## Trars. BY FATHER RYAN.

Tears that twinkle down our eyes. They do not fall to earth and dry;
They do not fall to earth and dry;
They sear like angels to the kies;
And like the angels cannot die.
For, oh! our immortality
Sounds through each year—
Sounds in each sigh.

What waves of tears surge o'er the deep Of sorrows in our restless souls! And they are strong, not weak, who weep, Those drops from out the sea that rolls Within their hearts for ever more, Within a depth, without a shore.

But, sh! the tears that are not went-The tears that are not wept—
The tears that thever outward fall—
The tears that grief for years has kept
Within us—they are best of all—
The tears our eyes shall never know
Are dearer than the tears that flow.

Each night upon earth's flowers below The dew comes down from darkest skies
And every night curtears of woe
Go up, like dews, to paradise;
To keep in bloom and make more fair
The flowers of crowns we yet shall wear.

For ah! the surest way to God
Is up the lonely streams of tears,
That flow when bending 'neath His rod,
And filt the tides of our past years,
On laugh ers's billows hearts are tossed—
n waves of tears no heart is lost.

Flow on, ye tears, and bear me home!
Flow on, ye waves of deeper wee!
Flow on, ye lears that are but foam—
A little while—I reach the shore
Where tears flow not forever more-

## RETURNED FROM THE GRAVE

By MRS. HENRY WOOD: Author of " East Lynne," " Oswald Gray," &c.

CHAPTER III .- CONTINUED. "My lord ft 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 "I never heard of such an improbable thing " ejaculated Lord Dane. "Las Adelaide out at this hour! it is not likely." The butler was too wise to maintain his

assertion. " My lady is with her," he said. " She heard the cries, too, and came down.'
" Undo this," cried Lord Dane.

He meant the silk ribbon attached to his chair. The butler obeyed him, and Lord Dane touching the spring, the chair propelled "What is all this?" he inquired, looking first at her, and then at his wife. "Have you been frightened, Adelaide?"

The question threw her into hysterics again; and Lord Dane turned for an answer to his wife.

"I know nothing about it," said Lady Dane. "I was dezing in the drawing-room, and was awakened by screams outside. I put up the window, and saw some one running from the direction of the ruins, shricking awfully. It proved to be Adelaide.

"But what brought Adelaide out there?" "That is what I want to learn. When I dosed off, she was sitting quietly in the drawing room, reading."

"My dear, what took you out?" inpuired Lord Dane, when she grew quiet.

She shook terribly as she answered him:

"But you must know," reiterated Lady Dane, "you could net have walked out in your sleep. What took you out?"

" I—I don't know."

Adelaide's very teeth shook as she answered the question, and she turned, if possible, more deadly white. But she pressed her two bands for full a minute upon her

forehead before she spoke. "I don't know what made me go out," she faltered; "it was very foolish. In looking from the drawing-room window, I observed what a lovely night it was, nearly as light as day, and the thought came over me that I would put on my cloak and run as far as the

rnins and back. I meant no harm." "The most senseless thing I ever heard of! such a wild-goose trick, sure was never performed," exclaimed Lady Dane. "Had any one told me, but yourself, I could not have believed it."

Adelaide did not care for that; her aunt might call her senseless, and a "wild-goose" for an hour, if she pleased: but what she did care for, and dread, were the keen eyes of Lord Dane, fixed penetratingly upon her. She saw he did not believe her fully.

\* Let that pass," he said, as if answering his own thoughts. "What caused you to SCIEGIN?

" Oh -I cannot tell," she answered, clasping her hands in agony.

"Did any one accost you?" proceeded Lord Dane. " No, no," she answered eagerly. " I\_I

think I got frightened at finding myself all alone by mounlight in those chapel-ruins, where the graves are. And so you ran home shricking, thinking

a ghost was after you?" cried Lord Dane who readily accepted the version. ■ Y—es, I suppose so."

As Adelaide spoke the hesitating answer. she happened to catch the look of her maid. Sophie. Most strangely and earnestly was the woman's gaze fixed upon her, almost, as it scemed, in terror. Adelaide shuddered, and once more hid her face in her hands.

"I hope it will be a warning to you, my dear," said Lord Dane, "not to attempt a moonlight escapade again. You might meet a real ghost another time-or something

"And you cannot say but you would de serve it," added Lady Dane, crossly. "You are as flighty as your brother. The best thing you can do now is to go to bed."

"Oh, no, no, pray no!" eagerly returned Adelaide. "I am not ill; I am not frightoned now, I would rather sit up." She looked both frightened and ill. hat it was not orged. Lady Dane put her head in

at the dining-room door. "I wonder you can remain contented there. through all this noise, Harry," she cried.

"Is he asleep?" " Harry's not there," said Lord Dane. " He Went out "

"Oh! down to the yacht, probably, to see

his triend on." "I fancy so."

Lord Dane retired to the dining-room; he never appeared in the drawing-room at night. The two ladies weut up stairs, and the servants dispersed. But a sudden dread-or whatever you may be pleased to term ittook Lady Dane.

"You have made me quite nervous, Adel aide, with your shrieks and your absurdity," she exclaimed. "I should feel more com fortable with Lord Danethan up here." ringing the bell she ordered the tea taken into the dining-room. So they both went down again.

Now, somewhere about the time that Ladv Adelaide's cries were heard. Mitchel, the pre-

the previous evening, was again nearing 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 not to Lord Dane's son. Mr. Apperly broke whence they proceeded, and there, in the the silence. bright moonlight, he perceived, or thought he perceived, two men scuttling together at the edge of the cliff as in a deadly struggle. The next moment one fell, or was propelled | Mitchel. over the cliff, and awful shricks from the chapel, or near it, broke out upon the night

For an instant Mitchel stood in dismay, in fear, his heart leaping into his mouth. As may have been gathered from his conversation with Ravensbird, he was not a particularly brave man; few men, permanently weak in health, are so. Mitchel, though he managed to keep up and go about his duties. was always ailing, and earlier in life he had been subject to epileptic fits. He drew near to the fallen, prostrate man, in tremor and

dread, expecting to see him lifeless Lifeless he appeared to be. The face was upturned to the moonlight, the eyes were closed, the skin looked blue and ghastly, and the mouth was open. Mitchel's terror and dismay were not lessened when he recognized the features; for they were those of the Hon-

able William Henry Dane. The man was pertectly ignorant of what it would be best to do. He shouted out at the top of the heights for help, but there was no answer: little fear that the murderer-whether one in intention or by accident-would answer him. He then took off his cont, laid

hands, and rubbed his heart. But Captain Dane, poor fellow, never moved, or gave the faintest signs of life. Mitchel fell that he was dead and what was he to do? The body must be got away, for in an hour's time the tide would be up; and indeed this had been Mitchel's last turn, before going off duty, until the tide was gone again.

He pushed the hair from the clammy brow. The face was not injured in falling; he lifted one of the hands, but it fell dead again. And then Mitchel turned and tore away at a breakneck speed, expecting to meet his comrade on the next boundary.

But he did not; whether the man had stolen a march upon time, and gone off too under the rocks, and had suffered Mitchel to had to do was to tear on again at the same | table at his elbow. speed, and gain what they called the coastguard station.

The coast-guard station was a low building, in outward appearance, for all the world, bad Harry. Oh! I beg your pardon," he adlike a barn. Inside, it consisted of two rooms | ded, as his visitors advanced. "I thought it and a sleeping closet. And on this night, sitting around a blazing fire in the first room, to which the door opened, were a supervisor and three of his men. They were talking over the chief occurrence of the day-which had been known from one end of Danesheld to the other in an hour's time after it haptween Captain Dane and his servant, and the more scandal-loving place than Danesheld. pened to his son." Exceedingly astonished were they to be interrupted by Mitchel. He burst in upon them, the ominous sound of the words; he was more white heat.

"What's the matter with you?" exclaimed the supervisor, whose name was Cotton. Mitchel could not answer. His heart was it out. beating wildly, as he never remembered it to have beaten before, and he laid his two hands

upon it, and staggered against the wail. Why have you left your beat? What brings you here!" continued Mr. Cotton, in

wonderment. "Can't you speak?" "He's dead, he's dead," Mitchel at length

panted. "I want assistance." The supervisor stared, and the men turned around.

Who is dead? sound came. They sprang forward and caught him just in time to prevent his sinking to the ground. The fright of seeing Captain Dane fall, the excitement, or the running, or perhaps all combined, had brought on what

he had not been troubled with for years-a fit. Of course they could make nothing of what he had said, about somebody's being dead and w nting assistance. The superviso gave it as his opinion that he was only wandering in mind, the percursor of the illness. He sent one of the men out for a

The latter, Mr. Wild, was not as home; he was gone to spend an hour with Mr. Apperly, so the man went there after him. Mr. Wild hastened to obey the summons, and Mr. Apperly, who was a solicitor, accompanied

"What has brought this on?" demanded Mr. Wild of the supervisor, as he busied himself with Mitchel. " I suspect he must have been excited or agitated, and in no measured

degree."
"He rushed in here like one possessed,"was the supervisor, s answer. "I never saw a man so agitated. His breath all panting, and his

speech goue." " Did he give no explanation?"

" Nothing that one could make top or tail of. He spluttered out some confused words about wanting assistance for somebody who was dead. I think his brains must have been moonstruck."

"I don't then, sir," spoke up one of the men. "I think his agitation was caused by something real. Mitchel's a quiet man, not given to drink, or to anything of that Something extraordinary must have

happened." Whatever might have happened their only chance of coming to the solution of the mystery was, by endeavoring to restore consciousness and speech to Mitchell; and this was effected in about an hour's time. The man was raised from his recumbent position. placed in a chair in front of the fire, and some

refreshment given him to drink. "Now, Mitchel," began the doctor, "let us have it out. What upset you like this?" Mitchel did not answer for a minute or two

he was probably recalling his recollection. "What's the hour?" he suddenly asked. And the supervisor cast his eyes up to the

clock. "Getting on for ten."

Metchel staggered up from his chair, but sank down again. He was weak yet. "Then it's too late!" he uttered in excite-

meut, "and his body will have been washed awav." "What is this mystery, Mitchel?" inquired

Mr. Wild. "I'll tell you, sir, as well as I'm able, but I don't understand it myself," was Mitchel's answer. "I had just got around Rock Point, as we call it, when I saw a man thrown over the liff. I ran up to succor him, but he was

dead." "Thrown over the cliff!" was echoed by the by-standers. "From the top down to the

"Pitched right over, he was. They were having words and scuffling together, whoever Adelaide's ories were heard. Mitchel, the pre-the other was—and nobody need go far to mantive-man, to whom Ravensbird had spoken guess at him, knowing what's known."

"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

. "Do you say there was a scuffle between two people on the Leights, and that Captain was pushed over?" he asked of Dane .

"As it seemed to me, sir. They were quarreling and struggling; and it is not likely Captain Dane would throw himself down."

"I fear, then, his assaulter must have been the servant, Ravensbird," gravely observed Mr. Apperly. "He has been heard uttering threats of revenge against Captain Dane today."

"Not the least doubt of that, sir," returned will be safe to have carried away the body." "Was he dead?" asked the surgeon, in a it was incredible.

low tone. "Stone dead, sir. It was that frightened

What was to be done, indeed? They might well ask it. A moment's consultation and then they all, Mitchel and one of the men excepted, started off toward the spot, by way of the land : the beach they knew would be impassable from the tide.

They laid their plans as they went along. Mr. Apperly and Mr. Wild would proceed to it under Captain Dane's head, rubbed his the castle, and break the news to Lord Dane, and the rest would go on to the chapel and look down from the heights; they knew there was not the slightest possible chance that the body had not been carried out to sea, but it Mr. Apperly and Mr. Wild called." would be some consolation-to their curiosity,

at any rate-to gaze down at the spot. "I don't like the task," abruptly exclaimed the doctor as they went along. "The captain was the tavorite son."

"I'm sure I don't," returned Mr. Apperly. It has been occurring to me for the last few minutes that the better plan might be to call on Herbert Dane, and get him to break it to Lady Adelaide sat on a sofa, her head bent

The surgeon eagerly caught on it, and they turned off to the right to the house of Mr. Herbert Dane, and found him at home. He early, or whether he might have been seated appeared to be making himself comfortable, had a sofa drawn before the fire, a cigar in his pass him, the latter could not tell. All he mouth, and some bottles and glasses on a

"This is your promised nine o'clock!" he called out, as they were entering. "A pretty long while to keep a fellow waiting; it's too was Captain Dane, whom I am expecting."

They did not take the offered chairs, but looked gravely at Herbert—as if hoping that their grave looks might prepare him for what was to come. "We have an unpleasant task to perform,

Mr. Herbert Dane, and we have called on you, pened; namely, the quarrel at the castle be- to request that you will help us out with it. We are on our way to the castle, bearing evil kicking of the man out. Never was there a | tidings to Lord Dane. An accident has hap-Mr. Herbert Dane did not appear to take ih

his hair standing on end, and his face in a intent on hospitality. He pushed aside the sofa, rang the bell for more glasses, and ex- and must be then far away, for the wind was tending his hand to turn the gas on brighter. fair. Instead, however, of turning it on, he-turned

"A plague on my clumsiness! I am not used to the thing, and must have turned it the wrong way. The servant will be here in a minute, gentlemen; a cheery welcome, this, not so, came upon him like a keen blow. for you!"

'Mr Herbert," cried the surgeon, "you did not understand us. Never mind the gas. We came to inform you of a shocking event that has occurred to Captain Dane."

"To Captain Dane! What is it?" Mitchel opened his lips to answer, but no cliff, by the chapel. There is little doubt that it has killed him."

Herbert Dane put down his cigar, and turned his dismayed face upon them. They noticed how pale it looked as the firelight shone upon him.

have been expecting him here since nine that night. The inspector heard the various

They told him all they knew, and asked him to break it to Lord Dane. He had rather not, himself, break it to him, he answered: Lord and Lady Dane had not been very cordial with him lately, and he should dread the effect of the communication on Lord Dane coming from him. He would, hewever, go with them to the castle, and join in consulting as to what was best to be done. "What

will you take!" he asked. They would prefer not to take anything. "Had you not better?" he wrged. "Tidings such as these require support of some earth, and the morning sun shope out to glad-sart. Which of the preventive-men, do you den it; but Harry Dane had not come.

say saw the affray?" " Mitchel. A thousand pities that it should have been he. Any other of the men would not have lost his senses over it, and help might have reached Captain Dane in time. in case he was alive. There is sure to be some

untoward fatality attending these cases!" Herbert Dane tossed his hair from his brow and then leaned his forehead on his hand. his elbow on the mantle-piece. "Did Mitchel not distinguished the other on the cliff with Harry-with Captain Dane?-who

"Fast enough," cried the lawyer, who was a quick, fiery little man. "Who should it be, but the discharged man, Ravensbird?"

"Ab !" uttered Herbert Daue,a slow flashing into his pale countenance. " I told Harry, when I met him this afternoon, to take care of him."

"We are wasting time, Mr. Herbert," said the surgeon, " Lord Dane must be informed of this." Herbert rang the bell for his hat, and went

out with them. The man-servant addressed his master as he was showing them to the door.

"If Captain Dane comes, sir, am I to ask him to wait." " No," mechanically replied Herbert.

Arrived at the castle, they asked for an interview with Lord Dane. The butler resolutely refused them. "You know, Mr. out to see." Herbert," he said, in a tone of remonstrance, returning to the latter, "that my lord will now never be disturbed in the evening. Could not those gentlemen come to-morrow? Or perhaps they will walk in and wait till the captain enters. I don't sup-

pose he'll be late: he dined at home." "Bruff," cried the surgeon, who knew the servant, "we must see Lord Dane. An accident has happened to the captain, and-I do fear-you will never see him home again. Go in to his lordship; say that we have heard had news, and have come to tell it to him; he will be sure to admit us."

The butler turned from them in doubt and dread, and entered the dining-room.

"My lord will see you gentlemen," he said.

when he came out. "My lady and Lady

outside. The butler held the door open for him, but he shook his head, and the man stepped back and closed the door.

"I' decalre I don't like to face them, Bruff It will be awful tidings, especially for Lady Dane. I'll go in presently, when the brunt of the shock is over."

"What has happened, Mr. Herbert? They spoke of the captain, but he was quite well when he went out from dinner."

"I really cannot tell you what has happened; I don't understand," was the reply of Herbert. "They called upon me with a tale that he had fallen over the cliff, and asked me to come up here. It is incredible."

How the two gentlemen contrived to break the news to Lord and Lady Dane they scarcely knew themselves. Soon the house was in commotion. His Lordship had not the use of his own legs, but he speedily set in motion those who had. Some of the servants were Mitchel: "who else would attack Captain sent flying for the man, Mitchel, some for the Dane? But I never thought the man would police-inspector, some across to the brow of have done such a thing. I didn't dielike the heights, some down to the bay to see if Ravensbird. But what's to be done?" he ad- the American yacht was gone. Lord Dane ded, in a more energetic tone "The tide was in great excitement, though he did not wholly believe the tale; as Herbert had said,

"What do you know of this, Herbert?" Lord Dane asked of the latter, when he at length went in. "When did you last see

Harry ?" "In the afternoou; about two, I think it was. He was with that Colonel Moncton, or whatever the man's name is, they were coming out of the castle. Harry stopped me and said he would come in and smoke a manilla at my house this evening, and it was agreed upon. Nine o'clock he named. He was going to dine on board the yacht, but would be back by nine, for she would be setting sail."

" Did he come?" "No. I was waiting for him still, when

"What do you think of this tale?" "I can only hope that the man, Mitchel, was wandering in his brain before falling into the fit, and that Harry will be found safe on board the yacht," was the reply of Herbert

Dane. Lady Dane was pacing the room restlessly she occasionally put a question to Herbert.

down and buried in the cushious. "Any one but you would be over on the brow of the heights," cried Lord Dane, sharply, to his nephew, "looking out for-"I have been," interrupted Herbert. "I went over with Brust while the news was being broken to you. Supervisor Cotton and

some of his men were there." "And what did you see?" interrupted Lady Dane. "Nothing at all. The tide was up and the

beach underneath was covered with it. Everything seemed calm and quiet." Were there any traces of the scufile on the heights?" rejoined Lord Dane. "None whatever, so far as we could see by

the light. I don't know what may be visible by day. Cotton declares he does not believe a word of the story." "Neither do I!" cried out Lord Dane, very much in the manner of a man who would like to brave out something that he does believe.

Of the messengers sent out, the first to return was the servant who had been dispatched to the yacht. The yacht was gone when he reached the bay, had sailed out nearly two hours before,

"Then there's no hnowing whether Harry went on board or not," groaned Lord Dane. He had unconsciously clung to the hepe that the "Pearl" might still be in port and his son on board of her, and to find that it was

"The captain had not been on board, my lord," rejoined the servant. "I saw Mills, the sail-maker, who was on the "Pearl" at work all day, only quitting her at the last moment. He said Colonel Moncton was disappointed that the captain did not come to dinner, and that he had to sail without seeing Ravensbird turned his eyes on the land-"He has fallen—or been thrown—over the dinner, and that he had to sail without seeing him. I asked Mills if he had seen Captain Dane about down there, this evening, but he said no; he had come on board with the colonel in the afternoon, for an hour, but he

had not seen him since." The inspector of police was the next to ar-"Fallen over the cliff!" he uttered. rive; but Mitchel did not come at all. He "When? How? When did it happen? I was not sufficiently well to venture out again stories, and received Lord Dane's orders to apprehend Ravensbird, and to bring him before

him the following morning. At length the castle was cleared. But the old Lord and Lady Dane sat up the livelong night hoping that Harry might return, hoping against hope. Had they heard Mitchel's testimony by word of mouth, they might have been less sanguine; but they sat on in sick expectancy. The tide receded from the strip beach, leaving nothing on it, leaving no signs that anything dead or alive had been on it. And the morning light dawned upon the

CHAPTER IV. Just before entering Danesheld, standing in a somewhat obscure spot, though near to the fishermen's buts, was a small inn, or public-house, called the "Sailor's Rest." kept by a man of the name of Hawthorne, who had once been gamekeeper to the Dane familv. It was a well-conducted inn of rather a better class than a common public-house, professed to afford good bed and board, and had its share of custom. Among those fond of frequenting its bar and parlor were the menservants from the castle; and it was to this place that Ravensbird proceeded when turned out by his master, intending to take up at it

his temporary sojourn. On the morning atterward the landlord was in the bar alone—or, at any rate, he thought he was alone. He was busy polishing his taps and setting things straight, according to his custom before breakfast, when one of the preventive-men, on his way down to the beach, came up the passage and entered.

"Half a gill of rum, landlord; the morning air's chilly."
"Twan a bit of a frost I fancy last night,"

responded the landlord, as he handed him what was called for, "but it'll be a fine day. "I hope it will, for the work that's got to be done. They'll be dragging for the body in shore, and all Danesheld, I suppose, will turn

" Dragging for what body?" returned the landlord. "Has anybody been lost?" The man was in the act of putting the glass of rum to his lips; he drew it back in aston-ishment, and gazed at the landlord.

"Why, you don't mean to say you have never heard?" "What is there to hear?" "Of the calamity that has overtook the castle. Captain Dane's murdered "Captain Dane murdered!" echoed the

landlord, doubting whether his ears were not

playing him false. "He was murdered last night. It's a odd thing you didn't hear of it-though perhaps ou were shut up when the folks came back from the castle. Mitchel was on his beat, and saw a scuffle on the heights between two Adelaide are there," he added, in a low voice. men, not knowing then who they were, and They entered. Not Herbert; he lingered one pitched the other over and killed him, then."

When Mitchel got up to the tallen man be found it was Captain Dane-stone dead." "Good mercy preserve us?" uttered Haw-

thorne. "And that fool of a Mitchel comes rushing up to the guard station at the pace of a steamengine, 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 Mitchel are never good for much."

"Poor gentleman!' exclaimed the landlord. "It was only the day before yesterday he stopped at the door here and spoke to me as he went by. What an affliction for my lord and my lady. Who was the quarrel with? Who threw him over?"

" His late servant, Ravensbird." The landlord backed against the shelves as if thunderstruck, and an iron ladle which he held in his hand clattered on to the ground. "Ravensbird!" he uttered, in a low, awe-

struck tone, "Ravensbird!" "Ravensbird, and nobody else. He was not long carrying out his threats of vengeance.

"Why, he has been lodging here ever since

yesterday morning. He is up stairs in bed at this moment. I couldn't have slept in the same house with him, if I had known this last night." "He must have dodged Captain Dane, and waylaid him on the heights. The curious part of the affair is, what took Captain Dane

over to the brow at all; some think that

Ravensbird, in some cunning way, entrapped him into going, and then-At this moment an interruption occurred which nearly made the landlord and the speaker atart out of their skins. A highbacked, wooden screen went partially across the bar, its seat in front facing the fire. At tainly as you the back of the screen stood the landlord and his customer; and at this critical juncture the face, never quailing. "You may be an the head of Mr. Ravensbird was propelled old card—experience has made you one—but around it, glaring at the two in indignation. you have taken the wrong man in taking ne.

He had been quietly seated there all the time. "Your name's Dubber, I believe," he said, looking at the preventive-man. "How dare you stand there to traduce me?"

" Dubber was, as the saying runs, taken-to. He was too confused to make any reply. And Ravensbird walked around and confronted

him. "By what authority do you accuse me of he crime of murder?"

"Well, now Mr. Ravensbird, if what I've said is not true, if you are innocent, I'm sure I beg your pardon," he answered, gathering courage and his wits together. "But you must not blame me. If I had not told Hawthorne, the next comer-in would. When events like this happen, people will talk, and if you were not mixed up in in this, you'd be the first to talk of it yourself. Mitchel saw the affair, and saw the captain pitched down and he says the other was Mr. Ravensbird.

"Mitchel says that it was I? That he saw "As I hear, the men were saying so last night. I didn't hear Mitchel speak myself, for I wasn't in the guard-house till he had

"Is what you have been asserting true?that Captain Dane is murdered?" pursued "Oh, that's true, safe enough. They are getting ready the drags to search for the body."

gone.

"On what part of the heights did it happen?" proceeded Ravensbird. "Off the chapel-ruins. He fell down just beyond Rock Point. But I must be off, for

my time's up," added the man; "unless I'd like to get reported." He turned around as he spoke, and departed glad to be away from the stern eye, the sallow face of Ravensbird. " Putting them questions as if he'a like to make believe he was an innocent know-nothing," thought Dubber. "But they won't avail him much, when he's

lord, when they left alone. "What do you know of this business, Hawthorne?" "If you were sitting in the screen, Mr.

Ravenshird you must know as much as I. I have only heard what Dubber said." "What do you think of it?" "I can't think. Who would do harm to Captain Dane? He had no enemies, that I

know of. I'm sure the quarrel with you was quite unlike bim." "Unlike his general nature. He was put up—and so was I. Where's my hat? Up stairs, I think. I shall go out and ascertain

the truth of this business? He quitted the bar to go his chamber, and plenost at the same moment the inspector of police entered it. He ranged his eyes around and around, as it is search of some object, and

then nedded to the landlord. "Good-morning, Hawthorne. You have get Master Rovensbird lodging with you, I hear. Is he up yet?"

"He was here not an instantago, sir. He's gone to kis room to fetch his hat. He wants to go out and leave the particulars of this sad business about the captain. Dubber had just been into tell of it. I'm sure you might have

brocked me down with a puff. The inspector withdrew from the bar to the passage, and there he propped himself against the wall. The position he had chosen commended a view of the back door of the house, as well as of the front. Almost immediately Revenshird appeared, and the inspector ac

conted bine: "A fine morning, Mr. Ravensbird" "Very. I am going out to enjoy it." "An instant yet. I want to say a few words to you."

"Not now," impatiently returned Mr. Ravensbird. "No time like the present," was the reply of the inspector, as he laid his hand upon the man's shoulder. "Don't be restive: I must

detain you." Ravensbird turned his sallow face on the officer, his eyes flashing with anger. "By what right? What do you mean?" " Now, Bavensbird, don't be unreasonable

take things quietly. You are my prisoner,

and all the resistance in the world will not avail you.' "Ravensbird's answer to this was resistance He strove to wrench himself from the inspector's grasp, and though short of stature, he was a powerful man. Had it come to a tussle of strength between the two, he might have gained the victory; but before he well knew where he was, or what had happened, he found

a pair of handcuff's on his wrists. "The most senseless thing a man can be guilty of is to try and resist an officer in the execution of his duty," observed the inspector. in a tone of pleasant argument, as though he were discu-sing the point with a knot of friends. "You need not suppose we do our work by halves, Ravensbird; had you escaped me, you would only have jumped into the sheltering arms of my men, who are planted outside of the house, front and back.

"Planted for what?" fumed Ravensbird. "For you. And there they have been all night, since Lord Dane gave me the orders to arrest you. I thought I'd do the thing politely, and wait till morning; or I might have knocked up the house and taken you

"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 stupendary magistrate, no. But he is lord of the manor, and lord lieutenant of the county. Don't question Lord Dane's rights, my man. Ravensbird appeared to be cooling down. Understand me," he said. "I do not want to resist the authority of the law, and if I were free as air this moment, I should stay and face this matter out. But, what I am vexed and annoyed at, is this: I was on the point of going out to inquire; to ferret out particulars; I have a motive for doing so that you know nothing of : and I'd rather have given a ten poundnote out of my pocket, than have been stopped in it."

The inspector coughed—as incredulous a cough as ever man gave vent to. In his opinion, there was not a shadow of doubt that the attacker of Captain Dane was the man before him; and he looked upon the words as being put forth in cunning deceit.

"I'm sorry I can't spare you. If you can convince Lord Dane of your innocence, why you'll be at liberty perhaps before the day is over. But there are no particulars to learn beyond what are universally known. The struggle took place, Captain Dane was thrown down, and the tide washed the body

away.' "Dubber says the struggle took place by

the ruins." "Not ten yards from them," replied the inspector, who was a good-tempered man, and liked to humor his prisoners. "But what's the use of your keeping up this show of ignorance, Ravensbird?" he added. "You have got an old card to deal with, in me. As if there was any living man could tell the time, the place, the facts altogether, so cer-

Ravensbird looked the inspector steadily in I did not know that any accident, any ill had happened to Captain Dane, until Lubber just now told it; I did not know but he was alive

and well; and that I swear" "Now, don't you take and swear to any nonsense, or it may be used against you," was the retort of the inspector. "I never care to make bad worse, for those who come into my custody; it's not my way; but when prisoners get chattering, and letting out all sorts of slip words in their folly, why, I'm obliged to repeat it again. The best thing you can do is to sew your mouth up, until you are before Lord Dane. And that's friendly advice.

mind. Possibly Ravensbird felt it to be so; for, it he did not observe it literally and sew up his mouth with thread, he at any rate relapsed

into silence. Between nine and ten he was conveyed to the castle. Lord Dane was scated in his audience-chair in the great hall; though so physically powerless, his mind was as vigorous to conduct the investigation as it had ever been. Mr. Apperly, in his legal capacity, sat near him, a small table and pen and ink before him; Squire Lester, Supervisor Cotton, and a few others were present-but not Mitchel. He was expected, but had not come. A sensation was created when Ravensbird, in his handcuffs, was introduced

by the inspector. "You bad, wicked man!" broke forth Lord Dane, in anguish, forgetting the dignity of a magistrate in the feelings of a father. "Could

nothing serve your turn but you must murder my poor son?"

"I did not murder him, my lord," respectfully answered Ravensbird. "We don't want quibbling here," interrupted the lawyer, who was of an excitable temperament, apt to put himself into heats. "If you did not deliberately murder him with a knife, or a club, or a pistol, or anything of that sort, you attacked him and threw him over the cliff. I don't know what else you

"I never was on the heights last night. I never saw Captain Dane after he turned me from the castle in the morning," responded Ravenshird. "Who accuses me of this?"

can call it, but murder."

"Now, my good man," impetuously broke forth the lawyer, "this absurd equivocation will not avail you, and yon, only waste breath and my lord's time in using it. You have brought enough sorrow upon his lordship, without seeking to prolong this trying "I asked who was my accuser, Mr. Ap-

I have a right to be answered.' "Circumstances and your own actions are your accusers, and Mitchel is evidence," returned Mr. Apperly. "He witnessed the struggle on the heights, and he saw you push

perly," doggedly repeated the prisoner, "and

down Captain Dane." "Could not Mitchel have been here by this hour?" feverishly put in Lord Dane, looking at the supervisor. "I thought he would have been up before

this my lord," was the reply of the latter.

"I'll go out and see after him." " Does Mitchel say it was I, struggling with Captain Dane?-that he saw me,?" inquired the prisoner, as Mr. Cotton left the hall. of course, he does," answered the lawyer. Do you imagine he would conceal it?"

"Then he tells a malicious, gratuitous lie," exclaimed Ravensbird. "And he must do so to screen the real offender." Lord Dane bent his head forward, and spoke," Ravensbird as Mr. Apperly says, thisline of conduct will only tell against you-Had no person whatever seen the transaction there could not have been any misconception upon the point, for who else but you was in ill-blood with my son? Of the nature of the quarrel between you and him, yesterday morning, I am in ignorance, but it is certain that you must have provoked him most grievous-

ly, and you quitted my roof uttering threats

"My lord, so far, that is true," replied Ravensbird, calmiv and respectfully. I gave Captain Dane certain information, by which I thought to do him a service, but he received it in a contrary spirit. It was connected with his own affairs, not pleasant news, and it called forth anger on his part towards me. I felt that it was unmerited, and I was harshly treated, and my own anger was aroused. I answered my master as I confess I had no business to answer him. We both grew excited he beyond control, and he ordered me out of the house, and knocked me down the stairs. I ask you, my lord, whether it was likely I could take it calmly, without a retort? I had been s good servant to my master, had served him saithfully for years, and that only made me feel the insult more keenly. I left the castle, and for the next two hours all I did was to give vent to my feelings in harsh words-

" You said you would be revenged." inter-

rupted Lord Dane,
"Ten times, at least, I said it, my lord, and many heard me, but, by the end of the two hours, my anger was spent. Harsh words they were, but idle as the wind. I never eriously entertained the thought of taking vengeance on my master. I had but spoken in the heat of passion, and, before long, I accuse for him." nally heesn in my own mind to find some ex-