

# THE SECRET SORROW.

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## CHAPTER I.

### THE STORM AND THE TRAVELERS.

"The night is blind with a double dark,  
The rain and hail come down together;  
'Tis good to sit by the fire and hark  
To the stormy weather."—*Edith May*.

'Twas night, and the spirit of the storm had spread its sable wings over the earth. Dark, ominous clouds came rolling over the heavens—the rain fell in torrents, as if the flood-gates of heaven had opened for a second deluge. The cold, raw wind came sweeping chillingly along, driving the rain in maddening splashes against the closed window of a carriage that drove as rapidly as the pitiless storm would admit.

The carriage windows were shut down tightly—not a single ray of light came from the interior, and yet it was lighted up. A lamp suspended from the top illumined it, and shone full upon its inmates—three in number.

The eldest of these was a man apparently about fifty years of age. Every thing around and about him bespoke the gentleman. His iron-gray hair was brushed back from a lofty, massive brow, and a pair of cold keen, dark eyes flashed be-