THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

RETURNED FROM THE GRAVE

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

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CHAPTER XIV .--- CONTINUED.

The gentleman smiled again. Had it been only that, he thought he could have managed the job himself, without troubling her, provided she had supplied him with needle and cotton.

"No," he continued, "it is something that requires more skill. I want a shade made for the eves.'

Suphie raised her own to the eyes looking st her; clear, bright eyes they were, of a dark grav, and she wondered what they could want with a shade.

"It is for my fellow-passenger," he proceeded to explain. "I have been to his room, and all his cry is for a shade for his eyes. He suffered with them during the voyage, 1 observed, and the light of the room this morning effects them much."

"Ob, I'll soon make that," said Sophie. "Who is be, sir ?"

"You must ask himself that question," was the reply, "A large shade, he said, made of thin cardboard, covered with dark-blue er green silk, any color, in fact, and tape to tie it with."

" Tape !" ejaculated Sophie; "you mean

ribbon, sir." "Anything. He will not care what the roaterials are, provided his eyes are shaded. I asked him about breakfast, but he seemed • dy anxious for the shade."

Sophie soon got her necessary materials; a sheet of card-board, which she fished up from somewhere, and some purple silk, the remnant of a dress; and set to work. The gentleman sat himself on the aim of an old horse-bair sofa opposite, and watched her fingers. His orders were, he said, laughingly. not to go up again without the shade.

"And so you and he met on board as fellow-passengers !" cried Sophie, as she worked. "Strangers, I suppose, to each other until then."

"We were on board, fellow-passeugers."

"It's strange, how intimate people grow upon a sea voyage!" resumed she, "just as it they had been friends for years. The old gentieman seems ill."

"Very ill. Very ill, indeed, he has been all the voyage "

"What is his name? what was he coming to England for ?" proceeded Sophie. " I suppose he's an American ?"

"His name-his name!" deliberated the gentleman, as if casting back his thoughts. I am not sure that I heard his name mentioned during the time we were in the ship. As to his motive for coming to England, I cannot speak. Gentlemen travelers do not unceremoniously inquire into each other's private affairs. Mrs. Ravensbird.'

"I hope you will let me have the gratification of knowing your name sir," continued Sophie, nothing daunted. "I'm sure it's a pleasant one."

"Do you guess so?" laughed he. "I do not discorn much in it myself. Lydney." "Lydney!" repeated Sophie, after him.

"And you are an American, too, sir? And have you come over on business?"

"I have come over on pleasure-to look about me, never having had the honor of seeing old England before," answered he, goodhumoredly. "How many more questions would you like answered, Mrs. Ravensbird?"

"Ab, hah! it's my French nature, and I "We must not part with ask you to excuse it. I am not English; you name," said Miss Bordillion. may tell that by my tongue; and we Gauls are always curious. Do you speak French, Mr. Lydnev ?"

mother was a Frenchwoman." Sophie's eyes sparkled with delight; her even with his lordship.' You might speak it more civilly, I thought to myself, as I took it "How did they recognize it?" from him." from him."

"Oh, very well," said Lord Dane-Whensufferers; but if it be refused, of course, the obligation is at an end. It is the last time I stall trouble your old gentleman, Mrs. Ravensbird."

The wind was less violent this morning. and many people were gathered on the heights, watching the spot where the wreck had been. At low-water part of the ship could be seen, and she lay with her larboard side to the rocks. Quantities of chips were floating about, and pieces of iron might be discerned on the beach. The masts and yards were gone, and there was no symptom of a bowsprit. Something more appalling than wood or iron floated in occasionally-a of the struggle; otherwise he preferred to terrify away the watchers on the heights; relating to that night.

some of whom were ladies. Standing most imprudently on the very edge of the heights, in their eager sympathy, their and curiusity, were Miss Bordillion and Maria Lester.

The latter, who was a little apart, bent forward to look at some bustle right underneath. when a gust of wind, more furious than any they had experienced that morning, suddenly swept over them, swept over Maria, and-

"Take care, Marial" shricked out Miss Bordillion in an agony of terror. Whether Maria could have "taken care,

must remain an unanswered question. Certain it is, that the wind shook her, and she had all but lost her balance, when, at the very moment of peril, just as Miss Bordillion called out, a strong arm was thrown around her, and snatched her into safety. She had felt her own danger, and her face was perfectly white, as she turned it to her preserver.

She saw a stranger. A young, aristocratic man. who had "gentleman" stamped on every motion and lineament.

"I thank you very greatly," she said to him, from between her agitated lips. "I did not know the wind was still so high."

Miss Bordillion, in her gratitude, laid hold of the stranger's hand.

"Let methank you! let me thank you! I do believe you have saved her from destruc-tion! Ah, Maria! you may well weep!" she added, as Maria, overcome by the fear and agitation of the moment, let fall a tew hysterical tears. "How could you be so imprudent? How could you advance so near? Thank him better, child, for there's no doubt he has saved you from death !"

"Not from death so certain as I was saved from last night," he smiled, hoping to reassure Miss Lester. "I was a passenger in that illfated ship." he said, in answer to the inquiring looks of Miss Bordillion, "and was one of those rescued by the life-boat."

" Is it possible?"

"But for a gentleman who took command of that life-boat, and shamed the sailors-as I hear-into manning her. sharing himself the danger, we should all have perished." he proceeded. "He was but a strippling, no older than myself; but he showed a braver heart than the inured-to-danger sailors."

Maria's face was glowing as a damask rose, and the tears rested on the eye-lashes.

"Shall I tell you who that was?" she said. "It was my dear brother, Wilfred Lester." And in a few minutes it seemed as though

they had been conversing together for years. There are certain events that break the barriers of restraint more effectually than time can do.

"We must not part without hearing your " William Lydney."

"And I am Miss Bordillion And this is my

address," she added, giving him a card, for "Quite as well as I do English. My she, like many other old-fashioned ladies, kept her card-case in her pocket. "I hope, Mr. Lydney, that you will call upon us."

am not desirons of forming acquaintance, that his body was found, and was buried in By certain mgrks," replied Ravensbird, was ento

these disastrons circumstances occur, it is die Dane's servant." I was Captain from my position to show courtesy to the 14" It was a nasty pitch-over, that fall from the heights," sollioquized, the stranger : "it took place while I was in Danesheld-"

"I beg your pardon, sir, you are never Colonel Moncton ?" breathlessly- uttered Revensbird.

"What if I am?" coolly asked the stranger.

Ravensbird paused. He did not know what," but felt in much doubt and surprise. Convinced, moreover, that, whatever it might | nature." be, whether Colonel Moncton or another, his own suspected share in the affair was known. He therefore set himself to speak of it calmly and openly, as he always did, to those aware human body; not near enough, however, to maintain a complete reticence on all points

"Yes, it was a fatal fall, a nasty struggle," Ravensbird observed : "and who the adversary was, remains a mystery to this day. Two or three were suspecsed. I, for one, and was taken up on suspicion; and a packman, for another, who was seen in angry contest with the captain on the heights, that same night; but I, in my own mind, suspected somebody else."

" Pray whom did you suspect !" "I should be sorry to tell," answered

Ravensbird. "What were the grounds for suspecting

you I" inquired the invalid, after a pause. "That quarrel I had with Captain Dane which I suppose you heard of, if you heard of the rest. It occurred in the morning, when he kicked me out of the castle, and the catastrophe took place in the evening. People's suspicions—and naturally enough, I ac-knowledge—flew to me. But they were wrong. I would have saved my master's life with my own; I would almost bring him back to life now at the sacrifice of my own were it in my power. I was much attached to him, and I am faithful to his memory."

"In spite of the kicking out?" put in the stranger.

"Pshawl" returned Ravensbird. "A dispute of a moment, in which we both lost our tempers, could not destroy the friendship of years. Yes, sir, I presume to say it-friendship. He was the Honorable Captain Dane, and I but his servant; and though he never lost his dignity any more than I forget my place, there was a feeling between us that might be called friendship."

There ensued a long silence. The gentleman broke it.

"What has become of Herbert Dane? He was to have married Lady Adelaide Errol. There was some-some-some talk of such a thing, I fancy."

"He did not marry her. Ah! that was another mystery. She would not have him. after all; and she married Mr. Lester. She has a whole troop of children now."

"And where is Herbert Dane? What has become of him ?"

Ravensbird turned round to the bed in astonishment.

"He is at the castle now, sir; I have just said so."

"He at the castle! what for ?"

"The castle is his home, sir," replied Ravensbird, beginning to wonder whether the sick man was in his right mind. "Whose home? I am speaking of Herbert

Dane. What should bring the castle his home? Does Lord Dane tolerate him there ?"

"Why, sir, is it possible you do not know that Herbert Dane-that was-is the present Lord Dane? uttered Ravensbird. "He succeeded the old lord." The stranger raised himself on his elbow,

and peered at Ravensbird under the purple shade. "Then what on earth has become of Geoffry | had been following him, when a rumor met

timacy was springing up, laughed at him one day, and rallied on his disquiet. "One would think all your worldly wealth was entombed in that chest, Lydney," he ob-

"And it is-in a measure, ' was the answer, for it contains valuable deeds and documents, without which my worldly wealth will be of little value to me."

"Suppose it is gone forever?" returned Wilfred. "Would the loss be totally irremediable?"

"Upon my word, I cannot say," replied Mr. Lydney. "Some of its documents might be replaced, but others-1 would rather not dwell on that possibility; I am of a hopeful

And he appeared, in this instance, not to be of a hopeful nature in vain. One morning, a fortnight after the night of the wreck, Mr Lydney found, upon going down, that the divers had brought up several things. They were of various and opposite kinds, as you may well imagine. A part of a beam of wood; a gold Albert chain; a small cask which contained salt meat; a sealed case, holding letters; and there were divers boxes. Once, they thought they were hauling up a poor little baby, but it proved to be a huge wax doll, dressed in lace and satins; its young mistress was colder and more lifeless now than the doll.

With an eager step, when he saw the re-covered things, did William Lydney hasten to inspect them. Owners had been found for none; not for one of those articles lying on the beach. The owners had gone with the wax doll's little mistress, and would awaken no more in this world.

" Is it among 'em, sir?" asked Mitchel. the preventive-man, coming up as Mr. Lydney stood over the boxes; for his anxiety to recover the chest was no secret. "There's one tin case, you see, sir, but I fear it's larger than you describe yours to be."

William Lydney lifted his head, and his face expressed keen disappointment. "It is not among them," was all he said.

"What's this?" rejoined Mitchel, turning around to speak as he was walking away, for he perceived that something else was coming

up, to be added to the relics. It was a japanued box, about two feet

square, with the initials "V.V.V." surmounted by a Maltese cross, studded on it in brass nails. Mitchel scarcely need have asked what it was had he glanced at the countenance of Mr. Lydney; the eager, trembling expectation; the intense joy that lighted it up, proved it was the much-wished-for chest. In the moment's excitement he took it, he alone, from the grasp of the men who bore it. William Lydney was a strong man, but not strong enough to lift that heavy case in or-

dinary moments. "It's the one ye've been looking out for, ain't it master," asked one of the bearers, as it was deposited on the beach.

"Yes it is," replied Mr. Lydney. "I will reward you and the divers well.'

"But them letters don't stand for your name, sir," cried Mitchel, as the nien moved away again. "I have not said they did," laughed Mr. Lydney. "But now, to get it up to the Sailor's Rest. I'll leave you guard over it,

Mitchel, while I go and find somebody with a truck or barrow; or get Raven-bird to send. Mark you, my good man, it's very precious."

"I'll take charge of it, sir," smiled Mitchel; "it's all in my duty and my day's work. Where you leave it, there you'll find it, untouched."

You spoke there without your host, Mr. Preventive Mitchel.

Hardly had Mr. Lydney quitted the beach when Lord Dane appeared on it. He was in ing sway to Lord Dane," was the reply of the sporting attire; but underneath his black preventive-man to Mr. Lydney. velvet coat, linen shone out of the finest and most costly texture. His keeper-not the and the people in it. I had no more power to one who was wounded-had gone to the prekeep your box back, when Lord Dane said it serves with the guns and dogs, and Lord Dane was to go, than I have to stop that sea from

flowing him that the diwers were now beginning to

cart and two men. The cart belonged to a sister; but as to authority-you can see her. miller on the Dane estate, and was on its way if you please, sir." The visitor motioned with his hand in reto fetch wheat to be ground. Lord Dane onply, and Bruff led the way to the drawingcountered it as he turned off the beach into the road, and commanded it into his own serrooms. "What name, sir ?" he asked, pausing, with

vice, for what purpose yon will see. Down came the cart; its two attendants and his hand on the door. his lordship, and halted close to Mitchel and his lorder ip, and natted close to mitchel and the recovered things. Lord Dane pointed to them with his finger, "Hoist them in," said he: The men did so the wondering surprise of Mitchel, and made short work of the pro-Nice of the activities were heavy on the pro-

"Mr. William Lydney."

a profusion of long ringlets all around her

-not overburdened with strong intellect;

"I have the honor of speaking to Miss

Miss Dane curtsied and simpered, and sim-

"What an attractive man!" quoth she to

herself! and forthwith fell right in love with

the compliment. Mr. Lydney, however, was

too much engrossed by his tin box and

then, even though he had been as susceptible

the affair, and inquired whether she would not

"I never heard of such a procedure," cried

the recovered things up here, you say? What

"That is precisely what I should be glad to

"I don't think they can have come here.

She tripped to the bell before Mr. Lydney

could forestall her; and Bruff-who for some

reason, best known to himself, had delayed

the errand he was departing upon when Mr.

Lydney appeared at the castle-gate-came in

"Bruff," asked Miss Dane, " have any boxes

and things been brought here this morning.

"Yes, miss," answered Bruff. For Miss

Dane, though living at the castle as its mis.

tress, never would submit to be addressed as

"ma'am." In her opinion it would have

taken from her appearance of youth; and

woe be to the servant who transgressed, for

he fell under her stern displeasure ; at least.

"Is this gentleman's box here, then?" sho

"I cun't say that miss; I did not remark particularly what came. It was all put in the strong room. If the box was in the cart with

" It is of the very utmost consequence that

I should have it, Miss Dane," struck in Mr. Lydney. "Lord Dane would surely not ob-

ject to its being returned to me, were he at

"Of course not, sir," warmly acquiesced

Miss Dane. "Bruff, you cannot do wrong by

giving up to this gentleman his own pro

perty." "My lord's orders were that the things

as stern as simple Miss Dane could show.

know. Miss Dane."

Allow me to ring for Bruff."

answer to the summons.

the other things it's here."

proceeded.

home.'

belonging to that wrecked ship ?"

cess. None of the articles were heavy, save complexion, and a soft, rose-color on her the japanned box. That went in with the rest, cheeks-altogether looking very much more but the barrel of pork and the beam of wood youthful than she really was. Her darkhis lordship told them they might leave on brown hair, beginning to be sprinkled with the beach. Then the cart and its contents silver, was worn, as carelesssly as a child's, in

proceeded to move away again. "My lord," uttered Mitchel, in a perfect head; and her blue eyes had a habit of shyly ecstacy of consternation, "they must not take those of gentlemen. Putting her vanity and her affectation aside, Miss Dane was not to be off the things, especially that tin chest. 1

am left here to see that nobody does it." disliked. She was simple and kind-hearted "I have ordered them to the castle for safety," replied Lord Dene.

and the most marked peculiarity about her "But that tin case, my lord-it's owner in was, that she fancied every stranger fell in coming down for it directly. And I passed my word that be should find it here safe and love with her at first sight. Danesheld called her an old maid; Miss Dane would have been mortally offended had she heard them. She untouched. If he complains to the supervisor I may lose my place, your lordship." was attired in a light-blue silk, and jacket to " Lose your place for yielding the authority

rested in you to mine!" returned Lord Dane | match, jointly set off with many trimmings in a good-humored tone, which seemed to and silver buttons. chaff at Mitchel's simplicity. "We don't know yet to whom these things may belong, Dane?" began Mr. Lydney. and they will be in safety at the castle." pered and curtsied again.

"But-I hope your lordship will pardon me for speaking-this tin box has got its owner," persisted Mitchel. "When the gentleman returns for it, what am I to say to him, and fondly hoped that he was returning bim"

"Mitchel," said his lordship, quietly, "you must understand one thing which you do not its attractions to admit soft impressions just yet appear to be aware of. As lord of the then, even though he had been as susceptible manor, I possess a right to claim all and as the lady. He gave her a concise history of everything fished up from that wreck, whether the original owners be saved or not. I give orders that his box should be restored to do not wish to exert this privilege; I should him. not think of doing so; but I do choose that she, in a pretty little weak voice, and shaking her ringlets affectedly. "Geoffry-my bro-ther-went down to the beach, and ordered these things shall, for the present, be placed in the castle, that they may be in safety.

You may say that to Mr. Lydney." Lord Dane strode off after the cart, and Mitchell remained where he was, as still as did he do it for? what did he want with though he had been changed to a petrification. | them ?" The procedure did not meet his approbation : and, in defiance of Lord Dane's assurance, he feared he might get into trouble over it. He neither spoke nor moved, but just remained dear sir, 1 fancy there must be some error. staring and thinking. Neither did he when, some time after, Mr. Lydney appeared. Ravensbird came with him, and a man with a truck.

"Why, where's the box?" exclaimed Mr

Lydney, gazing around. "Mitchell, what have

"I don't know," replied Mitchel, speaking

" Up to the castle, sir. He was lord of the

manor, and possessed a right to claim what

was got up from the wreck, he said. Not that

he should think of claiming them, but they

must be put in the castle for safety till the

owners turned up-which, of course, they are

never likely to do; but perhaps he meant

"The owners of that japanned box had

turned up," cried Mr. Lydney. "His lord-

ship had no business to interfere, so much as

to put his finger upon it. How could you

think of allowing it, Mitchel. You are to

" If you were not a stranger here, sir, you

would never ask how we can think of allow-

"He is master of everything; of Danesheld

belplessly. "I have not done anything with it. Lord Daue came down, and sent it away,

and the other things also." "Sent it where?" asked Mr. Lydney.

you done with the box?"

their friends."

hlame."

heart had warmed to him at first, she said, and forthwith she commenced a rattling conversation in her native tongue. He sat there till the shade was finished, and then went up stairs with it.

In the course of the morning Lord Dane walked into the Sallor's Rest, to inquire atter the rescued. Richard Ravensbird was not in the way at the moment, but Sophie was quite equal to receiving his lordship. In earlier days, when he was plain and poor Herbert Dane, she had been rather toud of chattering to him, or he was to her: and her man ners to him still retained far more of ease than did those of some of the inhabitants of Danesheld. Sophie began pouring into his ear all the news she had been able to collect, as regarded the two passengers, coupled with her own additions : for she was one of those who form conclusions according to their active imagination, and then assume them to be facts.

They were both Americans, from the United States, she said; the old gentleman traveling over here for his health, especially for a weakness in the eyes; and the young one for pleasure. They had first met on board, and got friendly together. The old gentleman's name she had not come at yet, but the young one's was Lydney. Such a pleasant young man -spoke French like an angel-and as rattling and free as my lord himself used to be, in the by-gone days Aud Madame Sophic casta half-saucy glance to my lord when she said it.

"Are they gentlemen?" inquired Lord Dane. "Or prople in business, merchants, and that sert of thing ?"

"The young one's a gentleman, if ever I saw one," returned Mrs. Ravenshird, warmly, "In looks and manners he is fit, every inch of him, to be what you are, my lord-a British There's no mistaking him for nobleman. anything inferior. And, do you know, his face puts me in mind of somebody, but for the life of me I can't tell who. As to the other. the old man, I don't know whether he's a gencept his shoulders and his purple shade-the one I made him; for there he lies, buried in his pillow and the bed-olothes, his face to the | I tell you at the castle." wall, and his back up; and all you can discern of him, barring the shade, is his white hair When we go in with a tray of refreshment, he tells us to put it on the table by the bed, and helps himself when we are goue."

"The younger one is up, I suppose," remarked Lord Dane.

"Oh, up hours ago, my lord; up and out. He seems in a fine way about some box being last that was on board, and is going toward the wreck to hear if there's any chance of things being got up; Does your lordship think there is?

"A few things may be, perhaps; I cannot, tell.' I wish to send a measage to this old gentleman, if you will convey it to him." continned his lordship. "Say that I, Lord Dane, shall be happy to render him any assistance, and if he would like me ro pay him a visit, I osh do so how." · :

chamber, and came back again, shaking her. head.

"I'll lay any money he's a cross-grained old "I'll lay any money be's a cross-grained old that position, may be that that he, Rishard bachelor," cried she, "he speaks up so sharply, stranger was cognizant that he, Rishard He answered me quite rudely, my lord. 'My private individual, seeking only repose, and he was sensitive. "He was heard of, so far as | Lester, between whom and Mr. Lydney an in- lordship re-appeared, followed by an empty

"That I will be sure to do," he answered, a gratified expression lighting his countenance. And he lifted his hat as Miss Bordillion and Maria moved away.

The chamber in which the invalid lay at the Sailor's Rest, was a commodious room, the bed at the farther end of it, opposite the door, and the fire-place in the middle, between the two. It was very comfortably furnished: a sofa, a centre-table and side-tables, besides the requisite furniture for a sleeping-room, but its space afforded good accommodation. On this same evening at dusk, Mr. Ravensbird himself was in the chamber, attending to the fire, when the sick gentleman suddenly addressed him:

"What sort of a neighborhood is this?" Mr. Ravensbird probably wondered in what light he was intended to take the question, whether as to its natural, its social, its political features, or any others. But he did not inquire.

" It's a dull neighborhood rather," said he. Except when it gets enlivened by any such event as that last night, or by a poaching or smuggling affray. Lord Dane's having abandoned it for several years did not tend to make it gayer."

"He is your great man of the locality, I conclude, this Lord Dane ?"

"Oh, yes, sir. The Danes have been the lords of Danesheld from times unbeard of. And plenty of state they have kept up. But, to have the castle closed, or as good as closed. has been like a blight upon the place.

"The present Lord Dane has been absent from it ?" oue tioned the invalid. "He went abroad almost as soon as he came

with the title, within two or threa months of it, and has not long returned. Eight or nine years he must have been away ?"

"Is he married ?" "No, sir. His sister is with him at the castle, at present-Miss Dane. And will stop, people snrmise, unless his lordship should give it another mistress."

"Perhaps you'll inform me what you are tleman or not; I have seen little of him, ex- talking of," cried the invalid from the bed. "Lord Dane has no sister."

"Yes, he has, sir. And she is with him. as

*Then I tell you he has not a sister," was the sick man's irritable auswer, but delivered in a subdued, quiet tone as the rest of his conversation had been, as though the voice stuck in the throat. "Some years ago I was in this part of the world and knew all the Danes. The present lord I knew very well; there was no sister then."

Richard Bavensbird thought is as well to drop the contention and suffer the stranger to have his own way, for he did not appear one likely to relinquish it. He stretched his head up to get a sight of the sick man's face, but did not succeed; the upper part was under the purple shade, and the lower part under the bed-clothes.

"Yes, I know a good bit of the Danes then." went on the invalid. " My lord and my lady, the two sons, the cousin-in short all of them. Sophie ran up the stairs to the invalid's | Has the younger one, William Henry, ever been, heard of?

"How, do you mean, sir?" quickly cried Ravenshird, who began to doubt whether the

-the eldest son bert Dane should inherit ?"

"He died at the same time as his brother,' answered Rivensbird, shaking his head. Before the body of my master was found. the remains of the other were brought home, and interred in the family vault."

"Where did he die? What did he die of?" reiterated the invalid, who appeared unable to overcome his shock of astonishment.

"He died of fever, sir. I can't take upon myself just to say where, for I forget; but he was put on board at Civita Vecchia. My lady went almost as quick; and the old lord did not live above a month or two."

"I know, I know," cried the stranger with feverish impatience. "I saw their deaths announced in the newspapers; and I saw the succession of the new peer, 'Geoffry, Lord Dane.' Not of Herbert."

"His name is Herbert Geoffry, sir. As soon as he became heir, he was no longer called Herbert, but Geoffry. It is a favorite name with the Lords Dane."

The invalid laid down and covered his face. Ravensbird was about to leave the room, when he spoke again.

"This Herbert-Lord Dane, as you tell me he is-is he liked ?"

"He has not given much opportunity to be liked or disliked, air, stopping away so long " was the rejoinder of Bavensbird. "He behaved generously in the matter of my lord's will. The will left presents and legacies to servants, and fifteen thousand pounds to Lady Adelaide Errol, and my lord died before he signed it; consequently it was void. The young lord, however, fulfilled all the bequeats to the very letter, as honorably as though he had been legally bound to do so."

"" Why did he not marry Lady Adelaide?" sharply put in the invalid.

"She turned round, sir, as I tell you, and would not have him. It was exactly like a sudden freak, a change of mind that nobody could account for. My present wife was maid to her at that time, and I heard of her refusal; but it was not generally known that there was anything between them."

"Perhaps there never was anything between them," remarked the invalid.

"Ob, yes, there was, sir; when he was plain Herbert Dane," significantly replied Revensbird. . "Ah | he little thought then to be what he is now-the Lord of Danesheld!" The stranger turned his face to the wall. and pht up his back ; and nothing could be seen of him but his white hair and the purple shade.

CHAPTER XV.

THE days went on, and the divers were busy, striving to fish up articles from the wreck. The coast presented an unusually stirring appearance, so many idlers flocking constantly to the scene-the preventive-men being in charge, so that no depredations could take place. As the divers' exertions, however, appeared likely to meet with but poor reward, the idle spectators got tired of thronging to the spot, and the operators and coastguard were left comparatively in 'peace.

One visitor they constantly had, and that was the young stranger, Mr. Lydney. He expressed himself as being most anxions to re-Ravensbird, had been suspected of, and cover a certain bex, describing it as one of service to Lord Dane, but tell him I am a charged with the murder-a point upon which middling size-a tin one, japanned. Wilfred

flud. His lordship turned off his way for a short visit to the beach. There stood Mitchel, keeping watch over the things, in pursuance of his duty. " Is this all they have got up ?" uttered his

lordship to Mitchel, in a tone of surprise. "I thought it must have been half the ship full. Young Shad came grinning up to me, and said the beach was covered.'

"A light-fingered young monkey!" apostrophized Mitchel. "I drove him off from here, for it would require a man with ten eyes to watch him. No, my lord, they have not got up much, and I don't expect they will, though they have been more fortunate the last few hours thon they have been all along. That hox has turned up at last, my lord, that the young gent has been so worried after." "What young gent ?" asked his lordship.

" That fine young man who was saved in the life-boat, and is stopping at the Sailor's Rest, replied Mitchel. "How anxious he has come here, day after day, a watching and waiting. all for this japanned box! Had it been crammed full of thorsand-pound bank-notes he couldn't have been more eager. That's it, my lord, behind you."

Lord Dane was standing with his back to the box, and turned around at the words What could he find in it to attract his notice? Something apparently; for he remained gaz ing down at it. Like one transfixed stood be: and when he did rouse himself and lift his head, it was only to walk around the box survey it on all sides, touch it, shake it, and, in short, look like a child does at a new toy, as if he wouln very much enjoy the pulling it to pieces to see what was 1u it.

"Who do you say this belongs to?" cried he presently to Mitchel.

" That young American, my lord, who was brought ashore in the life-bost. Your lordship must have seen him many times ; a fine, handsome man he is, pleasant to speak to. I mean Mr. Lyduey.'

" Is it his chest ?"

" It can't well be anybody else's," returned Mitchel, "as your lordship would say, if you had seen his auxiety over it. When it came up this morning it was just as it he had found a treasure; all a-tremble he was, with delight."

"Lydney ?-Lydney ?" repeated his lordship to himself, as if oblivious of the presence of Mitchel. "Lydney? Have I heard that name ever ?: It does not strike upon my memory. Neither does, it answer to-to-Lord Dane stopped ; he was looking down at the initials on the box, and Mitchel spoke up, possibly beli-ving he discovered, the drift

my lord, as I remarked to him just now; and he answered me, merrily like, that he had not said they did. He is gone to send down some men to remove it to the Sailor's Rest."

Lord Dane stepped to the rest of the things and glanced keenly at all. " Does any of this belong to him?? be questioned of Mitchel. "Nothing else, my lord; nething but that apanned box that seems so precious to him, He has not appeared to care at all about any. other part of his luggage being found, though he says he had a good bit on board."

Lord Dane walked away without saying more, Mitchel stayed in charge. Presently. somewhat to the surprise of the latter, his

"Nonsense," said Mr. Lydney, who appsared much provoked. "Lord Dane cannot be allowed to play the martinet over all the world."

"Well sir I assure you it was no fault of mine. But if you go to the castle, of course he will give the box up to you; it can be of no use to him.'

Ravensbird looked around at Mr. Lydney. I don't think you'll get it, sir," he said. "At any rate you must go cautiously to work."

With a haughty toss of the head and contemptuous curl of the lip, not directed at Bavensbird-but ill or underhand doing always excited the scorn of William Lydneyhe proceeded immediately to the castle, the man and the truck following in his wake. Not Ravensbird ; it was rare, indeed, that he troubled the castle. He rang a sounding peal on the bell, just as Mr. Bruff, who was quitting the house, opened the gate.

"I wish to see Lord Dane," said Mr. Lydney. And Bruff thought that no man had ever appeared at that castle yet, possessing more of the bearing and tones of a chieftain. He bowed low.

"His lordship is out, sir."

"I was informed his lordship had just returned, in charge of some property got up from the wreck."

Bruff looked curiously at the visitor. Who could he be, presuming to speak in those scornful tones, palpably directed toward Lord Dane and his doings? Bruff did not resent it, but he felt convinced that the gentleman before him was a gentleman, and an honorable man.

" My lord did return here sir, with the men who brought up the things. But he has gone out since'

" Amongst those things was a hox, which I claim," proceeded Mr. Lydney. "1 must request you to deliver it to me.'

"It is not in my power, sir. I dare not meddle with anything against the orders of Lord Dane."

"I say that I claim it," quietly returned Mr. Lydney, "and I must have it given up to me.'

"I am sure, sir, when you remember that I am Lord Dane's servant, you will see how, impossible it is that'I can meddle with anything contrary to his lordship's orders"

"The things are in the castle ?"

"Certainly they are, sir. His lordship had them put in the strong-room, that they might oe in safety; he gave them the key, and charged me not to let them be touched; the death-room we'used to call it; but the name, not being an agreeable one, has been changed."

" Do you know that you may do me an 'irreparable injury an injury that can never be removed by refusing to deliver up that property?" pursued Mr. Lydney.

"I am sorry to hear you say so, sir, and if it depended on my will, you should have it this instant; but this is a matter of duty to my lord, which I, receiving his wages and living under his roof, must not violate."

Mr. Lydney sliently acquiesced in the good faith of the reasoning, and perceived how useless it would be to argue the point further. "Is there any one who holds authority a the castle to whom I can apply?" he in. quired.

"Miss Dane is at the castle, sir; my lord's out of my possession.

should not be touched, under any pretence whatever, miss," remonstrated Bruff. "Yes, I can understand that; when there were no claimants for them, he naturally

would cause them to remain in security. But this gentleman claims his box and requires it; so you must give it to him."

"Not upon my own responsibility, miss. returned the butler. "If you order me to do so, that of course alters the case."

" Dear me, Bruff, how tiresome and precise you are!' ejaculated Miss Dane, with her childish simper. "It stands to reason that his lordship, in taking possession of the property, could only have had regard to the interest of the owners: therefore I cannot do wrong in desiring that what belongs to this gentleman should be given up to him."

Mr. Lydney rose. "It is a japanned box," he said to Bruff, " with initials and a cross on the lid in gilt; you cannot mistake it. But I may as well go with you, and point it out."

Bruff seemed to hesitate still, and at length turned to Miss Dane.

"Miss," he said, "you know what my lord is, if he is disobeyed. Now I really dare uot do this of my own accord-though I'm sure I ask pardon for saying so, in the face of your orders. Perhaps, miss, you would not mind coming to the strong room, and delivering up the box yourself, as it were."

Miss Dane did not mind it at all; she rather liked the expedition, especially when the handsome young stranger gallantly offered his arm as an escort. Down stairs they went, through the passages to the strong room, she mincing and chattering by his side, Bruff produced the key, and unlocked the door.

When the reader first saw that room, it had trestles standing in its middle, bearing something cold and heavy. Now the trestles had disappeared, and in the same place, thrown in a hasty beap on the floor, were the relics fished up by the divers. Mr. Lydney released Miss Dane, and strod an instant his eye m-

pidly scanning them one by one. A look of angry perplexity rose to his face.

"My box is not here," he exclaimed with sternuese.

"It was a contretemps that neither Mis-Dane nor Bruff had expected-norhaps the latter felt rather relieved than otherwise Certainly no japanned chest was amongst the articles. Mr. Lydney turned to Bruff.

"Where has it been put to ?" he inquired, his quiet tone carrying more command with it than many a louder tone.

"If it is not here, sir," promptly responded Bruff, " it was not brought to the castle. The things were removed from the cart straight to this room and I can be upon my word that no body has been near them since.

"It was brought to the castle safe enough returned Mr. Lydney. "If you saw th things taken out of the cart you must remen ber it." doi: 107

"A japanned box, you say, sir," cogliste Bruff, canting his thoughts hack. "I cauno be certain that I did see it; I took no P ticular notice what the things were, though can attest that they were all placed in the

room? "Then it has been removed since," replied

Mr. BLydney, Roy and Bord and an antitest; sir; and in the meat positive manner, the that could not be. The key has not be