INOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

SEAL. BROKEN THE

A Novel—By DORA RUSSELL,

Author of "FOOTPRINTS IN THE SNOW," "THE VICAR'S GOV-EDNESS," "OUT OF EDEN," &c.

[THE RIGHE OF TRANSLATION IN RESERVED.]

CHAPTER XXXIX,-(CONTINUED.)

44 He is not such a model husband as you make him out, I assure you. He is very good, most good, but he does not always do what I wish him to co.

"Come, he gives you as much ef your ewn way as is good for you. Ge like a dear girl, and ask him to come here to be per-suaded."

anded."
And Lady Elizabeth did ge. The Rector
as serting same garden seeds that he had And Lady Elizabeth did go. The itector was sorting some garden seeds that he had aved through the winter, and these neat white packets all numbered and named were so indicative of the man.

"Well," he said, looking round as his wife entered. "I heard Godfrey come. Was I right?"

"Yes, but do not see anything to him."

"Yes, but do not say anything to him about it."

"My dear, I sught to thank you for supposing I should have the bad taste to do

"You know I dan't think you've got bad tasts, but Gedfrey seems—well, rather lew—naturally, tee, for fancy one of the Doynes rotusing a Harferd! I am outlain she is in leve well at someons else, and I've a very ahread gazes who it is. But we'll lave this fer, the present. Gedfrey want you and see se go up to form with him, and be his guests for a few days. Will you go?"

"I would like you to go, Roderick, you have hean se hard worked intely with Mr. Cookburn kaving being ill" (Mr. Cookburn was the carabe at Kimel) "and then it will not cost you anything."

not cest yeu anything."

A "My dear Klirabeth, do you suppess I would allow your causin to pay my ex-

pensos?"

44 He has plenty of money, Rederick

mere than he can spend."

"That may be, but rich men den't thinks
mere highly of peor once who allow them
to pay for them. I have made it a rule in

te pay for them. I have made it a rule in life to pay my own way."

"Well, then, de pay it, my dear, but go with peer Gadfrey! You see you will be such goed company for him, and he wants chearing up a litilo—not that I baltere he really cared for this girl—how could he care! A mere child—but he had an idea of getting married, and having an heir!

"I recommend Reddie!" laughed the Rector. "Ceme along them, my dear, let us go and try to comfort this discenselate awain!"

The numbered and wife them went lack to

The numbered and wife then went lack

The nushend and wife then went back to the Squire, and the visit to town was duly discussed. But Lady Elizabeth suddenly remembered she could not go.

"I can't leave home," she said, "though I would like to go so much, Godfrey, but I have just remembered semething—eas of Brown's children—the pretty little girl you have semethines noticed, has taken scarled fever. Se I dare not leave home on socount of Reddie, for I have no dependence on our sine pahe is a young girl, and is always lighing about the village.

Lieu's had luck," said the Squire.

Else most disappainting, but I could not say away from the children with favor glage. No: you and Rederlok go, wants a change very hedly, and a, and you must beth write and I won't object if you land I won't object if you have generally and the

on own way, though south she did not always and Mr. Harford settled to days later, and during to constantly to you spoke again of Kilizabeth under-the preferred not to a speak of a speak of the settled to the settled

hrain that her husband's joke about Roddie was not such an unlikely idea after all. The Squire had no near relations, no brothers nor sisters, and I-ady Elizabeth's mother and his mether had been ewn sisters, and et all her family Lady Elizabeth was h's clesses friend. If he had no children of his own was it imprebable that he should think of Acrohil-as his successor? At all events, she be a very anxious that Roddie should head "Cousin Godirey," but Roddie should head "Cousin Godirey," but Roddie having no designs on ties Equire's wealth in his infantine brain, dit not take v., y kiedly to his mother's wish s.

And the Emire's hear? was out of time—the child's prattle jarred upon his care, and what he would have langhed at heavily a little while ago now wearied him. He was glad to go ar __glad to be out of sight of the grey ivy-grown church tower, of the green fields and the fallow land, and the eld had plant of this and been se proud. He had plant of this and that—he had thought of fresh young veloce about the hease, and little feet upon the stairs. It had near a hit

had planted this and that—he had thought or fresh young veloes about the home, and lit-tile feet upon the stairs. It had neen a bit-ter, hitter disappeintment, but he bore it very manfully. Even Kilzabeth never gues-sed how deeply this leve had cut into his heart. But when he went heme at nights,

heart. But when he went heme at nights, and sat in the great silent rooms alose he scimitted to himself that a fair face had spoilt his life.

He did not enjoy anything. His middle-aged pleasure, his dainty viands, his rare wines were all sour and bitter to his palete, and he thought of Alan Lester. with strange cavy, though no hitterness. He had always liked him, and he knew Alan was in truth a more suitable husband for this child than he was.

more suitable husband for this child than he was.

"Yet, I would have tried to make her so happy," he used to think with a restless sigh, wondering if anyone also would ever love her as dearly at he had done.

And one of the first people he went to see in town when he and the Rector arrived there, was Alan Lester. Alan had not yet succeeded in his object, and it was still uncertain whether the life of the unfortunate girl, Laura Davis, lying under sentence of death would be spared.

Alan had need all his influence, but he could get no one to agree with his convictions of her innocesce. The lawyers he consulted all smiled and shock their heads over her statement, which Alan had put in writing to lay before the proper authorities. Condemned prisoners constantly asserted their innocence to the end, he was told, and laura's statement of how she spent the night she was at Reden proved nothing. It was a case of the strongest alromatential swidenes and the judge whe hall tried her was a very rism man, and did not take a very merelial view of the endeavour to obtain a remission of her sentence.

But Alan was very dearmined. He had one of those inward convictions which nothing would shake that it was not the hand of Livins Davis that had atruck down poor Jim Lester. He had Jeeked in the girl's isce—he just chart had her sepak the

hand of Iherra Davis. that had atruck down poor Jim Lester. He had leeked in the girl's face—he had charged her to speak the truth in the most selsum words, and he believed she had spoken it. There was a myrtery in the crime (which seemed to simple) yet unsolved; he was intinin, and he was resolved to spare no effect to unravel it. He was, therefore, prestly pleased to ree his old friend Godircy Harlord. He know the squire was a shrewd smalle man; a better business man, in fact, than he was, and he know also that he was a shrewd serviced within, and would he was to be ready to help, kin if he could,

if he could,

The two man abook hands warmly, for shoy had a true regard for each other, and Godfrey Harford had been a friend of the cabeth under-firred not te firred not te is speak of the twice in our part of the world? asked for twice is

about a week ago, and Lady Ritzabeth i. very well, Claxbon is with mo, I sold yeu?"

"Yee, and how is my presty little irland, Miss Lily Deyne?"

"Yery well, too, I believe," answere, the Squire, with a little hunkiness in his voice, "I—I have not soon for same days."

the culture voice, "I—I have not seen ——
days."

There was something in Gedfrey's tone
that made Alan leek into his friend's streng,
whandsome face,
was and she

marked, unhandsome face.

4 Oh, indeed; I thought you and she
were such chums ?'

were such churs?"

"So we are—very good friends. And now tell me, Leeter, about this peer girl they are going to hang. Will you get a reprieve, d'ye think?"

"I hepe so, but I want more than that. Harferd, I am certain she is not guilty,"

"Lady Lerter teld me, you had a very strong conviction that the police have been en the wrong scent throughout; but I mot of your mind, Alan. I read the evidence, and it was dead against her."

"Yee, to all outward seeming. But wait a lit, Harford; I'll show you her. Ister to her mether, written just before she tried to destroy harself, and I'll tell you what she sald to me—lying there face to face with death, you know, and than we'll see what you think." von think.

Alan told the Squire all that he himself knew, and the Squire admitted it was a strange story for a girl to invest merely for relieving her mether's mind after she was dead. But he was a practical man, and he sheek his head.

sheek life lead.

"I'm afraid, my dear fellow, she's been taking yet in," he seld smiling. "Ah! Al-an, is she a pretty lase that you'll believe ne ill of her? However that's neither here nor there; it would be a shame to hang her, for there's ne doubt that young scamp be-haved very badly to her. Poer soul, she liked him see well!" And the Squire sighed,

CHAPTER XL.-Two MOZHERS.

On the very day after Mr. Harford's arrival in town, Alan had another visitor at his hotal; a woman dressed in black and thickly veiled, but when he at once recognised as the unhappy mother of the condemned girl.

He had written ence to Mrs. Davis to tell her his effort to obtain a reprieve had not yet been successful, but that he hoped they would be, and when he saw her he naturally thought she had come to urge him to yet greater exertions.

"Will you forgive me for intruding on you, Sir Alan?" saked that strangely sweet voice, which Alan had first heard on the day her daughter was doemed to die, "but I falt I must come—I could not write—and—I have some news—sad strange news."

"Has anything fresh been diccovered, any clue been found?" asked Alain cagarly.

"No, no, unhappilly not about the person who took the young man's life; but I know now what broke my durling's heart, what crushed her so low. She did not wish to live; she was most unally deceived?"

"You mean by James Lester?"

"Yo

who has drank of the oup of sorrow to the

who has drank of the cup of sorrow to the very dregi---"

"You must not distress yourself," interrepted Alab Kiddly, "I am convinced your daughter is immediately in the sorrow to endeayest to prove this, As soon as the repriere is granted, I shall go down to Plymouth and sie Mrs. Lester, and try to discover if young Jim had made any seemies there. It is not unlikely."

"I can saly say, God bless you, sir. He has listened to me. You, I am sure God heard my prayars for Laure. I saked for her life, and my darling will not die that dreadful death!"

There was ne difficulty, and very little delay new in obtaining the necessary reprieve. But no one believed in Lura's insidence; though her hitter wrongs raised up a streng faciling of pity for her. Both Mr. Harford and Mr. Claxton now became interested in her; Mr. Harford blaming poor Jim's doudact in no measured terms.

But will them did not agree with Alan

But still they did not agree with Alan that Laura had intended to kill herself and not him when she took the pistal down to Bedezi Court. But Alan held to this fixed opinion, and us seemer was the reprieve granted than he left home and went to Plymouth, intending to hear as much of Jim's early life as he possibly could

sarly life as he possibly could

When he came in sight of o.e. "Burleigh Arms" he stopped and looked at the old twent, thinking of that eventful afternoon when he and Major Dayne had first entered it. Strange I that this little diagy place should have played such a remarkable part in the fertunes of his house. He remembered the bright-eyed bey coming awaggaring up to him, and haw he had inwardly groaned, thinking that this was the rightful heir of Reden. Then he thought of his dead birther, and the beautiful woman who had reined his life; his son in turn being fated so hitterly to repay that cruel wrong.

But when he entered the old bar, the once comely landledy was not to be seen there. It was full, as usual, and the old customers still gathered there, among them Captain Daniel Dow, sitting in his familiar seat, but is stoned of the rotund form of Mrs. Lester, a slim young damitel of considerable personal attractions now presided.

Alan asked to see Mrs. Lester, and the

Alan asked to see Mrs. Lester, and the pretty barmaid answered with a counttish smile. But peer ugly Rose, who was still in Mrs. Lester's service at once recognised Alan.

Alan.

"You are the gentleman, sir—Oh, I remember, sir, who came to tell poer missus that poor mester was dead, and that poor Mr. Jim had to go away to the place where he was murdered."

"I am the person who brought Mrs. Lester all this ill-news I am airsid; but can

"Oh, I'm sure she'll see you, sir. Come into the blue parlour, and I'll tell her you're there; she sits mostly up stairs now; she has never get over poor Mr. Jim's death. But we outen talk of the day you first came

here."

Rese then led Alan into the blue parlour, just as she had done that day, and no stood staring vaguely, thinking of the part, at the big shells on the mantel piece and the other carloelites, very much in the same fashion as he had done then. But what a different woman now entered! Instead of the atout resy, smiling lar." tady of yore, dressed in a bright kinned gown and flowary aprox, a dresping, corrowite, black robed form a peared. Peer Mrs. Lester was greatly changed, and tears came into her eyes, as she held out her hand to welcome Alan.

15 to apply come to see me, et." the

she held out her hand to welcome Alan.

"So you've come to come me, sir," she mid; "thank you, very kindly, though you come to and house."

"I hope you are a little better now."

Mrs. Lester!

"I'll be no better on this side of the grave, sir. I can't get over it—it's just broke my heart."

"I's was indeed a bitter, bitter grisf; you know her deeply I feel for you."

"Yes sir, you've been all that's good, and you were so kied—to him that's good.
He oit-time talked about you in his pre'vy bengue—Uncle Alan and gran'make med to where also that he was kind hearted within!, and would be sore about to help kind and would be sore to be ready to help kind — poor Jin's child shell not want friend. He off time talked about you in his pretty in the could.

The two men shock hands warmly, for some libits delay, at the people in an hority any—and, and I caw in the papers those block hardened of the could have been a friend of the content all his life.

"And how have you left all the good people in our part of the world?" asked him. Davis was deeply affected.

"Perhaps we may never meet again in the left world as the poor girl killed him, kirs. Lester."

"I do not believe that poor girl killed him, kirs. Lester."

"I do not believe that poor girl killed him, kirs. Lester."

"Net kill him, kir ! Whe did it than !