

that the light shone full upon it. She gazed at it steadily for half a minute, then said, gently lowering it until it rested upon the breast again.

"It's my boy George!"

Mrs. Mowbray was the only one in that household who remained calm and motionless. The family were in the wildest state of sorrow. The three brothers with difficulty extricated the body from the window. The authorities were notified, and everything was kept as quiet as possible.

The inquest was duly held. Mrs. Mowbray was fully exonerated, and the body was tenderly prepared for burial. The real story was known to few outside the family and authorities. It was believed by them that George, instead of going to Devonshire, had remained lurking in the neighborhood, and had planned the robbery, and if need be, the murder of his mother. He knew that she would be alone that night, and that she had a large sum of money and valuable jewelry in her room.

The old nurse, who had held George in her arms when he first saw the light, took care of the body, and prepared it for the tomb.

She dwelt tenderly on the familiar marks upon the limbs and face which she knew so well, each of which had a story of youthful daring or folly connected with it. In due time the funeral took place. The corpse was laid in the family vault. Only the family and one or two relatives attended. Mrs. Mowbray spent the best part of each day by the side of her dead son. She showed externally no signs of emotion. Before the lid was closed she kissed the forehead and cut off a lock of his hair.

The day after the burial she gave directions to her eldest son to pay all the dead man's debts, which was done at once, so far as was known.

Gloom settled over the hall. The wing of the building in which the tragedy occurred was closed up, and Mrs. Mowbray removed to a bedroom up stairs.

On the fifth day after the funeral a postchaise drove up to the door of Harwick Hall, and from it stepped George Mowbray, looking better than he had looked for many a long day before he left home. The servant who opened the hall door started back, and almost dropped with fright. His exclamations caught the ears of Mrs. Mowbray and her sons, who seemed to be dumbfounded. George was as much astonished as any of them, and gazed from one to the other, perfectly lost in bewildered surprise.

There was no doubt of it. George Mowbray, whom everybody believed to be dead and in his grave, was living and before them.

"Mother," said George, advancing towards her, "what is 'he matter? My return is easily accounted for. On reaching Tawvale, I found that my uncle's family had been unexpectedly summoned to London, as my eldest cousin, Sir John Gray's wife, was thought to be dying. I took a night's repose, and then started home again, and here I am."

Mrs. Mowbray walked up to him, gazed into his face, and then, without a word, folded him in a passionate embrace. Each of his brothers grasped his hands and kissed him, as they were wont to do when he was a boy and the pet of the family.

The old nurse, aroused from her noonday slumber, embraced and wept over him, and the servants gathered around with wet eyes and congratulatory expressions.