My Lost Love.

[From All the Year Round.] When the silence of midnight.
Closes round my lonely room,
And faintly struggling through the curtains,
Mystic moonbeams light-the gloom;
When above the fevered fancies
Of the weary heart and brain,
Kindly-lumber creeping near me.
Reasserts her welcome reign—
In the seeming
Of my dreaming,
In all the glow that used to be,
My lost love comes back to me.

When the fair delusive phantom
Fades before the watening dawn,
And the rosy smile of sunrise
Gleams athwart the dew drenched lawn;
Gazing from the open lattice,
Yearning memory pictures there,
Shadowed by enlacing branches,
Sweet blue eyes and golden hair—
And the sunlight
Tases the one light,
That it had for me erewhile
In my lost love's happy smile. When the fair delusive phantom

In the glory of the noontide.
Her low ringing laukh I hear;
In the whispering of the leaflets,
Her light footsteps springing near:
In each snow white lifty's swaying.
Is reflection of her grace;
In each rose's opening beauty
Shines for me her fair young face;
Till through the falling
Shadows calling.
As even oarkens hill and plain,
I hear my lost love's voice again.

So the hours are peopled for me, Through the haunted days and nights; Through the munted days and man While fancy mocks my lovely vigils With the ghost of dead delights; And I let loud life sweep by me, Dreaming by the silent hearth, Where the vision of my darling Gives old gladness back to earth—While through each gloaming Saftly coming. Softly coming, In sweet, false lights of joy and truth, My lost love gives me back my youth.

RETURNED FROM THE GRAVE

By MRS. HENRY WOOD:

Author of " East Lynne," " Oswald Gray," Sc.

CHAPTER N .- CONTINUED.

As he turned from the door, the others being by that time nearly at the end of the long passage, he saw something white gliding swiftly down it. To his intense surpsise, he recognized Lady Adelaide. Her face wore a gray hue, and she positively laid hold of Brnff's arm, as if impelted by fear.

" Bruff! Bruff! something's the matter with Lord Dane," she shivered. "He looks-he looks-I don't know how he looks," "Ob, my lady! you should not have given

yourself this trouble. Why did you not si I was frightened to remain alone," she

whispered. "I dropped asleep, and when I woke, I rose to look at Lord Dane, wondering that he had not spoken or called. He was lying with his mouth open, and his face white and cold; its look terrified me." " Perhaps he has fainted, my lady. He did

have fainting fits at the commencement of his illness.'

"Bruff," she gasped, bursting into tears of nervous agitation, "it—looks—like—death." Plenty of attendants male and female, were soon around Lord Dane's bedside, from within the castle or summoned from without. Mr. Wild, the surgeon; Geoffry Dane; and -he had heard the rumor accidentally-Mr.

Apperly. Lord Dane was dead. He had died quietly in his bed without stir or sign, while the Lady Adelaide was in the room, not four yards from him, unconsciously sleeping. She kept shivering as she stood there now with the rest,

looking on . "Can nothing be done?" demanded the petrified household of Mr. Wild.

"Nothing whatever. He has been gone me time. Don't you see that he is already becoming rigid? One comfort is he went off in his sleep, and did not suffer. I have thought this might probably be the ending."

"Then I wonder you didn't tell him so, Wild," burst forth Mr. Apperly, in a hot tone of reproof. "It was only this very morning his lordship said to me that he was not a sub-

ject to go off like the snuff of a candle." "And why should I tell him? He was prepared for death; he knew it was coming;

was very near; wherefore tell him it might be sudden at the last!" "No, he was not prepared for death," re-

turned the lawyer, in a heat; " not in one sense. He had not settled his affairs." The announcement took all by surprise.

He. Lord Dane, with his protracted illness, not to have settled his affairs! Geoffry Dane smiled incredulously.

"Mr. Apperly, you must be mistaken. My uncle made his will when he was first recovering from his accident."

"I know he did; I drew it up for him; but he had a wife and children then. After they were gone that will was of little use, and it was cancelled. The second will has been drawn up this fortnight past, waiting for the signature. Upon what chance pivots things turn I" broke off the lawyer. "His lordship sent for me this morning, and appointed this nfternoon for the execution. Then, feeling fatigued, said he would put it off till eleven o'clock to-morrow. And now he is gone, and the will is worth so much waste paper!"

"Wanting the signature?" "Wanting the signature," assented Mr. Apperly. "You will be the better for it," he added, looking at Geoffry Dane, "but others will be the worse. It's a dangerous habit, is procrastination; I don't know anything I dis-

"My lord, do you remain in the castle?" inquired the housekeeper, as they were begin-

ning to desert the chamber. Some of them started and looked at her. They thought she spoke to the dead lord who lay there. But no; she was addressing blossoms. But she was too bewildered to Geoffry, now Lord Dane. "Yes," he replied; look or to think: why should Lady Adelaide "it will, I suppose, be better that I should."

Ere the words had well left his lips, his eyes fell on Lady Adelaide-on her look of emi arrassment and her glow of color.

" Not to-night, however," he added turningto the house aceper. "I will see about ar rangements to-morrow."

In the corridor Adelaide encountered Mr Lester, who had that instant arrived, Tiffle having carried home the news of Lord Dane's excitement. sudden death. Without allowing herself time for reflection, for thought, she spoke words that came uppermost in the impulse of the

"What am I to do now? where can I go? I will not remain in the castle, now Geoffry

Dane is its master." "My dearest Adelaide, why this emotion? In a few days you know that you will be leaving it for another home-I hope a happier

"But for those few days?-I cannot be the guest of Groffry Dane! And how can the marriage take place, right upon Lord Dane's funeral?" was her impulsive retort.

Mr. Lester paused before he spoke. "There is one way, Adelaide, by which to solve the difficulty, it you will consent. Be turned back to get them.

mine to-morrow. We can be married in priwate in this drawing-room."

to protect you in this emergency. I know that Lord Dane, could be be a party to my petition, would urge it as strenuously as I am

to go on a marriege-journey while ne is lying dead-what will the world say?"

aide. You must quit this house and come to mine. See you not that it is better-nay, almost the only plan to adopt, under the unhappy circumstances?"

I am too bewildered to give proper deliberation to it. Let it rest until morning; I shall be more collected then."

As Geoffry Dane-Lord Dane from henceforth-was departing from the castle, there stepped forth Richard Ravensbird. It appeared as though he had waited outside for Miss Bordillion, so that the latter could not

There was a peculiar significance in the

"And you think I can grant you the

"Yes, my lord. And I hope you will." "Enough, for to-night," curtly responded Lord Dane. "This is certainly not the

who had remained in the castle a few minutes

"It has shocked me much," replied Lord Dane, turning upon him his pale tace-unuaturally pale it looked in the starlight. " Although we could not expect him to be much

"I shall require instruction from your lordship upon different points," returned Mr. Apperly. "When will it be convenient-"

"I shall be at the castle to-morrow at ten," interrupted Lord Dane. "Meet me there. And, meanwhile, until I shall have gone into things let any little business matters you may have in hand relating to the estate rest in abeyance. Granting leases, or anything of

much is in hand just now. There's that trifling affair of the Sailor's Rest; Hawthorne and Mitchel both want it got over as speedily as pens can trace parchment. Lord Dane had no objection to Mitchel as its tenant; your

"Lord Dane's death puts a stop to negotiations for the present," was the somewhat sharp answer. "Let everything, I say, remain in abeyance."

Mr. Apperly nodded in acquiescence, wished the new peer good night, and left him. "He'll be a martinet, unless I am mistaken,"

nay, dark-as dark as we get the summer nights when ten o'clock is drawing on. Bordillion was seated alone in the handsome drawing-room of Danesheld Hall, her head running upon many things. A shadow of relief-it would be wrong to call it honehad arisen in her heart since she heard of Lord Dane's death, for she deemed that it would undoubtedly put the wedding off for some weeks, if not longer, and there was no immediate necessity to worry her poor, sad

"Has your master been out?" she inquired of the man. "I thought he was at the castie?"

"He has not been elsewhere, I believe,

England who entered, it could not have caused her more intense astonishment. She stood as one petrified.

She held out her hand, while Mr. Lester was taking her shawl from her shoulders, and Margaret touched it mechanically, in utter amazement. Lady Adelaide wore an eveningdress of white silk, plain, save for a little lace on its body and sleeves, a pearl necklace, white gloves and no bonnet. Around the plait of her bair behind, was a small wreath of flowers; had Miss Bordillion looked closely, she would have seen that they were orange look or to think; why should Lady Adelside have come there, then, in evening dress? Why should she have laid aside her deep mourning? The true cause never was so much as glanced at by the unhappy Margaret.

Lady Adelaide stood right under the rays of light from the chandelier, rays that but illumined her great beauty. Never had it been more radiant, for her checks were flushed to crimson, and her eyes were brilliant with

. It is scarcely fair to take the house by storm in this way, is it, Miss Bordillion? But

knew. Rarely had she been scared so en-"Would you like tex immediately, Adel-

aide?" interposed Mr. Lester. "Ob, yes." Margaret muttered some half-intelligible

words about "telling the servants to bring it," and escaped from the room. But she had not quitted it above a minute when she remembered that there were sundry tovs strewn on one of the soms, which the children had left there when they went to bed, not particularly ornamental to a drawing-room; and she

little sense Lady Adelaide at the moment she could scramble up the things, and escape you have good sport?"

she could scramble up the things, and escape you have good sport?"

sgain. But her footsteps were arrested on the Wery bad, indeed; the wind, as you say, possessed. one made no reply.

"The license, which I already have, is special, so on that score there will be no impediment," pleaded Mr Lester. "Adelaide, my strength, bending over another which he had darling, let it be so! Give me a legal right has breef and he was against it. Dane, crack shot that he is, should know that the children are neglected. Sond Ann here to assist the nurse until Susan only bagged three brace; impossible to take strength, bending over another which he had gathered to him. Her flushed cheek lay on the brace in this brace is the nurse until Susan only bagged three brace; impossible to take shall return."

The tone was imperative. Maria, gentle and here to assist the nurse until Susan only bagged three brace; impossible to take shall return."

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The tone was imperative. Maria, gentle and here to assist the nurse until Susan only bagged three brace; impossible to take shall return." again. But her footsteps were arrested on the his breast, and he was murmuring endearing and the beating up against it has made me words; words of welcome to the house, they seemed, for their sense partially struck on gentleman?"

Margaret's car. Forgetting the toys, closing the door still more softly than she had opened it, Margaret Bordillion sped away, her face gray and stony with its bitter agony. Turning an angle of the hall, into a narrow passage, she met Tiffle, and the French maid, Sophie. Tiffle glanced out of her cunning eyes, and spoke abruptly. "What ever's the matter, Miss Bordillion? You look as if you'd been shook in the mind

re you ill, ma'am?" Miss Bordillion rallied herself. "Ill! why should you think that? I am very well. Mr. Lester is asking for tea, Tifile."

"To think of this happening as it has?" continued Tiffle, standing right in front of conveniently pass. "The house not properly set in order, nor anything; but it's not my you, my lord, at such a moment, especially on fault, as her ladyship must know. It's as much as we've been able to do to get her rooms ready for to-night-leastways, master's rooms, which is the same thing now."

"Has Lady Adelaide come here to remain the night?" hastily inquired Margaret, more bewildered, more at sea than ever. "Here! in Mr. Lester's house?"

"My lady's come for good, ma'am; come home," responded Tiffle, winking and blink-ing as if the lamp near her dazzled her eyes, though in reality never taking them off Miss Bordillion's changing countenance. "She and master have just been married in the grand saloon at the castle, and he has brought her home, Sophie's come with her.'

The unhappy lady did not faint at the news. She only ielt that her face grew more ghastly, and she took a step backward to the wall, and leaned against it.

"Yes," she constrained her lips to say, making a poor effort to smile on Sophie.

"You see, miss, my lord's death last night put things about so contrarily," spoke up that demoiselle. "The new lord took up his abode at the castle to-day, and my lady preferred to leave it. The ceremony was to have taken place this afternoon, but the minister-or what you call your English priests-he was away, and could not be had till evening. She has been dressed as she now is since three o'clock, waiting for him. And they were not quite certain that he could be found before to-morrow."

"And that's what master must have meant, then, when he said he was not sure," resumed Tifle to Miss Bordillion. "He came home well, it must have been near four o'clockand told me about setting his own rooms in order; but I was to hold my tongue about it to everybody in the hall, he said, for he was not yet sure whether they would be required to-night, or not, for Lady Adelaide. Fancy, Mam'selle Sophie, the scuttle it put me and the housemaid in!"

Miss Bordillion succeeded in getting by. and gained her own chamber. "Married! married!" seemed to be perpetually ringing

in her ears. The next day, not by her own wish, indeed in express opposition to it, for she sat in her small sitting-room, and kept the children with her, Miss Bordillion encountered Lady Adelnide. She was whisking through the hall as swiftly as possible, when she came right upon her and Mr. Lester. Lady Adelaide wore no gloves now, and the wedding-ring was fully conspicyous, as her fair hand rested on the arm of her husband. She had resumed her deep-mourning attire.

"Well, Margaret!" gayly cried he, "where have you been hiding all the morning?"

With as hurried a greeting as she could in politeness give, Miss Bordillion quitted house would only be prolonged torture, and ere the day was over a message was dispatched to Mr. Lester-" Miss Bordillion requested five minutes' conversation with him."

He went up at once to her sitting-room, and she harriedly, abruptly, unfolded to him her plans. She would hire of him that small house of his that was vacant, Cliff Cottage, if he would let it to her; and there she would take up her abode with Edith. Major Bordillion would be glad that she would take charge of her as a regular thing, and would pay her well. Perhaps he-Mr. Lesterwould also let her have Maria; with this belo and her own income she could maintain a

"Margaret, why?" he inquired. "What urgent motive can you have for thus fiving from the hall? Will you not tell it to me?"

Tell it him? The painful crimson suffused her face, and then left it pale as marble. Did he suspect the truth, as he gazed upon her emotion? It cannot be said; but an answering rush of red came into and dyed his own ince, and he uttered not one word of opposition to her departure.

Cliff cottage was hastily arranged for occupation, and furnished; and Miss Bordillion. within a fortnight, had taken possession of it, with Edith and Maria. Her home was henceforth to be theirs—at any rate for the present and she would superintend their education. Another removal-or, it may be more correct to say, change-took place in the same week. in regard to the tenancy of the Sailor's Rest. Hawthorne and his wife quitted it, and Richard Ravensbird entered upon it; for, very much to the surprise of the neighborhood, very much to the inward wrath of Mr. Apperly, who would have to refund the fivepound note, the new peer had accepted Ravensbird as tenant, and declined Mitchel.

" Much good Ravensbird would do in it he'd got no wife!" was one of the dissatisfied comments, gratuitously offered by the busy neighborhood. "Who ever heard of an inn getring along without a missis in it?"

Ravenshird soon rendered nugatory that objection, though whether to satisfy the grumblers or to please himself did not appear He constituted Sophie its mistress, by making her Mrs. Ravensbird; and Lady Adelaide Lester had to find another maid.

And for some few years after this period no particular changes took place; therefore we need not trace them step by step After that, changes and events came thick enough.

CHAPTER XI.

It was the beginning of September, and stormy weather. Never had a wilder or more ominous day been experienced than the one now passing; Lever did the sun set with a more angry or lurid glare; the trees were swayed to and fro, as though they could not long withstand the blast; the sea-gulis flew overhead, with their harsh screams; and the waves of the sea were tossing mountain-high in their turbulence-signs that seemed to predict an awnil night. "They will catch it at sea to-night!" ex-

claimed Mr. Lester, turning around from the dinner-table, on which the dessert had just point of being away at this hour; now, I hern placed, and gazing from the window as a gust stronger than any swept past. "I wonder you could shoot in this wind,"

The proposition nearly took away what The sofa was close at hand, and she thought head, and speaking in a languid tone. Did

"I thought the ponies would have gone over once, on the heights," returned Lady Adelaide. "Georgie, dear, I am sure you have eaten sufficient."

"I have only had a few, mamma," responded Master Georgie, who was sitting in state by Mr. Lester. "Give me some more, papa. And, Maria, just pass me a slice of that cake."

"Did you venture on the heights with the pony carriage?" uttered Mr. Lester to his wife, as he dropped a walnut or two into the boy's plate. "Was that prudent, Adelaide, such a day as this?" " I soon drove off them again, when I found

what the wind was," laughed Lady Adelaide. "I did not want a summerset into the sea, ponies, and carriage, and all. You say you are dead tired," she continued, after a pause; "I fancy Ada must also be. What is she doing, Maria?" Maria Lester looked hastily down at the child on her knee. When the nurse introduced the children, four of them, a few

minutes back, Maria had taken up the young-

est, Ada, a pretty little girl, between four and five. The child had dropped asleep with a piece of cake in her hands. It was the same Maria Lester whom you once saw a child herself ; now twenty years of age.

"I will take her up stairs," said Maria. "But you have not finished, Maria." "Thank you, papa; I do not require any

thing more." Maria Lester rose, and gently gathered the little girl in her arms, without awaking her. Mr. Lester began speaking to his wife again,

before Maria was out of the room. " Dane is coming to tea, Adelaide."

" Dane! this evening?" The words were few, but the tone in which they were spoken betrayed annoyance and vexation. Mr. Lester smiled.

"Adelaide, I fancy you have taken a prejudice against Lord Dane. What's the rea-

Her beautiful face-beautiful it was, stillflushed crimson, but she disclaimed the accusation eagerly. Too eagerly, Mr. Lester might have thought, had he been a keen sighted, or suspicious man.

"I taken a prejudice against Lord Dane!" she uttered. "What a strange idea! Why should you think that?" "You seem to be annoyed at his visits, and to receive him coldly: forgetting, I presume, that he is, so to say, a cousin, or connection

of yours. I'm sure I don't wonder at his dropping in frequently, for he must find the castle dull." "Have you any idea why he comes so frequently?" asked Lady Adelaide, bending over

her plate. " Not I," said Mr. Lester, " except that our house is gayer than his. What other motive

should he have?" "None, I dare say. It was a passing thought that crossed me." "You are mysterious, Adelaide. Let us

hear the thought." "No," she laughed. "It is not intended for the public benefit."

Mr. Lester's brow contracted.
"Do you know, Adelaide, that you are sometimes capricious? You are so now." " I suppose it is my nature to be so, George

Don't look cross. When you married me, you

married me, with my faults and failings about me, remember." Mr. Lester said no more. But the conversation left a sore impression behind it.

Maria Lester had proceeded up stairs with the little girl. The head nurse sat in the them. But every hour she remained in that house would only be prolonged torture, and being undressed, the other crying on the car pet: there were six in all, and the eldest,

George, was but nine years old. "Look at this child, nurse! She fell asleep on my lap directly after you brought her

down. "Tiresome little monkey!" responded the nurse. "I can't undress her yet, for I must get those two off, first. Be so kind as to lay her down in the bassmet, Miss." "Where is Susan, this evening?" returned

Maria. "Ob-Susan!-what's the good of Susan for evening work ?- I really beg your pardon, Miss Lester, for answering you like that," broke off the woman, as her recollection came to her, " but I am so put out with that Susan, and my temper gets so worried, that I forget who I'm speaking to. The minute the children are gone in to desert, Susan thinks her

time her own, and, off she goes, and will

be away for two mortal hours, leaving me

everything to do. I can't leave the nursery and go after her, and I may ring and ring forever before she'll answer it." " Where does she go?" "Chattering with the other servants, or gallivanting somewhere. I ought to have full control over Susan, Miss, for she's under me, and I have no more over her, than I have over that wind, that's tearing around the

I'd

house, as if it would tear it to pieces. leave if it were not that I am so fond of the children; I declare I would, Miss Lester." "But, why do you not speak to Mamma?" " ()h, miss, it's that that puts me out. My lady won't hear a word against Susan, just because she's Tiflle's niece. Tiflle speaks up for Susan, as is natural, and Susan vows through thick and thin to my lady, that she's always at her post, doing her duty, and my lady be-lieves her. The fact is, miss," continued the servant, lowering her voice, "Tiffle has managed to get the ear of my lady, and if an angel

from the skies came down to try to put her off it, he couldn't do it." "At any rate, Susan is not at her duty now," remarked Miss Lester, ringing the bell. It was not answered; but in truth Maria scarcely gave time for it. She rang again immediately, a sharp, imperative peal. Of all the household, who should condescend to

come up but Tiffle! "What's the good of your ringing like that, as if you'd have the bell down?" beyan she, before she had gained the room. "I won t

allow----' "It was I who rang," curtly interrupted Miss Lester. "I rang for Susan." Tifile stood and held her tongue, somewhat

taken aback. Her manner smoothed down to meckness; false as it was subtle. "For Susan, miss! Does nurse want her? I have just sent her out to do a little errand for me, thinking the young ladies and gentlemen were in the dining-parlor, and that she conidn't be required in the nursery. I'll send her up the moment she comes in, miss."

"You see that she is wanted, Tiffle," gravely replied Miss Lester. "Here are three children, all requiring to be undressed at once, and it is impossible for one pair of hands to do it. Nurse tells me that Susan makes a

has inlimited confidence in me and in Susan," "That may be, Tiffle, but it is right she

nameless power of command, which few care to resist. Tiffle stood aside as she left the room, and then Tiffle shuffled on in her wake, her eyes glancing evil.

Tiffle had played her cards well. When she found that Lady Adelaide was to be her master's wife, her first thought was resentment; her intention, to depart forthwith. But when Lady Adelaide came home in the unexpected manner related, and Tiffle found that she was the hall's bona fide mistress-Tifile's mistress—a mistress endowed with very different power from that invested in Miss Bordillion-then, to use a popular phrase, Tiffle began to find out on which side her bread was buttered. Lady Adelaide was young, careless, yielding, and inexperienced, and it dawned over Tiffle's mind that she might possibly still sway the household, and perhaps sway her mistress also; so Tifile swallowed her anger, and stopped on. She felt in a rage with everybody (she generally did,) and did not much care where she vented it. However, she took care to make herself useful and a recable to Lady Adelaide, and when Sophie quitted the hall, to become the wife of Richard Ravensbird, Tiffle succeeded her as the lady's maid, retaining also her post of housekeeper. Years had gone on since then-ten years-and how Tiffle had contrived it, was best known to herself, but ske had wormed herself into the confidence of her mistress, and appeared indispensable to

her comfort. Maria passed into her chamber, and stood before the large cheval glass while she dressed herself for walking, doing it in a hurried manner, as though she feared being stopped or interrupted. Rarely has a glass given back a sweeter looking countenance, though it may have done one of more strict beauty, Her features were delicate and clearly defined, the cheeks wearing a healthy, damask flush, and she had soft dark eyes, and silky hair. She was of middle beight, or nearly so, of elegant figure, and in manner quiet and graceful. A truly attractive girl was Maria Lester, and gossips premised that she would be mar-

rying early.
Ah, but there were two words to that. Some years before, when Maria was a young child, a relative of her mother's had bequeathed to her fourteen thousand pounds; but it was so left that the interest was to be enjoyed by Mr. Lester until Maria marriednot until she was of age, nothing was said about that, but until she married. So that, did Maria remain single till she was an old maid, and her father still lived, be would reap the entire benefit; she none. This money was out on mortgage, at excellent interest, and it brought in Mr. Lester nine hundred a year. For an embarassed man-and Mr. Lester was that now, for Lady Adelaide's extraragance and his own weak indulgence to it had rendered him so-nine hundred a year was an enormous sum to relinquish. Mr. Lester was not a man of large income; his rent roll produced barely three thousand a them to be. In due course the reply of the year. This money of Maria's made it nearly four, and then it was all told; and they lived at the rate of five Some thousands bequeathed to Lady Adelaide by the late Lord Dane, had been spent long ago; altogether, Mr. Lester was now a man of deep perplexity and care, though how deep the neighbors your feelings, both mental and bodily. Just little suspected. Be you very sure, that under such circumstances, neither he nor his wife would be in a hurry so encourage any marriage for Maria. She had been home about a twelve-month; that is, to reside; until then she had remained with Miss Bordil-

lion. And what of Wilfred Lester? A great deal and most of it very sad, very blameable. Wilfred was becoming, people feared, one of the blessing; nay, he gave it them still, should neighborhood; and yet, black sheep of the

At a proper age, a commission had been years, no inconsiderable sum, had just gone purchased for him in one of the crack regiments,-those whose duty seems chiefly to consist in attending upon her Majesty on state occasions. To the initiated in these matters, it is known that the expenses of such officers are enormous; almost necessarily so. Not rendered necessary by the nature of the service, or the rules of the regiment, but by that all-powerful incubus, custom-example, the doing as others do. The pay of one of these officers, compared to his expenditure, is fred said, after awhile. "Edith, you werebut as a drop of water to the ocean: most of them are men of rank, possessing a weighty paternal purse to back them, and those who do not possess one in reserve, have no business to join, for they are certain to come to grief. Mr. Lester ought to have remembered this-to have remembered how very little he

could afford to allow his son. He did not, and Wilfred entered. Careless, good-natured, attractive, and remarkably handsome, he was just the one to be made much of by his brother officers; never was there a young fellow more popular in the corps than Cornet Lester; and-it is of no use to mince the matter-never was there one

who ran more heedlessly into extravagance. Example is contagious, and Cornet Lester suffered himself to be swayed by it,-swayed and ruined. Had Mr. Lester made him a better allowance (which, indeed, he ought to have done, or else not have placed him in the regiment), it would still have been swallowed up, though affairs might not have come to a crisis so soon as they did. Willred was just twenty-two when he came down to Danesheld, and laid the statement of affairs before his father. Money he must have, a large sum, or else leave the regiment.

Mr. Lester was unable to give it him. It is possible he felt that his son-his eldest son -had not been dealt with precisely as he ought to have been, and it caused him to be lenient now. Wilfred was in debt; dreadfully in debt. He could not return till at least some of it was liquidated, and what was to be done it was difficult to say. Mr. Lester was in worse debt himself, painfully short (he always was, now), of ready money, and could not assist him. One alternative indeed there was, and it was suggested by Mr. Lester, that Wilfred should sell out, and apply the proceeds of the purchase to the liquida-Driven by pressing necessity this alternative was ultimately adopted; but it was a cruel blow to Wilfred Lester. He saw his prospects cut off, his future blighted; and when things were finally settled and he returned to take up his abode in his father's house, he felt like a blighted man, caring little what became of him. A sore feeling was at his heart; he knew that, but for his father's second family, for the high rate of expenditure kept up to please his father's second wife, he should not have suffered; and he regarded himself as a sort of sacrifice on the shrine of everything that was unjust.

Lady Adelaide, on her part, regarded Wilfred as an unwelcome interloper. She had never liked him. Excited against him in the first instance by Tiffle (who had deemed it her to be more attentive to her duty. I shall well that her lady's likings and dislikings they may soon do openly. You must have speak to Lady A lelaide."

"Begging your parding, miss, there's no ne-vern as a boy, made his home unpleasant to "My lady—craving your parding—are the

cessity for that, and it'll do no good; my lady, him, and when he returned for good, Lady Adelaide bore the infliction ill. A tacit, silent sort ot antagonism was maintained between them, of which Lady Adelaide from her position, of course obtained the best, and Tiffle did not fail to fan the flame. Wilfred occupied himself, listlessly enough, with outdoor sports, hunting shooting, fishing, as the seasons permitted, but he was devoured with ennui, and at length took to passing most of his evenings at Miss Bordillion's.

It was well he did so, at least in one sense, for soon, very soon, the ennui was dissipated The dispirited, listless young man, who had been ready to throw himself into the ponds instead of his fishing-line, and in truth cared little which of the two did go in, was suddenly aroused to life, and hope, and energy. Far from the present time hanging about his neck like a millstone, it became to him as a sunny Eden, tinged with the softest rapture. The dim, indistinct future, so dark, so visionless to his depressed view, suddenly broke from its clouds, and shone out in colors of the sweetest and rosiest hue-for he had learnt to love Edith Bordillion. Not with the unstable, fleeting nature of man's general love, but with a pure, powerful, all-absorbing passion, akin to that felt by woman.

A few months given to dreamy happiness, and then he spoke to Mr. Lester. The appeal perplexed Mr. Lester uncommonly. He could have no objection to Edith; she was of as good a family as his son (it may almost be said of the same), and there was no doubt she would innerit a snug fortune at the colonel's death, for she was his only child. Colonel Bordillion had been in India now for many years, spending little, and making money. What perplexed Mr. Lester was his share in the affair. Wilfred, in his eagerness, protested they could live upon nothing-as good as nothing. He did not wish to cripple his father; let him allow them ever so small an income, and they would make it suffice. Edith said they would. Mr. Lester pointed out to Wilfred that what he could allow would be very small indeed, but if the colonel would come forward with present help to Edith, he would add what he was able to spare These statements were drawn out, and particulars

written to Colonel Bordillion. The only one who protested against the match, was Lady Adelside Lester. Not openly; in private to her husband. It was the most imprudent thing she ever met with. What did a young fellow like Wiifred want to marry for? Better get him an appointment under government, or dispatch him some where abroad. Mr. Lester listened, and inquired why. They were bent upon marrying, he said. Edith was a very nice girl, and if they would be contented to make a moderate income suffice, they might as well marry. He could give but little; but the colonel would most likely come down with four or five hundred a year.

"Suppose he should refuse to come down with anything?" returned Lady Adelaide. "Then the affair would be at an end," em-

phatically replied Mr. Lester. "In that case. I would never give my consent." Meanwhile, Wilfred and Edith lived on, looking forward to the answer of the colonel, and revelling in the golden visious of dreamland. Are such ever realized? I never knew

colonel came. It was addressed to Wilfred, and inclosed a short note for Edith. Have you ever passed from the broad light ofday into the gloomy darkness of a subterranean dungeon? If so, you may remember the utter chill that seemed to overwhelm so did the news from India plunge its recipients from the sunny brightness of expectancy, to the blackness of despair; but, whatever your own experience of a chill may have been, it was as nothing compared to that

which shivered the frames and hearts of Wilfred Lester and Edith Bordillion. The colonel would have been delighted with the union, and cordially given them his it be carried out; but of help, of money, he was of that unfortunate class who may be had none to give. The Calcutta Bank, the said to be as much sinned against as sinning. one in which he had hoarded the savings of smash, and left him penniless. The public

newspapers would supply them with details. Wilfred put up the letter, and sat on, buried in a gloomy reverie; Edith sat opposite to him, not weeping, but looking much inclined for it. The letter had come in by the evening's post addressed to him at Miss Bordil-Hon's, and it happened that they had received

it alone, for that lady was out. "I have decided what you must do," Wilyou are-to be my wife : will you be guided by me in this business?"

"Of course I will," she answered. "And you would not like-after all our fond hopes and plan-that we should be separated

forever?" A passing shiver, and a faint answer. "No. 1 should not."

"Then, my darling, before this week is over, ou must be mine." She looked up with a start of surprise, thinkng he was jesting.

"We must be married privately, and declare the fact after it is over. Otherwisenothing in the world will prevent their separating us; I foresee it. Don't look scared, Edith; it will all come right in the end. Say nothing yet about this news." "But how are we to live?"

" My father, when he knows we are married, will allow us something and we must economize till brighter days turn up. Shall you be afraid of it?"

"Not of the economizing. But-Wilfred stopped her; he deemed it more politic to drown objections than to combat them. And he managed, wonderful to say, to

obtain her consent to the plan. It was strange that he should be able to do so; but far more strange was it that Tiffle obtained an inkling of what was going forward. She poked, she pried, she ferretted; it was her daily habit; and in ordinary cases no wonder that she succeeded in unearthing secrets, though how she managed to scent this one,

was in truch a marvel. The very day before that fixed for uniting them-and no soul knew of it, as they believed, but themselves-Tiffle went mincing into Lady Adelaide's room, her hands meekly folded, and the whites of her eyes turned up. "Oh, my lady! such dreadful inhiquerty that has come to my knowledge! I have

been turned upside down to think how your and dear master's being deceived." "What is the matter now?" asked Lady Adelaide.

"Them two mean-spirited weasils are going to get married on the sly. I mean Mr. Wilfred and his sweet-heart," added Tiffle, perceiving ber lady's puzzled look. "Without saving a syllable, or letting any soul know it, my lady, they are going to ignite themselves together in secret till death do them

part." "But why in secret?" demanded the amazed Lady Adelaide. "They are to be married when news arrives from the colonel, and it is expected daily. There is no motive, no inducement for them to do in secret what

care that they should notice her re-entrance. | cried Lady Adelaide, languidly lifting her |

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"But-to leave the place at this moment-

"We can dispense with the journey, Adel-

"Oh, I do not know! It is so sudden-and

"I must ask your pardon for interrupting

business," he began.
"Well," said Lord Dane. "And I should not have thought of doing so but I find there's not an hour to be lost. It's about the Sailor's Rest, my lord. John Mitchel has been announcing that he has agreed with Mr. Apperly for the lease, subject to the consent of Lord Dane. You are Lord Dane now, my lord."

tone of Ravensbird as he spoke the concluding sentence; a bold, independent, almost a demanding tone. Was it possible that Lord Dane failed to remark it?

moment for discussion of business matters.' Ravensbird respectfully touched his hat, and strode along quietly toward Danesheld. Lord Dane also proceeded in the same direction, but at a slower pace. As he was turning toward his own house, he heard footsteps behind, and found they were Mr. Apperly's,

longer than himself. "A dreadfully sad and sudden event, my lord!" cried the lawyer. " And to think that he should not have signed the will!"

longer with us."

that sort." "Very good, my lord. Not that anything

lordship, I conclude, will have none."

was his parting thought. It was dusk, and the following evening:

brain over her own plans for the tature. She was interrupted by the approach of a carriage, which was coming hastily toward the hall. It surprised her; they were expecting no visitors, and it was an unusual hour for visitors to come, unexpected. As it swept around the drive, past the windows, she thought she recognized it for Mr. Lester's own chariot, and she wondered, for she had

not observed him go out in it. One of the servants bustled in hurriedly, to light the chandelier and the mantel-piece branches.

ma'am. This is him, coming from the castle, The man retired A few moments, and the door was thrown open by another servant, to give admission to Mr. Lester and Lady Adelaide. Miss Bordlillon rose from her seat, gazing at Adelaide; had it been the Queen of

"How do you do, Miss Bordillion?"

I believe there was no help for it." What Miss Bordillion answered, she never tirely out of her self-possession.