TOTALS 0.130:11 DINES

When the skies of life are dreary.
When the heart grows sick and weary—
Try the better plan.
See in darkness promised light,
Hope for morning after night,
Turn your foot-teps to the right.
And bear it like a man.

Sometimes you will deem it lonely, Still keep striving fo ward, only.

Try the better plan, When you fall to win the race—
When no sunshine you can trace—
When the stream beats in your face—
Bear it like a man.

Some will tell you life is folly-Ne'er give way to melanchory— Try the better plan, Do not fancy all mankind Bent on keeping you behind— Some must lose while some will find— Bear it like a man.

True, the sea is often heaving—
No one makes it calm by grieving—
Try the better plan.
This is what the brave would do,
When the wild surges rise to view,
Venture, they will rise you too—
Venture like a man.

Tis not how much ground you cover;
Be true life soon will be over—
Do the styoucan.
Earth is but a changing shore,
Nothing can the past restore—
At the end ther's life and more,—
Earn it like a man. Rochest.r., N. Y. Oct. 7, 18'9.

RETURNED FROM THE GRAVE

By MRS. HENRY WOOD: Author of "East Lynne," " Oswald Gray," &c.

yours?" Wilfred drew afs chair a little forward, and

leaned toward his father.

marrying her; but, do you blame me in your heart of hearts? Would not you have done the same, in my place? Father, from my soul I believe that you would never have visited it upon me, but that you were incited to do so by Lady Adelaide."
"To the point," briefly spoke Mr. Lester.

"State the purport of your visit, if you have any to state.

"I believe I was not far from the point. However, I am here, I repeat to ask you for as-

"I crave it as a favor."

"I will not give it, I say," tartly responded Mr. Lester."

"Then I must request it as a right. Yes, sir, and I must have it. You hold money belonging to me I believe, money that by right of law ought to be at this moment in my hands instead of yours." "No. I do not.'

lied, convinced that Miss Bordillion had not misled him.

"Maria has her fourteen thousand pounds, to be paid to her on her marriage, you enjoying the interest until that epoch. I have in like manner twelve hundred, which passed legally into my possession when I became of age. Sir, it ought to have passed absolutely: it must do so now."

tion?" inquired Mr. Lester. "That, I imagine is of no consequence."

so obscurely worded, that upon that point a question has arisen. I have taken counsel's opinion upon it, and their advice is that you do not come into it until my death."

Wilfred paused a few moments before replying.

"About Maria's there is no question. The

clanses are differently worded "Where's the will? In Doctor's Common's?" next spoke Wilfred.

"The money was not left by will. It was a deed of gift."

fred.

small iron safe which had stood in his study as long as Wilfred could remember.

"It is there." he said.

"Indeed, no," said Mr. Lester. "I think I have satisfied you pretty well as it is. Your pergsing it could answer no en 1; it is obscurely worded, as I now assure you, and the orinion of counsel was that you could not touch it till my death." "Other counsel may be of an opposite

opinion," persisted Wilfred "It would be but fair to allow me to submit it, in my turn." "And to what good?" asked Mr. Lester. "Were your counsel's opinion adverse to the one already consulted, what of that? You could only prove which was right by an ac-

tion at law, and I believe you have no funds to sustain one. I tell you openly, that I shall not part with the money until death compels

"Once convince me that is law, and I will urge the point no more," said Wilfred. "Suffer me to read over the deed."

"I have told you no," said Mr. Lester "The deed is there, safe and secure," motioning once more to the iron safe, "and I will not disturb it. Our interview is over. I cannot give you any assistance; and I desire that you will not intrude here again."

paltry ten pounds, I must go into one; will you not at least, pay that?"

Whether Mr. Lester would have relented, with the unpleasant scrap of paper placed palpably before him, it is impossible to say. Before he could speak the door was flung open, and Ludy Adelaide sailed in.

She did not look at Wilfred. She passed him with scorn, picking up her dress as she swept by, but she spoke to Mr Lester.

"They told me your son was here, but I did not believe it. Mr. Lester, can you allow his presence?—and by so doing make light of pa-

"I wait for my answer," said the latter, still

showing the writ. "Will you help me out of

"I tell you the interview is over." Wilfred put the writ in his pocket; and turning on his heel, departed, bowing to Lady Adelaide—a bow so low, so elaborate, that she might well have deemed it offered in irony.

CHAPTER XX.

As Wilfred Lester was striding home from the unsatisfactory interview, he met Miss Bordillion and Maria. Walking by their side, having just overtaken them, was Mr. Lydney. To say that Wilfred was in anger, would not be conveying half an idea of the actual rage that passessed him. He was literally foaming with passion; it was boiling over and bubbling from every pore; the presence of Lydne .- a stranger-he ignored as completely as though he had not been there; and burst forth with all his grievances, chiefly ad-

"I am kept out of it-I am to be kept out of it! The money is mine, safe enough; twelve hundred pounds, as you said; and he cooly assures me he has had counsel's opinion, and I cannot claim it till his death! The deed is obscurely worded, he says; and when I ask to read it over; no; he denies it, though it was in the very room. If there's justice in

much as hearing his sister. "Look here; dashing the writ out of his pocket; "I posibelp me over this stile! But no; my wife need worry yourself over," he broke off; for all this upon yourselves," was the reply of Mr. | she was evincing painful curiosity to look at the paper; "it's only a cursed writ for ten

> Bordillion. "Must I pay ten pounds, she asks, when I have not ten pence: no; nor ten farthings. Perhaps you'll tell me how I am to pay it?" he chafed, to Maria.

ways. "Do be calm, if you can, and tell me what it is that Mr. Lester says about the deed.

"He says the deed is worded, and that I cannot claim the money till his death. He taunted me-yes, it was nothing less-with my wings being clipped so that I could not go to law with him. And he is right," stamped Wilfred: "they are clipped."

pressed but that you came into the money at twenty-one," spoke Miss Bordillion. "I am quite certain that such was the intention when the deed was made. Mr. Lester should have allowed you to read it for your own satis faction.'

"He had better not drive me to extremi ties," foamed Wilfred, "or I will break the safe open and take the deed. 'Twould be no theft.'

"Wilfred! Wilfred!" pleaded Maria, "you don't know what you are saying."

"Now know! I should say a vast deal more, but that you are present. But it is not my father," he added, in an altered voice: " is is that false woman, who is ever at his side, to set him against his first wife's children. It may come home to you, yet my Lady Adelaide.

Without further colluguy, vouchsafing no adieu. Wilfred Lester strode away. Miss Bordillion, possibly not liking him to escape in that mood, or wishing to soothe him, followed quickly in his steps, leaving Maria and Mr. "I will be back directly," Miss Bordillion

hurriedly said.

trance of the wood, and Maria began pacing it backwards and forwards slowly. Mr. Lydside. He saw that she was greatly agitated -that even her lips were white.

"It had been more to the purpose, possibly, that I had followed your brother, than Miss Bordillion," he observed.

the notice of a stranger," spoke Maria, half in vexation, half in apology. "I should be very sorry if I thought you

"In truth, you are right, Mr. Lydney," she most confidential terms upon which we meet I am lost in surprise. I think" she added, with a smile, "either you or ourselves must

have displayed great forwardness." "Not so, Miss Lester. There are some people who only act upon us as repulsive elements, whom we never can like, never can unbosom to-no, not though we were thrown into domestic contact with them for years. There are others who are mutually attracted at the first glance, who know that they have found kindred spirits, objects worthy of esteem and trust: it does not require long for intimacy to grow up between these. Let me prove myself deserving of your friendship, your confidence: hesitate not to speak unreservedly to me of your brother. From what I gather-for it is conversed of openly in Danesheld—he is

at the present time in some straits." He bent his handsome form toward Maria, and a flush rose to her face. It may have appeared to her that there was help, protection, in that manly figure of strength-it had long appeared to her that there was perfect truth to be found in that earnest face. An irresistible attraction had drawn Maria to him trom the first-an attraction, not less irresistible,

spoken of in Danesheld is, I believe, only too true, Mr. Lydney; and it is nothing but what must be expected. I should think no son of a good family-heir, as he ought to be-was ever reduced to the plight that Wilfred is."

"He is the heir, is he not?" Maria shook her head.

"Danesheld Hall is not entailed, and papa can, if he pleases, make one of his younger children his heir."

emotion. "I cannot tell you how miserable I am! I could sacrifice myself to bring comfort to poor Wilfred. When I think of his trials, his uncertain prospects, and know that they are not deserved, my heart seems as though it would breakwith grief and pity, for I am helpless to aid him; and when I remember his thoughtless impetuosity, coupled with his keen sense of injury, I dread-I dread -I hardly know what I dread."

"You dread that, smarting under privation and unmerited wrong, he may be drawn into

Maria glanced quickly up at him, and he bent his truthful, sympathizing eyes upon her. In that moment she became aware that he knew and was then thinking of the disgraceful rumors which were abroad to Wilfred's prejudice. An instant's struggle with her feelings, which ended in her struggling no longer, and she burst into tears.

William Lydney drew her hand within his. "Have faith in me," he whispered. "Leave him to me; I will be his friend in every way that I possibly can, and will try all that man can try to keep him from harm."

"I see you know-I see you have heard," she stammered, in much distress. " My days and nights are passed in feverish dread. any—any disgrace fell upon Wilfred I think I should die. I have so loved him; I have so looked up to him! Mamma died, papa was estranged from us; we had only each other to care for."

"Trust in me," he fondly reiterated; as he pressed her hand between both of his, and then released it, for Miss Bordillion was discerned returning in the distance.

Leaving Maria, giving a passing word of greeting to Miss Bordillion as he passed her, Mr. Lydney sped after Wilfred. The latter had not entered his house, but had halted near, and was moodily leaning against a stile that led into the wood. Lydney laid his hand on his shoulder, and rallied him in a gay tone:

"Snake off dull care and send it packing What is the matter?"

"The matter! that's good! When a fellow's out at elbows and out at heart, out of friends, and out of help, there's enough the I'm hard-up in every way; and, by matter. Jove! I don't care who knows it, for the shame's to others, not to me."

"A man never yet deserved friands and help but he found them," returned Lydney. No need to be out of heart."

"Tush!" was the chafed response of Wilfred Lester.

"If I am cognizant of some part of your grievances, you must thank yourself for speaking of them before me a few minutes ago; and must pardon my thus reverting to

"I don't care who knows of them, I say," impetuously interrupted Wilfred. mount a public rostrum and proclaim them with pleasure; for the shame, I tell you, lies with others Still, I don't see any good in your recurring to the subject"

"No good at all, unless I could help you out of them, which I dare say I can do, if you will only behave like a reasonable being. Lester," he continued, earnestly, something very like emotion checking his free utterance, I owe my life to you; but for your brave exertions, that awful night, I should have been gone and forgotten. You saved my life at the risk of your own. It is a debt that I can never repay, but you can lessen my sense of the obligation, if you will, by allowing me to be your friend, by treating me as a brother." "What now?" asked Wilfred, staring at

him. "As to risking my life—it's not so joyous to me that I need care to prolong it." "Suffer me to be to you what a brother would be, if you had one. You are wrongfully kept out of money. I have more than I know what to do with. Let me be your

banker." The red color flushed into the cheek of Wilfred. He hesitated some moments before he

spoke. Mr. Lydney resumed: "Borrow of me, as one chum would borrow of another—as I dare say you and I have both borrowed before now, when out of cash. You can repay me, you know, when things come around again."

"They never may come around again," answered Wilfred; "you'd probably be done out of it forever, if you lent money to me." "Rubbish! You'll come in for it some-

time; and plenty of it. How much will you

"Are you serious in this offer?" demanded "Serious!" returned Lydney, "what do

you mean? Is it anything so very great, that you should doubt, or hesitate?" "Then you are a good fellow, Lydney, and it's more than anybody else has done for me ney turned with her, and remained by her I'll take ten pounds to get rid of this cursed

writ" "Nonsense about ten pounds! You must take some for yourself, as well as for the writ."

"No more, no more," uttered Wilfred Lester, the crimson flush again dyeing his face. · Save me from prison, and I'll thank you; but I want none for myself."

Mr Lydney looked him full in the face, and spoke in a low tone.

"For your wife's comforts, then."
"No." persisted Wilfred, "those who have brought us to this, upon their heads shall the consequence be. I will not accept from a stranger what it is the duty of others to per-

"That he was unmistakably in carnest, and meant to be, Lydney saw; so he urged that point no further then. And the day passed

on to its close. Brightly and clearly shone out the evening star; brightly and clearly, it less large, crept out its sister stars, shedding their refulgence over Danesheld, lighting the path of Lord Dane, as he, remembering the interview that was to take place between Lydney and the poacher, walked from the castle to take up als station in the wood and overhear it. His lordship, to give him his due, was above acting the eavesdropper in general, but he was most anxious to find out all he could regarding Lydney, and burning to punish these troublesome poschers. That Lydney was really an impostor, a loose character, and had now joined the fraternity, he entertained little doubt. To imprison the whole lot for two years would have delighted Lord Dane.

"Good-night to your lordship" The saluter was the inspector of police, who was passing on horseback, and Lord Dane nodded in reply to the greeting; and continued his way. The next moment, however, he wheeled around.

"Bilis!" echoed Lord Dane. "Offering a reward, my lord. They would have been posted this afternoon, but Mr. Lydney called this morning and stopped it. He had his reasons, he said, for not allowing them to appear till to-morrow It must be

a valuable box, to offer a thousand pounds re-Dane in astonishment.

the box is in existence still, that will bring it forth. "Lord Dane paused ere he spoke; one

thought was charing another in his brain. "Inspector, take care you are not done. I know more of this Lydney and his doings than I did when I spoke with you last; he has got a thousand pounds to pay just as much as that horse of yours bas."

"My lord, he said freely that the box was none of his, and that the reward would come from the pocket of the owner; not from his own. I inquired who and what he was—this | place clenched his fists at the audacious Lyd-

Lord Dane drew nearer the inspector, and resumed in a low whisper. The man's head was bowed to his saddle-bow as he bent to

"He is in league with the poachers. 1 am on my way now to track their meetings in my own preserves. I was a witness to it last night, and heard the rendezvous made for this, made between Ben Beecher and Lydney. That's your gentleman of family! your

spector.

first," resumed Lord Dane. "He is now made off with the box himself, as I hintedstolen it! and, he goes to you, with this munificent thousand-pound tale, to out you off the scent."

Lord Dane turned and pursued his way as he spoke, and the inspector, after a pause, given to thought, urged his horse on his way. His lordship posted himself in his hiding-

Lydney was at the place of meeting first— I mean before Beecher. The latter came along in a joyless, dispirited sort of way, as

though he had not got good news to bring. "It has been no go, sir," was his salutation to Lydney, and Lord Dane's ears were strained to their utmost capacity, so sure was he of discovering treason. "The box has not been

of keen disappointment, for somehow he had fed himself with the hope that it had been "lifted," and would be restored through Mr. Beecher, "Have you ascertained to a positive | putting a piece of gold in his hand. certainty?"

I saw the right men, and I can assure you they know nothing whatever about it. Their opinion is, that it was took into the castle. Right glad they'd have been to get the fifty guineas, and we'd have shared it among us. You'd have had your box this night, sir, if "I'd they could help you to it"

Lydney paused to revolve the news.

he presently asked. "Not if you offered a bankful-not if you offered a thousand pounds," answered Beecher, little thinking that he named the very sum to be announced on the morrow What they haven't got, they can't give upand they've not been a-nigh it at all. They think you must look for it in the castle."

having, sir. For one thing, they say that it the box had been smuffed, they should know

"But Lord Dane says it is not in the castle. More than that, I hear he had the castle searched by the police, every nook and cor-

ner of it, and there was no box." "Has Lord Dane any interest in hiding or detaining the box?"

was at his wits' end for cash, went snacks with some smugglers, and the booty used to be de-

posited in the secret places of the castle." How did Lord Dane's ears like being regaled with that? There's a very popular proverb which runs in this fashion :- Listeners never hear any good of themselves."

been consigned to any secret places, howwho's to get it?" inquired Lydney. "Why, it will never be got as long as the castle's a castle—at least as long as my Lord Dane's its master," returned the poacher. There's not many sir, would choose to brave

Lord Dane.

carelessly remarked Mr. Lydney. his eldest son would have been worse had he lived to reign. Captain Dane was hot, too;

but generous." "I have heard him, the captain, spoken of was thrown from it?"

pitched over. Danesheld regretted him much, and all the more when tidings came of his eldest brother's death. We should have liked the captain to reign over us. Why, Ravenshird—the very man you are lodging with-was his servant."

"Indeed! With whom was Captain Dane

scuffling ?" "It's what has never been found out, sir from that day to this. Ravensbird was took up for it; but it wasn't him, and that was proved. And then there was a talk of a packman; but he couldn't be discovered. No; it

has never been found out." There was a pause. Mr Lydney broke it, his voice ringing out unusually sonorous and

"The present Lord Dane-Mr. Herbert, as hear he was called then-was he suspected ?"

Whatever made you sus ject him, sir?" "I suspect him!" echoed Mr. Lydney. 'My good man, don't run away with a wrong notion; I cast ne suspicion toward him Had I been in Danesheld at the time of the occurrence, and of an age to reason, it is an

idea I might have taken up He was the one

to benefit by Captain Dane's death." "But, when the thing happened, Mr. Dane. the eldest son, was alive. Captain Dane was no more the heir to the property, at the time of his death, than I was; in fact, he never

" He was not suspected," answered Bercher Though that brings to mind that a chap which I'd rather not name, declared he saw Mr. Herbert on the heights at the time of the accident, or murder-whichever it was. But e was three sheets in the wind, and we made him hush his tongue" "Why make him hush it?"

"Who'd charge such an insinuation against a Dane-though it was only Mr. Herbert? Besides, what should he want, attacking his

ing; it's all over and done with. 'Twas my brother, sir." To describe how Lord Dane in his hiding-

Lydney—but could obtain nothing satisfactiney, and would have liked to pummel him as tory in reply. He protested that he was of he deserved, would be a task for a strong pen. English descent, and of good family, but The latter continued, totally unconscious news. that he had any listener save Beecher.

"Could, you give me an idea where these secret holes are in the castle?" "No, that I couldn't sir, and I don't know that there really are any; it may be all bosh.

I'll ask father again."
"Do so. And—"

The speech was interrupted by a shot, fired not far from them. Beecher opened his ears. "That shot's a ruse to deceive the keepers: they are not at work so low down as this. It was within an ace of being hot work last night; but the keepers got help and came out in numbers, and we made a run for it."

"What pleasure can you find in this wild, leaving the capturer and captured. awless life?" remonstrated Lyaney. "It is

full of danger." "A spice of danger gives zest," returned the

man. "A spice may. But when it comes to exchange bullets, and battered heads and broken limbs; that is rather more than is agreeable."

"One must live, sir."

"Every man, who tries to live honestly, may live honestly; and-" "Not when he has been at this sort of work all his life. Who'd trust him then? or help him to honest labor?"

"I would, for one," returned Mr. Lydney. "If a man who had stepped aside from the straight path, turned to it again, and set himself in a proper way to be what he ought to be, there's all the more respect due to him "

"Ah, well, sir, talking's one thing, doing's another. I wish I could have found your box; that would have helped some of us." "Keep a look-out still; it is not impossible but you may hear of it. There's for the

trouble you have already taken," he added, "I'll tell you what it is, sir. If we had alin this Danesheld, we shouldn't many of us,

have gone wrong. Thank you, sir, and a hearty good-night to you." The man moved quickly away; Lydney more leisurely followed him; and, last of all, emerged Lord Dane, wiping his brows like a

man in a hot consternation. "A pretty devil's plot, these fellows would like to set afoot!" quoth he: "secret places in the castle, and all the rest of it! If ever a man deserved hanging, it's that traitor Lydney. The whole set of poachers are angels compared with him."

CHAPTER XXI.

OUTSIDE the police-station, and on every available place where bills could be stuck, appeared notices of the loss of the japanned box, with the offer of a thousand pounds reward for its restoration. The offer too : Danesheld by storm, and the crowds that were wont to collect wherever one or these bills appeared, staring at the offer and making their comments, quite impeded the foot-traffic. The days however, nay, the weeks, and the months went on, and nothing came of it; no box turned up, and the reward was still unclaimed, The police felt inclined to adopt Lord Dane's opinion; that Lydney himself and got the box, and that the reward never would be

called for. The depredations on Lord Dane's preserves went on alarmingly, and apparently with impunity. Whole dozens of game were bagged, the poachers seemed to enjoy their full swing, and the keepers were balked, night after night Lord Dane was losing patience, and felt inclined to offer a thousand pounds reward to catch them. Heartily indeed would he have given it, could Lydney have been entrapped with them. That Lydney was occa sionally seen by Lord Dane, in the wood with the poachers, at any rate with one of them, Beecher, was beyond dispute; and perhaps few in Danesheld but would have subscribed to Lord Dane's opinion of his worthlessness, had they enjoyed the same means for judging

of him. Meanwhile at Wilfred Lester's cottage domestic matters appeared to be going on rather more comfortably. Sarah, by some cajoling process of her own, the secret charm of which she would reveal to neither master nor mistress, had contrived to obtain a little renewed credit for meat and other necessaries. Mrs. Lester would sigh and trouble herself as to when they were to be paid for; her husband evinced that utter indifference to future consequences, which is sometimes born of despair; had Sarah pledged his credit for hundreds, it seemed the same to him. A most bitter feeling had seated itself in his heart against his father, touching the deed and the money withheld from him; at first he had been loud and noisy, vowing revenge, vowing to obtain possession of the deed by some desperate means, but of late he had huried his wrongs in silence and spoke of them no more. In his former loud flights of temper, the only one to remonstrate against them to his face

was Lydney, Edith dared not. One frosty morning in December, Maria in taking the wood-path to Miss Bordillion's, encountered Lydney; somehow or other they often did encounter each other; but to which lay the fault, whether to him or to her, or to the two mutually, cannot be said. That a powerful attachment had sprung up between them, there was little doubt, though as yet it had been spoken of by neither. Danesheld was that morning alive with commotion, for an encounter had taken place the previous night between the keepers and poachers, in which the former were worsted and the latter had got off scotfree. It was said that Lord Dane was foaming. Maria almost sprang to Lydney when she saw him, asking if he had heard the news. That she was trembling with an inward fear, a dread to which sh. dared not give a shape, her agitated manner

"I heard of it hours ago," he smiled, as he took both her hands in greeting. "Do you know-do you know "-it seemed that she could scarcely get the words out-

who were in it? What men?" "No. Various rumors are afloat. I be lieve I could mention one fellow; but it's no business of mine. I saw him sneaking into the wood, under cover of the dark night, as I was going to your brother's, where I spent the evening.' Maria's countenance visibly changed, and

her lips parted with suspense, as she listened. "And what Mrs. Lester will say the next time she sees me, I cannot auticipate," he continued, not unobservant of Maria's varying cheek "Will you believe that I was so de void of all conscience as to stay there till one in the morning, keeping Wilfred from his bed? She could dissimulate no longer. Her lips turned white, her eyes became wet, and she altered out tale-telling words in the moment's

"Ob, is it true? Are you sure you were with him ?" He pressed her hands warmly, bent low

and whispered, with a beaming smile: "I never tell you anything but truth; be-lieve me, I could not do so. Maria, it is all right, there is no cause for agitation. I was

half-past twelve.'

"How kind you are!" she exclaimed in the sudden revulsion of feeling induced by the

"In what way?" he laughed. "Kind fo telling you this, or for keeping Wilfred up shamefully, and running the risk of Mrs

"Kind in every way, I think," she answered

Mr. Lydney raised his hand with a warning gesture, and Maria looked around in surprise Clearing some feet with a bound, he sprang upon young Mr. Shad, who had been twined around a tree in his usual attitude, listening with all his ears. He drew him forth by the hair of his head, Shad yelling unmercifully Maria said farewell, and walked quietly on

Lydney; "so I have caught you again at your tricks? How many times does this make? Now, what shall your punishment be? I wonder if I could get you a week or two's wholesome recreation on the tread. mill?"

generally chose the wood path when she did so, though it was the longest around. She took in every point of the scene with her sly eyes, but suffered not her tongue to betray it

something like Granny Bean's Shad." "He's a-going to kill me! he's wanting to whack me! he'd a-like to pull up my hair by

"Let him go, please," said Tiffle to Lydney. "I'm sure you're too much a gentlemin, sir, to ill-treat a poor little weak boy."

Tiffle essayed to pull him from Mr. Lyd. ney, as she spoke, but Mr. Lydney put her ways had such people as you to deal with us away. He had not attempted to beat Shad in this Danesheld, we shouldn't many of us, only held him tight.

> but, so sure as I catch him dogging my footsteps or Miss Lester's again, so sure will I inflict proper chastisement upon him. You came up opportunely, Mrs. Tifile." "To prevent the beating?"

> suffer for it, if he attempts to put your behests in practice. That you merit the punishment, shall not avail with me; he shall get it." "Oh!" screamed Tiftle, with a great show

> young lady, remember that he shall certainly

"You have more to do with him than peohis significant retort, as he turned around and looked full in Tiffle's face, which suddenly became the color of scarlet. "Now, my good woman, set him to watch me again !"

He quitted hold of Shad with a gentle

shake, and proceeded on his way, in the op-

Tiffle regained her composure, as she best might; but the scarlet of her face turned white with rage, and she shook her fists after him, and panted forth: "I yow I'll be revenged on him for this!"

the wood last night, just after the row. He'd been in it, I think." "Where did you see him?" eagerly cried

"I know what," cried Shad. "I saw him at

side the wood. I see him with my two eyes. The clocks was a striking one." "Did you see Will Lester?" returned Tiffle.

"Was he out with 'em?" "I didn't see him. He might ha' been there, though, and this un ha' been to take him home, for 'twas close to Will Lester's where I see him. I ha'n't seen Will Leste

"What did that divil set upon you now for?" "Cause I were a-watching him and Miss

Lester, and he twigged me," returned Shad. I never see such a keen eye as he's got. He had laid hold of her two hands and was ahugging of 'em.' "Keep the sharpest look-out on him you

That Lydney's a big cut-throat in disguise, and we'll pay him off." Vowing vengeance upon the whole world, in her anger, and upon Lydney in particular l'iffle pursued her way. She had executed her commission in the town, and was returning, when she met Lord Pane. She had plenty of time to cool; but to cool down from an evil spirit was not in Tofile's nature; she remembered the sovereign bestowed upon her by his lordship, and the words he had

used; and she stopped him now. "Well Tiffle, and how are you?"-for when, Lord Dane chose, he could be affable and condescending to the lowest. "I'm none the better, my lord, craving your

was cut in half ?" "Not quite," replied Lord Dane, checking a "He's wounded in the ribs, I wish could lay my finger on the man that fired at

"My lord, I think it's as likely to have been that Lydney as anybody," responded

Where? how?-how did you get it?" side the wood at one o'clock this morning And where could he have been to, my lord, at that place and hour, but a-jining in the fray If you could get him transported, my lord, it

would be a provadinshil mercy for Danesheld and for Miss Lester." "Ah," was the only answer of his lordship. "She's getting enthrilled by him, my lord; as safe as my name's Tiffle. Not a day passes but he's at our house, with master, or with my

Lord Dane's face grow black as night. Tiffle did not pursue the subject; she had left her shaft to tell.

" And they do say that Mr. Wilfred Lester has not been seen abroad yet, my lord. It's to be hoped he's come to no harm; though I did hear a insinivation that he was wounded."

them, curtsied and turned away. It is probable that Lord Dane would not re-

trayed into it in the angry heat of the moencounter with the poachers took place at ment. His road led him past Miss Bordilion's house, and seeing Maria leave it on her

WILLIAM LYLE.

CHAPTER XIX-CONTINUES. "You must be aware that you have brought Lester. "What, save descitution and embarrassment, could come of a marriage like pounds."

"You make a show of punishing me for

"I cannot give it."

"Wilfred felt a little staggered; but he ral-

"Who has been giving you this informa-

"Not much certainly. I conclude it was Margaret Bordillion. The money—for to set the question at rest and save trouble, I will descend to explain to my rebellious son -was left to you, twelve hundred pounds, and the intention of the donor would appear to be, to a cursory reader, that you should come into the money at twenty-one. But the deed is

"And what of Maria's? That she does not come into hers until your death?"

"Where's the deed, then?" pursued Wil Mr. Lester pointed with his finger to a

"You will allow me to peruse it."

" Is this justice?" "It is law."

Wilfred rose from his seat in agitation. "Will you drive me to prison? Will you allow Edith to die? Look here," and he snatched the writ from his pocket, "for this

ental disobedience in the sight of your young "He is not here by my will; he entered the house against it. I have already told you to depart," he added, looking at Wilfred.

"Neither out of that, nor any thing else," some escapade not precisely fitting for the imacibly responded Mr. Lester, whose temper | heir of Squire Lester."

did not appear improved at the implied con-

test between wife and son. --

dressing Miss Bordillion:

Heaven----' "What are you speaking of, Wilfred?" interrupted Maria, who had turned crimson,

but was now growing white, "I told him Edith was dying of want; I told him I was going to the dogs, and should soon be in prison," raved Wilfred, never so tive;y lowered myself to show him this, and beg of him, like any mendicant, that he would may die, and I may go to jail and rot there. It's nothing to you, Maria; nothing that you

" Must you pay it?" she shivered. "Must I pay it?' echoed he, turning to Miss

"Wilfred, when you do give away to these outbreaks of temper, you are so impetuous that there's no getting you to speak reason or to hear it,' said Miss Bordillion, who had not been able until then fo put in a word edge-

"I never heard the slightest doubt ex-

They were in a retired path, near the en-

"I am grieved, I am annoyed, that these painful family affairs should be brought under

considered me now in that light," he warmly uttered. "I was in hopes, I believed you did said. "When I look back and remember how very short a period it is that we have known you, and then consider the (I may say it) al-

prompted her now to acquiesce in his last words. "That Wilfred and his affairs are treely

"Would that be just?"
"Shamefully unjust," answered Maria, her face in a glow. "Oh!" she added, with

"Halloa, inspector! Any news of the box ?" "Not vet my lord," was the reply, as the officer turned his horse sideways, "We shall have the bills out to-morrow, and I hope they may do something."

"Who does offer it?" burst forth Lord "Mr. Lydney has given us authority.

would give no particulars.

catch it.

thousand-pound man!" "My lord, is it possible?" uttered the in-

"I told you I suspected the fellow from the showing out in his true colors. Don't you be guided, inspector. He may have

place in the wood, snug and safe.

lifted." "No!" uttered the gentleman, in an accent.

hAs certain as that you and I are here, sir.

"Would a higher reward bring it forth?"

"What reason have they for thinking that?" "Well, I don't knew that they have got much reason, but it's their opinion. Sharp cards they are, too, and their opinion's worth

"Why?" "Because-not that I insinuate he had nor have I reason to think it-there's places in the castle where things may be put away and where the eyes of the police, though they were sharpened up by a dozen magnifying tel escopes, would never find 'em. I was a-talking to old father about it. Says he, 'If my Lord Dane wanted to keep that box in hiding, he could do it fast enough in the castle. Tales go, sir, though they may not be true, that years ago, one of the Lord Danes, who

"And if, by chance, the box should have

"A martinet when crossed, I suppose," "Like all the rest of the Dane family. The old lord was a stinger, if thwarted; and

since I came to Danesheld," observed Mr. Lydney. "Did he not fall over the cliff; or "It was not a simple fall, sir. He was scuffling with another man, and was no doubt

clear in the night air. " My heart alive, no !" returned the poacher.

was heir at all, for he died before his brother." "And Mr. Herbert was not suspected?"

cousin? No, 'twasn't likely; and we made the chap cork up his chatter. "Who was 'the chap?" continued Mr. Lydney. "Well, I don't know that it matters tell-

with Wilfred, at his own house, till one o'clock in the morning; we got into a discus sion, and the time slipped on unwarily. The

Lester's displeasure?"her face radiant. "But for you_"

"You sneaking young varmint!" uttered

At the last suggestion, Shad only yelled the louder, and in the midst of the noise up came Tiffle, who was going into Danesheld, and

"Well: if I ever heard such a noise!" quoth she; "I thought it must be some young panther let loose. And who is it? It's

the roots!" shrieked Shad. " Tell him to let

"I am not going to touch him now," he said to Tiffle: "I have no cane with me

"No; to hear my promise. The next time you give him orders to track me, or your

of indignation, "what treasonous words is these? I give him orders to track people! what have I to do with him? Am I a perlice walker?" ple suspect, and in more ways than one,"

posite direction to that taken by Maria.

"He was a-coming up the road, t'other

this morning. nowhere; may be, he's wounded."

ever kept in your life, Shad," were the concluding words of Tiffle. "Poke and peer about the woods forever, especially after dark.

pardon, for the dreadful tales of last night's blood that every shop you go into will tell. Is it true, my lord, that one of the keepers

Tiffle, dropping her voice. "I have good information that he was one of them.' "Have you?" eagerly returned Lord Dane. "One that's safe and sure saw him just out-

lady, and of course she's present. And then the private meetings out of doors!" added Tiffle, turning up her eyes. "They were in the wood together not haif an hour ago, her two hands squeezed in his, as if he were her

She shot a rapid glance out of her cat's eyes at Lord Dane, then meekly dropped

for have forgotten his cou tly manners as 10. tion touching herself, but that he was be-