ated at the outset. It grows by dogrees, and one udapts oneself to it as the occasion requires. I never should have thought of it had you not put never should have thought of it had you not put the chance in my way by insisting upon having your cousin sought and found. To be muster of Brookdale has been my life-long dream. You will admit that I am better litted for the position than you. I am a villain as you say, but you must blame destiny, and not me. Dostiny gave you a splendid inheritance, and you would have been just as happy without it. Dostiny made me a poor relation, and I have the soul of a Sardanapalus. You would have bewed to destiny; I bend destiny to the shape I require."

"And burden your soul with crime!"

"The burden is a light one, I assure. What was there in that wrotched betting-man to give me a single thought of remorse? He was a worthess, useless member of society; be ined to homelies, no friend. He loved to cat well, delnis, life

no friend. He loved to cut well, drink, idle his time at gambling, and proy upon his fellow oreatures. I did society a service when I sent him over the cliff into eternity. He died with a the in his throat, for had he not said that he had seen you I should have had no purpose in silencing him."

"That sin will find you out, Everard Grantley. The Creator, who saw all, will not permit the murder of that poor man to go unpunished." "My dear Eugene, you talk like a schoolboy. Men, and women too, are drowned and polsoned. outraged and beaten to death, in dark places and in daylight, and the perpetrators are never discovered. In the last twenty years there have been as many undiscovered murders, and those who did them are, it not dead, still at large, Under certain conditions, properly arranged, putting an objectionable person out of the way is safer and easier than picking a pocket."

Strange as the situation was, Eagene could not help wondering how he had lived so long with this man, and never suspected the awful depths of sin lurking under the quiet polish of

character.

Your promise is all I require," Grantley went on. "Give me that, and I open the door for you. I know that the ultra chivalry of your no you. I saw this desired earth of your nature would make your promise sacred even to me. You know my purpose, I cannot give t up. Except that our positions will be reversed, the circumstances will remain precisely the

Julia's brother looked at him in silence, mea suring his change of escape by a struggle, and he gave it up. It was not for heck of courage; he would have began the light as fearlessly as David went to meet Gollah; but slinging a stone

payer went to meet contait; our singing a some into a giant's brain from a distance is easier work than lighting a man of superior strength and equal courage hand to hand."

"You will not keep me long." he said again, "I shall be folsed before to-morrow, and fauronce Danyton will track me out. Living or dead, he would find me, I am sure."

Grantley left him. It was usaless to offernate

dead, he would find me, I am sure."

Grantley left him. It was useless to attempt to break that high and leaughty spirit at the outset, so Grantley left him to pender his hopeless chance. He knew something of discipline. He had seen hardened criminals, who had no fear of the lash, and laughed at the hardest of hard labour, subdued in a week by the softery system.

"I do not want to break his heart, or drive him mad, or kill him," Grantley said to himself, as he went out; "but he must accept my terms. I would rather have lost my right hand than be compelled to see him saffer as he will suffer before be gives way. All would have been well had he not opened the cabinet."

The same scene was emuted day after day, with the same result. Eugene's sole reply was that they would not be able to keep him there long, for Laurence Drayton was sure to track him out; and now, as Grantley stood before his captive, be thought how likely Eugene's faith was to be realized. "I have come for the last time Eugene," he

said, breaking the silence. "There have been some scrious complications during the last few days, and your friend Drayton, though he is no nonzer to discovering you then he was a week ago, is giving me considerable trouble. He is coming here on Tuesday with Julia, and you must not be here."
"Will you tell me what you mean?"

"Briefly, and with much regret, you must ac-cept my terms, and leave England for two years at least; and you must promise, as I have said before, never to divulge the secret of that drawer—neverto interfere with what transpires

"I shall never make that promise while I

live," said Eugene.

"You have not thought of the alternative?" "There is no alternative for me."

"There is nonternative for me."
"There is. You must accept my terms, Eugene, or I shall have to kill you. I have an affection for you that is almost love, and I have bitterly regretted that you made a discovery which rendered this step necessary. I would not in-jure you unless matters were driven to such a crisis that it comes to a choice between us. That crisis has come now. One must be sacrificed. unless you take my terms, and it is not in my code of ethics to let that one be myself. You must do what I require." " Never !"

"Then there is nothing but the alternative. It is a terrible one, I admit; but you drive me to it. The contest is so unequal, Eugene, that if I had the time I should be certain of your compliance. I must have your final answer to night, and I hope it will be the one I want. 1 hope you will not force me to dig your grave in the solid limestone of the foundation over which

(To be continued.)

The Carat.—Possibly, many people have speculated upon the precise meaning of the word "carat." It is an imaginary weight, that expresses the ineness of gold, or the proportions of pure gold in a mass of metal; thus, an ounce of gold of twenty-two carats fine is gold of which twenty-two parts out of twenty-four are pure, the other two parts being silver, copper or other metal; the weight of four grains, used by jewellers in weighing precious stones or pearls, is sometimes called dummend weight—the carat consisting of four nominal grains, a little lighter than four grains tray, or seventy-four and one-sixteenth carat grains being equal to seventy-two grains troy. The term of weighing carat derives its name from a beau, the fruit of an Abyssinian tree, called knara. This bean from the time of its being gathered varies very little in its weight, and seems to have been, from a very remote period, used as a weight for gold in Africa. In India also, the bean is used as a weight for gens and pearls.

Cumonities or var. Earth.—At the city of Modona, in Italy, and about four miles around it, wherever the earth is due, when the workmen arrive at a discussion of sixty-three feet, they come to a bed of chalk, which they bore with an augur live feet deep. They then withdraw from the pit before the augur is removed, and upon its extraction the water bursts intrough the aperture with great violence, and quickly alls this newly-made well, which continues full, and is offected neither by rains or droughts. But what is most remarkable in this operation are the layous of earth us we descend. At the depth of four-teen feet are found the ruins of an ancient city, paved streets, houses, floors, and different pieces of mossic work. Unfor this is found a soft, coay ourth, made up of vegetables, and twonty-six feet deep, large trees entire, such as walnut trees, with the walnuts still sticking to the stem, and the leaves and brunches in a perfect state of proservation. At twenty-eight feet deep, a soft chalk is found, mixed with a large quantity of shells, and this bed is cloven feet thick. Under this vegetables are again found COMPARTIES OF THE EARTH.—At the city of Modons.

THE HOUSE WHERE WE WEBE WED.

BY WILL M. CARLTON.

I've been to the old farm house, good wife,
Where you and I were wed;
Where the leve was born to cur iwe hearts,
That now is cold and dead,
Where a long-kept secret to you I told,
In the beaus of the yellow moon,
And we farged our yows out of love's own gold,
To be broken so soon, was soon, wife!
To be broken so soon, yo seen.

I paysed through all the old rooms, good wife ! I handered on and on:

I fallowed the steps of a flitting ghost—
The ghost of a love that is gone.
He led me out on a vine-wreathed porch.
Where with myrtles I twined your hair;
He sat me down on the old stone step.
And he left me musing there, wife,
He left me musing there.

The sun went down as it used to de,
And sunk in the sea of night:
The two bright stars that we called ours
Came slowly into my sight;
But the one that was mine went under a cloud,
Went under a cloud, alone.
And a tear that I wouldn't have shed for the world
Fell down ou the old gray stone, wife,
Foll down on the old gray stone.

But there be words can ne'er be unsaid,
And deeds can ne'er be undene,
Except, perhaps, in another world,
When our life's once more begun:
And may be some time in the time to come,
When the days and years are sped,
We'll love again, as we used to love,
In the house where we were wed. wife,
In the house where we were wed.

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IN AFTER-YEARS:

FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER ROSS.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The forenoon of the Duchess of Theirsould's party Margaret Cominghame entered her sister's dressing-room, looking flushed and measy, a thing very unusual with her. Throw-ing her hat on the soft, on which she had sented herself, she said :

"Agnes, send Matilda away; I want to speak to you alone."

The order was given and the maid retired.
"What is the matter, Margaret?" said her sister; you look as if some sudden misfortune

had happened to you."
"I cannot say that there ought to be anything the matter with me, and I am sure no-thing evil has happened, yet I cannot help feeling very uneasy by something Lady finmit-ton said, or rather asked of me, while we went

out driving this morning."

"What could she say? what did she ask?"

"You are aware she came to ask me to drive very unexpectedly?"

"Yes, I know, Matilda told me after you were gone. I was in the green-house with Arthur while she was here, and did not know of her Ladyship's visit, or I would have come into the house. into the house. I am always sorry when I miss seeing her."

" It is perhaps as well you did not. I have never seen Lady Hamilton look unhappy be-fore, which she certainly did this morning. Ernest De Vere is going to India at once, and perhaps she feels parting from him; but the way in which she looked, and even spoke, seemed to me as if it were something connect-

ed with myself, or perhaps both you and I, which made her feel and look so sad."

"What did she say, Margaret? Do not keep me in suspense; you almost frighten

"I shall tell you as quickly as I can, but it

conceal; no one living except ourselves or Sir Richard could disclose that: it is impos-

"I shall try to tell you all. We were scarce ly scated when she led the conversation to Haddon Castle, asked me if I would like to go back there again, and such questions as she knew how I would answer—everything she said so unlike herself."

" Perhaps she was under the influence of the second sight; you recollect Lady Morton telling us about that."

"I do, but this was no second sight; she was evidently very anxions to know what I knew, and to find out what impression her words made on me, and there was no doubt the feelings she laboured under while speaking to me were very painful to herself. It is that more than her words which tells me so plainly she knows about that terrible man's plainly she knows about that terrible man's captivity. Oh! if I were only permitted to tell her all I knew, how glad I would be. I felt, spoke and looked like a guilty thing as she questioned me, and she believes me such."

"Try and tell me what passed without saying what you yourself think of it."

"She.asked me if over I was in the eastern tower white the old permour was bout. I talk!

tower, where the old armour was kept; I told her I was, and she said, 'Do you know if there is an apartment over the armoury, and unde the roof of the tower?' 'Yes,' I answered there is.' 'Were you ever there?' was the next question. I replied, 'Yes.' 'Was Mrs. Lindsay?' 'Yes,' I said, 'she was.' 'How strange that is,' replied her Ladyship, 'as when snoke to Adam on the subject he told me that from the time Sir Robert, your father, came into possession until he left the house after Sir ltichard's return home, the whole of the castern tower was kept shut, because it was deemed unsafe, and that he, Adam, had never outered the amoury even once after Sir Richard went

"I flid not auswer. I knew we always tower or the from cage. 1---"

thought the same until the day dear papa thought the same until the day dear papa died, but of course I did not say so. 'I have been told,' her Ladyship resumed, 'that in the top of the eastern tower there is an iron cage, which in the dark ages (Haddon Castle is such an old place, and people were so cruel then) they used to keep human beings fastened up like wild beasts. I trust these were wild tales which never actually took place, and were only invented to make irrorsart people. The invented to make ignorant people ake and shiver with horror when the fleree month wind blew round the old Castle on winter nights. I to be daresay it is to such that the old saying of the ages.' country people owes its origin:

Haddon for over, and Haddon for aye, May the wind blaw cauld about Haddon for aye.'

" I did not answer. I tried to look unconcerned, but I had no power to look ether than a guilty creature, trying to hide what I saw but too plainly was well known.

"Lady Hamilton sat looking in my face; I knew she did, but I dared not look up into her eyes. I never felt so before; oh! I hope I shall never feel so again. Those few minutes seemed to me like a long, dark day. At last she said, 'Margaret, will you tell me truly if you and Agnes ever saw the inside of that tower chamber, ever saw the iron cage I spoke fint now?"

of just now?'
"I thought of the love and confidence our "I thought of the love and connaence our dear father reposed in us, and a greater courage than ever I felt in my life came to help me, as I inwardly prayed, 'Almighty Father, if ever the dead come back to earth, let my dear father hear and see me now. My fear left me; I was as composed as if I was telling Adam to bring me a branch from yonder tree. I looked bring me a branch from yonder tree. I looked up in hor face, into her eyes, and said, 'Yes, we have both been in the tower chamber and seen the iron cage you spoke of.'

"I shall never forget the look of sharp pain which passed over her face while I said these

"We wore both silent, but I think God

"We wore both silent, but I think God heard my prayer, and my eye did not quail beneath her sad scarching gaze, nor did my cheek burn, nor my heart beat quick.

"We were at the gate of the villa here, the carriage passed in; still she spoke not. We were close to the steps leading to the verandah, the footman came to open the door of the carriage, Lady Klamilton signed to him to leave it shut, and he went forward and spoke to the it shut, and he went forward and spoke to the coachman. A blackbird flew from a low branch of the fir-tree in front of the verandah, and, perching on the topmost bough, sang loud and clearly. I shall ever remember these little

she said : "" Margaret, will you tell me why Agnes and

you went to that chamber?"
"I answered as fearlessly as I ever answer-

ed my father: 'No, Lady Hamilton, I will not tell that to you nor to any living being.'

"She signed to the footman; he came and opened the door for me to get out."

"'Farewell, Margaret, said she, without taking my hand; 'I go to Scotland to-morrow. It is not likely we shall ever meet again on this green, beautiful earth, which we ourselves make so polluted. May Israel's God give us grace, meet before His throne.

"I would have spoken but I could not. After the carriage began to move I looked in her face. Its expression was one of deep misery, as if she had bidden good-bye for ever to a darling child who went to meet a felon's

"I wish we could tell Lady Hamilton that "I wish we could tell Lady Hamilton that strange story. That it will be a cross and a thorn in our path through life, making us to walk with bowed heads and bleeding feet in ways that for others are moss-grown and strewn with roses, I am as sure as that I believe in the blessed Trinity. Lady Hamilton's good opinion is to me almost as dear as that of my bashund" hasband."

"But we cannot tell Lady Hamilton, Agnes, "I shall tell you as quickly as I can, but it seems such a long story; I can scarcely realize that all could have passed during a two hours drive."

"Margaret, what did she say? Was it anything about Arthur? Tell me at once"

"No, nothing about Arthur; it was all concerning Haddon Castle and Sir Richard. I am almost sure she knows about his having been in that terrible place so long."

"But we cannot tell Lady Hamilton, Agnes, or any one cles; I wish we could. The very fact that we are obliged to conceal it seems to make it half a crime; yet that there was a dropping stars, the music a joyful paeon, the dropping stars, the music a joyful paeon, the Mowers and statuary by which she was surrounded Fairy Land. In all that gay, courtly threng there was not a happier heart than Margaret heard a sigh of relief; her sister's cheek, which had become ashen white, resumble place which lad become ashen white, resumble place where the lights above her head like dropping stars, the music a joyful paeon, the dropping stars, the music a joyful paeon, the make it half a crime; yet that there was a flowers and statuary by which she was surrounded Fairy Land. In all that gay, courtly threng there was not a happier heart than Margaret heard a sigh of relief; her sister's science of desolation and misery, and as he not done so? It is as silent as the grave. His her companion.

"I should like to see it so much. Ferns cheek, which had become ashen white, resumble place was not a happier heart than Margaret heard a sigh of relief; her sister's science. But for Adam he would have killed us if ever he got in London. Shall I bring you to see it?" said her companion.

"I should like to see it so much. Ferns cheek, which had become ashen white, resumble place as love, the lights above the lights above ther was and statuary by which she was surrounded Fairy Land. In all that gay, courtly threng there was not a happier heart than Margaret heard a sigh of relief and sigh of the great Duke in the lights above there was not a heropping stars, Margaret heart a significance of the content of the Papa had to bear his ill-usage, and was cognizant of his evil deeds all his life. Oh, Agnes! however it may appear to others, we know papa was in the right,

"Yes, indeed," replied Agnes, " and not only we, but every one who knew our dear father loved and esteemed him, while no one speaks well of Sir Richard. Those who will not defile their lips or tongues with evil-speaking are silent when he is spoken of, while others, less scrupulous, denounce him unsparingly."

"However our knowledge of Sir Richard's captivity may affect us, of one thing there can be no doubt, papa did what was right and best, and had he lived everything would have been different. He most likely possessed a knowledge of Sir klichard's mania for killing people, and by this means could have confined him in and by this means count have connect him in some less terrible way, even after he escaped; and whatever suffering it may bring on us, I have always been thankful to our Almighty Futher, who know our weakness, and therefore, just at the time it would have fallen to us to care for him, ordered it so that he escaped. You have always, Agues, had a stronger mind and frame than I have, and perhaps you could have kept the promise you made for us both; but to me it would have been death in life to know that any creature was shut out from fresh air and motion in a piace like that, never to walk on the green grass, never to see the trees blossom nor hear the birds sing—oh! I could blossom nor hear the birds sing—on. A country not have borne it; every sweet sound, every pleasant sight would have stung my heart bifferest self-reproach. Whatever with the bitterest self-reproach. Whatever my fate may be, my heart will always find cause to rejoice that I was saved the misery of helping to keep that bud man in his prison

"You are right, Margaret; it would have been a misery by night and day, and one, if it had ended in a week, we could never have forgotten all our life long. Oh! I do so wish we had never seen the room in the eastern

She stopped short: her husband's hands were on her eyes. He had entered through a door connecting her dressing-room with the bedroom. The sofa the sisters sat on was placed so that their backs were towards the door, and they knew not of his entrance until his hands were on his wife's eyes.

"What tower and what Iron care were you wishing you had never seen 7" said Colonel Lindsay, as he half-seated himself on the arm of the sofu; "I thought such things were only to be found in the romances of the middle

He was looking down upon his wife and her sister as they sat beside each other. To his surprise the faces of both expressed great con-

Margaret rose immediately, looking as white and cold as a marble statue, while Agnes' neck and face, even her forehead, were red as a

CHAPTER XIX.

Fair Margarot, and rare Margaret, and Margaret

Gin ever ye love another man Ne'er love him as ye've done me. —Old Bullad. The party which met at the Duke of Their

sonald's mansion consisted of the elite of London—the Duke of Wellington, the Marquis and Marchioness of Dauro, the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, the Duke and Duchess of Athole, the Duke and Duchess of Gordon. the crême de la crême of the English aris

The house was a villa residence at Sydenham, a long, rambling; many-roomed cottage, originally in the Elizabethan style, which had been added to by nearly every Duke of Theirsonald as he succeeded his father for generations back. The addition made by the present Duke was a suite of music and drawing-rooms on the one side leading but conservatories. on the one side, leading into conservatories and termees covering mearly an acre of ground, laid out in broad and smooth walks, so that they formed a delightful retreat from the crowded, heated rooms; and, on the opposite side into a picture gallery, which was esteemed one of the best private collections in London don.

Amid these crowded rooms, filled with the Amid these crowded rooms, filled with the high birth, wealth, and beauty of the land, Margaret Cuninghame shone a star, a pearl, surpassing all compeers. Her white silk dress, with its cloudy gauze covering, unrelieved save by the pearls twisted in her pale brown hair, her beautiful hair, that at times showed fair, at others gold, as the light fell directly down or nalust upon it and which had never things, even to my dying day.

"Lady Hamilton observed the bird, and stooped down her head to look at him. At last down or aslant upon it, and which had never known other form than the wave or curl which nature had bestowed; in that gay assembly she was almost a stranger, and amid the dresses of gold and silver lama, the rich velvet and satin that shone around, she was unmistakeably arrayed in the simplest apparel there, yet Duchess and Peer alike put the same question to each other:

"Who is that beautiful girl?-What grace in every step, -refinement speaking in every feature, in every gesture ; -- such a demure look of maiden modesty over all ;—so different from other girls :--no aid of dress, and yet such rare grace and loveliness."

The beautiful Duckess of Sutherland, she herself considered the most beautiful women in England, sought an introduction to Margaret. t. Her reuson : "Because she is so beautiful."

Where she was allowed by all to be the most

beautiful, perhaps she was the very happiest girl in those lordly rooms.

Notwithstanding the cloud which had troubled her in the morning, her heart beat high with hope, her face was radient with happiness. The morning with its shower of chill rain was forgotten. Ernest De Vere was by her side, the courtly boy so handsome in his gay seasiet uniform, which he wore by request of the great Duke; his sweet voice speaking of endless love, the lights above her head like

great dismay of Adam, when he brought us into the Forest at Haddon; he feared my arms would get torn by thorns, as they did some-times, and used to beg of me to copy Agnes, who always did as she was bid, and even occa sionally threatened never to bring me to the woods again; and I am ashumed to say I often promised to be still and staid, but nature was too strong; when I came to the deep ferns down my hands and arms would go again."

"Come, then, and I will allow you to bury your arms as deep in the ferns as you like, but I confess I would not like to see them scratched by thorns.

"There would be little fear of thorns in a

Fernery, and I am old and cautious now." "I will trust you with the ferns," said Captain De Vere, as Margaret, taking his arm, they walked along towards the conservatory; "and as I know they are not chary of their flowers here, I will get you a bouquet of white roses to match your dress.

They entered the conservatory. The time seemed to fly on angels' wings as, with drooping head, Margaret listened to the sweet words which every woman loves to hear, and hides in her bosom, and will never tell again.

The air of the conservatory was warm and

heavy with perfume, and they sought the cool ande of the Fernery.

"My head aches with the perfume of these

flowers. Can you get me some water?" "Do you feel ill?"

"Not in the least, but I seem to need fresh air and water." "You shall have both, the first in an instant

"100 such here under these tall ferns; I will slide back the glass above your head, and the outer air will come in softly through the broad She sat down, and the sweet air of the

autumn night came in, tempered through the beech leaves without and the tall ferns within; "This is delicious," said she, leaning back among the green leuves; "I think the Garden of Eden must have been like this." "Rest here then, like Eve in Paradise, until

I bring you some water. I shall be gone some | garet Cuninghame for your bride.

minutes, as I shall take it from a spring in the grounds. It used to be one of my play places when I was a boy. You know, I believe, that the Duke is my uncle."

Ho was gone in search of the water, and Margaret Cuninghame sat with closed eyes, leaning back in that bower of green beauty, thinking there was never youth as handsome as Ernest De Vere, never maiden so blessed in her love as Margaret Cuninghame.

A sound in the trees outside, as the wind stirred their light leaves with a twitter and the stirred their light leaves with a twitter and the rustle peculiar to the beech attracted her at-tention; a second more, she heard Lord Nairu's voice say in an undertone, but so close above her head, as she sat under the opening in the Fernery, that she could not avoid hearing dis-tinctly every word:

"Sir Robert Cuninghame was father to these girls and it was the consult the same are

girls, and it was he, you will observe, who con-lined his father during eighteen years in an iron cage in one of the towers in the man's own Castle.

Margaret felt her head reel, and her eyes become sightless. She grasped the stem of a tree fern; without that support she would have fallen to the ground.

"Most atrocious," replied a voice which she knew was Lord Cromatee's,

"A cage with bars as thick as a man's arm, six fact by six, the two girls——" a rustle of the beech leaves drowned the rest of the sentence.

"A dreadful fate for poor Lindsay," said Lord Cromatee.

"Shocking," replied Lord Nairn; "better he had married the peorest dairy-maid in the land than entail such disgrace upon nimself and his children. "Oh, horrible!--- another rustle of the

beech leaves.

"If Lindsay comes to know it, I should not at any time be surprised to hear that he had shot himself.' "It would be my resource were I in his

place." place."

"Mrs. Lindsay," — "beautiful woman," —

"young De Vere," — caught in the sister's toils," — came in sentences broken by the beech leaves, through her ear to her heart, as if to still it forever.

"Goes to India to-morrow,"-"Will soon forget her,"-" Utter ruin to the poor boy," -

forget her, """ I'tter ruin to the poor boy," "
"A history of crime." ""
"To Scotland in a day or two," "" Poor Lindsay, very sorry for him," "" Easy to avoid them," came in detached sonteness, stalking heast and brain, each one like a funesal knell. Hency flootstops passed slowly down by the side of the Fernery, the beech leaves rustled and twittered in the night breeze.

Mangaret Cumptomore in the last ten min-

Margaret Cuninghame in the last ten min-utes had passed through a life of woe; hence-

orth to her life was nothing, death all.

She was alone, trying to make her heart beat quietly, but it was impossible. She louged to weep or pray, but it could not be; her very brain seemed warped and wrung; her power of hearing had gone with that last scathing sentence :
 " Easy to avoid them."

Her eyes bad lost their vision; for anything she knew or felt, she might have been sitting on a barren rock, with the waves of the salt sea lapping her feet. Her eyes were wide open, staring; yet fern leaves, beach trees and flowers were gone from her sight. Sight and speech and hearing were dead; yet her mind was never more widely awake, more painfully conscious. All the long, arid, sandy desert of life she must henceforth tread alone was vividly before her,—the drosping aching head, the cross clasped in silence to her weary breast, the sharp flints and thorns piercing her bleeding feet,—all her red roses deal roses.

An arm was round her, a face laid to hers; she knew who it was—who clasped her and Her eyes bad lost their vision; for anything

she knew who it was—who clasped her and laid her head on his breast—she feels his touch and knew it so well, her heart beat in great wild throbs.
"Margaret, dear Margaret, try to speak."

"Margaret, dear Margaret, try to speak."
She hears that, and wonders why he shouts so loud. A great sigh heaves her breast, her eyes are open, she sees and hears him now.

"Margaret, dearest, you are better; try and drink this cool water."

She drank, a long cool draught; how strong "What a fool I was to leave you here alone! You are much better now. Were you fright-

Her breath came softly back, and the great

She tried to move, but her strength had not He remembered seeing a large ermine cape

lying on one of the garden clairs as he had passed through the conservatory. It was the work of a moment to bring it and wrap it round her. The fresh water, the warm fur brought back the blood to her heart. I am better now; take me to Agnes."

"You must rest yet awhile."
A few minutes passed. Her strength came I am strong and well now; we will go."

"Margaret, dearest, let me say one word to you. We may not be alone together for years. am under orders for India; we leave with the morning tide."

He paused; not for a reply; he did not ex-

pect one, he did not wish for such. She knew what he was going to say, and she had prayed that strength might be given to them both, to Ernest De Vere as to herself. " Margaret, will you be my wife when I come

back from India?" Her prayer was answered; grace and strength were both given, and her voice, low and clear, went out on the midnight air:

"Sit down by me, Ernest, I want to say something you must hear and understand, but which, for my sake, I hope you will not answer. No word could avail to after the flat made in Heaven.

"Were I to say I did not love you I would prove myself unworthy of the love you have given me. It is best we should both know the truth; it will help us in the time to come. It is impossible I should ever marry you, but I shall love you while I breathe, as long as I have any being. I can never marry any one; I did not know it was so until to-night, yet it is no less surely true."

"Margaret, Margaret, recall those wild words "

"I rnest; hear me once more. I lovo you dearly, I have never leved another, and I never shall, but it is as easy for you to pluck yonder bright star from the Henvens as to win Ma

