



VOLUME III. GEO. E. DESBARATS, PLACE D'ARMES HILL. MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1872. TERMS, \$2.00 PER ANNUM. No. 40

OCEAN BEACH ON A STORMY EVENING.

BY MRS. LEPROHON.

Had was the scene and lonely Down by that wave-washed shore,

No golden gleams of sunset, No cloud of rosy hue,

Long line of foam, white, seething, Checkered the wide expanse,

Hark! 'bove the roar of waters, List to that sullen boom!

Blasket come down the shadows, Forcer roll in the waves,

[REGISTERED in accordance with the Copyright Act of 1888.]

THE DEAD WITNESS; OR, LILLIAN'S PERIL.

BY MRS. LEPROHON.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE CLOSE OF AN EVIL WOMAN'S CAREER.

We must now return to Margaret and Colonel Atherton whom we left with the insensible Lillian,

How mournful was the change wrought in that fair young face.

And on her side how fervently the pious gentle Margaret prayed for the prolongation of that life so precious to her lonely heart.

Now, Miss Truaine, our young friend must be put into a darkened room and kept perfectly quiet,"

As they reached the upper landing the girl with a perplexed look said:



A FINNISH ACT FOILED.

"I must get the keys of the linen closet from Mrs. Stukely."

"And you fear to ask for them, sister Margaret, is not that the case?"

"Then I will act as your deputy and call on this formidable housekeeper to deliver them up.

But something of the sort seemed necessary, for two or three rappings, augmenting in noise as Colonel Atherton's patience diminished,

"Perhaps she has left the house," he suddenly surmised.

Mrs. Stukely was seated in her arm chair which was drawn up to the table, and her head drooped forward slightly as if in slumber,

"Come away Margaret," he kindly said, drawing the almost fainting girl from the room.

The thought of that beloved one restored Margaret at once to something like self-possession,

Atherton's return, he whispered Margaret that he was about returning home to bring back his mother, a couple of confidential servants,

A sudden, rufishly looking man was pointed out to the Colonel at the instant as the husband of the deceased; but Stukely attributing his wife's rash act entirely to the effects of his own brutality during the interview that had taken place between them in the morning kept his own counsel and volunteered no information.

Colonel Atherton hid his hand on cheek and brow. They were rigid, and cold with the icy chillness of the tomb.

"Thank to my own rough and ready wit, I've had a fair share of the world any how," he muttered, as he descended the steps of the Prince's Feather for the last time.

CHAPTER XXII. CONCLUSION.

One lovely summer evening Lillian found herself seated on a sofa in Mrs. Atherton's room, in that lady's particular arm-chair,

"Doctor Ewing has given me leave, dear friends, at last to speak—to relate to you my story."

"Not to-day, Lillian, do not tell your story to-day," hastily interposed Margaret.

though no exclamations of terror or wonder broke in on her recital, such an interrupt, so often, the speaker in narratives of far less harrowing moment,

How the girl's tortured heart inwardly writhed under the sufferings of that terrible confession, under the anguish and humiliation of laying bare to that proud, sensitive mother and son the appalling guilt of a father, the ignominy of which could not but be reflected, to a certain extent, on his children.

"Be for you to tell me now by what providential coincidence you came to discover me in so strange and secret a hiding place?"

"Willst the eldest sister briefly comply, Col. Atherton whispered a word in his mother's ear, and his eyes sought hers with the entreating look that they had never worn since the days of his youth,

"When I asked you, a short time since, to be my wife, dear Lillian, you declined giving me an answer till I had heard the tale you have just related.

"And I will be to you a fond, loving mother," whispered Mrs. Atherton, as she approached the young girl and drew her hand on her head.

A blush, bright as the smile that accompanied it, lit over the girl's face, resting on her, for the moment, her old-time beauty,

"There, my son, is not that answer sufficient? At least, I will allow of no other to-day. I am fully invested with a mother's privileges and intend to use them."

Quietly Margaret and Colonel Atherton withdrew, and under the shelter of the stately trees bordering the terrace, they spoke long and earnestly on subjects that were now of common interest to them both.

Margaret would remain with Mrs. Atherton, and that mutual companionship would console them for the absence of the two other beloved members of their family circle.

Just as Margaret and Colonel Atherton had planned, all things came to pass. With his brotherly assistance the girl went through the examination of her father's papers and effects,

As previously arranged, Lillian and Neville were to meet in the chambers above suddenly presented itself to her mind, blanching her cheek with terror.