

that Everard Lynn had left a letter in the care of the ticket-master, for one Consabina Seville. If such a person called within a week it was to be forwarded to S—— post office. Consabina made himself known, and the letter was handed him. Its contents were as follows :

DEAR CONSABINA:—It is with heartfelt regret that I have taken this step. Words cannot express the pain it caused me to tear myself away from those who have at all times treated me as their own. But parting from you was the severest trial of all. I need not tell you that I esteem you as a brother, for I am convinced that in that respect my feelings are reciprocated. I was compelled to leave, not by anything you or yours have done, far from it. It was my own imaginations. The idea got into my head that my father's fate was impending over me. I tried, but in vain, to banish the idea. Day by day it increased, until finally I could not rest. That was what made me so silent and melancholy of late, when you and your kind father tried so hard to cheer me up. By the time you receive this I will be on my way to Australia. If I meet with success, and if my life is spared, I will probably return to America. Dearly will I remember you all. I hope you will forgive me for the manner in which I left. I could think of no other at the time. Wilson was always eyeing my movements, and I detested him. Further, I know it would be hard to withstand a parting scene with, I may truly call you, the only friends I have on earth. If I arrive in safety at my destination I promise to write you. Until then, adieu !

And believe me to be,

Yours, very sincerely,

EVERARD LYNN.

With a sorrowful heart Consabina turned homewards. He had looked to Everard as one who would fill his place when he was gone to a foreign land. "But what is past, cannot be recalled," and he would just have to arrange matters accordingly. Now a new thought occurred to his mind. "What motive had Baldwin for leaving so clandestinely?" "Could it be possible that Baldwin was the thief?" For the first time suspicion had entered his mind.

But Baldwin was highly respected in the neighborhood and had an enviable character for honesty, so he concluded to keep his doubts, for the present, at least to himself.

It was late in the evening when he arrived home. The news he brought created wonderful excitement. The town of S—— was in a complete uproar about Baldwin. People generally could not help inquiring "What motive he had for leaving so," and were answered by some one chiming in, "Baldwin is no fool. He knows what he's about. See if he don't come out all straight yet."

Everard's departure was deeply lamented at both "Seville Place" and "Rosemont."

That night Consabina dreamt of the future. He thought he was upon the ocean—encoun-

tering a terrific storm, and just as he was thinking shipwreck near at hand, there was a fearful shock, which awoke him, after which he turned over and fell into an unconscious sleep.

CHAPTER VI.

DEPARTURE.

Parents good-bye—dear friends, adieu

I bid you all farewell

When I may meet again with you

Future alone can tell.

'Tis sad to leave our dear old home,

O'er unknown seas and lands to roam.

The week following the events narrated in the foregoing chapter, was one of sorrow and bustle at "Seville Place." Of sorrow on account of its being Consabina's last week at home. Of bustle in making the necessary preparations, and in setting things to rights. The "Adelaide" would sail on the Tuesday of the ensuing week, and it was with this vessel Consabina proposed going.

Mr. Melodine had procured the services of an old acquaintance to assist him at "Rosemont," and had kindly permitted Jake to engage with Don Zeres. So Jake filled Everard's place, and a better substitute would be hard to find, for he was not only an able workman, but trustworthy in the highest degree.

Now that the time of departure was approaching, Consabina felt that it was going to be a hard trial—harder than he had at first anticipated. But he resolved to fight it out. Go he must, and go he would. He now had a double motive in going, for the suspicion he had formed of Baldwin's being the thief prompted him to follow him up.

The first day of the week came. All went to church. After the services were over, Consabina had his right arm well night shook from its socket, by friends who were eager to bid him farewell. Then came the most trying scene of all—the last night at home. That night the eyes of more than one never closed in sleep.

"What, sleep ! sleep away moments so precious," said Consabina, as his parents urged him to take a little rest before leaving. "No, I can sleep, when I have nothing else to do, on board ship."

Arabella sat clinging tenaciously to his arm, pouring into his ears words of comfort—love—hope, and of the bright anticipated future. How little she fancied the trying ordeals that future had in store for her !

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