

thou canst not flee. Point not to the hiding-place I have left. If, as I suspect, they bring a warrant of search, thy father's life may be in jeopardy."

"Where,—oh, where?" said Constance, forgetful of all consequences, in anxiety for her father's and that of the illustrious stranger.

"In thy chamber, lady."

She drew back in dismay.

"Nay," continued he, guessing at the cause of her alarm, "they will not care to scrutinize there with much exactness; and, by the faith of my fathers, I will not wrong thee!"

There was a frankness, an open and undisguised freedom of manner in this address, which assured her. Confidence returned, and she committed herself promptly to the issue. She felt her soul expand with the desire of contributing to his ultimate escape. All the ardor of her nature was concentrated in this generous and self-devoted feeling. Too innocent for suspicion, she seemed to rise above its influence.

Silently, and with due caution, she led the unfortunate earl to her own chamber, where, in a recess, opening through the bed's head into the arras, he seemed secure from discovery.

Scarcely was this arrangement completed ere a thundering knock announced the visitor. It was an officer of justice, attended by some half dozen followers, who watched every avenue to the house whilst his message was delivered within.

This official delivered into the hands of Holt a warrant for the apprehension of O'Neale, Earl of Tyrone, a traitor, then suspected of being harbored in the mansion of Grislehurst, and whom the occupier was commanded on pain of being treated as an accomplice, to deliver into the hands of justice, for the due administering of those pains and penalties attached to his crime.

The loyal owner, fired with indignation at this foul charge, treated the accusation with contempt.

"However loth," said the messenger, "I must execute mine office; and, seeing this first mission hath failed in its purpose, I have here a warrant of search. Our commands are imperative."

"I tell thee I have no plotters lurk-

ing here. Search, and welcome; but if thou findest ought in this house that smells of treason, the queen may blot out my escutcheon. I'll dismount the p<sup>h</sup>eon. The arrow-head shall return to its quiver. 'Twas honestly won, and, by our lady's grace, it shall be honestly worn!"

"We must obey," said the officer: "it shall be done with all courtesy and dispatch."

Holt bit his lips with rage and vexation. From the suspicion of harboring and aiding the traitor Tyrone, his known loyalty and good faith should have protected him. He hoped, however, to throw back on the author of this foul slander the disgrace attached to it. Smothering his wrath, and brooding over its gratification, he accompanied the messenger, who, placing an additional guard at the main entrance, proceeded with a wary eye to the search. He carefully scrutinized the shape of the rooms, striking the walls and wainscots, measuring the capacity of the chambers, that no space might be left unaccounted for, either in one way or another. The concealed apartment in the chimney-range did not escape his examination. Closets, cupboards, folding-doors, even the family pictures, were turned aside, lest some stratagem should lurk behind.

Holt, with a look of malicious satisfaction, beheld every fresh disappointment, which he followed with undisguised expressions of ill-will.

"Now for the women's apartments," said the officer.

"I have but one daughter; do'st fancy treason may be stitched in her petticoats? Thinkst thou she would hide this invisible gallant in her bed-chamber? 'Sdeath, that it should ha' come to this! But I'll have my revenge."

"I would fain spare thee from this contumely; but——"

"But what?"

"I must search the house through; and though I doubt not now that our information is false, yet I may not disobey the mandate I have received."

"Is this thy courtesy?"

"My courtesy must yet consist with the true and honest discharge of mine office; I wait not further parley."