

I knew—I knew that you loved me, and, oh, a dreadful feeling came into my heart, and I drew back, and could have sunk upon the ground in misery, but that there came a thought of your safety! *He* was safe, but you—you were here, where reward was posted for you. I begged you to come into the house, that I might hide you there, but you would not. You had come for one thing, you said, and only one. An hour or two, and then you must be gone for London. And so you urged me to the beach. I was afraid we might be seen, but you led me away from the cottages near to the little bridge which crosses the dyke. By that way we came to the sands, as we thought unnoted. But no, who should it be to see us but that canting Baptist, Solby! And so the alarm was given. You had come, dear Cousin Dick, to ask me one thing—if I loved you? and if, should you ever be free to come back, I would be your wife? I did not answer you; I could not answer you; and, when you pressed me, I begged you to have pity on me and not to speak of it. You thought I was not brave enough to love a man open to the law. As if—as if I knew not that what you did came out of a generous, reckless heart. And on my knees—oh, on my knees—I ought to have thanked you for it! But I knew not what to say; my lips were closed. And just then shots were fired, and we saw the coast-guards' lights. Then came Lancy Doane stumbling down the banks, and our parting—our parting. Your bitter laugh as you left me has rung in my ears ever since.

"Do not think we have been idle here in your cause, for I myself went to Earl Fitzwilliam and told him the *whole* story, and how you had come to help Tom Doane that night. How do I know of it all? Because I have seen a letter from Tom Doane. Well, the Earl prom-