

T-ara.

BY FATHER RYAN.

Tears that twinkle down our eyes, They do not fall to earth and dry; They are like angels to the skies; And like the angels cannot die.

RETURNED FROM THE GRAVE

By MRS. HENRY WOOD:

Author of "Esti Lynne," "Oswald Gray," etc.

CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

"My lord it is Lady Adelaide. She seems to be taken ill." "Lady Adelaide shrieking like that! What brings her down to the hall?" "She was outside, my lord, as it appears we heard the screams, and went to the gate, and Lady Adelaide came flying in from across the grass. I should think she must have been frightened in some way, my lord."

the previous evening, was again hearing the same spot, in pursuance of his duty. As he turned around the ledge of rock, which there projected so far as to leave scarcely a foot of ground to walk upon, he heard angry voices on the heights, close to the ruins of the chapel. The man naturally looked up to whence they proceeded, and there, in the bright moonlight, he perceived, or thought he perceived, two men scuffling together at the edge of the cliff as in a deadly struggle. The next moment one fell, or was propelled over the cliff, and awful shrieks from the chapel, or near it, broke out upon the night air.

"Why, who were they? who was pitched over?" cried the doctor impatiently. "Captain Dane, sir." The name startled them all. Their thoughts had been cast to nothing more than some poor fisherman or smuggler, certainly not to Lord Dane's son. Mr. Apperly broke the silence. "Do you say there was a scuffle between two people on the heights, and that Captain Dane was pushed over?" he asked of Mitchell.

When Mitchell got up to the fallen man, he found it was Captain Dane—stone dead. "Good mercy preserve us!" uttered Hawthorne. "And that fool of a Mitchell comes rushing up to the guard station at the pace of a steam-engine, which we conclude upset his heart or some other vital part of him, and must needs fall into a fit." The consequence was, that nobody knew anything about it till he came to, which was more than an hour after, and then the tide had covered the beach and washed the body away. Sickly fellows like Mitchell are never good for much.

"How dare Lord Dane order me into custody?" "That's his affair." "He is no magistrate, by what right does he grant warrants? He—" "The inspector burst into a laugh. "A stupid magistrate, no. But he is lord of the manor, and lord lieutenant of the county. Don't question Lord Dane's rights, my man."

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