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Poetry.

The Water that's Past.

ONE OF LAWRENCE BARNETT'S SONGS IN 'THE MAN O' AIRS.'

Listen to the water-mill Through the live-long day, How the clanking of the wheels Wear the hours away!

Take the lesson to thyself, Loving heart and true; Golden years are fleeting by, Time will never let thee loose.

Work while yet the daylight shines, Man of strength and will; Never do the streamlet glide Unceasing by the mill.

Oh, the wasted hours of life, Oh, the wasted hours of life, Oh, the wasted hours of life, Oh, the wasted hours of life.

Love that we might once have saved, Love that we might once have saved, Love that we might once have saved, Love that we might once have saved.

Thoughts conceived, but never penned, Perished unheard, Take the proverb to thine heart, 'The mill will never grind With the water that has passed.'

Select Literature.

'With this Ring I Thee Wed.'

CHAPTER XXXVI. (Continued.)

Luffinot closed the door softly with a word, and, full of thought and sorrow, he went to seek Poppy.

'I can't say my hand?' she said in a low, passionless voice. 'I did not think you would.'

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also were her Gainsborough hat and feather. Nothing relieved the sombre hue of her dress but the white roses also were on her breast and carried in her hand.

'You have volunteered to give evidence in this inquiry, I believe?' 'I waited, by my mother's wish, for the return of my step-father, the Marquis of Ramsden.'

'These words caused a little rustle of movement in the crowd. The name of a marquis carries weight even if he was once only a poor Captain Lammager. Eyes beamed favorably now upon Poppy, and many a whisper passed that she was right to delay until she had proper protection.'

'And you desire now to inform us where your brother was on the night of the twenty-ninth, when Mr. Richard Lancross met with his death?' 'I do. I was with my brother all that night. I drove to Tavistock with him. We did not return till four in the morning.'

'The sensation created by these words was so great that for a moment no further question could be asked.' 'Was Lady Ramsden aware of this fact?' 'No; it was a sudden freak of mine, after I joined my brother on leaving Mr. Worthington. He told me he was going to Tavistock, and I instantly said, 'I will go with you.'

'And you were not afraid that Lady Ramsden would be alarmed?' 'No; I knew, on the contrary, that she would retire to rest, making sure that my mother would be safely in bed. She was not in the habit of sitting up for me. For the last week or two I had stayed rather late at the Worthingtons.'

'Quite true,' murmured the major. His voice was distinctly audible. It gained him an impatient 'Hush!' but it had fallen upon his face while she was thus striving to save her brother.

'Hidden among the crowd, one man saw her eyes, her lips trembled, her pale cheeks flushed a momentary crimson, which when it died away left her a face of ice.'

'The questioner paused, the Major bit his lip, the Marquis rose quickly and handed her a glass of water. She drank very little, her lips trembled, and she called as swiftly as she had been agitated.'

'Hidden among the crowd, one man saw her eyes, her lips trembled, her pale cheeks flushed a momentary crimson, which when it died away left her a face of ice.'

'Have you any reason to believe, from your own knowledge, that your brother's mother was in any way connected with the murder of her son?' 'I have turned my hand to the right, and I have turned my hand to the right, and I have turned my hand to the right, and I have turned my hand to the right.'

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'What can she be going to say?' asked a woman close by Luffinot's ear. He turned on her a savage look; his eyes were blazing with an expression that made her move away in terror.

'If he were not dead,' muttered the young man between his teeth, 'if he were not shot like a dog, I would do it myself. Ah, what is she going to say? Why does not Lord Ramsden stop her?' 'You have sworn to speak the truth, said the dry legal voice again; 'therefore you must answer the questions put to you.'

'Then I have to confess,' said Poppy, 'that I lent my brother's pistols about three weeks ago to Mr. Richard Lancross. There was a sudden excited movement in the crowd; every eye was bent on the pale, slender girl whose unexpected words had thrilled through every nerve. There was silence for a time—a breathless time—that was felt, not measured.'

'And you have withheld this important fact for three days? said the astonished coroner, his voice breaking into the stillness with a sort of shock to the nerves.' 'My mother and I stood alone until Lord Ramsden's return,' replied Poppy steadily. 'And I did not know the change was so grave till yesterday. I resolved then to speak.'

'Lord Ramsden rose here and made a remark in a quiet but distant tone. 'I beg to state that Lady Ramsden and my step-father telegraphed for me the moment they became aware that there was a charge made against Captain Thurstone.'

'We understood, my lord, that such was the fact. Doubtless Miss Saterleigh has come forward as early as possible. On receiving this reply Lord Ramsden sat down again. He had thrown a shield over Poppy which guarded her from many a lance and he felt he had done well to speak. The examination went on.

'You say you lent these pistols to Mr. Lancross three weeks ago?' 'Yes, or a little longer.'

'And your brother was not aware of it?' 'No. I can assure that your brother never quitted you until after you returned to your mother's house on the morning of the thirtieth.'

'I confessed that I had lent his pistols and I told him that one of them hung fire, and that I hoped no mischief would happen through it. A certain whiteness crept over Poppy's face, even to the lips, in saying this, but the voice did not falter.'

'What induced you to make that remark? Had you any reason to suppose the pistol dangerous?' 'Yes; it had hung fire once or twice, and, seeing this, I gave it to Mr. Lancross to get it repaired. I gave him both pistols in order that, if a new lock were required, the gunsmith might make it exactly like the other.'

'How did you know the pistol hung fire?' 'I had been practising at a mark; she shot slowly.'

'Something like a sob rose in Luffinot's throat, as he himself expressed it, and he pressed forward through the throng. At all risks he would let Poppy see him now, and read a speechless warning on his face. She caught his look and smiled at it. So she was resolved to ruin herself for her brother's sake! Luffinot could bear no more. He rushed away from the crowded court into the free air. Rightly or wrongly, he never loved his willful sinful girl as he loved her now.'

'You practised at a mark. And for what purpose?' 'For amusement only. My brother and I often shot together.'

'Did he miss his pistols?' 'No; he was too much engaged of late to care for them.'

'He had ill feelings towards Mr. Lancross; the knowledge that you had lent him his pistols would have increased these.'

'Poppy did not answer this. 'All social intercourse had ceased between your family and Mr. Lancross, I believe, since the quarrel?' 'Yes.'

'How often have you seen Mr. Lancross since then?' 'Almost daily,' said Poppy in an unfeeling voice. 'I met him at public places, and bowed to him if I was with my friends, and if I was alone I spoke.'

'And was it before or after the quarrel you lent him the pistols?' 'Afterwards.'

'It must have been afterwards—very soon afterwards.' 'And Mr. Lancross was still visiting you?' 'No; but there was no quarrel between him and me.'

'That is not my meaning. How could you give him your brother's pistols if he was with your friends, and if I was alone I spoke.'

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changed the whole aspect of the case, and should corroborative testimony be forthcoming, it would certainly clear Thurstone from all suspicion. There was the cruel test thought of cross-examination to come first, and in all likelihood the extraordinary statements made by this bold and daring girl would entirely break down beneath it.

'Was your brother ignorant of the fact that Mr. Lancross was still seeking opportunities to pay you attention?' 'He was quite ignorant of it.'

'And was this your reason for concealing from him that you had handed his pistols to Mr. Lancross to get repaired?' 'That was my reason. I did not wish to let him know that I was on friendly terms with the man with whom he had quarrelled.'

'And you consider your brother to blame in that quarrel?' 'Partly. And so, from an obstinate sense of justice, I would not drop Mr. Lancross's acquaintance.'

'Lord Ramsden at this juncture placed a line written in pencil in the hand of the friendly gentleman questioning Poppy. He nodded, and immediately said to her—'But the daily interchange of civility between you and Mr. Lancross was slight, I believe?'

'It was necessarily very slight,' returned Poppy. 'And if he spoke to you in his rides on seeing you alone in your mother's grounds, the conversation lasted only a very few minutes?'

'Yes. Sometimes it amounted to a mere "Good morning." This was sufficient. I Every one understood the drift of these questions, and most of the men considered Lord Ramsden had done right to make Poppy vindicate herself from the imputations that would certainly be cast on her by a wicked world. The next question was more momentous as affecting Thurstone's fate.

'Did you stop anywhere—at Tavistock or near it?' 'Yes; we stopped at a little wayside inn, where the horse had some water from a trough standing beneath a tree, and a man opened a window, and looked out and spoke to us.'

'What did he say?' 'He said, "You are late travellers; my brother answered, "No, we are early ones." 'Did you see or speak to any one else on the road?' 'Not to notice them, as far as I remember.'

'How did you enter the house on returning at four in the morning?' 'Yes; it had hung fire once or twice, and, seeing this, I gave it to Mr. Lancross to get it repaired. I gave him both pistols in order that, if a new lock were required, the gunsmith might make it exactly like the other.'

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