ady from the elm tree boughs is jubilant thrush doth ery aloud; om fallow fields new ploughed. The plovers roused; hollow holes no more the squares.

ets race, the rabbits raid;

n the blue arch of sky, cloud swept, The green grass is springing;

O joy of winds, and birds, and flowers Of growing grass, of budding leaves, en and sappy leaves,

Thrilled earth beholds her golden prime

Returned again; her heart beats swift.
Yea, as the spring winds lift
Their souls sublime,
She sees, afar, the fleeting shadow of tin

THE HAUNTED CHAMBEI

BY THE "DUCHESS."

CHAPTER, XI-[CONTINUED] 'You saw-' prompts Dora, rising too, and trembling violently, as though

in expectation of some fatal tidings.

I saw the door of the room that leads to the haunted chamber slowly move. It opened; the door that ha servants here with terror and dismay, was cautiously thrown open! A scream rose to my lips, but I was either too terrified to give ulterance to it, or els some strong determination to know what would follow restrained me, and I stood silent, like one turned int stone. I had instinctively moved back a step or two, and was now completely hidden from sight, though I could se all that was passing in the corridor hesitating footsteps from behind the lamp. I could see him distinctly. It

'Arthur Dynecourt!' ories the widow covering her ghastly face with her

Florence regards her with surprise did you guess it?'

'I knew it,' cries Dora frantically 'He has murdered him; he has hidden his body away in that forgotten cham ber. He was gloating over his victim no doubt, just before you saw him the scene of his crime.'

her arm, 'if he should not have mu have secured him there, holding him ore clearly to getting rid of him! If this idea be the correct one, we may

The agitation of the past hours prov bursts into tears and sobs wildly.

too well to think him capable of show

recommended to me as a husband!' re turns Florence sternly.

Dora: 'later on you shall say to me all

done. Shall I-shall I speak to Mr.

'I hardly know what to advise'distractedly. 'If we give our suspicion publicity, Arthur Dynecourt may ever yet find time and opportunity to baffle and disappoint us. Besides which, we may be wrong. He may have had nothing to do with it, and-

'At that rate, if secrecy is to be ou 'Alone, and at this hour, to that

another moment's delay.'

Oh, I can not!' declares Dora shu

Then I shall go alone! As Florence says this she takes

her candlestick and moves quickly to Stay, I will go, cries Dora tremb

ing. But a slight interruption occu ring at this instant, they are compelled o wait for awhile.

make her parting adiens to Mrs. Talbot, as she and her father inten What is it? she asks kindly, goin

Captain Ringwood discovers that it is cumstances to place him under arrest, by. locked, but nothing daunted, he pulls or decide on waiting until Sir Adrian Even while thinking this she idly it so violently backward and forward himself shall be able to pronounce opens a book lying on the table near that the lock rusty with age, gives way either his doom or his exculpation.

door carefully after them, and then, keeper.

Captain Ringwood producing some matches, they light the two lamps and go swiftly, with auxiously beating freshing slumber looks auxiously in the latter had brought to her, here to this very room, when asking be admitted the latter had brought to her, here to this very room, when asking be admitted the morning is far advanced, Adrian, waking from a short but remarks the latter had brought to her, here to the meritage of this very room, when asking be admitted and the meritage of the latter had brought to her, here to the morning is far advanced, Adrian eagerly; sue will excuent the latter had brought to her, here to the meritage of this very room, when asking be added thing speaks with such full assurance of being able to bring Dora forward as a witness in his defence that Florence,

Their hearts at this trying moment hands, almost fail them. They look into one chair.

and they follow him. Quickly mount- sad but sweet recollections. ing them, he lays his hand upon the door, and, afraid to give them any more time for reflection or dread of what may yet be in store for them, ing to say.

At first the feeble light from their been locked for nearly fifty years, and of the gloomy apartment. At the cur- glance of utter devotion. How can she Adrian. sory glance, such as they at first cast mistake his glance, so full of love and Their hearts sink within them. Have she turns from him, as though to leave book, and then says: they indeed hoped in vain!

Dora is crying bitterly; Ethel, with her eyes fixed upon Ringwood, is read- he entreats. ing her own disappointment in his face, She has darted forward, and is kneeling over something that even now is come nearer to it. It looks like a bun-

the very soul of Florence has reached

'Fiorence,' he rather sighs than says. have fallen upon him. and falls back, to all appearance, dead. him, save him! Adrian, look up-

sign that you can hear me!" But he makes no sign. His very and without causing suspicion. breath seems to have left him. Gathering him tenderly in her arms, Flor- of his guilt, his running away in this ence presses his worn and wasted face cowardly fashion? sava Ethel Villiers against her bosom, and pushes back 'I think papa and Lady FitzAlmont the hair from his forehead. He is so and everybody should be told.'

hope? says Dors. 'I know that man nize him. His cheeks have fallen in, remaining in the house, astounds them tion—that you too loved me. His beard has grown, and is now rough release of Sir Adrian, 'And yet 'that man,' as you call and stubbly; his hair is uncombed, the The nearest magistrate is sent for beautiful eyes. 'But you, by your own breast.' For the future, my dearest,

ng death staring him in the face?

A deadly silence has fallen upon the little group now gazing solemly down

But it is all in va's; even thoughtwo 'You know it was '-reproachfully. ing death staring him in the face? upon his quiet form. Florence, holding him closely to her heart, is gently land Yard are pressed into the service, rocking him to and fro, as though she no tidings of Arthur Dynecourt come will not be dissuaded that he still lives

pitifully over her, loosens her hold so far as to enable him to lay his hand me go alone upon Sir Adrian's heart. After a moment, during which they all watch him closer into the face that a second ago he believed dead, he says, with sub

> 'There may yet be time! He breathes carry him out of this dungeon?

He shudders as he glances round him.
'I will,' responds Florence calmly.'
These words of hope have steaded her and braced her nerves. Ethel and Mrs. Talbot, carrying the lamps, go on having lifted the senseless body of Adan easy burden, follow them.

Resching the corridor, they cross it back staircase that leads to Capta Ring wood's room by a circuitous route, they gain it without encountering a single soul, and isy him gently down on Ringwood's bed, almost at the very moment that midnight chimes from the old tower, and only a few minutes

Since the paling beneath the horror and surprise occasioned by the recital, does not less her self-possession.

I will go with you, the volunteers.

But let me say, the add, 'I think
you are wrong in minking this search
without a man. He is indeed we are
still in time to be of any use to poor
Six Adrian—always imposing he really
is secreted in that servible room—I do
not think any of me would be strong
unough to belp him down the stairs,
and, if he has been slowly starving all
stairs for the process and she, will be from the stairs,
and, if he has been slowly starving all
stails how weak he will be from you
conjure up? excellent possession

This caution and suspays had been
conjure up? excellent possession

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nted with their hopes and fears. self to be guilty of this destardly attack, cautiously, without any tempt to murder, would be not take. No. she will have no fickle lover.

ministers to the exhausted man as between its leaves and flutters to the Going into the small landing at the often as he dares, the nourishment and ground. Lifting it, she sees it is the

around him. Florence, seeing this lime-walk. The second door is reached, and now steps saide, as though to make way for She drops the letter hurriedly, as The second door is reached, and now steps aside, as though to make way for nothing remains but to mount the last Dora to go closer to him. But Mrs. though its very touch stings her, and, of his being a monster of fickleness flight of steps and open the fatal door. Talbot, covering her face with her rousing herself with bitter self-con

wood, touching Ethel's arm, says, in a side the bed, hardly knowing what to to the morning-room, where she know do. Again she glances at the prostrate she will find all the others assembled *Come, have courage—all may yet be man, and sees his eyes resting upon her with an expression in them that ever, except Sir Adrian, who is looking

'Darling, I owe you my life!' lamps fails to penetrate the darkness words, accompanying them with a book, prepares to read aloud to Sir him but by a gesture hegdetains her.

Once again, deeply distressed, she when suddenly a piercing cry from looks at Dora. Mrs. Talbot, rising, beating hastily. Florence wakes the echoes round them. says distinctly, but with a shamefaced

expression-' Do as he asks you. Believe me. by barely discernible to the others as tuey come nearer to it. It looks like a bun. Saying this, she glides quickly from can not forget that once she had loved come I will explain all, and you can the screen. At last a figure came with die of clothes, but, as they stoop over the room, and does not appear again this miserable man.

> But the shriek that has sprung from been seen since last evening. Ringwood, carrying this news to the some still living fibers in the brain of sick-room, the little rescuing party and then? Did she never really care for sunded his heart has been given to you

> this forlorn creature. Slowly and with their auxiliaries, the nurse and doctor, the fellow, or is this some of what Mrs. difficulty he raises his head, and opens lay their heads together, and decide Talbot has designated as Fiorence's a pair of fast glazing eyes. Mechanic that, doubtless, having discovered the 'slyness?' No, once for all be would tions Sir Adrian beseechingly. 'It is ally his glance falls upon Florence escape of his prisoner, and, dreading not believe that the pure, sweet, true all true what she has said. I love you His lips move; a melancholy smile arrest, Arthur has quietly taken himstruggles to show itself upon his parchade so avoided the trial and be guilty of anything underhand or no other woman shall ever be my wife. punishment which would otherwise

> 'He is not dead!' cries Florence pas they have acted unwisely in concealing train of his own thoughts rather than sob. 'He is altogether worthy of you.' sionately. 'He can not be! Oh, save the discovery of Sir Adrian in the the meaning of her last words. baunted chamber. By not speaking to the others, they have given Dynecourt the opportunity of getting away safely. What an extraordinary idea to come the opportunity of getting away safely. speak to me. Oh, Adrian, make some the others, they have given Dynecou

and deep hollows show themselves. by his revelation of the discovery and lines of want, despair, and cruel starva- and the case being laid before him, to- act, severed us. tion have blotted out all the old fair- gether with the still further evidence

ness of his features. His clothes are given by Sir Adrian himself, who has hanging loosely about him; his hands, told them in a weak whisper of Aryour dealings with me as I am with limp and nerveless, are lying by his thur's being privy to his intention of you, and confess the truth.' Who shall tell what agony he searching the haunted chamber for suffered during these past lonely days Florence's bangle on that memorable clares Adrian, in utter bewildermen with death—an awful, creeping, knaw- day of his disappearance, the magis- you would tell me that you think it

of the cleverest detectives from Scotto light. A man answering to his de-At length Captain Ringwood, stooping scription, but wearing spectacles, had been traced as having gone on board a vessel bound for New York the very Sir Adrian, your late coldness to be day after Sir Adrian was restored to has been neither kind nor just." the world, and, when search in other closely, he starts, and, looking still quarters fails, every one falls into the was in reality the would-be murderer

So the days pass on, and it is now quite a month since Ringwood and a! Who will help me to Florence carried Sir Adrian's senseless form from the haunted chamber, and still Florence holds herself aloof from the man she loves, and, though quite as assiduous as the others in her attentions to him, seems always eager to get

away from him, and glad to escape any thing for Mes. Talbot but the most or chance of a tele-a-tele with him. This divary friendship seems incredible to aving lifted the senseless body of Ad-ian, now indeed sufficiently light to be in easy burden, follow them.

To you, and you aloue, my heart has been given many a day. Not the vaguest tenderness for any other wo-Sir Adrian is still a great invalid. man has come between my thought hurriedly, and carrying Adrian up a The shock to his nervous system, the

dragging out of those interminable hours in the lonely chamber, and the strain upon his physical powers by the absence of nutriment for seven long 'I never wrote Mrs. Talbot a line in days and nights, had all combined to my life.' says Sir Adrian, more and shatter a constitution once robust. He is now greatly improved in health, and has been recommended by his doctors to try a winter in the south of France last September? pursues Florence before Arthur Dynecourt steals from has been recommended by his doctors his chamber to make that last visit to to try a winter in the south of France

CHAPTER XII.

Slowly and with difficulty they coax
Sir Adrian back to life. Ringwood had
insisted upon talling the old housekeeper at the eastle, who has been in
the family for years, the whole story.

As this suggestion meets with approval, they manage to convey a meeter from his own lips.

In the meantime, should Arthur hear minutes be is with them, and is made of his coustn's recove, and know him-

light, but carrying two small lamps steps to escape before the law should And yet how kind he is—how carnest ready for ignition, they go down to the lay its iron grasp upon him? All four how housest in his glance! Oh, that she ors are too ignorant of the could believe all the past to be an evil power of the law to know whether it dream, and think of him again as her ning the handle of this door, would be justifiable in the present cirvery own, as in the dear old days gone

her, where some brushes and paint are The doctor stays all night, and ad- scattered. A piece of paper drops from Going into the small landing at the often as he dares, the nourishment and kitchen by Dora, which staircase, they close the good things provided by the old house letter written to him by Dora, which Sir Adrian eagerly; 'she will exceen

hands, turns saide and sinks into a tempt from her sentimental regretworks vigorously at her painting fo another's blanched faces, and look there in vain for hope. At last, Ring-strange conduct, stands irresolute be-she flings her brushes aside, and goes

He moves toward the stone steps. makes her beart beat rapidly with rather tired and bored, and Ethel Vill iers. The latter, seeing Florence enter Then a faint voice falls upon her ear. gladly gathers up her work and runs

Florence, though sorry for this tetetele that has been forced upon her, sits it is all out now, and she is on her With great feebleness he utters these down calmly enough, and, taking up a trial. She feels like the variest crim-

'Not to-day, Florence; I want to 'Do not leave me! Stay with me!' speak to you instead.' tone, but yet firmly. 'I never received 'Anything you wish,' responds Flor-

ence steadily, though her heart is my hand." 'Are you sorry that-that my un happy cousin proved so unworthy?" he that is past?" asks at last, touching upon this subject

dle of clothes, but, as they stoop over the room, and does not appear again it, they, too, can see that it is in realisor into the full glare of the flickering in death
in death
'One must naturally feel sorry that on the spurn me, and put me outside the pale of your friendship if you will, and anything human could be guilty of guests that Arthur Dynecourt has not such an awful intention.' she recommendation as I well deserve. But for the present, accept my assurance that no love. gently, but with the utmost unconcern. passages ever occurred between me and

'It was false that you loved him

into your head! No; if anything I con 'Is it not an almost conclusive proof fees I felt for your cousin nothing but ontempt and dislike.'

Then, Florence, what has come beween us?' he exclaims, seizing her hand. 'You must have known that I loved you many weeks ago. Nay, long 'But I thought—I feared—oh, how completely altered, so thorough a So Ringwood, undertaking the office wreck has he become, that it is indeed of tale-bearer, goes down-stairs, and, before last season came to a close; and much I have suffered! only the eyes of love that could recog- bringing together all the people still then I believe-forgive my presump-

'I did?'

'I don't know what you mean,' de

'I know nothing of the kind '-hotly. 'I only know that I have always loved

you, and only you, and that I shall never love another 'You forget-Dors Talbot!' says Florence, in a very low tone. 'I-think

'I have never been either colder warmer to Dora Talbot than I have een to any other ordinary acquain ance of mine,' returns Sir Adrian, with surely a terrible mistake somewh 'Do you mean to tell me,' says Flor

once, rising in her agitation, ' that yo 'Certainly I spoke of love of m love for you,' he declares vehemently That you shall suppose I ever felt any-

and your image since first we met. 'Yet there was your love-letter to her-I read it with my own eyes!' de

shing botly with shame and indigns

BOOK-KEEPERS, Acco

Try them and you will use no other

'You a re laboring under a delusion. and see things as they really are, 'I am awake, and I do see things they are,' she replies sadly. your mind against me?' he says, in At this moment, as if in answer his question, the door leading into the room is pushed open, and Dora Talbot 'Ah, here is Mrs. Taibot,' exclaims

for the first time, feels a strong doubt thrown upon the belief she has formed

· What is it I can do for you?' asks

Dora, in some confusion. Of late she has grown very shy of being alone with either him or Floren 'You will tell Miss Delmaine,' re-

plies Adrian quickly, 'that I never wrote you a letter, and that I certainly did not—you will forgive my even mentioning this extraordinary supposition, I hope, Mrs. Talbot-kiss your hand one day in September in the lime-walk.' Dora turns first hot and then cold. first crimson and then deadly pale. So

inal brought to the bar of justice. Shall she promptly deny everything, or-no. But he stops her. Putting out his She has had enough of deceit and inround the room, it appears to be empty rapture? Perplexed in the extreme, hand, he quietly but firmly closes the trigue. Whatever it costs her, she will now be brave and true, and confess all. 'I do tell her so.' she says, in a low

> a letter from you, and you never kissed 'Dora!' cries Florence. 'What ar you saying! Have you forgotten all

'Spare me!' entreats Dora hoarsely. Sir Adrian stares. Was he mistaken Sir Adrian, and that I am fully peralone ever since your first meeting.'

'Florence, you believe her?' My beloved, take pity on me!

Trust in him, give yourself freely to Ringwood is now of opinion that then?" he questions, following out the him without fear, urges Dora, with a So saving, she escapes from th

room, and goes up the stairs to her 'Is there any hope for me?' asks Sir Adrian of Florence when they are Clover, again alone. 'Darling, answer me, do

· I have loved you always—always,

'Never mind that now,' rejoins Sir Adrian very tenderly. He has placed 'Your belief was a true one,' she re- his arm round her, and her head is turns calmly, tears standing in her resting in happy contentment upon his ing, if I can prevent it.

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is less conspicuous.

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