

"Later in the day," Granthley said, "an introduction to Mr. and Mrs. Darrell is inevitable. He, of course, is beneath notice—simply to be tolerated for her sake; and she, you will be glad to hear, is quite reformed. They are out of place here. But you begin to understand our young friend. He knows nothing of their past life, and it would not be wise or kind to tell him."

"I should be sorry," said Eugene, "to do or say anything that would stand in the way of their reformation."

"He, poor lad, grew attached to them," Granthley went on, when he heard that his half-brother had fled while they were looking for him. "I had Theodore sent out on purpose to facilitate Edward's identification."

"Stop," said Eugene, gravely, "and explain: for an explanation on this point will clear up all the rest. Much of this is new to me. I left the matter entirely to you, and I have been too indolent since to inquire how you conducted it; but now—"

The gentlemanly George came in. And a doubt lingered in Eugene's mind after Edward's frank and generous welcome, it would have vanished now. The man full of nerve and fine physical strength, was a middle-aged dandy, with a perpetual smile, which had degenerated into a smirk, and an artificially genial voice, always pitched half a note too high or too low. It was some such thing as Brummell's tailor or Popsy's valet might have sunk into—he was nothing more. Yet in his day, such as it was, the mistress Ada had mistaken him for a gentleman of the purest water.

"Poor Hawkins must have been mistaken from first to last," Eugene thought. "He knew a little, and he is not a man who would clear up one in this house connected with his death. Most likely he was followed by some low-down companion from the Sea View."

And with that the matter was dismissed. He reviewed his own conduct with some degree of self-reproach. It was childish, he confessed, to give Brookdale up so easily, and then treat the man who took it as if he was an usurper.

"You wanted me to explain something," said Edward, when the gentlemanly George, having done some polite incursions owing to Eugene, had departed out of the room. "I should have a right to ask you—how are you safe from interruption there. Speaking of that gallery, is it your wish to keep the wing still closed?"

"For ever, if I had the power."

"There is some story connected with it that even I have not been made aware of."

"There is," said Eugene, "but there is no reason why it should be told now. Since Edward and I are friends, his father and mine never were."

"So I have heard."

"But you have not heard why?"

"No."

They went down the long passage leading to the gallery, and traversed it to the entry of a corridor in silence. Both glanced involuntarily at the heavy, iron-bound, leather-covered door which shut from the rest of Brookdale the suite of rooms in which Eugene's mother died.

"I keep the key of that," said Edward. "You remember, Eugene, almost the last wish you expressed to me was that your successor should respect the sanctity of those rooms, for his own sake as well as yours."

"Did he make an objection?"

"No; he simply gave me the key, and said your wish should be sacred."

"He is a good fellow," said Eugene. "I was thoughtful of him. Shall we go in there?"

"If you desire it; but will it not recall some gloomy recollections?"

"Yes; but such gloom is not without its sweetness, Edward. I have looked at those dull walls from my cradle. The earliest picture in my mind is one in which my mother's face bent over me when I woke from a long sickness in the grim old chamber where I was born."

"Your father did not, through the open door at which they could see the hinges and the bedstead, heavily carved in Spanish mahogany, with an overhanging canopy. With its dark damask curtains, it was as funeral a couch as monk or hermit could have desired."

"How quiet the rest of the house seems from here," said Edward; "we hear no sound. The windows are barred too, and—"

The heavy iron-bound door, with its gilded leather covering, swung not closed silently. They felt the jar, and looked at each other in momentary dismay.

"We are locked in," said Granthley; "the key is useless from the inside."

"Quite; but there is a bell, and while we are here you may as well give me the explanation I want. We are, at least, secure from interruption."

"A strange arrangement this," he said. "We might be imprisoned here to the end of our days, and no one the wiser."

"Yes," smiled Eugene, "you might hide here in perfect safety; but the arrangement is easily explained. This wing was built originally to comprise a billiard-room, library and study. This was the library; this window was originally a door. The study is now the end-chamber by which we entered. The library had a glass roof like the billiard-room; but when converted from its intended use, the roof was filled in, and painted as you see this cabinet."

He approached a splendid piece of furniture, richly carved with solid oak, and black with age. It stood exactly opposite the foot of the bedstead.

"It was used as a wardrobe for some time," he said; "but it is a precious piece of workmanship, and contains a mysterious drawer, which you would never find unless you knew where to look for it. Some one must have been here recently—there are finger-marks in the thick dust."

"Let us get through our explanations and your story," said Edward, drawing him away with a smile. "Our friends will wonder where we are, and I am not entraptured with this tomb-like stillness."

Eugene hesitated when in the act of opening the cabinet door. Mr. Granthley seemed to follow. Eugene wondered that his cousin's strong nature should be influenced by a quietude which to him was banished.

had his own way, he would have restored the room to the purpose they were built for, and sent some vigorous housemaids and a glazier to clear out the dust and traditions.

"This part of the building is a mystery to the servants," he said. "They speculate curiously upon it amongst themselves, my valet tells me. Some say it is haunted; others say it is stored with lumber; and one ingenious youth—an under-footman—said we had a lunatic member of the family shut away here. Do you think, Eugene, those memories you hold so sacred would be the worse for the introduction of a dust-pan and a scrubbing-brush?"

"Say that it is my fancy," said Eugene, with a melancholy smile, "and laugh at me for it if you will; but it was my father's dream that the living can afford to give. You have heard what a wild life my uncle Clarence always led—what a terror to the family he was?"

"Yes! Not to say it irreverently, he was one of those who seem to have a special mission to degrade the noblest races in the land, and show the common people what a hopeless blackguard a gentleman can sometimes be in spite of birth and culture."

"He might have been better had his life been different at the outset," said Eugene. "You know, Edward, my mother was an orphan, and lived here at Brookdale in my grandfather's care years before she was married to my father."

"This is quite new to me."

"That, and some other incidents, will not be found in our archives. I have heard my father say she was like Julia, and so I can remember her—very beautiful, very gentle, full of pure thoughts, and with a low, sweet voice, which used to fill my childish mind with fancies that if angels talked they would talk in some such tone. And this pure, gentle creature was the one of all others whom my uncle Clarence—the most unbridled, reckless rake and spendthrift our family had seen for a century—took it into his wicked, wilful head to love."

"Stranger things than that have happened," said Mr. Granthley, with his quiet smile. "She had an infantile reverence for holy things," Eugene went on, "while it was his delight to make his listeners shudder at his unbridled and the reasons that he gave for it. She used to shrink from the sound of his voice; but he never dared show her aversion. He had fits of fury at times, when he was unaccountable, and dangerous as a man; and had he ever suspected the truth—that she loved his father—the consequences might have been terrible."

"Did Uncle Clarence ever tell her of his love?"

"Yes. The knowledge that he was not worthy of her—the instinct which made him always jealous of my father—impelled him to his declaration; and he told her, if there was any power on earth that might change him, it was her affection. He would wait for her—endure anything, fulfil any task—and if she found it impossible to care for him he would give her up. But he swore, with a bitter oath, the one only thing he could not endure would be to see her my father's wife."

"He did not put his nature to its test, then?"

"No; but there were some great, if not some noble, traits in it."

"Well, she made him some half promise—he frightened her out of it—and he went away, locking up himself, under certain conditions, as her accepted suitor. He was gone two years. They do say that during these two years the man's life was simply unbridled. His pure love gave him strength to trample his evil passions down, and in the rush of passion to which the very power of his character led him, he vowed that if he found her faithful on his return he would build and endow a church to be married in, and live the life of a Christian in future."

"I like him better," said Granthley, "as I hear more of him. A few such men are seen now and then, and they are never properly understood. But what had taken place during these two years?"

"His marriage to my father. They had been married nearly a year, when a letter came from Clarence Temple, addressed to her in her maiden name, and apprising her of his return to England. That letter is, I believe, amongst my father's papers still. It is a marvellous piece of writing. A strong man's nature, condensed into one intense, wild worship, burning with passionate expectation, yet tinged throughout with a gloomy foreboding that she was lost to him."

"Did he touch upon that foreboding?"

"At the best, and in such terms as induced those who knew him to take precautions to prevent a meeting. My mother needed care just then. The sight of him, in the unaccountable fury into which the truth was certain to have thrown him, would have been fatal to her; so, under my grandfather's direction, they had this wing arranged for her reception as you see it now. My grandfather kept the key himself, to prevent any possible accident, and arranged to break the news to Clarence, and tell him they were travelling abroad. Not that the old gentleman feared him—he was the one mortal being of whom the term of the family stood in awe; but for my mother's sake it was necessary to manage all things quietly."

"And when he came?"

"Evened said, 'There are, as there were, some old servants in the house, who will tell you that night was never to be forgotten. They had kept him from coming home by various subterfuges; I was born, and at last, no pretext could be invented. He returned so changed, so quiet, so trustful, yet so full of instinctive misgiving that the old man felt for him, and took a gentler tone than usual. 'Where is she?' Uncle Clarence said, and after a long time grandfather broke it to him gradually, beginning by telling him they were in France."

"At the first intimation of their marriage he kept up in such appalling, fierce despair that the old man thought heaven for having taken his measures so wisely. The disappointed man's terrible blasphemies shook the roof, and he swore by the Maker, whom he invoked implacably, that he would be a second Cain, let him meet his brother when he might."

"It had a tendency to exasperate," said Edward. "I think even my philosophy would have been thrown out of balance for a few minutes."

"Grandfather let his rage exhaust itself. At least, he waited till it settled down, and then reasoned with him quietly, and said that he never could have made my mother happy, that his conduct was unfair and unbrotherly, and hoped to hear him express sorrow for what he had said. He might as well have talked to stone. Uncle simply repeated deliberately and slowly what he had said in heat. The old reckless desperation broke out again. He asked for his father's parental mediation beforehand, and said he had better say farewell to him for both his sakes."

"That was unamiable, and slightly stagey; but then a man never can get into a passion over quietly without being a little stagey. His character shows want of discipline here."

Eugene did not admire the cool, analytical faculty which could study the workings of the passions with no more emotion than a doctor feels when testing a patient's pulse.

"Uncle grew quieter in the evening," he went on. "He dined with grandfather, and except time—always a heavy drinker—he took

more than his usual quantity of wine, there was no alteration in his appetite or manner. He made no allusion to the subject again. They said good night at a rather late hour, and when grandfather retired alone tonight it was to spend an hour or so, as usual, in his library.

"Whether he wanted to speak to him again, whether he felt some contrition for his violence before a white-haired old man, and that man his father, or whether he gathered an inkling of the truth from any of the servants, can never be known now; but about an hour after he had parted he came to this door, and it was open."

"An unfortunate chance."

"Such a thing had never happened before. Grandfather had made it a habit to always shut it, and try it after it was shut. It must have been that his nerves, strong as they were, were tried by the scene he had just gone through, and having closed the door, he took it for granted that the lock had caught."

"Now this is what my father told me. He was sitting in that chair by the fireside, my cradle at his feet, and my mother opposite him. Grandfather stood leaning by the chimney-piece, telling them of uncle's return, when the door swung open—and there on the threshold stood Clarence Temple, with the soul of Cain in his eyes."

"He took the meaning of the scene at a glance. He sprang at my father with a dagger in his hand, and struck my mother, or she threw herself between them. There was a mad struggle; and it left the old man and his eldest son face to face, the son in his father's grip, and then he dared not raise his hand."

"The malice that he had asked for fell upon him, but he laughed at it in bitterness. He asked what there was in this world or the next in which he could be more assured than he was then; and he went out, repeating his oath to kill one or the other."

"After that he found him the house," Eugene went on. "The servants were forbidden to let him enter. They were not told why. My mother's wound soon healed; but they had to watch her carefully, lest he should steal in and complete the work which the sight of her wound had suggested. He was mad then. There is not the slightest doubt that his senses went when he stood on the threshold and saw her on whom he had set his savage affection a wife and a mother."

"It would be charitable and creditable to the family to suppose so," said Granthley. "But he might have shown a more gentlemanly method in his madness. Daggers, and strong language, and threats against a woman—really I never thought I had at any time such an objectionable relative."

"He left the neighborhood at length. He wrote from London to say they had nothing to fear from him, and they were safe, knowing that he never broke his word. The rest of his career you know."

"Yes, he made it tolerably public," said Edward, "and I always thought insanity or drink lay at the root of his peculiarities. I see now there was an infidel's blending of the two, and do not wonder at the results. But is it on account of that scene you like the room kept closed?"

"That, and what followed. She never recovered the shock to her nervous system, and the quiet, with the tempered light, suited her. It is strange that she did not take a dislike to the place, but she did not; and it was here she died, and here my father spent most of the time he lived after her; and on this same bed I found him one morning, when I went to see why he was so late. I remember his last words at night."

"What were they?"

"Do not let me be disturbed. Leave everything just as it is; I'll wake; and these words always had a solemn meaning for me, Edward, for he woke no more."

Granthley pressed his hand.

"I understand your tender sentiments better now," he said, with some sympathy in his tone; "and Edward would have respected your wishes even if you had not made friends with him. But I am glad you have. The past history of the family is quite sad enough."

"More than sad enough. I am glad to find Edward such a generous fellow. I thought of writing to him about this suite of rooms, but there is no occasion now. You will keep the key."

"It was some time before either spoke again. The explanation Eugene wanted seemed such a trifle by comparison with the story he had just told, but Granthley answered the question before it was asked.

"Were you troubled by something which that poor fellow at the Sea View told you?"

"He came, I suppose, with some such tale as he brought here."

"He was terribly circumstantial," replied Eugene; "and I was certainly startled by his suggestion that Mr. Darrell had taken out of his own stepson, and after spreading a report of his death, brought him here to personate Edward."

Granthley smiled in profound pity of the simplicity which could credit such a fiction.

"The poor lad was like Edward," he said; "but, then, so he was like you, and a stranger might easily mistake one for the other. The purpose Mr. Hawkins had was simply to extort money, and I am sorry to say he too nearly succeeded. They could not convince him of his error, and you, who have seen how ingenious and generous Edward is, can easily understand why he wished to purchase the fellow's silence at any price."

"I understand now; but I thought it strange at the time—so strange that but for what I have seen, I should at this moment have been on my way to Laurence Dayton, to tell him what the man told me, and get him to find out the truth."

"The best of coming to me," said Edward, reproachfully, "unfold our family mysteries to a stranger. But you almost make me smile at the idea of our poor, pitiful friend, the gentlemanly George, being equal to such a scheme. The subtlest feats of his never went beyond fencing for a ten-pound note."

"My suspicions vanished when I saw him," said Eugene, smiling too; "but you must admit the story had a tangible groundwork."

"On the surface; but it would not bear looking into. Was angry with them for being temporized with the man," he added, gravely. "They had given him some money, and I took it from him, warning him to keep clear of the neighborhood at the same time. If there is any doubt at all, let us have a full and thorough investigation; but for the sake of the name, which is our shield of honor, never deal with such men as that. I was angry with Edward for his weakness; but his admirable answer disarmed me."

"What did he say?"

"For my father's sake," said he, "I would rather have given him twice as much than have any story spread about one who, whatever may have been his faults, was my father's child, and therefore, my brother."

"He was right," said Eugene. "I am sure I should have done the same."

"I am sure you would too. You have both the splendid, generous innocence of boyhood to a large degree; and if I did not bring my experience as a man-of-the-world to your assistance sometimes, heaven knows what you would do!"

He rang the bell then, saying that their long absence would be wondered at.

"And it is fortunate I left the key in the lock," he said, "or they would have to dig us out—for that door would stand a siege."

The door was opened soon by a man in plain black—a man with a quiet, almost stealthy, look and a comely clerical appearance. He said something to Edward in a low tone. Edward turned towards Eugene, who had fallen into a reverie.

"Some one from the town, concerning the poor fellow at the Sea View," he said. "It appears that he was seen to come here on the morning of the day before yesterday. Will you come with me, and see what they want?"

"I had rather remain here a little while," said Eugene, softly; "you can return for me."

Comprehending his affectionate nature—the tender desire to be left alone with those somnolent relics of the dead—Granthley left him—and the door closed gently, without shutting it. Eugene felt glad when even he was gone. There was no one now to break the sacredness of his thought, as he looked at the bed on which his parents, one after the other, had taken their last sleep.

After a long time he turned away, and gazed at other things—the carved ceiling, tinted with age, the gloomy pictures, with forms shadowy as spirits on the walls, the quaint antique furniture, and the masses of books, the last article he had curiously more than all the rest.

Some one had been to it very recently—there were distinct finger-marks printed in the thick dust.

The sight of this set him wondering, but in an idle sort of way he opened the cabinet doors. He pulled out several drawers, lifted lids, and opened miniature doors, curiously devised, in unexpected places, and at last he pulled back a small sliding panel, so like a part of the back of the cabinet itself, that no one would have suspected its existence.

Even now, there was nothing apparently worth hiding. The only thing visible was the head of a screw—an ordinary screw, driven into the framework; but Eugene pressed it hard, and a faint click was heard, twice repeated.

He closed the panel, shut the various drawers and miniature doors—put down the lids again, and except from the outer doors the cabinet was closed; but then he pulled out the first drawer in the top section, and pushing at the bottom of the one above it, drew forth a narrow box.

As he contemplated it, he was reminded of a Chinese puzzle," he said, "and to gratify an idle curiosity I shall have all the trouble of shutting it again."

But when he looked into the box the smile went from his lips. Some one had been to the cabinet recently, and whoever it was had had the brand of Cain upon him.

For there, hidden in the secret drawer, was the front portion of a black silk scarf, with a plain blue satin stripe, and in the scarf, exactly as he had seen it when worn by poor James Hawkins, the horse-shoe pin.

Eugene gave a cry. It was as though the dead man had put the proof into his hand, to warn him of his enemies. The truth flashed upon him like a light; his pretended cousin was in reality the son of Ada Darrell, and his generous welcome was nothing but carefully tutored acting, to throw him off his guard.

"True," he said. "Oh, heaven I see it all now! And this, the fatal evidence that proves the dead man's story, was placed here by Edward. He has the only key? Why, then, it is he—and he alone!"

Turning then, he saw Granthley, white and stern as death, on the threshold of the open doorway. Eugene saw that he had been seen, and an awful light in Edward's eye warned him of his peril. He ran for the door, but Granthley closed it in his face. Eugene was alone in the apartments he had held so sacred to the dead.

He thought with a prayerful shudder of Granthley's words—

"They will be shut in to-day with their secret and their memories, and never be opened again except by me!"

(To be continued.)

SCREW DRINKS.—Ice-water should be drunk but sparingly. A most excellent substitute for it is pounded ice taken in small lumps into the mouth and allowed to dissolve upon the tongue. This will prove very refreshing and invigorating in its effects. Lemonade is a simple and grateful beverage. To make it: Roll the lemons on something hard till they become soft; grate off the rinds, cut the lemons in pieces, squeeze them in a pitcher (a new one being best) answer for a squeezer in lieu of something better; pour on the required quantity of water, and sweeten according to taste. The grated rinds, for the sake of the lemon, should be allowed to steep, mixing thoroughly, set the pitcher aside for half an hour; then strain the liquor through a jelly strainer, and put in the ice. Travellers who find it inconvenient to carry a box of lemon juice, may prepare from citric acid and sugar, a little of which in a glass of ice-water will furnish quite a refreshing drink, and one that will help oftentimes to avert sick headache and nervousness. Citric acid is obtained from the juice of lemons and limes. Perry is a delicious beverage made from cherries, and will keep a year or more. Take six pounds of cherries and bruise them; pour on a pint and a half of hot water, and boil for fifteen minutes; strain through a flannel bag, and add three pounds of sugar. Boil for half an hour more, or until the liquid will sink to the bottom of a pint measure. Strain off the sugar, and add a little more of the liquid which will sink to the bottom of a pint measure. Citric acid is obtained from the juice of lemons and limes. Perry is a delicious beverage made from cherries, and will keep a year or more. Take six pounds of cherries and bruise them; pour on a pint and a half of hot water, and boil for fifteen minutes; strain through a flannel bag, and add three pounds of sugar. Boil for half an hour more, or until the liquid will sink to the bottom of a pint measure. Strain off the sugar, and add a little more of the liquid which will sink to the bottom of a pint measure.

A TERRIBLE CURSE.—The Valley of Death, a spot almost as terrible as the prophet's valley of dry bones, lies just north of the old Mormon road to California, a region 30 miles long by 30 broad, and surrounded, except at two points, by inaccessible mountains. It is totally devoid of water and vegetation, and the shadow of bird or wild beast never darkens its white glaring sands. The Kansas Pacific Railroad engineers discovered it, and also some papers, which show the fact of the "lost Montagues," which came south from Salt Lake in 1560, guided by a Mormon. When near Death's Valley, some came to the conclusion that the Mormons knew nothing about the country, so they appointed some of their number to go on and break off from the party. The leader turned due west; so with the people and weapons and flocks he travelled three days, and then descended into the broad valley, whose treacherous mists enveloped them. They reached the center, but only the white sand, honied by scorching winds, met their gaze. Around the valley they wandered, and one by one the men died, and the panting flocks stretched themselves in death under the hot sun. Then the children, crying for water, died at their mothers' breasts, and with swollen tongues and burning throats the mothers followed. When after reason had been abandoned, and the men, women and children died. After a week's wandering a dozen survivors found some water in the hollow of a rock in the mountain. It lasted but a short time when all perished but two, who escaped out of the valley and followed the trail of their former companions. Eighty-seven families, with hundreds of animals, perished here, and now, after 22 years, the wagons stand still on the trail, the iron works and tools are bright, and the skeleton skeletons lie side by side.

THE MARTYRED NOSE.

There was a man who had a nose, As men frequently do, A Roman nose protrusion, Which off he loudly blew. But of the blows he gave that nose, The very cruellest, Was when he vacillated it Upon its sonning crest.

He was a man of science, And oh! how accurate; Of wise mis-information He had a plentiful store. Whether vacuum it would work again, A horse he vacillated it Upon its sonning crest.

Four days he passed all unconcerned— He knew it wouldn't work! But on the fifth, he felt as if He had a nose like any Turk. The sixth, it seemed a double nose, The seventh 'twas still swelling, And on the eighth he lost his faith, Likewise his power of smelling.

The ninth day tried his troubled soul, His nose had reached a crisis; Its bridge became a bridge of sighs, Instead of seven sizes! It was a day of wrath for him, And what made it less pleasing— That nose, in irritations burst Into a fit of sneezing!

The sneeze was terrific, as The throes of a volcano, And with each sneeze, that frantic man Profusely howled, uproarous. He sneezed the buttons from his vest, He sneezed himself huddled, He sneezed his fingers to shreds, And fell back on his bed.

They opened, through the coffin lid, With one vacuum, Unable to dispose of it By any other process, And those who saw it sneezing out, That nose's end was pitiful— And 'twas profusely pitted.

The moral of the sermon was— It is a serious joke, Into affairs of science A blundering nose to poke! But poking science into A tumbler's nose is just Equivalent to sneezing "That nose's dust to dust!"

(REGISTERED IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE COPYRIGHT ACT OF 1881.)

IN AFTER-YEARS; OR, FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER ROSS.

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

They were about to part when Catelem pushed rudely by them, scowling at Mr. George as he went upstairs to his office; the lads did not speak, but exchanged looks of intelligence with each other, directing their eyes down the street in the opposite direction to which Catelem had come; they saw the dog cart and bullock almost disappearing in the distant crowd.

Mr. George hailed the first cab he met, and getting in desired the man drive to Lord Cranston's in St. James' Square as fast as his horses' feet would go.

"Is Lady Hamilton in?" inquired the clerk of the servant who opened the door.

"Yes," replied the man looking surprised at the question, as well as appearance of the one who put it, "what do you want of her Ladyship?"

"I wish to see her," was the laconic reply.

"I wish you could I'm sure," was the pert answer of the footman, who like most of his class had a supreme contempt for those who were only a little step above his own social position, and gladly embraced the opportunity of being insolent, without fear of incurring the anger of his superiors.

"Pray let her Ladyship know that Mr. George Cox of Thieves' Inn wishes to speak to her about something particular," said the clerk, who in his hurry to depart had forgotten to provide himself with one of his slow printed cards which had so instantly prepared him his first interview with her Ladyship.

"Sorry I cannot oblige you," said the man with insolent coolness.

"Well," replied Mr. George, "I'll sit here till I can see her," and as he spoke he passed the man and seated himself in the hall.

"I cannot allow you to sit there," said the man now feeling that whoever the lad was, he had taken a liberty which could by no means be permitted.

"If I cannot see Lady Hamilton, I suppose I can see Lord Cranston or Captain Lindsay," said the clerk taking no notice of the man's last words.

"No, you can see neither to-day, there is company in the house and no one will attend to business to-day; or charity either," added he, the idea striking him, that the young man had come from one of Lady Hamilton's numerous poor friends.

"I don't want your charity or Lady Hamilton's either if it comes to that, but I come on an errand that if it is not delivered may cost you your place; if I'm not mistaken your predecessor was turned off for taking too much upon himself the last day I was in this house."

Mr. George saw that it was not the same man who now opened the door as the one who did so on his former visit; he had observed at the time the effect which the account he gave of the man's accepting money from Sir Richard had upon both Lady Hamilton and Lord Cranston, and he judged rightly in supposing that he had been dismissed.

The footman who was one who held a different situation in the house and was elevated to his present position in place of the other, without knowing what led to his predecessor losing his place, felt rather timid, on hearing the young man speak thus and so confidently, and replied in civiler tones than before.

"There is a wedding party in the house, and I am sure none of the servants would dare to disturb the ladies and gentlemen by taking your message."

"What I came on is life and death, and if I can't see any of the others, let me see Miss Agnes or Miss Margaret Cunningham."

"Miss Agnes Cunningham was married this morning to Colonel Lindsay, the carriage has just come to the door to take them off on their marriage jaunt, and the Duke of Wellington is up stairs, and will I am sure lead the bride to the carriage—good gracious! here they come," said the terrified man, sure now that he would

CHAPTER XXI. IN THE SECRET DRAWER.

It was at best a morbid fancy, Mr. Granthley thought, which induced his cousin to keep the extra wing of Brookdale always closed. Had he