

from the great chimneys. Birtley had been restored apparently to its pristine cleanliness and quiet, but at what cost? She shuddered a little, thinking of all the tragedies hidden under the quiet pall of the night. Though some might be of more immediate poignancy, there could be none more heartrending than the one beneath the very roof which sheltered her. Pondering upon it, she tossed uneasily upon her luxurious bed, and finally after midnight fell into a heavy sleep, disturbed, however, by unwholesome dreams.

From these she was awakened by a confused sense of something happening; she seemed to hear surging through the windows the sound of angry voices, a murmur at first, then swelling like the billows of the sea into a menacing roar.