

Bear it Like a Man.

WILLIAM LYLE. When the skies of life are dreary— When the heart grows sick and weary—

Sometimes you will deem it lonely— Still keep striving to ward, only— Try the better plan.

Do not fancy all mankind— Bent on keeping you behind— Some must lose while some will find—

True, the sea is often heaving— No one makes it calm by grieving— This is what the brave would do—

Be not how much ground you cover; Be true life soon will be over— Do it best you can.

Earth is but a changing shore, Nothing can the past restore— At the end there's life and more—

Earn it like a man. Rochester, N. Y., Oct. 7, 1879.

RETURNED FROM THE GRAVE

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

CHAPTER XIX.—CONTINUED.

"You must be aware that you have brought all this upon yourselves," was the reply of Mr. Lester.

"I told him I was going to the dogs, and should soon be in prison," raved Wilfred, never so much as hearing his sister.

"I don't care who knows of them, I say," impetuously interrupted Wilfred. "I'd mount a public rostrum and proclaim them with pleasure; for the shame, I tell you, lies with others."

"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 said, earnestly.

"I never heard the slightest doubt expressed but that you came into the money at twenty-one," spoke Miss Bordillon.

"I have better not drive me to extremities," foamed Wilfred, "or I will break the safe open and take the deed."

"I don't know what you are saying," said Wilfred. "I should say a vast deal more, but that you are present. But it is not my father," he added, in an altered voice.

"I will be back directly," Miss Bordillon hurriedly said. They were in a retired path, near the entrance of the wood, and Maria began pacing it backwards and forwards slowly.

"I am grieved, I am annoyed, that these painful family affairs should be brought under the notice of a stranger," spoke Maria, half in vexation, half in apology.

"I should be very sorry if I thought you considered me now in that light," he warmly uttered. "I was in hopes, I believed you did not."

"In truth, you are right, Mr. Lydney," she said. "When I look back and remember how very short a period it is that we have known each other, and consider the (I may say it) almost 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 them. 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—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 from the first—an attraction, not less irresistible, prompted her now to acquiescence in his last words."

"That Wilfred and his affairs are freely spoken of in Danesheld is, I believe, only too true, Mr. Lydney; and it is nothing but what most to be expected. I should think no son of a good family—be it 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 the heir."

"Would that be just?" "Shamefully unjust," answered Maria, her face in a glow. "Oh!" she added, with 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 break with 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 some escapade not precisely fitting for the heir of Squire Lester."

"I don't believe it. Mr. Lester can you allow his presence—and by so doing make light of parental disobedience in the sight of your young children."

"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.

"I wait for my answer," said the latter, still showing the writ. "Will you help me out of this?"

"Neither out of that, nor any thing else," hastily responded Mr. Lester, whose temper

did not appear improved at the implied contest between wife and son.

"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 Bordillon 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 possessed him. He was literally foaming with passion; it was boiling over and bubbling from every pore; the presence of Lydney—a stranger—he ignored as completely as though he had not been there; and burst forth with all his grievances, chiefly addressing Miss Bordillon:

"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 coolly 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 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 much as hearing his sister.

"Look here," fashing the writ out of his pocket; "I positively swore myself to show him this, and beg of him, like any mendicant, that he would help me over this stile! But no; my wife may die, and I may go to jail and rot; yet he's nothing to you, Maria; nothing that you need worry yourself over; he broke off; for she was evincing painful curiosity to look at the paper; it's only a cursed writ for ten pounds."

"Must you pay it?" she shivered. "Must I pay it?" echoed he, turning to Miss Bordillon. "Must I pay ten pounds, she asks, when I have not ten pence; no; not ten farthings. Perhaps you'll tell me how I am to pay it?" he chafed, to Maria.

"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 Bordillon, who had not been able until then to put in a word edge-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 get to law with him. As he is right," stamped Wilfred; "they are clipped."

"I never heard the slightest doubt expressed but that you came into the money at twenty-one," spoke Miss Bordillon. "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 satisfaction."

"He had better not drive me to extremities," foamed Wilfred, "or I will break the safe open and take the deed. 'T would 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: "it 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 colloquy, vouchsafing no adieu, Wilfred Lester strode away. Miss Bordillon, possibly not liking him to escape in that mood, or wishing to soothe him, followed quickly in his steps, leaving Maria and Mr. Lydney alone.

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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 in 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. If 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 Bordillon was distressed returning in the distance.

Leaving Maria, giving a passing word of greeting to Miss Bordillon 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 matter. I'm hard-up in every way; and, by Jove! I don't care who knows it, for the shame's to others, not to me."

"A man never yet deserved friends 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 them. I—"

"I don't care who knows of them, I say," impetuously interrupted Wilfred. "I'd 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 said, 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 have?" "Are you serious in this offer?" demanded Wilfred, after looking keenly at him.

"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! 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 perform."

"That he was unmistakably in earnest, 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 ruficence 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 his station in the wood and overhear it. His lordship, to give him his due, was above average the cavaliered in general, but he was most anxious to find out all he could regarding Lydney, and burning to punish these troublesome poachers. 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.

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. "Halloa, inspector! Any news of the box?"

"Not yet, 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."

"Bills!" 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 reward."

"Who does offer it?" burst forth Lord Dane in astonishment. "Mr. Lydney has given us authority. If the box is in existence still, that will bring it forth."

"Lord Dane paused ere he spoke; one thought was chasing 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 has."

"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

Lydney—but could obtain nothing satisfactory in reply. He protested that he was of English descent, and of good family, but would give no particulars."

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 catch it.

"He is in league with the poachers. I 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 thousand-pound man!"

"My lord, is it possible?" uttered the inspector. "I told you I suspected the fellow from the first," resumed Lord Dane. "He is now showing you in his true colors. Don't you be guided, inspector. He may have made off with the box himself, as I hinted—stolen it, and he goes to you, with this magnificent thousand-pound tale, to put 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-place in the wood, snug and safe.

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 lifted."

"No!" uttered the gentleman, in an accent 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 certainty?"

"As certain as that you and I are here, sir. 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 they could help you to it."

Lydney paused to revolve the news. "Would a higher reward bring it forth?" 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, and they've not been a-nigh it at all. They think you must look for it in the castle."

"What reason have they for thinking that?" "Well, I don't know that they have got much reason, but it's their opinion. Sharp cards they are, too, and their opinion's worth having, sir. For one thing, they say that it the box had been snuffed, they should know it."

"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 corner of it, and there was no box."

"Has Lord Dane any interest in hiding or detaining the box?" "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 telescopes, 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 was at his wife's end for cash, went snafus with some smugglers, and the booty used to be deposited 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.'"

"And if, by chance, the box should have been consigned to any secret places, how—how's that?" inquired Lydney.

"Why, it will never be got so 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 sirs, would choose to brave Lord Dane."

"A martinet when crossed, I suppose," carelessly remarked Mr. Lydney. "Like all the rest of the Dane family, the old lord was a stinger, if thwarted; and 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 since I came to Danesheld," observed Mr. Lydney. "Did he not fall over the cliff, or was thrown from it?"

"It was not a simple fall, sir. He was scuffling with another man, and I was no doubt 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, Ravensbird—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, for 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 pack-man; 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 clear in the night air.

"The present Lord Dane—Mr. Herbert, as I hear he was called then—was he suspected?" "My heart alive, no!" returned the poacher. "Whatever made you sus'pect him, sir?"

"I suspect him," echoed Mr. Lydney. "My good man, don't run away with a wrong notion; I cast no 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 was heir at all, for he died before his brother."

"And Mr. Herbert was not suspected?" "He was not suspected," answered Beecher. "Thought 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 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 telling; it's all over and done with. 'Twas my brother, sir."

To describe how Lord Dane in his hiding-place clenched his fists at the audacious Lyd-

ney, and would have liked to pummel him as he deserved, would be a task for a strong pen. The latter continued, totally unconscious 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 bet 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, lawless life?" remonstrated Lydney. "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, putting a piece of gold in his hand.

"I'll tell you what it is, sir. If we had always had such people as you to deal with in 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 foot!" 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.

OURSIDE the police-station, and on every available place where bills could be stuck, appeared notices of the loss of the japed 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 fallings-out, 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. Hearty indeed would he have given it, could Lydney have been entrapped with them. That Lydney was occasionally 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 necessities. Mr. Lester would sigh and trouble himself 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 hurried 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 Bordillon'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 scot-free. 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 she dared not give a shape, her agitated manner proved.

"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 who could scarcely get the words out—who were in it? What men?"

"No. Various rumors are afloat. I believe 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 anticipate," he continued, not unobservant of Maria's varying cheek. "Will you believe that I was so devoid 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 emotion.

"Oh, 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; believe me, I could not do so. Maria, it is all right; there is no cause for agitation. I was with Wilfred, at his own house, till one o'clock in the morning; we got into a discussion