

"Poor Mary," he said pityingly—"she is sorely tried! I trust Cumberland will return to her soon."

"Harold, I fear he never will. A thought is haunting me, and I must tell it to you. When we were in the cavern, he certainly heard Daniel speak of the great rifts in the rocks beneath the pool. 'A man lost there,' he said, 'would never be found.' Harold, I fear he remembered it, and he is there."

"Do not say so to Mary. When she is gone we will have the pools dragged."

Mary stayed on till inquest and funeral was over. When Mr. Irrian was laid in his last rest, she bade them all good-bye—hopefully, for Leonard, she said, would surely return to her.

Daniel's story had not impressed her as it had the others; she had heard he was a man who saw such sights, and was a dreamer of dreams; such men believed in visions created by mists and darkness and the fancies of a quick brain.

No; Leonard was living, and now that the curse had ceased, she would yet soothe him back to happiness. In this hope she bade Langarth farewell, and saw its shores and its wide bay no more.

There was a great crowd at Mr. Irrian's funeral, for it was whispered among the people that he was the Black Rider; and, as, in the sweet Cornish way, they sang as he was borne to the grave, a hymn was chanted softly also for that other who was laid at last in holy ground.

Doctor Arnold went away with Mary. His heart was very sore for her and for himself; for he felt he was at fault as a physician. He should have told Leonard, when he half-awaked him from that strange trance, of his father's death, that the shadow under which he lived might have been lifted. Now, in the dread of it perhaps, he had chosen death rather than life.

Harold and Estrild had the pool searched and dragged, but without avail; though, as Daniel justly said, this proved little, for fifty drowned men might lie jammed within the rents and rifts of the rocks, and never be dragged forth by mortal hands.

"I believe he is there," Daniel said, "though he chose to stand among the drowned crew on the cliff, when the great voice called the dead; even then the old fear was on him, and he fancied it was his father's voice."

Far and near at every port inquiries were made for the schooner-yacht, but she was never seen—never heard of again.