

## PLEASANT THINGS.

Revinu through secluded bowers,  
Through a cool delicious gloom,  
Dreaming there away the hours  
Of a scorching day in June.

Floating on the crystal water.  
Drifting idly with the tide,  
Listening to the silvery laughter  
Of another by your side.

Scenling flowers freshly taken  
From their haunts by wood and stream;  
Kissling children 'ere they waken  
From some light and happy dream.

Gazing on a sleeping ocean  
With the moon upon her breast,  
When the billows gentle motion  
Lulls the wearied soul to rest.

Pushing back the pretty tresses  
From a brow that's smooth and fair,  
Whilst your fond lip on it presses  
Something ever welcome there.

Sitting in the twilight hour,  
With the gentle girl you love,  
Whilst the darkening shadows lo wer,  
And low murmurs fill the grove.

F. B. DOVETON

Kingston, C. W., 1865.

## HALF A MILLION OF MONEY

WRITTEN BY THE AUTHOR OF "BARBARA'S HISTORY,"  
FOR "ALL THE YEAR ROUND," EDITED BY  
CHARLES DICKENS.

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"Indeed, sir. I do not," she answered. "I wish I did."

"If one could even find the cabman who drove them—"

The landlady clapped her hands together. "There, now!" she exclaimed. "Why, to be sure, they went in one of Davis's fays!"

Saxon bounded up the steps again.

"Yea dear, good soul!" he said. "Where shall I find this Davis? Where are his stables? Where does he live? Tell me quickly."

She told him quickly and clearly—the second turning to the left, and then up a lane. He could not miss it. Every one knew Davis's stables.

He scarcely waited to hear the last words. Full of hope and excitement, he dashed into his cab again, and was gone in a moment.

## CHAPTER LXXXVII. STILL IN PURSUIT.

Davis's stables were soon found; also Davis—Davis of the stable, stably; all waistcoat, all pockets, all wide-awake, with a wisp of spotted catbribe round his neck, a straw in his mouth, and his legs to speak of. This gentleman—not insensible to the attractions of her Majesty's profile in low relief on a neat pocket medallion—distinctly remembered supplying a fly on the morning in question. It was his large green fly, and he drove it himself. The gentleman desired him to drive to the Great Western Railway station. The lady was in deep mourning, and looked as if she had been crying. When they got to Paddington, the gentleman gave him half-a-crown over and above his fare. The luggage all belonged to the lady. A porter took it off the cab, and carried it into the station. Davis thought he should know the porter again, if he saw him. He was a tall, red-haired man, with only one eye. Did not hear it said to what station the lady and gentleman were going. Was quite willing, however, to go over to the Great Western terminus, and do what he could to identify the porter.

So Mr. Davis shuffled himself into a light overcoat, accepted a seat in Saxon's hansom, and was forthwith whirled away to Paddington. The one-eyed porter was found without difficulty. His name was Bell. He remembered the lady and gentleman quite well. The lady left her umbrella in the first-class waiting-room, and he found it there. He ran after the train as it was moving

away from the platform, but could not get up with the carriage soon enough to restore the umbrella. However, the gentleman came back to London that same evening, and inquired about it. Gave Bell a shilling for his trouble. The luggage was labelled for Clevedon. He was certain it was Clevedon, because he had labelled it with his own hands, and remembered having first of all labelled it Cleve, by mistake. Of all these facts he was positive. The incident of the umbrella had impressed them upon his memory; otherwise he did not suppose he should have retained a more distinct recollection of those two travellers than of the hundreds of others upon whom he attended daily. This testimony shaped Saxon's course. He dismissed Davis, recompensed Bell, and by two o'clock was speeding away towards the west.

It was the down express, and yet how slowly the train seemed to go! Leaning back in a corner of the carriage, he watched the flitting of the landscape and listened to the eager panting of the engine with an impatience that far outstripped the pace at which they were going. He counted the stations; he counted the minutes, the quarters, the half-hours, the hours. He had no eyes for the rich autumnal country. He saw not the "proud keep" of Windsor standing high above its antique woods; the silver-grey Thames, with its sentinel willows and wooded slopes; the fair city of Bath, seated amid her amphitheatre of hills; or Bristol, gloomy with smoke. All he thought of, all he desired to see, all he aimed at now, was Clevedon.

Shortly after half past five, he reached Bristol; at half-past six he had arrived at his destination. There were fays and omnibuses waiting about the little station. He took a close fly, being anxious to avoid recognition, and desired to be driven to the best hotel in the place. There was but one—a large white house with a garden, overlooking the Bristol Channel. The day was waning and the tide was high on the beach, as Saxon stood for a moment among the flowering shrubs, looking over to the shadowy Welsh hills far away. The landlord, waiting at the door of the hotel to receive him, thought that his newly arrived guest was admiring the setting sun, the placid sea with its path of fire, the little cove under the cliffs, and the steamers in the offing; but Saxon was scarcely conscious of the scene before him.

## CHAPTER LXXXVIII. THE DAUGHTER OF OCEAN.

No Mr. Forsyth had been heard of at the Royal Hotel, Clevedon, and no lady whom any person belonging to the house could identify with Saxon's description of Helen Rivière. The head waiter, a middle-aged man of clerical aspect, suggested that "the gentleman should send for Mr. Slatter." Learning that Mr. Slatter was the superintendent of rural police, Saxon at once despatched a messenger to request his presence; whereupon the clerical waiter respectfully inquired whether the gentleman had dined.

But Saxon had neither dined nor breakfasted that day, nor slept in a bed for four nights past; so he desired the waiter to serve whatever could be made ready immediately, flung himself upon a sofa and, overwhelmed with fatigue, fell profoundly asleep.

It seemed to him that he had scarcely closed his weary eyes when a strange voice awoke him, and he found the waiter shouting in his ear, the dinner on the table, and Mr. Inspector Slatter waiting to speak with him.

Mr. Slatter represented the majesty of the English law to the extent of some six feet three: a huge, bronzed, crisp-haired, keen-eyed giant, with a soft rich voice, and a broad Somersetshire accent. He had not heard of any Mr. Forsyth at Clevedon, and he was positive that no such name had been added to the visitors' list up at the Reading Rooms. He had, however, observed a lady in very deep black sitting alone on the Old Church Hill bot yesterday and the day before. Not having been on the hill himself, Mr. Inspector Slatter could not say whether the lady was young or old; but that she was "a new arrival" he did not doubt. She had not been on the hill to-day. He had passed that way half a dozen times, and could not have

failed to see her if she had been there. As to finding out where this lady might be lodging, nothing was easier. Mr. Slatter would guarantee that information within a couple of hours.

So Saxon sat down to his solitary dinner, and Mr. Slatter departed on his mission. Rather before than after the expiration of two hours, he came back, having ascertained all that he had promised to learn. Miss Rivière had indeed been at Clevedon. She arrived five days before, accompanied by a gentleman who returned to London by the next up-train, leaving her in apartments at Weston Cottage down by the Green Beach. This very day, however, shortly after twelve, the same gentleman had come to fetch her away to Bristol, and they left about two o'clock.

Saxon snatched up his hat, bade the inspector lead the way, and rushed off to Weston Cottage to interrogate the landlady. He was received in the passage by a gaunt spinster, who at once informed him that she was entertaining a party of friends, and could not possibly attend to his inquiries. Saxon was quite too much in earnest to be daunted by grim looks and short answers; so, instead of politely requesting leave to call again at a more convenient opportunity, he only closed the door behind him, and said:

"I have but two or three questions to put to you, madam. Answer those, and I am gone immediately. Can you tell me in what direction your lodger was going when she left here?"

"If you will call again, young man," began the landlady, drawing herself up with a little dignified quiver of the head, "any time after twelve to-morrow—"

"Gracious Heavens, madam, I may be a couple of hundred miles hence by twelve to-morrow!" interrupted Saxon, impetuously. "Answer me at once, I beseech you."

Protesting all the time that it was very extraordinary, very unreasonable, very inconvenient, the mistress of Western Cottage then replied as curtly and disagreeably as possible to Saxon's questions. Miss Rivière and Mr. Forsyth had left her house at a little before two o'clock that afternoon. They took the twenty-three minutes past two o'clock train to Bristol. "Where they might be going after that she could not tell. Having heard Mr. Forsyth mention the words "high tide," and "Cumberland Basin," she had guessed at the time that they might be about to continue their journey by water. This, however, was a mere supposition on her part, as she had only overheard the words by chance, while passing the drawing-room door. Mr. Forsyth, she had understood, was Miss Rivière's guardian. He did not arrive unexpectedly. It had been all along arranged that he should return to-day to fetch Miss Rivière away; and the apartments were only engaged for one week. Some of Miss Rivière's luggage, indeed, had never been taken up-stairs at all; and the rest was ready in the hall a good two hours before they went away. It was all labelled Bristol. Here the gaunt landlady's unwilling testimony ended.

By the time that Saxon got back to the Royal Hotel, it was close upon ten o'clock. The last train to Bristol had been gone nearly two hours, and he must now either take post-horses all the way, or drive to the Yatton junction, so as to catch the up-train from Exeter at fifty-five minutes past ten. Having taken counsel with Mr. Slatter, he decided on the latter as the more expeditious route, and in the course of a few minutes had paid his hotel bill, recompensed the inspector, and was once again on his way.

Then came the gloomy road; the monotonous tramp of hoofs and rumble of wheels; hedge-rows gliding slowly past in the darkness, and now and then a house by the wayside brimming over with light and warmth. Next, the station, with the up-train just steaming in; porters running along the platform; first-class passengers peering out cosily through close-shut windows; and the engine all glow, smoke, and impatience, panting for release. Here, Saxon exchanged the dismal hotel fly for a warm corner in a dimly-lighted railway carriage, and so sped on again till the train stopped at the Bristol station, where he alighted, jumped into a cab, and bade the driver take him to Cumberland Basin.