

like a dog under an impending lash. Every syllable uttered in that deadly, concentrated voice made his heart shiver.

"I took care not to let any one see me," he said, humbly. "I had my Inverness buttoned when I left the platform, and I kept it so till I changed my dress."

"When you were at the station, did you notice a tall, wiry man, with a long iron-gray moustache, and a slight stoop?"

"With a rather old-fashioned overcoat, and a black satin cravat?"

"Yes."

"He was talking to the inspector as I got into the fly."

"And I have seen him twice since I returned—twice within these few hours. That man is a detective, Mr. Edward Danvers Temple. I know him in London, for he was pointed out to me. He is as steady and as sure as Satan, and he is on the trail. He has come down to make inquiries concerning Eugene. Judge if I set too high a value on the points of detail I gave you in my instructions."

"I did not know, Mr. Grantley. I am very sorry. How's a fellow to think of things as you do? You oughtn't to be down upon me."

"He was stopped by a fiercely-muttered oath. 'How's a fellow to think of things as you do? You oughtn't to be down upon me.'"

"Where did the young American gentleman, Edward Danvers Temple, pick up that London slang?" On my soul, you might almost be taken for that ill-trained drunken eunuch, Theodor. And if you are ever taken for him—if any tone, or speech, or manner of yours should lead to such a mistake—"

"He finished the sentence with a glance which made the master of Brookdale tremble, and even that seemed to answer him."

"You are such a cur," he said, bitterly. "I should have better hopes, a better liking, if you did not stand and shiver when I speak to you. Come, look me in the face; see if there is a morsel of nerve or courage left in you."

"How can I?" said the young man, sullenly. "How can I, when you make me shiver through and through with fright? You are like a demon—that's what you are. If you don't drop it, Edward Grantley," he added, driven to desperation in his fears; "if you don't treat me more like what you want me to be, I'll throw up the whole infernal game, and sell you, so help me—"

"His life had never been in such peril as it was then. He saw the demon he had spoken of leap into Edward's eyes, and he turned with a shiver of terror. Grantley reached him with a sliding bound, such as a tiger might give, dragged him back, and took him by the throat. He flung him into a corner, and picked up a plant riding-whip."

"What are you going to do, Mr. Grantley?"

"Teach you to remember that you threatened to sell me. I thoroughly believe you, my young friend, and I know you would do it if you dared—if you did not know that wherever you might hide I should find you, and trample you out of the world. Come here!"

Edward Danvers Temple ran from him like a rat, making vain attempts to get through the wall. He uttered shrieks after shrieks like a frightened girl, and when he felt himself pincioned, his screams were pitiable.

But the lash fell mercilessly. All the scorn, contempt, and dislike that Edward had felt for his spiritless, inelegant accomplice found vent now. It would have been hard to say how it would have ended, had not an interruption come.

Those wild cries for help had reached Ada Darrell, and she entered, followed by Margaret. The young man broke from Edward's grasp, and threw himself into Ada's arms, with the one joyous word—

"Mother!"

"And he would have said the same before the whole household," said Edward, throwing the whip down with a savage sneer. "If that cub is the son of Clarence Temple, Mrs. Darrell, there must be some taint in your own blood strong enough to have obliterated every trace of the Temples in him."

Ada did not reply to the bitter taunt. She had never, even in her acting days, looked so well as now, when she stood sheltering the youth, looking quite prepared to do battle for him—as she would.

"You cruel coward!" she said, pressing the frightened fearful face to her breast. "He is but a boy to you. Why have you done this?"

"Let him tell you. Take him from my sight now."

The subdued ferocity of his tone warned her not to reply. Margaret took her gently towards the door, and closed it upon her and the youth who had called her "mother."

The bitter passions, long pent up in silence, held in bondage by the man's indomitable nerve, had come to the surface now that he had danger to meet. In his mighty rage at being fought against and partly thwarted, he felt as if he could have stood alone against the universe.

"Something has gone wrong," Margaret said, as her brother paced to and fro with heavy strides. "You had better confide in me, Edward."

"Why should I trouble you? If I could make you my confidante more than I have done I would, for you are the only one whom I can trust, Margaret."

He spoke the last word with intense feeling, and taking both her hands, stood looking into her eyes.

"Let me say this while it is in my heart. If I ever have one regret—if I lose in the bitter struggle, and have to leave the world if I shall have mastered me, my one single sorrow will be for you, because, in being true and staunch to me, you have made some sacrifice of pride and truth, and the high nobility that was always in your character."

"I would do much to see you happy, Edward; but is there no other way?"

"Is there?" he said, fiercely. "Can I retreat one step in safety? Must I not go on, if my every footfall is a print of death? For the man who has done what I have done, Margaret, there is no such thing as going back."

"I never saw you like this before. I never thought I could so lose my temper. I thought I had myself in more control."

"You are in danger, Edward."

"There is a possible danger; but I shall avert it. I must sleep to-night. I want to see him; but it would not be wise to trust myself in his presence yet. You have the key?"

"Of that?" she pointed to the closed wing.

"Yes; give it me."

"Not to-night, Edward."

"Perhaps it is as well," he said; "but I must see him in the morning. Something must be done before Laurence Drayton comes to Brookdale. Our secret would not be safe with him in the house. Eugene must accept what I have offered, and take the oath I put to him—or there is the alternative."

"What?"

"He must die! There is no help for it, Margaret. It is his life or mine, and, though I almost love him, he must die if he will not take my terms. I will give him till Monday to determine; there must not be a living secret in Brookdale after that night."

Margaret said nothing, but she made a mental resolution of her own.

"This is not the time to speak of it," she said, after a long pause; "you are excited and want rest. I think he will accept your terms, and you know his promise once given will be held sacred."

"Yes; he is a gentleman to the core. How different to that wretched crew whom we are obliged to use. The taint in him is ineradicable."

"Why were you so violent?"

"He uttered a threat—said in his London slang that he would sell me—and so, if he dared, he would. He has the spirit of a Judas, and would take hangman's money."

The next moment he was sorry for having said those two last words. They made him think of a mental picture—a crowd—a scaffold, and a dumb figure swinging from a rope. He shuddered from head to foot.

"You are not well," Margaret said; "your nerves are overstrained, you have overtaxed your strength. I hope you will rest to-night."

He hoped so too; but he feared his dreams would be haunted, as his thoughts were, by the kiss of a little child, who had made him think of the dead man as he had seen him with his broken arm and a black dent in his forehead. There was a warning in the turn events had taken—his instinct told him that the crisis was near.

He was quieter next morning when he woke, and Margaret gave him the key of the closed wing when he asked for it. She was dressed in her riding-habit, and the groom stood at the door with her horse.

"Remember," she said, calmly, "not a hair of his head must be injured, no matter what may come of his obstinacy. If you fail, I may not."

He will do much for me. Give me your promise."

"For this time, at least."

She went out, and he assisted her to the saddle. She was a splendid horsewoman, and riding was her favorite exercise. The day was cool, but the bright and bracing atmosphere made a counter through the green lanes pleasant enough, and the groom had to try the speed of his horse in following her.

She went so swiftly that she nearly rode over a gentleman upon whom she came at a sudden turn in the lane. He had to catch the bridle of her horse to save himself, and then his bearded face looked at her with a smile.

"Your pardon," he said; "I had not time to get out of my way."

The deep-toned voice and bearded face seemed strangely familiar to her. He was bronzed with travel, and there was a thread of silver here and there in his thick black hair, but her heart, faithful to the memory of an old love, went back to him as she had seen him thirteen years ago.

"Mr. Fleming?" she said.

He smiled with a world of tenderness, and gazed at her with curious earnestness. He took her left hand, and felt the fingers through her glove.

"There is no ring," he said, lifting the hand to his lips. "You are Margaret Grantley still. I told you I should come back for you, Margaret, and I have kept my word."

(To be continued.)

#### BOOKWORMS.

The famous Bourdaloue read every year St. Paul, St. Chrysostom, and Cicero. He may surely be called a bookworm of the beetle type, for the works of St. Chrysostom are contained in eleven folios. He must have completed his annual task at least five times. Sir William Jones read through the works of Cicero every year. But for an ordinary reader to set himself to such a task would be to give him a life-long distaste for literature. We admire more the desultory reading of the book-lover. This is exhibited in his mounting a ladder for one book, pitching upon another, and in his delighted perusal of the latter, forgetting the primary object of his search. Mr. Burton, we are glad to say, regrets that in Dibdin's bibliographical works he estimates everything by its pecuniary value. "Everything is too comfortable, luxurious, and easy—russia, muslin, embroidery, marbling, gilding—all crowding on one, and there all one feels sublimated with riches. There is a feeling, at the same time, of the utter useless pomp of the whole thing. Volumes, in the condition in which he generally describes them, are no more fitted for use and consultation than white kid gloves and silk stockings are for hard work. Books should be used decently and respectfully—reverently, if you will, but let there be no toleration for the doctrine that there are volumes too splendid for use, too fine almost to be looked at, as Brunel said of his Dresden china." The late Sir Thomas Phillips, Bart., was the greatest collector of modern times. The only son of Mr. T. Phillips, a Manchester manufacturer, he was educated at Rugby and University, Oxford. The future bibliomaniac was born in 1792, and soon after his father removed to his beautiful residence on the Costwold Hills, Middlehill. On the death of his father he succeeded to a large fortune, and thus had the means of gratifying his passion for collecting MSS. and books, the former particularly. That he was a genuine bibliophile the following remark by a writer in the *Athenaeum*, Feb. 10, 1872, proves:—"The late baronet was not only a fine scholar, but he was one of the most learned men of the age. No one, if judging from the works issued from his private press, could form any idea of the vast range of his knowledge and acquirements in nearly every branch of historical and antiquarian lore." Few persons have any idea of the vast extent of his collection. It was essentially rich in MSS.—no less than 60,000 in number, contained in 21,000 boxes. Three thousand of these are described in Hanel's *Catalogi Librorum Manuscriptorum*, 1830. He bought several entire libraries, and when the intelligent bookseller Thorpe issued a catalogue of 1,400 vols. of MSS. Sir Thomas ordered the whole. His collection is rich in Greek MSS., monastic cartularies, and genealogical and historical papers. Sir Thomas died Feb. 6, this year, and great curiosity was naturally felt as to the disposition of his unrivalled library. A few days before his death he made a will bequeathing Thirlestane House at Cheltenham, with the library, to his youngest daughter (he left no male issue), Mrs. Fenwick. The oldest daughter married Mr. J. Orchard Halliwell, the eminent Shakespearean critic, but Sir Thomas, by his will, strictly forbade his eldest daughter, or her husband, or any Roman Catholic, ever to enter the house.—*Churchman's Shilling Magazine*.

Nay, be above your business, no matter what that calling may be, strive to be the best in that line. He who turns up his nose at his work quarrels with his bread and butter. He is a poor snail who quarrels with his own shell; there is no shame about any honest calling. Don't be afraid of soiling your hands; there is plenty of soap to be had.

When a man on the shady side of middle life has the fortitude to look around him to note the number of his old and valued friends, he is shocked to find how meagre is the list. One after another has disappeared, from no other cause than that their physical powers, originally vigorous, have succumbed in the feverish, and we might also say, insupportable, life.

#### SWINDLED.

There came along some fellows with a lightning rod for sale. The patent, spiral, galvanic-electric, white wire cable. The only rod that always made a streak of lightning quail. Or glance, harmlessly impotent, from the protected gable.

By their ingenious fables of capricious lightning's freaks, They raised the hair of Tompkins and caused his lightning proof. With dreadful apprehension of those promiscuous strokes, Fraught with danger and destruction to his new domicile.

And they persuaded Tompkins, while his mind was in that state, That he'd better have his promises forthwith made lightning proof. Delay, he felt, was dangerous, and he could hardly wait.

While those travelling electricians were working on his roof.

"Now make things safe," said Tompkins, "regardless of expense!" Full soon his dwelling bristled with those cloud-golfing spears; Each chimney and each gable was placed on its defense.

And extra rods were set, in deference to Tompkins's fears.

The rods meandered o'er the house in mazes ramified. Twined the upright, o'er the wings, o'er lintel and o'er shed; Tompkins surveyed the scene, the while his bosom swelled with pride.

And he longed to see some lightning by those discomfited.

The lightning gave a prompt response to Tompkins's defiance. And launched its lurid bolts in incessant fusillade, 'Twas doubted whether victory would favor force, or science.

So impetuous was the lightning in its vindictive raid.

It was a lively skirmish and the ground was much torn up. By lightning bolts; and all the folks in town were terrified.

And milk, for miles around, was soured; and Tompkins's bridle pump. Got in the way of one small streak and it removed his hide.

The spectacle was gorgeous. In a fiery entanglement. Strokes of electric lightning on that dwelling down-ward swooped. With blinding, zigzag flashes and forked tongues. In fact.

It seemed, in spite of lightning rods, that Tompkins must be "accused."

But the rods seemed doing nobly, and Tompkins laughed with glee. To think he had got the start of what he so had feared. When all with wild explosion the earth quaked fearfully.

And Tompkins and his house and family all disappeared.

Then all the town philosophers assembled, and they wrangled. About the scientific causes of that catastrophe; And the wisest ones decided that the lightning had got tangled.

Among so many rods, and "busted things" in getting free.

Buffalo Courier.

(REGISTERED IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE COPYRIGHT ACT OF 1866.)

#### IN AFTER-YEARS;

OR,

#### FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER ROSS.

#### CHAPTER XVII.

It was a lovely place in both its surroundings and appointments, the beautiful villa residence at Bayswater in which Lord Nairn and his lady dwelt during the London season.

The morning on which Catechism left the *Edinburgh Herald* with the servant, who promised him to be placed where his Lord was sure to see it, was one of those mornings in early autumn when the air seems to be sweeter and the sun to shine more brightly, as if both wished to be remembered gratefully in the cold, dull days so soon to come.

The morning room into which the servant had carried the newspaper and placed it on the top of several others lying on a small table to the right of Lord Nairn's seat at the breakfast table, was a room furnished according to Lady Nairn's particular orders, and almost unique in its way.

The furniture, which was rose-colored satin, being covered with plush, so thin as to seem the production of an Indian loom, the rose-colored satin under the billowy puffs of the cloud-like muslin shading, from rose to pale pink and white, giving the appearance of crushed roses of various hues, the drapery from fauteuils and sofas being of plaid lace instead of the usual fringe trimming. The walls were entirely covered with exquisite water color drawings, the frames being slight and made in open tracery work so as not to attract the eye from the drawings they were made, not to adorn, but to protect. Mirrors were placed between each window, reaching from floor to ceiling, the frames of which were composed of wreaths of water lilies with their leaves. In front of each were statuesque supporting flower vases filled with fresh blossoms of graceful form and gorgeous color. The windows reaching to the floor opened out on the mossy green lawn, where oleanders covered with their wax-like rich blossoms of crimson and pink oppressed the air with perfume.

In this paradise was seated Lady Nairn, a beautiful young woman, whose fair hair, unconfined by a comb or ribbon, fell in undulating tresses over her morning dress of pale blue silk, which set off alike the white throat and roseleaf cheek of its wearer.

Lady Nairn was a petted wife, and one who returned her Lord's love with interest, being almost child-like in her expression of the happiness she felt in being his. Where he was, was home to her; and home or happiness without him could not be. It was the intense feeling of love for her husband which made her desire to live in London while his parliamentary duties obliged him to be there, and this which made her wish her home to be a beautiful home rather than a grand mansion. Every morning, previous to Lord Nairn's appearance in the breakfast room, his lady placed by his side a bouquet fresh from garden or hot house culled by her own fair hands, and arranged in accordance with what she knew to be his peculiar taste.

Lady Nairn had not long to wait her Lord's appearance. On coming into the room he acknowledged his pretty wife's presence with a smile. Going to the breakfast table he took up the bouquet from his plate, smelt it, and still holding it in his hand, crossed over to where his wife sat before the fire and pressed his lips to her cheek.

Lord Nairn was a middle-sized man, bald, the little hair he had left him was dark brown, large full soft eyes, brown also—the unmistakable mark of cultivation—from father to son in every feature; the month most expressive of all, denoting wit, sense, benevolence, as the emotions of his mind brought each quality into play.

Lord Nairn was a man of large heart and cultivated mind, a British peer. His voice was ever listened to with respect in the House, his vote was always given on the side of the poor man's right. He feared God, and the prayer of his soul, which each day ascended to the Throne of Grace was: "Lord, keep my heart and tongue and hands from sinning; let not my heart conceive or harbor evil thoughts of my fellow-sinners; let not my tongue be silent when it should be loud in denouncing the oppressor, or in taking the part of the oppressed; let my hand be open to give of what Thou hast given me, to all who need."

His life showed that his prayer was heard. In the miserable cellars and garrets, where the poor of London do most congregate, he was so well known that he went and came alone unharmed where a policeman feared to enter unless accompanied by his fellow. The jails and hospitals knew him well; and many there were who had gone to jail and hospital wishing for death, hoping that death would bring annihilation, who came forth from both, taught by Lord Nairn and helped by him to be good citizens in their own or some other land, to sing the Lord's songs, to bless the Redeemer who came to save them, even them, and to walk on their way rejoicing because they knew there was prepared for them a golden crown, a white robe and a mansion in the heavens.

Nor was his life wanting in sacrifice, that he might not cause his weak brother to err. Accustomed to the use of wine every day of his life, and fully alive to the fact that he was permitted to drink that which gladdens the heart of man, he could not close his eyes to the sad truth which met him everywhere, that this very gladdening could be, and is made the destroyer; and he vowed a vow unto the Lord that no strong drink should touch his lips or be used in his house; that whatsoever others did, as for him and his house, they should save the Lord; and the blessing came down in a shower on his head, as if the windows of heaven had been opened. His home was the happiest place in all the world to him and all who dwelt therein; his wife, beautiful, gentle and true, deeming her husband the best ideal of all that was loving, great and good; his beautiful children were healthy and strong; his domestics faithful and attached, each one personally to him and his.

It is true, several of the latter, on hearing from himself the stringent laws which were for the future to rule in his house, preventing the use of strong drink in any of its various phases, objected strongly to what they deemed a curtailing of their rights and comforts; one or two going the length of resigning their places in the household. But this was only what he looked for, and he made the best of it until the one who had thought himself most aggrieved, who had been in the service of Lord Nairn's father when the present Lord was a boy, and never heard of such new fangled notions before, came back to say he wanted his old place again; it was harder to live with strangers than to live without strong drink.

It was from Lord Nairn that Ernest De Vere had learned to walk in the ways of pleasantness and peace; when as a mere boy he was taken by the former to the haunts of misery, taught to feel for the woes of others, and to tread the pleasant upward path leading to the city where the tree of life is blooming, and where casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea, the denizens thereof live in joy which hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive.

"Come and breathe the fresh air, Ida," said his Lordship, as he kissed his wife's cheek, "I am a few minutes late this morning, but I feel as if I do not care to eat until I have gone out for a while to see how the flowers bloom and hear the birds sing."

"I have gone to breathe the fresh air two or three times since I came down stairs," was the wife's reply, "and I have got quite a hungry feeling, as if it were time to be eating! but if you will promise to be a good boy in future, and never take so long a time in dressing again, I will go out for exactly three minutes with you."

"I promise."

"To be good?"

"To be good."

"And never lazy again."

"And never again lazy for evermore. Now, surely that will do, won't it?"

"Yes, that will do; and I'll kiss you because you're good," said Lady Nairn, as standing up she put her arm around his neck, drawing down his head to a level with her own, that she might press her pretty lips to his cheek.

"Come, then," replied her husband, "and because you're good I'll let you hear the little birds sing."

And they went, Lord Nairn taking his wife's hand and leading her out as if she had been a little girl.

The skies without being overcast, were dripping with rain, one of those soft, gentle autumn showers which come accompanied with a rainbow, as if to show that they only intend to pay a visit and be gone, come to remind us of the sweet summer rain that is over and will not return for so many long, cold, weary months.

They stayed their steps on the marble verandah, the pillars of which were covered with rich living beauty from the morning glory and other bright-hued morning creepers, all of them seeming to lean forward, as if they would go out into the mild fresh rain from under the sloping roof of the house.

"Look, Ida, at that little bird out in the rain under the dripping leaves of the old apple tree, what a merry little fellow, with his chirp and twitter. Ask him to tell you his story, and why he sits singing there under the rain."

"I know his story, and why he sits and sings out in the rain. He is waiting for his mate as I waited for mine a little while ago, and his little bird heart won't let him wait any longer. I look how his pretty head turns to one side after a burst or song, as if he heard the rustle of her wings out in the lane by the garden gate."

"What a pretty little bird romance you have made out of the robin red breast, Ida. When they ask me to write a story for the *London Journal* I'll coax you to write it for me, and you will make me the hero instead of the bird."

"Very well; if you will come into breakfast now, I'll write a story about a Lord who fell in love with a poor little white dove, and he was the best husband in all the world; and she the happiest dove that ever was seen, happier than a crowned queen."

"Come, then."

Lord Nairn rung for breakfast, and having almost completed the most pleasant of all meals, singled out a paper, which was always an agreeable after breakfast half hour pastime for his lady, as it was published in her own county of Hants, and generally gave news of those she knew and wished to hear about. Handling this over to her, his eye fell upon a newspaper covered with cream-laid paper and addressed in an unknown, but very good hand. He saw at a glance that it must have come from some private person, not from a newspaper office; and his curiosity thus excited, he tore off the cover and opened the paper, that he might ascertain from its contents why it was sent and who the sender.

He was not long in finding out the reason of its coming, the long ink-line at once attracting his attention to the words, "Sad exposure in high life."

Lord Nairn read the paragraph twice over, weighing it well in his own mind as he did so. "Who brought this paper here, Taylor?" said he, addressing the servant in waiting, at the same time holding up the newspaper and the white strip of paper on which the address was written.

"I do not know, my Lord," was the servant's reply. "I suppose John must have taken it in and placed it on your table when it was delivered to him at the door. Shall I inquire?"

"No, tell John to come here."

The servant left the room, and in a few seconds returned, accompanied by the man who spoke to 'catchem in the morning."

"Who brought this paper?" inquired Lord Nairn, again holding the paper as before.

"A clergyman, my Lord, brought it this morning, and desired me at once to place it on the table with the morning papers."

"A clergyman?" repeated his Lordship in a tone of surprise.

"Yes, my Lord; leastwise a gentleman dressed like a dissenting parson, but not a hat and collarless coat like a church clergyman."

"A dissenting clergyman, ah, I see," said his master, as if he had now got the clue to who had sent the paper; "he did not leave his name?"

"No, my Lord," replied the man, "but I am sure he was a parson; anyhow he had just the quiet look they have, and spoke kind like."

"Was he a small man, or tall?"

"He was middle-sized, and had a white and reddish whiskers, and spoke slow and civil."

"I think I know the man. Go to the coachman and ask if the gentleman who came home with me yesterday, and whom he drove by-road Bayswater, asked my name."

"John bowed and left the room, presently returning to say—

"My Lord, Dr. Benson says the gentleman he drove out past Bayswater asked your name and if you were married."

Lord Nairn signified by a look that he was satisfied. John left the room, and the other was desired to follow him.

"You have not much of the curiosity your sex, Ida, or you would have asked what all this was about," said Lord Nairn when they were alone.

"I understand that you wanted to know who sent you the newspaper in your hand, and that you found out that it was a dissenting clergyman who rode up here with you yesterday."

"You are right so far, but the reason I wished so particularly to know who sent it was because of a most extraordinary paragraph which is marked by a black line, so as to attract my attention," and as he spoke he put down the slip of paper on which the address was written, and then for the first time discovered that it was closed by a couple of waters, which had been stamped with a seal, on which a capital C was engraved.

"Ah!" said he, as he examined the seal, "the name of the clergyman who accompanied me home yesterday is Campbell. There is a capital C in old English letter on the wafer. That is quite as satisfactory as if he had signed his name, which I can easily understand his motive for not wishing to do. Before you read this paragraph, which is a most painful one and concerns us both, I must tell a little of my acquaintance with Mr. Campbell."

"Some three months ago I met him in one of the lowest districts of the city. It was he who took me into the garret where the poor women we sent with her children to Canada lived, and whom he had been supporting during the father's illness out of his own private means. Since then I have gone with him to many places where the most abject misery prevailed. I have good reason to esteem him highly for his work's sake. He gave me his name and address in Kent street several weeks ago, and since then we have met almost every second day. It was not necessary to tell him my name, and I did not do so."

"Yesterday he walked with me to where I left my carriage in Edgeware Road, and as we walked along said he was on his way to accompany me, saying that my carriage would take him to his destination. On our way I told him of my departure for the Continent in the course of a few days, and accidentally mentioned that Colonel and Mrs. Lindsay were to form two of our party."