afflicted population outside the hospital. I might have overcome those obstacles, with lit-tle trouble among a people so essentially good-tempered and courteous as the Italians, if I had tried. But it occurred to me that my first duty was to my own countrymen. The miscry cry-ing for relief in London, is miscry not p-ral-leted in any city of Italy When you met me, I was on my way to London to place my ser-vices at the disposal of any elergyman, in a poor neighbourhood, who would accept such belong Longolder him I. It is marked little. help as I can offer him." He paused a little—hestated—and added in lower tones:—"That was one of my objects in returning to England. It is only honest to own to you that I had another metion beginning.

A motive connected with your brother and with Lucilla?" I suggested.
"Yes. Don't misinterpret me! I am not re-

other motive besides.

turning to England to retract what I said to Nugent. I still leave him free to plead his Own cause with Lucilla in his own person. I am still resolved not to distress myself and distress them, by returning to Dimehurch. But I have a longing that nothing can subdue, to know how it has ended between them. Don't ask me to say more than that! In spite of the time that has possed it breaks my heart to talk of Lucilla. I had looked forward to a meeting with you in Landon and to hearing what I longed to hear, from your lips. Judge for yourself what my hopes were when I first saw your face; and forgive me if I felt my disappointment bitterly, when I found that you had really no news to tell, and when you spoke of Nu-gent as you did." He stopped, and pressed my arm carnestly. "Suppose I am right about arm carnestly. "Suppose I am right about Mrs. Finch's letter?" he added. "Suppose it should really be waiting for you at the post ?"

6 Well ?"

"The letter may contain the news which I most want to hear."

I checked him there, "I am not sure of that,"

Lanswered, "I don't know what news you most want to hear."

I said those words with a purpose. What was the news he was longing for? In spite of what he had said, my woman's observation answered, News that Lucilla is still a single woman. My object in speaking as I had just spoken, was to tempt him into a reply which might confirm me in this opinion. He evaded the reply. Was that confirmation in itself? us / think l

"Will you tell me what there is in the letter?" he usked-passing, as you see, entirely over what I had just said to him.

"Yes-if you wish it," I answered: not over well pleased with his want of confidence in me, No matter what the letter contains? he

went on, evidently doubting me.

1 said Yes, again—that one word, and no more.

"I suppose it would be asking too much," he persisted, "to ask you to let me read the letter myself?"

My temper as you are well aware by this time, is not the temper of a saint. I drew my arm smartly out of his arm; and I surveyed him with, what poor Pratolungo used to call, "my Roman look."

"Mr. Oscar Dubourg! say, in plain words, that you distrust me.'

He protested of course that he did nothing of the kind-without producing the slightest effeet on me. Just run over in your mind the in-sults, worries, and anxieties which had assailed me, as the reward for my friendly interest in this man's welfare. Or, if that is too great an effort, be so good as to remember that Lucil-la's farewell letter to me at Dimchurch, was now followed by the equally ungracious ex-pression of Oscar's distrust—and this at a time when I had had serious trials of my own to sustain at my father's beside. I think you will admit that a sweeter temper than mine might the face. have not unnaturally turned a little sour under

I answered not a word to Oscar's protestations-I only searched vehemently in the pocket of my dress.

present circumstances.

"Here," I said, opening my card-case, "is my address in this place; and here," I went on, producing the document, "is my pass-port, it

I forced the card and the pass-port into his hands. He took them in helpless astonish-What am I to do with these?" lie asked.

" Take them to the Poste-Restante. If there is a letter for me with the Dimehurch postmark, I authorise you to open it. Read it before it comes into my hands—and then perhaps m will be satisfied ?"

He declared that he would do nothing of the sort—and tried to force my documents back into my own possession.

"Please yourself," I said. "I have done with you and your affairs. Mrs. Finch's letter is of no earthly consequence to me. If it is at the Poste-Restante, I shall not trouble myself to ask for it. What concern have I with news about Lucilla? What does it matter to me whether she is married or not? I am going back to my father and my sisters. Decide for yourself whether you want A.rs. Finch's letter

That settled it. He went his way with my documents to the post-office; and I went mine back to the lodging.

Arrived in my room, I still held to the reso-lution which I had expressed to Oscar in the street. Why should I leave my poor old father to go back to England, and mix myself up in Lucilla's affairs? After the manner in which she had taken her leave of me, had I any reasonable prespect of being civilly received? Os-car was on his way back to England—let Oscar manage his own affairs; let them all three (Oscar, Nugent, Lucilla) fight it out together among themselves What had I, Pratolungo's widow, to do with this trumpery family entanglement? Nothing It was a warm day for the time of year-Pratolungo's widow, like a wise woman, determined to make herself comfortable. She unlocked her packed box; she loos-ened her stays; she put on her dressing-gown; she took a turn in the room—and, if you had come across her at that moment, I wouldn't have stood in yo r shoes for something, I can tell you!

(What do you think of my consistency by this time? How often have I changed my mind about Lucilla and Oscar? Reckon it up, from the time when I left Dimehurch. Whata pic-ture of perpetual self-contradiction I present and how improbable it is that I should act in

human being—and I feel painfully conscious that I have no business to be in a book.)

In about bullan hours time the servant anpeared with a little paper pareel for me. It had been left by a stranger with an English accent and a terrible face. He had announced cent and a terrible face. He had announced his intention of calling a little later. The servant, a bouncing fat wench, trembled as she repeated the message, and asked if there was anything amiss between me and the man ith the terrible face.

I opened the parcel. It contained my passport, and, sure enough, the letter from Mrs.

Had he opened it? Yes! He had not beer able to resist the temptation to read it. And more, he had written a line or two on it in pencil, thus :- " As soon as I am fit to see you, I will implore your pardon. I dare not trust my-self in your presence yet. Read the letter, and you will understand why."

I opened the letter, It was dated the fifth of September. I ran over the first few sentences carelessly enough. Thanks for my letter—congratulations on my father's prospect of recovery—information about baby's gums and the rector's last sermon—more information about somebody else, which Mrs. Finch felt quite sure would interest and delight Whattill "Mr. Oscar Dubourg has come back, and is now with Lucilla at Rams-

I crumpled the letter up in my hand. Nu gent had justified my worst anticipations of what he would do in my absence. What did the true Mr. Oscar Dubourg, reading that sen-tence at Marseilles, think of his brother now? We are all mortal—we are all wicked. It is monstrous, but it is true. I had a moment's triumph.

The wicked moment gone, I was good again

—Unit is to say, I was ashamed of myself.

I smoothed out the letter, and looked engerly for news of Lucilla's health. If the news was favourable, my letter committed to Miss Batchford's care must have been shown to Lucilla by this time; must have exposed Nugent's aboutinable personation of his brother; and must have thus preserved her for Oscar. In that case, all would be well again (and my darling

herself would own it)—thanks to Me!

After telling me the news from Ramsgate,
Mrs. Finch began to drift into, what you call, Twaddle. She had just discovered (exactly as Oscar had supposed) that she had lost my letter. She would keep her own letter back until the next day on the chance of finding it. If she falled she must try Poste-Restante, at the suggestion (not of Mr. Finch—there I was wrong)—at the suggestion of Zillah, who had relatives in foreign parts, and had tried Poste-Restante in her case too. So Mrs. Finch driv

clied mildly on, in her large, loose, untidy hundwriting, to the bottom of the third page.

I turned over. The handwriting suddenly grew untidier than ever; two great blots defaced the paper; the style became feebly hysterical Good Heavens, what did I read when I made it out at last ! See for yourselve.; here are the words:

"Some hours have passed-it is just tea-time -oh, my dear friend, I can hardly hold the pen, I tremble so-would you believe it, Miss latchford has arrived at the rectory—she brings the dreadful news that Lucilla has cloped with Oscar—we don't know why—we don't know where, except that they have gone away together privately—a letter from Oscar tells Miss Batchford as much as that, and no more—oh, pray come back as soon as you can—Mr Finch washes his hands of it—and Miss Batchford has left the house again in a fury with him—I am in dreadful agitation, and I have given it Mr. Finch says to baby, who is screaming black in

"Yours affectionately, "AMELIA FINON."

All the rages I had ever been in before in my life were as nothing compared with the rage that devoured me when I had read that fourth page of Mrs. Finch's letter. Nugent had got the better of me and my precautions! Nugent had robbed his brother of Lucilia, in the vilest manner, with perfect impunity! I cast all fe-minine restraints to the winds. I sat down with my legs anyhow, like a man. I rammed my hands into the pockets of my dressing-gown.
Did I cry? A word in your ear—and let it go
no farther. I swore.
How long the fit lasted, I don't know. I only

remember that I was disturbed by a knock at I flung open the door in a fury-fronted Oscar on the threshold.

There was a look in his face that instantly quieted me. There was a tone in his voice that rought the tears suddenly into my eyes.

"I must leave for England in two hours," he said. me?" "Will you forgive me? and go with

Only those words! And yet-if you had seen him, if you had heard him, as he spoke themyou would have been ready to go to the ends of the earth with him, as I was; and you would have told him so, as I did.

In two hours more, we were in the train, on our way to England.

(To be continued.)

## CLAIMANTS AND IMPOSTORS.

THE great law case—arising out of a claim to inherit a title and a considerable amount of property—which for months past has excited so wide an interest, is one of a class of which there are many memorable examples in our domestic annals. In some cases the claims, ultimately vindicated, were dormant for hundreds of years; in others the contention lasted for a similar period before the law recognized the rightful heir. The barony of Bottetourt was 879 years in above ance, the lawful barons remaining in obscurity, until, at length, one emerged into legal light, and claimed his own. A Lord Willoughby de Broke was re-established after an abeyance of 178 years; Lord Berners after 188 years; Lord Membury after 104 years; Lord Fitzwarren after 112 years, and a Lord L'Isle succeeded in proving his right to the title of which his ancesters had been de prived for 400 years. We can make a rough guess at, if we cannot precisely estimate, the amount of research, labour, and expense, the grubbing among dusty documents and worm-eaten registers, necessary to prove to the satis-faction of learned lords and judges that somebody's remote ancestor was, three or four hundred years ago, a peer and pillar of the State.

The contention in one very famous instance.

this illogical way! You never alter your mind under the influence of your temper or your circumstances. No: you are, what they call, a consistent character. And I? Oh, I am only finished almost in our own time. At any rate,

some of the seniors of this generation can remember the decision given by the House of Lords in 1811, after the speeches of Sir Samuel Romilly, the great law reformer, for the claim-ant, and Attorney-General Hr Vicary Gibbs, on the other side. William Knolles, Knowles, or Knollys, the first Earl of Banbury, raised to the peerage by James the First, was an easy-going country gentleman, blessed with a wife much younger than himself, and a friendly neighbour, Lord Vaux. A few years before Lord Banbury's death, which occurred in 1632, when he had uttained the ripe age of 85, his wife became twice a mother. The earl never acknowledged the children, and immediately after his death his affectionate widow married Lord Vaux, and her sons were known as Edward and Micholas Vaux. Edward died in childhood; and the surviving Edward died in childhood; and the surviving brother, whon sixteen years of age, elatined the Earldom of Banbury. In 1860, at the meeting of Parliament, when "the king had come to his own," he took his seat as a peer, although not without opposition. The Lords' Committee of Privileges took the case into consideration, and reported that "the Earl of Banbury is a legitimate person." But shortly afterwards a bill was introduced declaring Nicholas Earl of Banbury to be illegitimate, but was not pressed to a second reading, and Earl Nicholas was allowed to enjoy the litle in peace for the rest of his life. His the title in peace for the rest of his life. His son Charles—an excitable person, we presume—having had the misfortune to marder his brother-in-haw, was indicted as "Charles Knollys, Esquire." He chained his privilege as a peer, to be tried by the House of Peers. This claim the House refused to allow, passing a formal resolution to that effect. The Court of King's Bonch decided that this resolution was invalid, and recognizing the murderer as a peer, and therefore beyond the jurisdiction of the ordinary courts, quashed the indictment. Knollys, or Banbury, did not consider it necessary to remain in obscurity; but after a short travel in Italy— where, Evelyn tells us, he fell into the hands of brigands, who, perhaps, in a spirit of sympathy, let him off easily—he returned to England, and renewed his efforts to be recognised as an earl, petitioning the House of Lords in 1697, 1711, and 1729. The House deliberated, but came to no decision. In 1806 his descendant, William Knollys, made the eighth and last attempt to establish the claim. The arguments in the case were continued for six years, and ultimately, as we have said, the peers delivered judgment that the claim was not established, the principal ground of the decision being the non-recognition by the old lord of the two boys, Edward and Nicholas, as his children. The Knollyses are a Nicholas, as an entairen. The knowyses are a brave race, and have deserved well of England, whether peers or not. About 1760, five some of the presumed Earl of Baubury suffered in the defence of their country. Lord Wallingford, the eldest, received a wound at Carrickfergus; the second son was wounded at Gaudaloupe: the third, a lieutenant in the mays, was killed in a smart action with two French frigates off Lisbon; the fourth and 19th were soverely wounded at

The proceedings in connection with the Portsmouth, Mountgarret, Anglescy, Breadalbane. Shrewsbury, and Berkeley peerages, are familiar to students of family history and genealegical works; but present fewer features of interest to the general reader than the famous Douglas case, which, now just a hundred years ago, was the absorbing subject of social interest, not only in the United Kingdom, but in fashionable circles abroad. Horace Walpole speaks of it as "that most extraordinary cause between the families of Doughs and Hamilton, equal to any of the causes cettbres." Lords and halles, men of wit and men of pleasure, philosophers and authors, took up arms for one or other of the combatants; mon so opposed on almost every subject of thought and discussion as David Humo and Samuel Johnson found themselves side by side in denouncing the claimant as an impostor; the proceedings and the decision afforded matter for offee-house discussions, club-room quarrels, and pamphlets; and, many years after the question was set at rest in the courts, Sir Philip Francis (credited with the authorship of the Junius Letters) revived its memory in the House of Commons, for the purpose of imputing unprecedent-ed corruption to one of the most eminent of

English judges. The second Marquis of Douglas, who died early in the last century, left two children—a son, Archibald, who succeeded to the peerage and was Archibad, who succeeded to the peorage and was raised to a dukedom, and Lady Jane Doughs, a beautiful and accomplished woman, who, having been disappointed in a love affair with the Earl of Daketth, (afterwards Duke of Buccleuch, remained single till her forty-ninth year, when she married (in 1746) Colonel Stewart, a poor she married (in 1746) Scionel Stewart, a poor gentleman of good family, "of a fine figure, lively conversation, and approved honour, but within quite thoughtless and extremely profuse." It was, says a writer of the time, "an unlucky connection for so accomplished a person as Lady Jane to form—a stop perhaps fitter to be forgiven than applauded." Her brother the duke—a man of violent temper, proud, passionate, and suspimarriage she had contracted without his consent. About two years after the marriage, Lady Jane, who was residing with her husband at Rheims in France, fluding horself about to become a mother, made a lasty journey to Paris (in those times a three days' trip) alleging that proper attendance on such an interesting occasion could only be procured in the capital. She was accompanied by Mrs. Howit, a confidential servant, who had been the only witness to the marriage. Her husband sent for an old army La Marr, whom he had known som years before, and on the 10th of July 1748, twin boys were born. One of these, Sholte, died when five yearsold; and the survivor, Archibath, lived to be the claimant in the great case. Ten days after the birth Lady Jane left Paris for England, where she and her husband arrived in great distress. Her brother, the duke, had disconti-nued the annuity of three hundred pounds she had previously depended upon; Colonel Stewart was thrown into a debtor's prison; and in the extremity of her poverty his lady addressed a pathetic letter to Mr. Pelham, Secretary of State. "Presumptive helress," she wrote, "of a great estate, I want bread." This letter pro-cured her a pension equal to the annuity she had lost. She died in 1753, from grief at the loss of

In 1758 the Duke of Douglass married, hoping perhaps to have issue, which might prevent the possibility of his sister's son succeeding to his possessions. If so, his hope were disappointed; and his wife became such an earnest friend of the lad, that a quarrel and separation ensued.
The duke, however, relented, and being reconciled with his wife, acknowledge his nephow.
In 1761 the duke died, having ten days previously executed an entall of his whole estate in favour of the heirs male of his fither, and ap-pointed his duchess, the Duke of Queensberry, and others, tutors and guardians of his nephow, then thirteen years of age. The heirship of young Archibald was disputed

by the Duke of Hamilton (husband of the beauby the Duke of Hamilton (husband of the beau-tiful Elizabeth Gunning) and the Earl of Selkirk, who both claimed under settlements made by ancestors of the Duke of Douglass. They denied that Lady Jane aver had children, and advanced that tady Jane aver had, in the hope of obtain-ing her brother's property, and on the principle of making assurance double sure, she had pre-tended to have twins. They laid great stress on

the facts that she had gone to Paris, although doctors of undoubted ability resided al. Rheims; that, instead of any of the eminent men whom she expressed a desire to consult, she employed an obscur army doctor; and they put forward a statement that, at the time when the supposed births took place, a gentleman applied to a poor woman named Mario Guinette, to procure two ewly-born maie children-or one, if two could not be obtained—to present to a half who had been confined of twins, both of whom were dead. Guinetic, It was asserted, spoke to a friend named Mignon, the wife of a gluss-cutter, who had a boy three weeks old. Sho and her husband were not unwilling to dispose of the child, which was taken to a shop, where the person who re-ceived it changed its clothes for articles of a su-perior kind. It was also averred than on the 18th of July, a date corresponding with this alleged transaction, Colonel Stewart and the con-idential servant, Mrs. Hawit, who acted as nurse, went out in a backney coach, and brought back a child apparently three weeks old, in the care of a woman who bore the mark of a com-

Such were the allegations, on the truth of which the Scotch Court of Sessions had to decide, when the case came before them on the 7th of July, 1767. Great stress was laid on the age of Lady Jane—fifty at the time of the alleged birth—and the medical evidence on that subject was very minute and lengthy. The fact that there was another child. Shoke appears to have been scarcely taken into consideration, Among the judges were several very eminent men, Lord Auchinicek, father of Johnson's Boswell, Lord Kames, Lord Monboddo (who so far well, Lord Rames, Lord Mandoddo (wites a raticipathed Darwin as to maintain that man was originally a tailed animal), and Lord Halles. There was a division of opinion, and the easing vote against young Archibald was given by the Lord President Dundas, who had been supposed to be favourable to him, but who professed to have readyed its partition the explanation.

have received "a new light on the subject."
Supported by wealthy friends, the chimant appealed to the House of Lords, and In 1769 the appeared to the Mouse of Lords, and in 1769 the decision was reversed, owing chiefly to the powful influence of Lord Mausfield, Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench. The decision gave rise to a storm of controversy and imputation. It was openly asserted that Lord Mausfield had received a hundred thousand pounds for his advocacy. No one now has the slightest belief in the truth of this accusation; but it was freely made, and many years afterwards Sir Philip Francis, in the House of Commons, on some occasion when the authority of Mansfield was quoted, denounced him as a corrupt judge—" he sold himself in the Douglass cause, and the par-ties are known through whom the money was pakt." The successful chilmant did not accede pant." The successful chilmant did not accorde
to the ducal title, which became extinct; but
in 1790 he was raised to the peerage as Baron
Douglas, of Douglas Castle.

A notable case occurred not many years ago.
There was a claimant to a baronetcy whose
identify was vigorously disputed, and there was

a searching cross-examination by one of the leading counsel of the day, Sir Frederick The-siger — now Lord Chetmsford—touching the claimant's remembrance of personal incidents and the extent of his educational acquirements which, when we refer to the reports, reminds us of the now famous "Would you be surprised to hear " of Sir John Coleridge. It is worth no-tice, too, that the claimant's leading counsel was Mr. Havill, the presiding judge in the Tichborne trial; and that the judge in the trial to which we are now referring was Mr. Justice Coleridge fither of the present Sir John, the Solicitor-Ge

The case came on at the August assizes a Gloucester, in 1853. The claimant professed to be the son of the late Sir Hugh Smyth, of Ash-ton Hull, near Bristol, who, as generally sup-posed, had died without issue, and whose thic had passed to the grandson of his sister, a minor, It was known that he had been twice married: but the chilment assorted that there had been a prior marriage in Ireland, in 1796, with Jane, daughter of Count Vandenbergh, and that he was the issue of that union, his mother having died in giving him birth. His father, he alleged, kept the marriage secret, and shortly after the death of his wife Jane, married a daughter of the Bishop of Bristol. The claimant had been brought up by a carpenter named Provis, at Warminster, and passed as his son, but had been educated at Winchester school—he supposed at the expense of Sir Hugh. There, he asserted, he was visited by the Marchioness of Bath and others (since unfortunately deal), who had recognized him as the real heir to the Smyth estates—worth about thirty thousand a year. He produced in court a document purporting to he signed by Sir Hugh, acknowledging him to be his son! letters from the Irish clergyman who had celebrated the marriage; a brooch, and other jewellery, marked Jane Gooken, which he asserted was the malden name of the mother of Jane Vandenbergh. An old lible with the name of Vandenbergh written on the fivelent and in of Vandenbergh written on the fly-lenf and an entry of the marriage of Sir Hugh, was also probesides a larg as being a portrait of Sir Hugh, with his auto-graph on the back of the cauvas. In the docu-ment, a peculiar mode of spelling was observ-able, "set aside" being written "sett asside;" "rapid," "rappid;" "whom," "whome." Those in court, not in the secret, were surprised at the pertinacity with which Sir Frederick Thosigor pertunctly with which sir Frederick Thosigor questioned the claimant (who stated that he had been a lecturer on educational subjects) as to his mode of spelling certain words. His or-thography exactly agreed with the peculiarities in the document, and with amazing audacity he maintained that his spelling was correct, sanctioned by all good authorities. He main-tained that he had accidentally found the docu-ment in the possession of a lawyer's clerk in London. Just as Sir Frederick was concluding his cross-examination, one of the most sense tional incidents ever witnessed in a court of justitee occurred. A message was handed to Sir Frederick, who immediately forwarded a reply, and then looking steadily in the face of the claimant, said: "Did you, in January last, apply to a person in Oxford Street to engrave for you the crest upon the rings produced, and the name of Jane Gooken on the brooch?" The man, who had already exhibited signs of confusion, turned deadly pale, and ut-terly unable to collect his faculties to inventanother fulselood, stammered out, "I did." A moment of intense excitement ensued, and then the judge asked the claimant's coursel what course they intended to pursue, Mr. Bovill, after a very brief conference with his colleagues, said: "After this most appailing exhibition, after an exposure unparalleled in the courts of justice, we feel it inconsistent with our duty, as gentlemen of the Bar, any longer to continue the courts."

the contest."
The jury, of course, under the direction of the Judge, returned a verdict for the defendant; the documents, jewellery, Bible and picture were impounded, and the claimant was ordered into impounded, and the claimant was ordered into custody on the charge of wilful perjury. He was tried for perjury and forgery at the next assizes, and then his history was revealed. He was Tom Provis, and not a barenet's sen; the portrait was that of a member of the Provis family, and he had himself written the name of Sir Hugh on the back. He had married a servant in the Smyth family, and so become acquainted with some particulars of the family history. He had been a school-master, disgraced

for abominable conduct, and he had been tried and sentenced to death for horse-stealing. The Bible was picked up at a stall in Holborn, and the name Vandenbergh, written in it, had suggested the fiction of the Irish marriage of Jane Vandenbergh, with her father the count, entirely language pressus. The tologram, which

was the first stop in exposing the fraud, was forwarded by the engraver, who had read in the Times the report of the first day's proceedings. Provis, horse-stealer and worse, was sentenced to twenty-one years imprisonment, and he died in gael. He maintained in court that he was a baronet's son, and showed a pigual (previously hidden in the caller of his cont), which he dehidden in the collar of his coat), which he declared he was born with, and which was an in-fallible mark of aristocracy! The annals of fraud scarcely record an attempt exhibiting similar audacity and perseverance. It was generally believed, and on good ground, that the funds necessary for him to carry on the proceedings were furnished by the subscriptions of speculators, who were to have received an enormous percentage had he succeeded. The Smyth family were put to an expense of six thousand rounds in resisting the claims of this unscrupulous impostor.

## WAITING.

As one that sends a ship to sea,
A goodly bark to sail the main,
As one that waiteth anxiously
For her return again.
As one that ploughs his land and sows
The precious grain upon his field;
And waiteth till the harvest time
To see what it may yield.
As one that writes a book and waits,
An enger worker, for his fame:
And dreums at night of future years,
And of a fair and glorious name.
So I sent forth the brightest hopes
That are alietted unto man;
And waited with intense desire
To see the issue of my plan.

No matter where those hopes were based,
I tell you from a truthful heart.
They were the links 'twixt earth and heaven,
And of my very life a part.
Long weary years I kept my watch.
Through wind and rain and darkened sun,
To see my wishes realized,
Or glad fulfilment ev'n of one.
And when the darkness grew so black,
That I could no more find the light
Than one with neither lamp nor star,
Can see within a wood at night;
A weary, tired and hepless man.
I strained my eyes towards the dawn,
And le there broke the blessed light
That wakes upon the hills at morn.

And far off I could see delight
Borno near as on an angel's wings,
And sweetness filled my soul as when
A bird in hidden branches sings.
Bright winged joys, by them I tell
Watchers who deem their watchings vain,
The dawn is sore to come at length.
The' ushered in through wind and rain.

## FAMILY FEUDS:

A SEQUEL TO

WILL HE TELL?

Translated and Adapted from the French of Emile Gaboriau.

CHAPTER X-(Continued.)

Finding her search in vain, Lady Coleraine rejoined Miss Macartney whom she found paralysed with terror at her novel and exceedingly uncomfortable situation. The two then advanced stealthily towards the house. I and Marry remarked that two of the windows on the first floor were lit up with a flickering light, such as that caused by a fire. Even this cir-cumstance, slight as it was, caused her a pan-off-jenious rage. She knew that her husband was very susceptible to cold, and to her mind his presence in Annie Mosley's house could alone account for there being a fire so early in the autumn.

She was about to move forwards to one of the windows on the ground floor when a low whistle was heard. She stopped short and peering through the darkness distinguished the figure of a man, apparently heavily laden. Immediately after the door of the cottage opened and a womun, evidently Annie, came out of the house and went towards the man. After a few words, the import of which did not reach the eager listener, the two entered the house. A moment after the man returned without his burden, and What the meaning of all this was Lady Mary

could not divine, so she concluded to wait to see what might happen next. But after half-an-hour of impatient suspense she could hold out no longer,

They had nearly reached the window when the They had nearly reached the window when the door opened so suddenly that they barely had time to slip behind a line-bush. Annie Mosley made her appearance dressed to go out. Shutting the door, which she improdently neglected to lock, she tripped down the path, and disappeared along the highread.

Lady Mary at once perceived that Annie's negligence had left her mistress of the situation, and she did not take long to profit by it. Seizing Miss Macartney by the arm she whispered forcely.

fiercely, "Wait for me here. And, aunt, if you want

to finish your days at Shandon, don't you utter a word, never mind what you may see or hear.

And don't stir till I come back."

Then she boldly entered the house. Scizing a light which stood on the kitchen table she began to explore the place. The first thing that struck her was the number of pots and saucestruck her was the number of pots and sauce-pans standing over the fire, in which messes of different kinds were gently simmering. This she did not hesitate to set down as preparation for her husband's reception. But when she reached the best bedroom, her doubts, if she had any, of her husband's fidelity, at once disap-regred. Beside the blazing fire stood a comforted. Beside the blazing fire stood a comfortible easy chair, and inside the fender a pair of able easy chair, and inside the fender a pair of embroidered slippers were warming. She was now perfectly certain that Annie Mosley had been expecting no less a person than her own husband, that the mat who had whistled outside was a servant sent to announce his approach, and that Annie had gone to meet him. On searching further she observed a plate of soup standing upon the mantel plece. Evidently Annie had been drinking it when she heard the signal. When she returned she would probably Guish it. Such was the thought that on-

bably finish it. Such was the thought that en-tered her mind, but how her brain came to work out such a simple deduction she could not imagine. Turning round from the mantel-piece her eye rested upon a square mahagany box which stood upon a side table. Mechanically she went to it and opened it. It was full of littie bottles, one of which she took out. It hap-pened to be a stoppered bottle of blue glass. The label read " roison;" then followed some char-

ncters she did not understand. Poison! For more than a minute Lady Mary was unable to take her eyes from the word. A diabolical idea suggested itself to her—the re-

