

with shrivelled skin and frame almost mummified by the conditions of its air-tight entombment, was brought to light; the late Lord Tregarth, immured for five years within the massive monument of his own folly, now lay visible. Heaven, laughing at the murderer's infernal ingenuity, had torn the great tower asunder, had forced the slow hand of Time, had revealed, grinning in its granite resting-place, a hideous Nemesis from which appeal was vain.

Haddock reeled backwards, and reason threatened to desert him. For this he had sunk to the level of the beasts; for this, amid a hundred brutal expedients to gain oblivion, he had endured life. Discovery—the one thing he never feared—was now actually staring him in the face. For such a man, remorse and the reproaches of conscience were but dim ghosts that a glass of liquor always served to lay. The thought of discovery was a different matter. That, dismissed for five long years, now burst upon him with all the crushing horror of a new enemy, an enemy entirely unprovided for.

Scarcely aware of what he did, but full of blind instinct to cleave to life while yet a chance remained of doing so, Haddock made fast his cottage door even as hands were upon it; then, dropping from a back window, crept down a narrow lane and thus gained fifty yards before the hue and cry were after him. One path alone could be traversed—that which led to the shore. The sea ran very high; great cross rollers huddled, formless and orderless, into the little bay, swelling with all the force of the past gale. With one unending roar they hurled themselves upon the shining sand, rushing across it in overlapping sheets of hissing white water, and then returning, with a circular sweep, to be gathered up in the skirts of the next billow. No boat could, humanly speaking, secure a moment's life here; but straight for the boats the outcast ran. Already a worse gulf than any sea of storms yawned between him and his fellows. The terrific surf that extended two hundred yards into the bay could not frighten him. A small skiff lay just above the line of corks, driftwood, and uprooted seaweed that marked the highest point reached by the last tide. With one mighty heave Haddock got the boat down and floating before his pursuers were upon him. Out he waded, above his knees, where a smaller and less powerful man must have been instantly dragged to deep water by the rush of the undertow. Another moment, keeping her nose dead on to the sea, and heedless of the cries from shore, he pulled himself over the stern and seized the sculls.

A hundred men lost the wild frenzy born of hunting a human being; a hundred souls felt the warm spark of pity kindle before this insane battle for existence. They stood panting on the shore, and none spoke as the giant, with huge, powerful strokes, began his struggle with the breakers. Now he vanished, and a great sigh went up from the watchers, and a woman screamed; now he re-appeared, slowly toiling onwards. The waves fought to be first upon him; but again and again were they cut asunder, for the boat, though barely surmounting their foaming crests and shipping water fast, was still kept straight as an arrow at them.

Could he get through to the green water outside, where some remote chances of present safety might be supposed to lie? So the fishermen asked themselves, and forgetting all else in that moment of madness, cheered the poor wretch as he fought tooth and nail for his life. They knew—none so well—what he was suffering; they knew the danger that threatened to overwhelm him, and the enormous power and nerve being exerted against it. So they cheered the murderer from the bottom of their warm hearts; they clutch one another hard; they yell out advice to him; they get down into the surf, and they strain the eyes nearly out of their heads to follow. Little boat—labouring and terribly low in the water now—as it staggers among the last of the great foaming seas.

But Haddock hears them not. His ears are full of the screaming wind, and his senses are failing one by one before a strain beyond human power to support. He does not know what emotions are stirring on shore; it is nothing to him that every watcher would come to his rescue, even at personal peril, if the attempt were possible. He only feels that a few more strokes will bring his arms powerless to his sides, and then dear life must end. The boat answers no longer to his efforts; it is settling inch by inch, and already the cold water creeps about his legs. He gasps, and flings his head back. The air is full of hot, crimson clouds; upon his chest a weight of mountains crushes and, like the ghastly incubus of a dream, deadens every power. And then comes a last agonizing stroke that embodies his final hope, and carries in its sweep all his remaining strength. The right oar breaks at the thowl-pin, the sinking boat swerves, and, quicker than the flash of thought, is broadside on to a hungry, glassy cave of green and white billow, that curls and tramples and boils over it, and, rushing onwards, hurls into the sky a spray which rises and spreads in air, like smoke above a sacrifice. Over the spot a sea-bird hangs almost motionless, poised against the wind. She dips into the foaming grave below, shrieks out a wild farewell, and speeds away before the blast as though bent for Folly Tower.

Yield to numbers, brave Fred! Seek not to share

the grave of the drowning creature or to alter his destiny. Where man could have but meted justice, a kindly Providence has seasoned her retribution with mercy. Better to fight out the battle of life and lose it thus; better to die free, under the sky of heaven, and leaving a thought of sorrow and a rude prayer in the hearts of those who watch the end, than behind prison walls, while a winter's dawn grows red, and only a gaol-bell mourns.

Though some such reflection as the last might have occupied the mind of any thinking man who saw Samuel Haddock's death, a subsequent and unexpected revelation must have tended to modify his opinion.

Search among the poor wretch's few possessions produced a small locked money-box, which contained two sheets of a rough scrawl explaining his extraordinary actions. The reason for their existence appeared in the first paragraph; but the writer had not dared to suppose that the authorities would believe his statement, and had, therefore, kept the secret to himself.

"Wot I done 'on folly tower was accident," he declared, "and I wants perranpol folk to know so when I be dead and gone."

He proceeded to show his motives and course of operations. It appeared that, while speaking the truth concerning his own injury, he had concealed the fact that his blow directed against Lord Tregarth by no means miscarried. Striking his victim with tremendous force upon the neck, he hurled him backwards against the stonework behind. The granite killed his late lordship, and a frightful fracture at the base of the skull proved this assertion to be true. Haddock, quickly recovering from his fall, and cooled down by loss of blood, was overwhelmed to find the result of his passion. That discovery must mean death he did not question, and therefore, after discarding many hurried expedients for safety and flight, determined to pursue the course he ultimately followed. The circumstance of being skilled in mason's labour, and having every necessary at his command supported him in his task, and taking careful note of the incomplete work around him, in order that he might presently restore it to its former condition, he began the business—at first in frantic haste, and then with greater care and deliberation.

Having demolished sufficient of the inner building for his purpose, he rifled the body, and placed it within the stonework. Over it he carefully rebuilt what was destroyed; he went below, and mixed mortar to replace that he had used; he flung all superfluous stones taken from the tower into the sea. He then prepared to return home, and, though apparently suffering when accosted was in reality but little the worse in body for his gloomy adventure. The five-pound notes, he finally explained, had suggested to him the story which proved so reasonable and easy of belief.

With this narrative does our own conclude. Joan was long and dangerously ill after the wild hurry of terrible events which brought her old lover back from a distant shore and sent him away again to a still further land. But in course of time health returned. Her future shone out clear and full of sober happiness from behind the stormy days, that were gone, and now the last of the Perranpol Silvers is known under another name, and Fred Dando the happiest man in all Cornwall.

Upon Perran Head there stands, as when we first observed it, a ruin—a ruin hallowed by no sacred memory, dear to no human heart—the ruin of Folly Tower.

#### Almost.

Thomas Snadden was a big burly kind of a man, and a great devourer of books. I once heard him say that books were grand companions, and far preferable to the society of either men or women, dogs, horses, or cats. One day he met John Playfair and said to him, "John, I hae been glowerin' over the works o' the Scottish poets, frae Allan Ramsay door-wards, and I am bound to say that Scotland is a glorious guid-wife. She has produced swarms o' the grandest poets that the world ever saw or heard tell o', and, as sure as I am a livin' soul, I wad e'en like to hear onybody say to the contrary." "Mr Snadden," quoth John, "wi' a due deference to your size and your intellectual capacity, I assume the responsibility o' remarkin', that Scotland has never produced a Shakespeare." At this remark Thomas gave his croon a claw, and then he said, "Let that flee stick to the wa'. Shakespeare, by a' accoonts, was in Scotland, and we may gather frae that that it was in Scotland where he gathered his wit. Still, I canna gainsay the fact that Shakespeare had brains o' the very best quality, and that he was an Englishman. John, I perfectly agree wi' a'ne o' his critics that 'Shakespeare was almost clever enough to be a Scotchman.'"

A.: "You are so modest I don't see how you ever came to propose to your wife." B.: "That was very simple. I said nothing, and she said nothing; and so one word brought on another."

Miss Twelfthseason (speaking of her fiancé): "And dear George is such a lover of antiquities," Miss Feline: "Any one would see that!" And Miss Feline will not receive an invitation to the wedding.

#### A Prose Poem.

Once upon a midnight stormy, a lone bachelor attorney pondered many a curious volume to his heart's forgotten lore; while he nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping, as of some one gently rapping—rapping at his chamber door. "Tis the spirits!" and he started, "rapping at my chamber door. Oh! for help! I'm frightened sore!"

Then into my chamber sitting (not even one permitting him to fly into the closet or to get behind the door), came the ghost of fond hearts broken (with many a ring and other token), and they sat them down beside him, on the dusty, brock-strewn floor—sat amidst the volumes of most venerable lore. Quoth the lawyer, "What a bore!"

"It must be something serious; this is certainly mysterious, quite an advent of the spirits—resurrection *con amore*. But I understand them mostly!"—here there came a rap so ghostly that he could not more dissemble as he had done heretofore, and his face grew pale and paler as he started for the door—down he fell upon the floor.

Then there came a clatter, clatter, and his teeth began to chatter, as the spirits gathered round him, and accused him very sore; how with handsome face all smiling, and with winning words beguiling, he had charmed away the senses of fair maidens by the score! and each lass had fondly fancied 'twas her he did adore, Quoth the lawyer, "Never more!"

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken, for the answer, strange enough, quite a relevancy bore; they began a noisy rapping—sort of spiritual clapping, which the lawyer thought could be but a fashionable encore—and again, as if his soul in that word he would out pour, did he groan out, "Never more!"

Presently his soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer—"Oh!" said he, "sweet spirits, your forgiveness I implore; on my knees, to every ghostess, who to love has played the hostess, I will promise to recant the many faithless things I swore! Will you promise then to leave me?" here he pointed to the door. Rapped the spirits, "Never more!"

"Be that word our sign of parting," said the hapless wight upstarting, "lie ye hence into the darkness, seek ye out some distant shore. In the noisy camp or forum, in the lonely *sane sanctorum*—such ghastly, grim, ungainly guests were never seen before. Leave my loneliness unbroken"—here he opened wide the door. Rapped the spirits, "Never more!"

So these vixen sprites of evil—spirits still, though most uncivil—they will never leave the lawyer, though in tears he may implore. At his false heart they are tapping, they are rapping, rapping, and he wishes, oh, how vainly, that his haunted life were o'er; and he often sighs—"Oh! could I but recall the days of yore, I would FLIRT—Oh! never more!"

#### Jalousies of Literary Women.

Why should so many literary women be jealous of each other's success? Surely, the field is large enough for all, and an audience is always ready for any one who has anything worth telling. Yet, continually do we hear literary women expressing the most spiteful—and, as a rule, untruthful—opinions of their sisters of the pen. Each accuses the other of falsely appropriating ideas, or of using a title or a plot which "years ago I thought of working out." No allowance is made for two minds running in the same channel, as is often the case in the literary world, and has been demonstrated again and again. It is never accident,—always design. Mrs. T—is slighted if you compare her work with that of Miss B.—The literary woman of established success criticizes the methods by which a younger sister is climbing the ladder of literary fame. One woman is "writing too much for her own good"; another is writing nothing because "she has written herself out." Miss L.—'s success is due not to the merit of her work, but because she has won, by pretty manners or by pretty looks, the favor of a certain editor. Mrs. A.—'s last article is carried by her name; had an unknown author written it, rejection would have been certain. Another literary woman has achieved success simply by a clever manipulation of the press. And so it goes, insinuation follows insinuation. It seems at times as if nothing is too unkind for literary women to say of each other and their work. Would it not be better for all if each were to apply herself to her own special work, and, where possible, reach out a helping hand to a struggling sister? Both can be done in this age of literary activity, even by those who choose to disregard principle and count commercial interests. There is plenty of room for all,—so much room, in fact, that no literary woman to-day need be afraid of another crowding upon her heels. So long as the work is done well, she need have no fear of holding her own, and with that conviction can and should reach out the helping hand. An author who tries to assist her literary sisters strengthens her own position, and to her success comes almost unfaillingly.

A prohibitionist member of an up-town club shouts "set 'em up again!" oftener than anybody else, but it is in the ball alley.

He: "I swear it, Maude, you are my first love!"

She: "I believe you, Harold; nobody but the merest novice in matters of the heart could have acted as awkwardly as you have for the last six months."