

A WHISPER FROM THE GRAVE

BY G. C. BAYNE. A soldier's grave and rest—No more can you be slain...

THE SPECTRE'S SECRET

THE HEIR OF INGLESIDE

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR. CHAPTER XIII. A BRAVE BATTLE.

Molly Dowd went back to her little upper chamber, and sat down and thought. It was a new and strange work for her—this deep thinking...

And she kissed the sea-stained moustache again, and again put it away in her pocket. Then she drew her shawl over her head...

What's up? he asked, after she had taken a seat. 'Nothing that can concern you, Jo, if I may say so.'

'No, it was not from Sugg.' 'Who, then?' 'It was as I told you, Jo, honestly and truly. It was from the man of the ship; and it was for me alone. If you ask me any more questions I shall lie to you; and I don't want to lie if I can help it.'

'Well, you are a rum'un! But have your own way. I won't bother you.' 'Thank you, Jo. And now I want some stewed oysters, and a bottle of that same wine.'

'No, unless you call yourself company.' 'That's good.' 'You may drink with me, Jo.'

'In mercy's name, what did you do that for?' Molly turned back to the table, and set her glass down, bottom upward.

'Well, I'm blamed!' muttered Jo, after she had gone, 'if here ain't a Jo. What has possessed the girl? Ah! it's Lyon Hargrave! Mercy! I hope she isn't going to trust that man! If she does heaven help her!'

Molly Dowd hurried back to her chamber, and to bed. She had done all her thinking, and had arranged all her plans. And she slept soundly.

A small travelling bag contained all that she had to carry, and being packed with this, and put on her bonnet and shawl, she was ready to set forth.

That evening Molly felt nervous and uncomfortable, and she slept but little through the night. In the morning a pot of strong coffee made her feel better, and later she took the stage for the post-village next adjoining Rollington, which she reached at noon.

Late in the afternoon Molly set forth on foot, and in the edge of the evening she reached the farmer's house—a tidy, substantial dwelling, with thrifty looking outbuildings. She crept to the door, and pined the knocker.

There was no need that Molly Dowd should plead sickness to enlist sympathy. She had used the last of her strength in reaching the house, and as she stood upon the broad stone step her frame shook, and her face was pale and haggard.

A young woman came to the door—a woman of thirty, or thereabouts—whose face was pleasant and kind, and whose brown eyes were full of warm and tender love-light.

And Edith spoke words of cheer and comfort. 'Do a foul murder! He gave me the fatal, deadly poison, which I was to give to—Edith Roxbury!'

One day, when she had become strong and well, Molly was unusually thoughtful, and during the afternoon Edith asked her what occupied her thoughts.

CHAPTER IV. A BREAK IN THE SHADOWS. Night had settled down upon valley and hillside, and all in the farmhouse, save Edith and Molly, were in bed.

Edith had sat up and prepared the tea, and brought it in a large bowl full. And the wayfarer said she could do nothing more.

'Dear child,' said Edith, with moistening eyes, 'I feel sure you will stand. Do not doubt your own strength. If you look coolly to God, you cannot fail.'

'I think I understand, and I shall not forget.' After this a long silence ensued, which was, as before, broken by Molly: 'Edith, I told you I had something to say to you. I have been waiting until I got strong, and until your mother got strong; but now that the time has come, I don't know where to begin.'

'I should tell you I had been an outcast—very, very low—what then?' 'Tell me that you wish henceforth to be better and happier, and I will care for you as I would for my own dear sister.'

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'Molly—what?' cried Edith, catching her arm. 'Do a foul murder! He gave me the fatal, deadly poison, which I was to give to—Edith Roxbury!'

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