-like, wooden structure on a desert of platform—been so welcome to his sight.

In every trifling matter of detail circumstances were against Mr. Drayton on this occasion,

His summons to the hall was answered by the butler, and his low-toned inquiry was answered without the least appearance of alarm.

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

"Perfectly well! Are you sure?" "Quite sure, sir."

"Then why," began Laurence, bewildered by a strange suspicion, "was such a message sent to me? But perhaps I had better see Mr. Wyatt."

"I think you had, sir," said the man, respectfully, and Laurence was conducted to an ante-room communicating with one whence came the subtle fragrance of a well-cooked dinner,

Edith's father came out presently. "Mr. Drayton?" he said, looking with pardonable astonishment at the traveller's anxious and wearied appearance. "You thought Eugene was here?"

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

"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 horse-whip. I should like to bring in a bill to make the forgery of a letter or a telegram an act of felony or a misdemeanor. Three months or so with hard labor would have a wholesome influence on the ingenious inspirations of the practical joker."

But Mr. Drayton did not see the hand of anything so innocent even as that social pest the practical joker in this. The meeting with Everard Grantley recurred to him, and the instinct that enabled him to know his enemy so thoroughly pointed out what peril Julia might be in, alone in a strange land, and with that ruthless foe of his so near.

fool, it is scarcely a matter to take seriously," said Edith's father. "The fellow, whoever 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 he do to her? She has her servants, and there are plenty of people in the house. It is a vexatious, stupid job 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. "But do 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 boat."

"Well, you must catch the night boat if you will," said the master 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."

"I want to see Eugene." "I will send for him." "He had an Englishman's regard for comfort,



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

"Come with me," he said, composedly, "and see 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 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 that of heartless gratitude. "If Margaret Grantley has said that she will save my darling she will keep her word. Women, even at the worst, have the one holy sense 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 he reach England before I do. Can you have him arrested if you find him?"

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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 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 he received in a second set, which 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 tribulation that gives each man his proper place, and shuts an inviolable but passable door against all doubtful comers.

Margaret was glad when her brother went out. His absence gave her time to think, and she looked with pitying remorse at the sweet face on the pillow. Her sin 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 Everard had fallen at the outset of his doings.

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 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 help 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 finds that I am gone; his agony, his terrible suspense—the fear upon him that I have, perhaps, suffered worse than death. Dear Margaret, I never 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!"

"But what can I do," Margaret asked, with gloomy quietude, "when my choice between you and him? His last words when he went 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 best to do. Sacrifice me to his fearful passions, give me to a life so shameful that death would be my only refuge, or save me, and with 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 sacrifice my brother?" "It was but an idle 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, he would seek your husband out and slay him, though retribution overlook him the next moment."

The poor girl shuddered. Then her lively 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."

"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 caring for him?" said Julia, with innocent pathos. "Does not my own devotion to Mr. Fleming tell you how impossible it was for me to care for any one but Laurence? Ah, 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 sister, 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 loss I care for."

"And you will save me?" "Yes, dear, at any risk, though something tells me the consequences will be terrible. Let me see Laurence Drayton like me I will save your pure young life from shame, and give you back to him at a heavier sacrifice than you or he can comprehend."

"I knew you would," said Julia, with a deep, tearful underthrill. "It is not like you to see me in such pain and danger. Will you take me home?"

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 your friends."

"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 almost sure to trace you to here, and I will take care the letter is delivered to him should he come."

The letter was written while Margaret penned a brief note to her brother. She said briefly this:—

"I am taking the poor child to her friends, and it will be useless for you to follow us. I intend to save her from you at any risk. Dear 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 concierge, with instructions that he should surrender it to no one who did not answer to the name and description of Laurence Drayton.

They had left 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. "Everard knows that, no matter what the result, I shall abide by the step I have taken. Once away from him, we can find protection anywhere should we need it."

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

JULIA WINS MARGARET'S HELP.

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 accomplice in deeper and more dangerous iniquity than this. For her tacit compliance in what he intended he relied on his strong influence over her, and on her love for him.

"I will keep her with me till Julia grows more accustomed to her position," he resolved, "and then she had better leave me. Her presence 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 knew 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 success was impossible, or could only come too late. There was no desperate thought in his head 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 to which bound her to another. Had she been less true, had she ever liked him, or had she been married to a man for whom she had less regard than she had for Laurence, her lot with Grantley would, but for its shame, have been a happy one.

For if he despised conventional ties and creeds, he acted 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 petty sins of the passions than he. Grantley had no miserable little *hatons* 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 grandeur, and those who let themselves be tempted for his sake were never left to the mercy of the world.

"I will never give her cause for a tear when she has once learned to love me," he said, not blinding himself to the fact that the lesson would be hard for her to learn. "Her every 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 man they are who outgrow love at my age. I never 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 wait.

"And so," he said, "I shall realize my dream after all, no matter what the means. I have wealth—as much as I could desire—and I have

station, "those who took her instructions will not be likely to forget her. Look round, my girl, and see if the man is here." "There were but two guides or commissionnaires in the station at the Rue de Valle; one a lithe, active little man, with an alert eye and jaunty 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 French. Did he remember taking a message to the Boulevard du Roi the day before yesterday? Yes. And giving it to the young person now present? Yes. Could he describe the gentleman 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 questions.

So far the quest was hopeless. Picking on Grantley, and no other, as the man who had entrapped his bride, Laurence resolved to waste no time in a desultory search. The plan was altogether 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 minutely.

He was listened to with profound attention. "I will only promise you that everything possible shall be done," the officer said, when Mr. Drayton had finished, "and ask you to be 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 Fouché and Vidocq was not yet extinguished.

"Patience!" 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 stretched 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 knew. 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