

have done—you who deceived me—you alone are responsible."

"What would you say, you miserable coward?" cried Cambray, throwing himself towards Waterworth as far as his chains would allow. "Would you reproach me? Hold your tongue, or I'll strangle you with my chains; hold your tongue, or I'll bury you in curses; hold your tongue, or I'll call hell to my aid. What! does it follow that because you were more timid than I, that you were less guilty? And you wish to desert me, do you? You wish to be my accuser. Is treason already on your lips! Remember, I will not remain in chains forever. Choose, then, between secrecy or death."

"Cambray," said Waterworth, quickly, "you are unjust. I will not flinch, even in the presence of death itself, if by it I can save you. You know the truth of what I say—you know that I could swear to it; but would it not have been better, had there been no necessity for this? Ah, my friend, I have followed you in a career of crime; and if fate wills it, I shall die with you."

"Bah!—die!—bah! That may do for fools. What have we to fear? Has not luck protected us so far through what you have the weakness to call 'a career of crime,' but what I would call the road to fortune, fame, and honour. It is true our star is somewhat eclipsed, and that we are rather unlucky for the time. It is certainly bad enough to be under suspicion; but let us stand up like men, and battle bravely, and we'll soon rid ourselves of the trouble."

"The blow that levelled us came from Broughton; it was your family that betrayed us, had you taken my advice, you would have dispatched them long ago. Little, indeed, were you adapted for the part assigned you."

"Listen while I am able to tell you the object of my intentions, for I have never unfolded all. The veil is torn asunder; now we are alone, and can speak freely, for the walls of our prison are discreet, and I have no reason to bide my thoughts from you. Listen, then, and learn to know me. I have felt what it is to be poor, Waterworth; I have even been on the verge of starvation, I have experienced the pride and disdain of the rich; and I said to myself, reputation, happiness and fame are only the results of wealth. I said this; and since then, surrounded by my fellows in misery, and with but a very limited circle of acquaintances, I have never felt the sting of poverty. Why? Because, since then, the world at large has been my treasury from the entire human race. I have drawn my profits. Had I submitted to their laws, I might have died from hunger; but, as their enemies, I have triumphed over everything. Live and enjoy; yourself is the only law I know; it matters not at whose expense. True it is that you now behold me stopped for the time in the glorious career I have pursued, enclosed between these four walls, and accused of crimes that may lead me perhaps to the scaffold. You weep—you tremble at the thought. Well, for my part, I laugh at it. I've plenty of courage yet; and what is better, plenty of gold—gold, Waterworth. I can buy up my jailors, break my chains, and escape. I can have the best of counsel, and the most powerful pleaders, so that I may safely look forward to the day of liberation, when I may again commence with new hopes and strengthened vigour."

"Do they know everything?" interrupted Waterworth, "have they discovered all?"

"No; I think not. I have questioned them thoroughly, and I believe I have arrived at the nature of their evidence—mere trifles—dreams based in a great measure upon their imaginations. The affairs of Parke and Sivrac; that's all."

"Sivrac! What, that frightful murder! Heavens! you were not there?"

"Oh, indeed, I was not there—was I not? True, true—an *alibi*, an *alibi*. Devil grant it, I am saved. You can prove an *alibi*, can't you?"

"I do not know, I—I was not always with you."

"What! traitor!—do you hesitate! Are you too scrupulous to save the life of a friend—the friend who has fed and clothed you—who

opened to you all the enjoyments of life at a time when you wanted even its necessities. Well may you cast down your head. Hear me, Waterworth. Choose between my hate and my gold. Will you swear it or not?"

"I will swear anything, everything, Cambray. I feel like a child in your hands. There is something about you—what, I know not—that holds me faster than even the demon spirits that have besieged my soul. I have heard that there are certain wild animals that charm their prey; the power you have over me is stronger still. You are so determined. But let us not speak of what has passed; these walls may hide spies, for aught we know. I do not like to think of such scenes of horror immediately before sleep; my dreams frighten me. Heavens! what a night we have passed! What has fate in hand for us? Tell me not that man is master of his own actions; what has brought me to this condition, if not fate? Fate chains us to her, chariot wheels, and all are crushed in turn. From birth I must have been singled out for crime and eternal damnation."

"Such is your story," said Cambray, "and here is my moral: It is absolute folly to commit crime, and then throw the blame on another or on Fate; our fate remains with ourselves. Had I wished I need never have been better than a mere nincompoop; but what others respected, I defied—what others worshipped, I have trampled under foot—and yet I have lived upon their gains. Such are my principles—such my desires. I could have acted differently, but I did not choose to."

"Is there anything more doleful, more melancholy, than the call of the sentinel every quarter of an hour," said Waterworth; "how can I sleep with the voice of the persecutor ringing in my ears?"

"It is unpleasant," said Cambray; "but let's have a little music, to drive away melancholy," and he began to sing and shake his chains with such violence, that the jailor, who was going his rounds for the last time that night, rushed to their cell, crying out, "Ho, there," and threatening to separate them—to put each in a different and dark cell—if they did not stop their noise.

By the time all within this abode of crime had relapsed into silence, two new arrivals made their appearance; they stretched themselves on the cold and wet stone floor, and in a short time all were fast asleep.

Next day Cambray's wife paid him a visit. He spoke to her through the massive grated door of his prison. She was very pale, and greatly changed in appearance since he had seen her—completely crushed with grief, and resigned to the Divine will.

At the time of her husband's arrest she had fainted, and her recovery was looked upon as uncertain; but her habitual suffering, hope, and above all, the astonishing elasticity of character with which she was endowed, finally re-established the calmness of her mind.

In this interview the horror of his situation recalled the fearful thoughts of the past. No longer able to control herself, she burst into tears, sobbing violently.

Providence, in uniting this young, mild and virtuous woman with a miserable bandit, accorded her the privilege of succumbing to her sufferings—of resigning a poisoned existence.

She died several months after the imprisonment of her husband.

(To be continued.)

BAILEY'S MACHINE FOR TOLLING BELLS.—This machine is wound up by a man on Saturday evening, and on Sunday morning, twenty minutes before the service commences, he pulls a bell-pull, when the machine begins tolling, and does not cease till service time. The same operation is gone through at every service, and with a like result. The pull is placed at the bottom of the tower, while the machine is set under the bell required to be tolled. It can be regulated at various speeds. In the churches in which it has been introduced, it has given great satisfaction.

THE LION IN THE PATH

(From the Publisher's advance sheets.)

Continued from page 98.

So saying, she went on tiptoe to the dark arch, that admitted to the little dungeon that opened out of the larger one, and looked in.

As she stood there listening, she beckoned to the warder to come to her. He came, and so near to her, that he was able to look in and see the recumbent and sleeping earl. And she whispered—

"Dear Mr. Warder, be as silent as you can while I am gone with my friend to the gate, for my lord has had no sleep for a long time till I persuaded him to lie down but now; and lo, he slept, and, I think, still sleeps peacefully."

The warder bowed; and then she said, in that same low tone as before—

"We will follow you."

At the end of the corridor they came upon the first sentinel; but he, recognising both Lady Langton and the lady in black that had so recently gone into the dungeon, allowed them to pass with only the cessation of his walk, in order to give them a good stare. Then, as they descended the steps, he resumed his walk, and they knew they were safe from him.

The warder who generally brought the visitors to Lady Langton and conducted them away, was accustomed to leave them at the foot of this flight of steps, partly because Lady Langton almost always accompanied her visitors thus far, and also because the visitors had no difficulty then in recollecting the route.

On this occasion he did not leave them, but moved steadily on before them, as if intending to go with them right to the exterior gate.

Hermia became alarmed, and whispered her fears to her husband.

"Do you think he has any suspicion?"

"No. But he knows you so well, whereas the sentinels do not."

"That is bad. But, on the other hand, his very presence with us will perhaps prevent the sentinels from taking even ordinary precautions."

"Yes. But hush! He is stopping!"

They were now close to the guard-room, and the loud buzz of voices mingled with the clang of metal, and the grounding of heavy firearms on the stone pavement.

"Now for danger one!" whispered Hermia, and received in reply a fervent pressure from the hand she had continued to hold all the way from the dungeon.

As the two ladies entered the guard-room, a non-commissioned officer saw them, and called out in stern voice—

"Silence! The ladies!"

"Pray, sir," said Lady Langton to this man, who she instantly singled out as dangerous, "can you give me news of my maid?"

"No, my lady, I cannot. Who is this other lady, I beg to ask?"

"Mrs. Gascoigne, my friend."

"She seems to feel more for herself than for your ladyship," said the man, bluntly, as he came nearer.

"Yes, because she has been telling me every day to hope and hope; and now, at the last moment, when she is again going to the king, she begins to fear she has misled me."

A burst of grief from the lady herself confirmed this theory. Mrs. Gascoigne was obliged unasked, to throw aside her veil and lift the hood from off her head-dress, to obtain relief, and this enabled the non-commissioned officer to get a sort of glimpse that told him nothing, but made him fancy had told him all, while Mrs. Gascoigne used her handkerchief freely, and seemed to sink into the earth with the burden of her sorrow.

They saw him move a little aside to allow them to pass, and hastened to take advantage of this fresh relief, and hurry on.

Suddenly the blood seemed to congeal in Lady Langton's heart, and her brain to feel smitten with paralysis, when she heard a voice speaking as with the voice of doom—