# THE HEARTHSTONE.

again. Miss Dalton, it will grieve me more than I can express if our acquaintance, so strangely begun, is to end here !"

My brother," said Rosamond, fluttering and binshing...." my brother will thank you for the great, the very great services you have rendered me. Do you not think we might make our-

selves heard, if we called for help?" "I don't know—I don't care. I would rather hear you give me permission to make the acquaintance of the brother to whom you allude. My name is Tresilian-Sir Charles Tresilian. You may have heard of me-

You may have heard of me——" And then he paused abruptly, and bit his lip; for ho remembered that if his name had over reached the cars of the young girl, it must have been coupled with thes of wild pranks and deeds dishonouring the name he bore. But now Rosamond was relieved from her em-barmasing position. Major Colbye, roused, for once in his life, into activity, was taking mea-sures to discover whether his friend still lived. He quickened the movements of the ready help-

He quickened the movements of the ready helpers with promises of liberal rewards, and they soon removed enough of the *dibris* to enable them to extricate Miss Dalton and the Baronet.

Before this was accomplished, Sir Charles found time to ask, "Shall you resume your jour ney 1

'Yes, yes; Frank's anxiety will be immense if the tidings of this accident reach London be-fore 1 arrive." He sighed pathetically,

"Ay, you will be hastening to the friends you love, while I shall be lying at some miserable village inn, incapable of following you !"

village inn, incapable of following you !" "My regrets, my sympathy will be with yon wherever I go," Rosamond fultered, "Thanks for that kind speech. It will alle-viate my sufferings to know that a dear, gentle girl thinks of me sometimes with compassion. girl thinks of me sometimes with compassion, Give me some token that you will do so, Quick! They come! Your glove—your hand-kerchlof! Ah, can you have the heart to deny me, and at such a moment?" Rosamond did not answer him, and the next

moment she was making confused replies to the questions poured upon her by those who were carefully assisting her from the wrecked car-riage. But Sir Charles, with a gratified smile, thrust into his vest the little kid glove he had drawn off her tingers. She would remember him.—she could not help it; the brother of whom she spoke so affectionately could not do less than she spoke so affectionately could not do less than She spoke so hatectonately could not do less than inquire after the safety of the man to whom his sister laid under some heavy obligations; and he added, exultingly, '1 shall yet see my bonny English rose again." But now, tenderly as he was lifted, a groan of agony was forced from his compressed lips; and the gay, dissipated young Baronet had to resign bluesoft to a resumbout position and a tellous

himself to a recumbent position, and a tediou convalescence, during which he heard nothing of the Daltons. Hud pretty Rosamond proved herself an ingrate, and forgotten him after all ? of the Daltons.

#### CHAPTER III.

#### LEFT TO THEMSELVES.

IT was an agitated and affectionate meeting be tween the brother and sister. Frank Dalton was about three years Rosamond's senior. He had ended his career at college satisfactorily, and for the last six months had held an ensigncy in tor the last six months had held an ensigney in a crack Indian regiment. His father had been one of the bravest of the many heroic officers who laid down their lives in the luckless Indian mutiny, his dovoted wile perising with him. But their children-despatched to England for safety at the first syme their loss very deeply, or to comprehend their destitute condition. This they were not normalized to fool for an eccentric or to comprehend their destitute condition. This they wore not permitted to feel, for an eccentric Anglo-Indian officer, who had been under great obligations to Captain Dalton, returned to his nutive country just before the death of the lat-ter, and signified his intention of providing for the future of the orphans. Mr. Robinson re-fused to see them; he was not fond of children, and he begat to be thenked; but he neares force and he bated to be thanked; but he never forgot the obligation he had voluntarily assumed. Frank was sent to Eton on equal terms with the most liberally allowanced of his school-mates: from there to Oxford, where he decided upon a military career. His eccentric guardian con-sented to his wishes, presenting him with a charger that excited the envy of every officer in the regiment, and doubling his former allow-ance, to enable him to compete with his gay and aristocratic companions.

and aristocratic companious. Rosamond was educated with equal liberality at Madame Felippa's, her holidays being spent at some watering place, whither she went under the cure of an elderly lady, whom Mr. Robinson had deputed to act for him. This odd-tempered benefactor persisted in his

refusal to see the young people to whom he noted so liberally. He was growing old, he said, and did not wish to form any fresh attachments. Yet he kept himself acquainted with all that

" I am quite ready to proceed," his sister be-gan; but Mr. Melliss gently pressed her back into a chair, and looked very grave. "Be seated, Mr. Dalton—pray be seated. There is no hurry now. In fact, I received an-olitor telegrum from Mrs. Brean, Mr. Robinson's fultiful housekeeper, not ten minutes hefere faithful housekeeper, not ten minutes before your arrival."

" Is he better?" " Is he worse?" the brother and sister de-

Mr. Melliss passed a handkerchief ard sister de-minided in the same breath, Mr. Melliss passed a handkerchief across bis eyes, and they understood him. He had truly said there was no longer any occasion to hurry onward. The whimsical but warm-hearted man to whom they owed so much, and whose blessing they had been hastening to receive, was no more.

Resamond, already unnerved by the events of the day, burst into an hysterical flood of tars, and was led away by Mrs. Molliss, who insisted the day, butst into the first Melliss, who insisted and was led away by Mrs. Melliss, who insisted that she should lle down, and endeavour to pro-sure a little sleep. She was not sorry to be alone, though rest, in her excited state, was im-possible. With thoughts of her dead friend possible. With thoughts of her handsome Baronet, and the trying scene they had massed through to gether. She longed to know if he were much gether. She longed to know if he were much hurt, and resolved that, as soon as she could command herself sufficiently to name him without blashing, she would entreat Frank to go down to the place where the accident occurred, and make particular enquiries concerning him.

She was not corry when her brother came to her bedside, ostensibly to learn how she was, hut really to talk over their future.

"It would be hypocritical to express any great grief for the death of a person we have never seen," Frank observed; "yet I feel truly sorry that we were not permitted to testify our greated is as a church and a person we have grateful sense of his goodness." "We must try and find out any wishes be

"We must try and find out any wisnes he may have expressed, and carry them out," said Rosamond; "that is, if it lies in our power." "It will do so, Mr. Melliss tells mo, that with the exception of a few bequests to charit-able institutions, Mr. Robinson has willed his wealth to us equally." Rosamond raised herself to throw her arms round her brother, and kiss him affectionately.

Kosamond raised herself to throw her arms round her brother, and kiss him affectionately. "I am very glad for your sake, Frankie dear." "And I for yours, my Rose of roses. It would have been a shame to keep that sweet face of yours hidden at Madame Felippa's any longer. We must ask Lady Mountnorris to let you make your debât in society under her wing " And why Lady Mountnorris, Frank?" his sis-ter asked curiously

ter asked curiously.

He reddened a little.

"Oh, because she is an avowed loader of the fushions; and—she has a daughter, the Lady Laura, whom you will like," "Because my brother likes her, I suppose,"

"Because my proner nees ner, a suppose, she archly remarked. "But we should not speak in this light strain while the excellent man to whom we owe everything lies unburied. Is our journey to Pau set entirely aside? Ought we not to pay the last respect to his remains?" "Mr. Meiliss tells me that Mr. Robinson will be brought to England, and buried at his native place, so we had better stay quietly here, as he

In this, Rosamond acquiesced; and on the following morning, at the suggestion of Mrs. Mel-liss, dressmakers and milliners were summoned, to array the fair young helress in fashionabl mourning.

mourning. They were interrupted by the unceremonious entrance of Frank, pale and evidently much dis-

send these people away, Rosamend, and come with me to Mr. Melliss. He has just received

with me to Mr. Molliss. He has just received letters from Pau that concern us." There was a look in the young man's face, that made her, half fearfully, begin interrogat-ing him. "What was amiss? Had they been deceived? Did Mr. Robinson still live?" He shook his head, and led her to where Mr. Melliss, scarcely less agitated than Frask, was turning over the lawyes of a legal looking docu-

turning over the leaves of a legal-looking docu-ment, which he pushed from him with an air of disgust and vexation, as the brother and sizter entered.

"It's unheard of! He must have fallen under the influence of some designing person. What could Mrs. Brean be thinking about not to warn could Mrs. Brean be tuinking about not to warn me what her master was doing  $\gamma$ . I had man-aged his affairs for five-and-twenty years, Mr. Dalton, and he never practised any reserve with me. I know to a penny what he had; and now, at the last moment, to call in a strange lawyer, aud without giving me a hint of his intentions, why the title the mountenue it why it's-it's monstrous !"

"What does this mean ?" asked Rosamond still bewildered. Her brother drew her closer to his side.

"It means, dear girl," be answered, in choked ccents, "that Mr. Robinson executed a fresh will about a fortnight before his decease in which our names are not mentioned; and we are alone in the world, Rosamond-alone and pen-

### TO THE SNOW.

We clip the following from the Christmas number of the *Christian Union*; it is said to have been written by a little girl of fourteen, but it shows more depth of feeling and culture than wo should expect to find at that early age :---

Ever falling, falling, falling, from the leaden clouds

above, Ever bringing, bringing, bringing, soft white messages Ever telling, telling, telling, of our Heavenly Father's

Ever tehning, tennas, entras, entras,

So this guest, so still and silent, always clad in purest

b) inis fuest, so said and sheat, aways cled in purest white,
 Ever doing doods of meroy, leaving overy footstep bright;
 When she sees a little floweret, standing outward in the cold.
 Quietly she gives her garment, wrapping it in softest fold.

When she sees poor, barren places, all neglected, black and bare, With the same white robe she covers, giving all the same kind care; And with such a holy lesson coming to us from the chief.

skies. it not be well to ponder—it may say, "Do THOU LIKEWISE"? Win it i

CASTAWAY

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BLACK SHEEP," "WREOK-

## ED IN PORT," &C., &C. BOOK III.

## CHAPTER III.

#### THE OIPHER TELEGRAM.

Sin Geoffry was walking in the grounds at Wheatcoft when a fly with Madge and her lug-gage drove up to the little lodge gates. The old general looked up, and recognising the visitor, walked to the door of the vehicle and courteous-

walked to the door of the vehicle and courteous-ly assisted her to alight. "If you are not tired, Mrs. Pickering," said he, "you may as well let the man go on with your luggage to the house while we stroll up there quietly together; it is a beautiful evening, and there are one or two things which I have to or to wur." say to you."

He spoke to her with doffed hat and holding her hand in his, treating her as he always treat-

her hand in his, treating her as he always treat-ed her, as a lady and his equal in rank. Looking at him with the evening sunlight fal-ling full upon his face, Madge was much struck with the alteration in Sir Gooffry's appearance. His checks, never very full, were now quite hollow; his lips seemed more tightly sot and more rigid even than usual, and there was a strange, strained, scared look round his eyes. "I shall he delighted to walk with you." and "I shall be delighted to walk with you," said Madge, "for I am cramped with long railway travelling. Has anything happened, Sir Geoffry, during my absence?" she asked, suddenly. "What could have happened?" he replied, turning to her abruptly. "What makes you in-quire?"

quire ?

quire ?"
"Something in your appearance," she said;
"a look of care and anxiety mingled with a cer-talin amount of rebellious oppeation, which I have never before perceived in you. You are not armoyed at my frankness, I hope ?"
"On the contrary, I am gratified at the inter-est you are good phough to take in me; and more than ever in pressed with the quickness of your iferception."
"Then something has happened ?"
"Exactly, something sufficiently disagreeable.
I will tell you about it when you have had some refreshment; you must be faint and familshed after your leng journey."

"I would very much sooner hear it now. I had some luncheon at Sallsbury; besides being kept in suspense as to the cause of your annoy-

kept in suspense as to the cause of your annoy-ance would quite deprive me of any appetite." "Well, then, I will tell you, and do my best to make my story as short as possible. You have never asked me any particulars of my early history, Mrs. Pickering, nor have I volun-teered them to yon; but you know that I have a son—I say you know it, because on two or three occasions when I have expressed myself three occasions when I have expressed myself as to the ingratitude of children. I have seen your eyes fixed upon me with that quiet search-ing gaze which is peculiar to yourself, and which showed me you guessed I was not speak-ing on a subject of which I had not had experience. I have a son-

rience. I have a son\_\_\_\_" "Gerald ! I\_\_I mean George." "I beg your pardon," exclaimed the old gen-tleman, with surprise, "your information is more complete than I imagined. You seem to know my son's name ?" "From seeing it subscribed to a few boyish

He paused again, and apparently, after some slight internal struggic, he said : " I do, though if I guess rightly, what you have

to say will not be quite consonant with my foel-ings, not quite agreeable for me to hear. Never-theless, say what you have to say, and I will listen to you: there is no other person in the world from whom I could take as much."

This last sentence was only half heard by Madge. She was revolving in her mind whether sho should confess to Sir Geoffry her acquain sho should contest to shr Geonry her acquin-tance with Gerald, and the important part which she had played in the drama of the boy's life. Her first idea was to confess all; but when she recollected the old general's infirmity of temper, she thought that such an admission would lead him to look upon her in the light of a martism, and thus irrationably worken her a partisan, and thus irretrievably weaken her advocucy.

"I had no right to speak until requested by you to do so," she said, "and as you have rightly defined that I do not hold with your views in the matter I would willingly have held my peace. Bidden to speak, I tell you frankly, Sir Geoffry, that I think you have been wrong from that to have been whele effect as first to last. Of course the whole affair, the se-paration from your wife, the disinheriting of your son, all hang upon the one question of whether Mrs. Herict were innocent or guilty. You say that you convinced yourself before the fulfilment of your revenge, but your son declares that, he has obtained provide of his mother's inthat, he has obtained proofs of his mother's inthat, he has obtained proofs of his mother's in-nocence. You are hasty, Sir Geoffry, apt to jump at conclusions without due deliberation, impatient of contradiction, and from what I know of your son, or rather I mean of course from what I have heard, and from what gather from your account of him, he would not, I ima-gine, be likely to come forward without ample arounds for his acception " grounds for his assertion "

The general had beev pacing slowly by Madge 's side during this colloquy, his hands clasped behind him, his head bent thoughfully for ward. As she progressed, his face grew dark aud stern, and when she paused, he said:

"He would come forward for the sake of get-

"He would come forward for the sake of get-ting into my good graces and reinstating himself in his position in this house." "If he had that object in view, would he not have served his purpose better by pretending that he had discovered the truth of your story. pleading his mistake, and throwing himself on your mercy 7" your mercy 7

"He is starved out and forced to capitulate;

"He is starved out and forced to capitulate; he is at the end of his resources, and so comes with the best story he can to make terms." "The length of time that has elapsed between his enforced departure from his home and his attempted return to it, impresses me decidedly in his favour," said Madge. "During the greater portion of this time he has doubtless been occu-pied in making the research which he says has terminated so favourably, and as for his having come to the end of his resources, I ask you, Sir Geoffry, whether it is likely that a young man who has maintained himself, whether honestly or dishonestly, well or ill we know not, but still who has maintained himself for such a length of time, is likely to be at his wit's end in the very flower of his youth ?"

"You think then I ought to have listened to him ?"

"Unquestionably for your own sake. If he had produced the proofs which he stated himself to possess, the removes which you must have felt would have been tempered by the thought that you acted in good faith, and by the recovery and reinstatement of your discarded son. If he had not those proofs, or they were insufficient to convince you, you woald have had the satisfaction of knowing that you had been

the satisfaction of knowing that you had been right throughout. At present—" "At present I have only lost my temper, and made a fool of myself. That is, I suppose what you would say," said the general, looking up ra-ther ruefully at his companion. "So I did, raised the whole house, and told Riley to put the boy out. So I did. But what on earth did you go away for Mrs. Pickering? If you had been at howay the would put have housened "

you are of the same mind as Mrs. Pickering, and consider that I have acted wrongly. "I do," said Mr. Drage, raising his head, "most wrongly, and unlike a parent, unlike a Christian, unlike a gentleman!" "Sir," cried the old general, stopping short in his walk, and glaring flercely at his friend. "I repeat what I said, Sir Geofry Herlot, and defy you to disprove my words. Was it like a gentleman to watch and spy upon the actions of your wife and her partner in the ball-room; was it like a Christian to shoot down this man upon the mere supposition of his guilt ?" away for Mrs. Fickering? If you had been at home this would not have happened." "It will not be difficult to remedy it yet, Sir Geoffry," said Madge, with a quiet smile. "You must write to him, and tell him to come here." "Write to him!" cried tho general. "I have not the least notion where he lives." "I dare say we can manage to find out," said

the mere supposition of his guilt "" " " " " " " " " " " " Shoot him down, sir "---he had his chance," cried the general. " "His ohance!" echoed the rector, severely.

"I date say we can manage to have only basis Madge. "It is my belief you could manage to do any-thing you wished," said the general. "However, we will talk this matter over further; and there is another subject of great importance which I want to discuss with you later on. Now let us "What chance had a dilettante poet, painter, musician, what not, a lounger in drawing-rooms go into dinner." and boudding, who probably never had a pistol in his bands in his life? What chance had he The tone of his voice showed that his heart

The tone of his voice showed that his heart was softened, and Madge was inexpressibly gra-tified at the idea that she, of whom Gerald had ones been so fond, and who, as he thought, had treated him so badly, might become the means of his reinstatement in his father's house, and against you, a trained man of arms? Was it like a father for you to condemn this had for keeping the oath which he had sworn to keep at his dying mother's bedaide; to hust him from your house when he came with his long-sought proofs of that mother's innocance?"

in his proper position in society. The subject was not alluded to by either Sir

be a perfect match for him. It is, of course, most horrible to have to sit by and witness an open infraction of the law, but we have at least the satisfaction of knowing that we have done our best to prevent it, even though the warning

was not attended to." "As you say we have done our best, and there it must end. I am heartly sick of the trouble and vexation it has caused me. If there had remained in mo one lingering spark of affection for my husband, it would have been extinguish-ed by this last and greatest insult. My pride for my husband, it would have been service ed by this last and greatest insult. My pride tells mu that I have already proceeded too far in this matter, and that when he hoars what I have done, as he will hear, soon or later, he will ascribe my actions to my continued attachment to him, and my unwillingness to see him taken by enother woman." "Your pride may teach you that, but I have

"Your pride may teach you that, but I have been reflecting as you spoke," sold Mr. Drage, "and may conscience teaches me that we should not suffer this sin to be committed without one further attempt to prevent it. You have seen Mrs. Bendixen, and she has refused to listen to you. I will go to London and scentsh for Mr. Vane; he is a man of the world, and will more readily comprehend the difficulties which beset him, and the danger in which they are liable to result."

"Ho is a desperate man," said Madge, "and one who would flinch from nothing where his interests were involved or his safety at stake. "I am grateful for your interest in me," said

and loyal to all others and eminently deceitful

and loyal to all others and eminently decellful to ourselves. When the rector left Mrs. Picker-ing's presence, he made his way to Sir Geoffry, whom ho found still engaged in collequy with the gardener. The old general was very pleased to see his clerical friend, shock him warmly by the hand, and premptly declined to entor into any of the questions or arguments brought for-wund at the church concrease which Mr. Drage any of the questions or arguments brought for-ward at the church congress which Mr. Drage had engerly submitted to him ; alleging that, he had business of more pressing importance, on which the rector's advice was required. Up and down the carriage sweep in front or the house walked the two gentlemen for more than an hour; the subject of their conversation

being the same as that which had occupied the being the same as that which had occupied the general and Mrs. Pickering on the previous even-ing, even at greater length than he bad spoken to his housekeeper. Sir Geoffry explained to his friend the story of his earlier life, the separation from his wife, the duel with Mr. Yeidham; the interview with Gerald when he had the boy re-Interview with Geraid when he had the boy re-nonnce his name and his position, and the re-cent interview when he ordered Riley to turn him from the door. If he had any doubt of the feelings with which this narrative would have been received, the behaviour of his companion would have soon settled his mind. Mr. Druge listened silently to all from the commencement of the story until the end. He never made the slightest verbal interruption, but as Sir Geoffry proceeded, the rector's head sunk upon his breast, and his hands, which had been clasped behind him, at last formed a refuge wherein bis agitated face was hidden. When the story cime to an end, there was a

long pause, broken by Sir Geoffry's saying : "There is not much need to ask your opinion of my conduct in this matter, I see plainly that you are of the same mind as Mrs. Pickering,

they requested permission to correspond with

him. The receipt of one of his letters was an event in Rosamond's life, for they were full of drollery, shrewd remarks on things in general, and graphic descriptions of the places he visited during his lengthened solourn on the Continent.

Sometimes he hinted the intention of return-ing to England, and making the acquaintance of his adopted children i but if he everreally meditated doing this, he had hesitated too long. violent cold ended in an inflammation; medical attendant looked grave; and when Mr Robinson expressed a wish to see poor Dalton's boy and girl, recommended their being sent for immodiately.

It was this hurried summons which had visit to Mr. Robisson's solicitor, from whom they were to receive instructions for their journey and they would hasten to the spot where their benefactor—so said the telegram—was anxiously awaiting their coming. Mr. Melliss saw the cab from his office win.

dow, and bustled out to assist Rosamond in Frank-more observant than his alighting. sister-perceived a degree of additional respect in his salutation, as if the astute solicitor already saw in them the heirs of a large fortune, and, saw in them the heaves, the young man's heart swelled with pride and pleasure. He could not be insensible to the advautages of wealth; and, ore, he had been introduced some weeks since to the daughter of the Earl of Mountmorris, and bewitched by her smiles, longed to be able to offer his hand to the belle whose parents pru-dently turned a cold shoulder on the young en-sign who had nothing but his pay and his pros-

pects. For a while, these thoughts possessed thim; then he flushed with shame at his own selfshness for indulging in them, and was eager to make amends for it by hastening to the bedalde of the invalid.

Meanwhile, Mr. Meiliss was bent on being hospitable

litable to his guests. Miss Dalton looks tired and exhausted," he exclaimed, as he led her into the house. "Rich-ard, tell Mrs. Molliss that Miss Dalton 's here, and let dinner be served as soon as possible."

But here Frank interpose

" Unless Rosamond is in absolute need of :est, you must forgive us for declining your hospital-ity. I shall be greatly disappointed if we do not reach Folkestone in time for the packet that ity. sails to-night."

# (To be continued.)

A SFIDER'S ENGINEERING.-In 1830, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, a gentleman boasted to a friend that he could introduce to him an engineer of more wonderful skill than Robert Stevenson, who had just made himself famous by performing the railroad lo-comotive. In fulfilment of the boast, he brought out a glass tumbler containing a little scarlot-coloured spider, whose beauty, with its bright yellow nest on a sprig of laurastinus, had induced a young lady to pluck it from a bush where it was growing. When brought into the house it was glass over it. In a very short time this wonderful little engineer contrived to accomplish the heroulean task of raising the sprig of laurastinus, as wight several hundred times greater than itself, to the upper part of the glass, and attaching it there so firmly that after for spider. In the Bible we read: "The spider layet hold

spider. In the Bible we read: "The spider layeth hold with her hands, and in kings' palaces ;" but in this glass prison there was nothing to lay hold of no pegs, no nails, or beam, on which to fasten its threads. But in a short time the little insect had accomplished its

task. It is believed that this kind of spider always de-It is believed that this kind of spider always do-posits its nests upon trees, and never upon the ground ; and this may account for its wondorful efforts to raise the branch to the upper part of the glass. It may still he seen, dead and dry, hanging by one of its threads from the top of its prison house, with its little nest upon a leaf of the laurustinus.--*Journal* of Chemistry.

its little nest upon a leaf of the laurustinus.-Journal of Chemistry. RAILWAY DUST.-Mr. Sidebotham, F.R.A.S., has given an account, says the Medical Press and Circu-lar, of a microscopical examination ho had made of dust blown into a railway carriage in which he was travelling near Birmingham. "With two-thirds power in microscope, the dust showed a large propor-tion of fragments of iron, and on applying a soft iron needle I found that many of them were highly mag-netic. They were mestly long, thin, and straight, the power used, had the appearance of a quantity of old nais. I then, with a magnet, separated theiron from the other particles. The weight allogether of the dust collected was fity-seven grains, and the proportion of those particles. The weight allogether of the dust collected was fity-seven grains, and the proportion of those particles composed wholly or in part of iron was twenty-nine grains, or more than one-half. The iron thus separated consisted chiefly of fined particles of dross of burned iron, like " clinkers;" they were all more or loss covered with spikes and excessences, some having long tails, like the old "Prinee Rupert's drops i" there were alsomany small angular particles ilike cast iron, having ergratille structure. The other portion of the dust consisted largely of cinders, some very bright angular fragments of slass or quarts a few bits of yellow metal. opaque whits and apherical bodies, grains of sand, a few bits of cosl, &c. I think it probale that the magnetic strips of iron are lam-ing from the rails and itros of the wheels, and the other iron particles portions of fused metal, wither from the cosl er from the furnase bars."

2.5.9

and one or two water-colour skatches which were amongst the papers you bade me empty from the bullock-trunk and destroy," said Madge.

"Quite right I recollect them," said the gene ral. "Yes, I have one son, George Heriot. His mother died when he was a lad. Ten years be-fore her death I separated from her, believing her to have been guilty of an intrigue with a man whom I shot; the boy lived with her dur ing her lifetime, but on my return to England I intended to make him my companion and my heir, when by the commission of what I consider one of the worst of all crimes, an act of cowardice, he forfeited all claim upon my affection. I forbade him my house, telling him at the same time—not maliciously, but as an incidental por-tion of our quarrel with which I need not trouble -the story of his mother's disgrace vou The lad declared I had been befooled by my own jealousy and temper, and swore that he would never rest until he had convinced me of my error, and cleared his mother's name.

"That was good and brave !" said Madge, "A and who could undertake such a championship and in such a spirit could be no coward." "You think so," said Sir Geoffry, looking sharply at her. "I am sure of it!" said Madge. "Ask your.

self, Sir Geoffry; what does your own heart tell

"My heart tells me what it told him at the time I discovered my discovered my wife's in-trigue; that thoroughly well informed as I was of her guilt, I acted rightly in separating myself from her and killing her seducer. When George Heriot raved before me my heart told me that is conduct was mere boyisb bravado and un. filial insolence. When he came here yester lay.

"Did he come here yesterday ? Was Gerald-George here yesterday 7

George here yesterday " "He was, and when he stood there boasting that he had succeeded in what he had underta-ken, and that he had proofs of his mother's in-nocence, my heart told me that it was a lie; and that he had returned with some trumm tale to endeavour to reinstate himself in my favour.

The general was very hot and very inner finabed when he same to a conclusion. He looked towards his companion, as though ex-pecting has to speak; but finding she did not do

so, he said, after a pause, "You are silent, Mrs. Pickering !" "Do you wish me to speak, Sir Geoffry ?"

that even in The short conversation with his housekeepe during their walk in the grounds had afforded the old general sufficient matter for reflection, and he sat buried in thought, dispensing with the reading of the newspaper, which he had missed so much during Madge's absences, and which he had intended to resume on her return. mis Madge herself was thoroughly tired out, and at a very early hour the little household was at

The next morning brought Mr. Drage, who came up brimming over with news of the church congress, and intending to demolish Sir Geoffry in certain theological questions over which they were at issue by cunningly devised arguments which had been used in the course of the clerical debate. But finding Mrs. Picker-ing had returned, and that the general was enraged out of doors in consultation with his gar dener, Mr. Drage availed himself of the oppo tunity to make his way to the housekeeper's room. There he found Madge, and after a few warm greetings on both sides, received from her a full account of her memorable visit to Sandown.

Mr. Drage listened with the deepest interest. Impressed as she was with the gravity of the arime about to be committed, and its probable consequences to herself and the wretched woman who was about to become a participator in it, Madge could scarcely avoid being amused, as she watched the various changes which played over Mr. Drage's face during the recital of the story. That such a crime as bigamy had been contemplated was horrifying to the simple contemplated was norrhiging to the simple country elergyman, whose experience of law breaking was derived from occasional attend-ance at the magistrates' meetings, where poach-ing and affiliation cases were the only troubles to the bench. But that a woman could be found who not merely did not shrink from the man who had endeavoured to entrap her into an illegal alliance, but actually announced her inten-tion of fulfiling the contract and defying the world, was entirely beyond Mr. Drage's compre-

"And now you have heard all, and are in full possession of each circumstance of the case as it now stands; what do you recommend should be done?" asked Madge.

done 7" asked Madge. I confess," said the rector, with a very blank and perplexed look, "that I am quite unable to advise you. I have never come across so detor-mined a character as Mr. Vane appears to be, and this woman seems, from what you say, to

adversaries !"

"You are a hard hitter, sir," said Sir Geoffry,

"Not when I think that there is a chance of rousing in them a spirit of remorse, or prompt-ing them to actions of atonement."

"Pardon me one moment," said Sir Geoffry. "Before we talk of remorse and atonement, I should point ont to you that I am not the only one to biame in this question. I am hot tem-pered, I allow it. Nature and the life I have led pered as I am, and has an insolent way with him, which is in the highest degree provoking. However, we have taked enough on my family matters for the present. Let us go in and see what Mrs. Plekering has provided for lunchoen." The rector knew his friend's peculiarities too well to attempt to renew the conversation at that time, and silently followed him in to the house.

Before he went away the rector found an op-portunity of telling MES. Pickering the subject of the conversation he had had with Sir Geoffry, and spoke earnestly about its unsatisfactory ier-

Mr. Drage imagined from Sir Geoffry's tone, and from the abrupt manner in which he had brought the discussion to a close, that he was still highly incensed against his son; but Madge was much more sanguine on being able to bring Gerald back to his proper place in his father's heart. She knew that, however harsh and curt the general's manner might be to Mr. Drage, or to any other of his friends, she had a modifying power over him, which duly exercised, never failed to soothe him in his most irrational moments. She did not say this to the rector with whom she simply condoled, but she felt toler-ably certain that the day would not pass over without the subject being again broached to her by the general.

as wrong. In the afternoon she received a summons to the library, and found Sir Geoffry awaiting her.

" I will not trouble you to commence reading just now, Mrs. Pickering," said ho, as he saw Madge opening the newspaper which had just arrived from London. "I want to talk to you upon a matter of some importance, not quite in your line perhaps, but one in which your strong common sense cannot fail to apprise your me well and usefully. You have heard me men-tion my friend Irving ?"

"Mr. Irving, of Coombe Park ?" "The same; I have told you of my long friendship with him, and of his determination