

friend of mine that I value deeply 'tis much."

"You speak of Mr Masters," said she, sharply, and with discomposure. "Sure, if he be a gentleman he will not trouble me when he knows."

"Anne!" cried a voice from the top of the stairs, "Anne!"

'Twas her bridegroom calling. Well, she should go to him in what mood she might when I had done with her.

"He will never know," says I, "unless he have it from yourself."

"Anne!" says the voice above the stairs.

"He shall not—I will not," she cried angrily.

"I will not be persecuted, 'twas all a mistake."

I whistled, and Calypso emerged from the night, and behind Calypso was the horse with its burden.

An anxious look dawned in her face. "I am insulted—" says she, and paused quickly. "Edward!" she called, and put a hand to her bosom.

"Anne, my dove!" cried the voice, "where are you? Come, child, 'tis late."

The horses came to a stop before the door, with the body in the saddle, bound to the crupper.

"What is it?" she cried in alarm, and