

ments of the living body are found to have certain molecular changes for their invariable antecedents; the function of sensation is explained when the molecular changes, which are the invariable antecedents of sensations, are discovered.

(To be continued.)

NO SIGN.

BY MRS. CASHEL HOEY.

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CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

She rocked herself from side to side, pulling at her hair, and he listened, appalled. "You stayed away a good while, and I made up the powder; and when we went out, you put it in the post; and the next I heard of it was the news that she was dead, and you were taken—you, as innocent as the daylight, Dominick, my darling. And, first, I nearly died with the fright, and the helplessness; but then I saw that there was something for me to do, and I did it."

She paused, and checked the swaying of her body. Her hands hung in the heavy loops of her red hair. Something like a smile came for a moment into her face.

"I got into the place—the horrid place at Kilkevin; it was close to my new school-house—and I picked acquaintance with the servants, and I set fire to the laboratory. I went very near to saving myself and you that time."

"Stop, stop; for God's sake, stop!" said Daly hoarsely. "What's the use?"

"Very near to saving myself and you," she went on, as if he had not spoken, knitting her brows into a frown; "but fate was against me. And then I fell sick. I don't know any more, until two days ago, and then I got well enough to come here."

"Why did you come? Oh, why did you come?"

"He asks me!" she said again. "He asks me! I came for the same reason that made me do everything else that I have done; because I love you, and I must take you out of this now."

Was she mad? Had the crime turned her brain? or rather had she committed the crime because her brain was already turned? In his mind, weary, although strained to the utmost pitch of excitement, he asked himself these questions. He was awake to the imminent need of making her comprehend the full truth as regarded him and his determination; and he conquered the horror of speaking to her, a great horror, though the ruined wreck of the old guilty love floated somewhere on the surging waves of his troubled mind all the while. They would have little time, and there was much to say.

So Daly rose, and lifted her from the floor. As his hand closed round her arm she kissed it, quickly, roughly; but he did not heed the action. He placed her in the chair beside the table, and picked up her bonnet.

"Put this on," he said; "you haven't long to stay here; and now you are here, there's a great deal to be said. I prayed God that you might not come, but prayers of mine are not likely to get far on their way to Heaven. I prayed that I might never see you again"—she started—"for your sake and my own. I hoped you were safe out of harm's way, when I knew it was you that did it."

"How did you know?"

"I knew it from the first moment. I knew it, because I remembered that night, and the feeling that came over me, like a warning, when you wished the sick woman dead. I knew, because I *deserved it*—not *how* you did it, but that you had done it, and what the end must be."

"Yes, the end is easy to see," she said. "It would have come quicker if I could have stood, or walked, or been carried here, before to-day. But you'll forgive me for that, won't you? I wanted to tell you all, before I should tell the others."

"What others?"

"The gentlemen; and get you out of this. It's all over, and it seems a long, long time since I had the notion that we might be quit of her, and harm could never come to you. How should I have dreamed that harm could come, when your own letter seemed to make it secure?"

His glance turned to the letter, as he had written it out from memory. It lay close beside her hand at that moment.

"It seems a long time since then; everything is lost and gone. That was before the shock, before I knew they had suspected you and taken you. But since, I have come to my right mind again, and can tell it all clear out. Some of the harm can be undone."

"None of the harm can ever be undone," said Daly. "Listen to me now, for time is precious, and try with all your might to understand every word that I am saying to you."

"I understand, I understand." Once more she began to rock herself from side to side, and to twist her fingers as if in pain.

"You must do nothing of what you intended to do. You cannot take me out of this, or out of what is to come, by anything that you can do or say. Hush! do not interrupt me by one single word!"

The woman obeyed him; she was cowed by the power and the command in him which she had never seen before, and she was too true a woman not to recognize them, with something like faint, far-off, admiration, even thus, and now.

"You must go away, and stay away; you must never make a sign. Everything that can be done for my defence will be done; the gentlemen are seeing to that. I shall have a fight made for me; it will fail, but not through the fault of my friends, God bless and reward them! But you must never be heard of again in any way or anything relating to me."

She looked at him, in sheer blank astonishment, quiet now.

"Until the trial? Do you mean that? But when I tell them, there will be no trial."

"You shall never tell them."

In an instant she started from her seat, and rushed towards the door. But he caught her, and held her, while she struggled with him fiercely, trying to tear away the folds of her shawl, with which he had covered her mouth.

"Let me go! let me go!" she gasped faintly; "am I to kill her and you too?"

"You surely *will* kill me, if you don't obey me."

Still she struggled, until he repeated this several times; at length she yielded, exhausted, and feebly muttering, "Go on, then, tell me what I am to do," sank down before the table, with her arms spread out upon it, and her face hidden. He spoke from thenceforth with perfect composure.

"There will be a trial, and I shall be defended. I have told the gentlemen that I am not guilty, and they believe me. I have told them the truth; there was nothing but soda in the powder I put in the letter, and the letter was intended to prevent my poor wife from finding out that I was putting a harmless salt upon her. The doctor would have told her that I was, if she had let him see the medicine *as I sent it*. My defence will be the simple truth, and that the poison that killed her got mixed with the harmless powder in some way which I cannot explain. That defence will be quite useless, because there will be the letter—they'll believe their reading of it, and not mine; and there will be the motive"—he paused, and a shiver passed over him—"the motive, which can so easily be proved against me."

"Aye, aye," she murmured, "there was a motive, only it was mine, not yours; it was mine, like the crime."

"No," he said, sorrowfully, "it was ours; and I am the guiltier. It was a terrible day for you when you saw me first."

"My curse—no, no, my blessing be upon that day!" murmured the woman.

"Curses or blessings upon it are all one now. I am not going to give it either. All that is gone for ever, like the time that is gone. What we have got now is very short. That letter—there's a copy of it under your arm this minute—and the motive, the talk about you and me—the talk that I might have hindered, had I been an honest man, and so saved you from all the rest—and the evidence, will hang me, if all the counsellors in the kingdom were on my side."

She lifted her face, and turned it, hardly to be recognized in its mask of livid fear, towards him. His meaning was breaking upon her.

"Hang you! When I did it! When I shall tell them that I did it!"

"You shall never tell them. This is what I have to say to you. I have known from the

first that you did it, and there is no turn which you could have given to circumstances, that I have not been prepared for. Did you think, that you were coming here to confess your crime to me, your tempter and your fellow-sinner?"

"No, no, my lover; oh, Dominick, my lover!"

"Did you think, I say, that you were coming here to confess it, because you and I too are utterly beaten, and then to go and tell it to the world and take the penalty of it, letting me go free? Free to what? Did you, in your womanish folly, when the madness of murder had passed away from you, think such a thing as that?"

Scorn of her, horror of her, pity too, were in his voice and in his face, and also the power which forced her to reply with the truth.

"I did. I think so now. It shall be so."

"It shall not be so. You shall not tell that truth, and before we part for the last time in this world you shall swear to me, your lover, as you called me, the only oath I want from you—that you will *never* tell it till your death is near to you, nearer than mine to me to-day, or for many days to come. You shall swear this to me, if you don't want to know that the blackest despair of all comes to me from you, blacker despair than the judge or the jury could sentence me to, if I had ten lives for them to take from me. Listen to me, Katharine," the vehemence of his tone changed to a solemn earnestness; "by the living God, who shall be our judge, if you do not swear that oath to me, or, having sworn it, if you do not keep it, I will go into the dock and plead guilty."

"And what good would that do you," she stammered, "if I was there, and told them the truth?"

"Which I would swear was a lie. Who would believe your word against mine, do you think? I would tell them: here is a girl whom I have deceived, an innocent girl, with a good character, and respectable people to swear to it, and I, a married man, made love to her, and tempted her, and promised to marry her when I should be free. And she loved me, and trusted me, and now she wants to die for me. I'd think they'd believe your story, when I'd tell them mine from the dock, with the letter, and the remains of the powder, and the evidence to back it; and nothing to back yours but the love of a villain like me to account for your tremendous lie, and the old belief that there's nothing a woman won't do for her lover, to make them think *mine* the truth? There would not be a chance for you. There's not a man from Donegal to Cape Clear would believe your story, or doubt mine. So, if you want to hang me, as surely as if you put the rope round my neck with your own arms—"

"And what else have I done?" she moaned.

"Go and tell your story. At least, it would make a quick end. There's little trouble with a murderer who pleads 'Guilty,' and tells them all they want to know from the dock. It will have the same ending, anyhow, as I believe, but there are my *chances* in a trial. Great or small, there's always *some* chance, and God is above all. Who knows, He may have mercy upon me, if mercy it would be. Tell your story, and you destroy my chance; you are the minister of his justice to me. Anyhow, I have told you what *I* will do. Make up your mind—there's very little time, we shall be interrupted soon—what *you* will do."

"I will swear, and keep my oath."

She stood up, trembling, but her face was calmer, less death-like, and she touched a crucifix upon the table—"I swear to obey you in this; but, but, the chances, there are chances?"

"I have said, there *are* chances. I don't count upon them: don't you count upon them either. You have no more to do with this, or with me. You have only to go away, and to keep silence, in any case, and to—*to repent*."

His voice faltered, and his eyes dropped from her face. She laughed.

"That's all!" she said. "In *any case*, whether you are saved from the punishment of my act, or whether you suffer for it, I—I who did it, wicked as it was, devil as I am, for your sake, and because I could not live without you, I have only to go away, and keep silence, and repent. I *must* obey you, for you are stronger than I am, and you have beaten me by your threat, because I never thought of what *you* could do, only of what I could do myself; and now I know you would keep your word, so you have conquered me. *It's done with*. It's over; but I'll tell you, at least, what *was* in my miserable mind. It was, that when I had told the truth, when you knew that my wretched ignorance had never taken in the notion that the death she had to die could be a hard one, or the most distant dread that it could harm you;—an awful fool, Dominick, a miserable fool;—when I was going to give myself up to my righteous doom, and you were going to be cleared of suspicion, you would tell me that you forgave me, because it was all for your sake; that you would let me rest for one moment in your arms again; that you would say to me, 'I loved you once.'"

She made the slightest possible movement, as if to approach him, but he stepped back. She went on rapidly—"That can't be now—you have beaten me. You know better than I, and your ingenuity would make anything that I could do useless. The punishment must come to me in its worst shape. You told me once that you would die for me, Dominick, and I know. There's that one gleam in all this black, dreadful night!"

She drew a little nearer; a wild light came into her eyes, her white cheeks were streaked with crimson. Her hands fluttered like leaves, and her gown stirred with the trembling of her knees.

"I will repent, I will repent, if the chances are for you; and, and, if you will give *me* a chance then, Dominick, my darling, my lover—I love you—how shall it be, since you have beaten me, and I cannot die for you, if the chances are for you?"

She clasped her hands, and stretched them towards him. A terrible yearning, half madness, half memory, all anguish, was in her beautiful dreadful face. He recoiled still farther, and answered her thus:—

"Woman, if the chances were for me, I would rather be hanged twice over than see your face again."

She uttered a sharp cry, like that of an animal caught in a trap. The next instant the step of the gaoler sounded on the flags outside. She drew her shawl around her, she lowered her veil, and she said, between her shut teeth, as the key turned in the lock—

"I shall never repent. You never loved me, and the past is a lie."

The prison official had brought Daly's dinner.

"I am ready to go now," said Katharine Farrell, with perfect composure. "Perhaps you will kindly take me to the gate."

She passed through the door without another word, and stood in the passage until the man joined her.

(To be continued.)

CURRENT LITERATURE.

YOUNG MUSGROVE. A novel. By Mrs. Oliphant. New York: Harper & Brothers. Publishers, Franklin Square.

This pleasant tale of Mrs. Oliphant's steals quietly along, bearing the reader with it in easy and willing beguilement. The fortunes of the children, Lillias and Nello, interest, while incidents do not too painfully excite us. Most of the characters are natural; and even the unlikely letters of an educated woman often possess. They are refined and graceful, often humorous beauties which sometimes characterizes a woman's work. Too much time is taken up in (with the exception of the old Squire) are weak and indistinct. Young Musgrove himself, the story would have been just as interesting without him. Of course the author of "Edward and Mrs. Oliphant doubtless writes for a public who are satisfied with the mental fare she certain, her books will be healthy, readable, and safe. We recommend Young Musgrove as a pleasant companion for those quiet hours passed at the sea-side or in the country in the summer, when light literature becomes the order of the day.