ope, of the 35 h Mass no gallantly held Fort ing cdds at the siege April 1865, and on the ent into the city.

when carnage swept hideous form, thinned mrades would extend ue hand was stiff, in en men were known. seyes, full ex ent, 'neath e us, belching their our devoted ranks, pil-

e Federal line, as you'll cornered centre, which ed Fort Hell, fire, from Forts 'Damfrom Fort "Heaven," rty Fifth were holding th Division cut through

eveille, the men were nt fighting, and war's made graves, faces of uggle 'twixt the boys of gh the night, ceased at breaking in the east

rty-Fifth stood on the carce a man, his face ord, erect his soldier's grew, as they sought ded soldier, a cheering ne came a puff of smcke.

el lines arose that demon nd cannister and deadly ith frightful speed, hurl t for which Mahone laid

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price! look at the yawnes, made by the cannon the wounded, and the none of us will ever see trenches, glance at the ourth Brigade, and the leton ranks, six hundred, two hun-fell. ho entered, there's only

crowded close with the who dwell of the noble souls who itry well. incomplete, and many our eagerness to praise

ed, and to the nation tell of Petersburg, and of INCAN B. HARRISON,

## REFORMS.

RMATH.

An official communica-Constantinople by the carefully worded in e reforms are in perexisting laws, so as Turks. In addition to n to have been approvommunication says the tected by troops when in pastures and that ble to obey the law they are not to madic tribes will be ch will be granted by e Hamidich cavalry ecial regulations, and ent yearly from Connto the abuses of the

## D SMUGGLERS.

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RED.

both of Victoria. viour's Church, Vicdaughter of Samuel a West. residence of the street, on Wednesev. W. Leelie Clay, acema, Wash., to Knapp) of Victoria.

ty, on the 23rd inst. nly daughter of Mr e of England, aged

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[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER X.

'This is a serious matter,' said Master Bertie thoughtfully as we sat in conclave an hour later round the table in the par-Mistress Anne was attending to Dymphna up stairs, and Van Tree had not returned again, so that we had been unable to tell him of the morning's adventure. But the rest of us were there. "It considerably adds to the danger of our nosition." Bertie continued.

"Of course it does," his wife said But Master Lindstrom here promptly. can best judge of that and of what course it will be safest to take."

"It depends," our host answered slowly, upon whether the dead man be discovered before night. You see, if the body be not found"-

Well?" said my lady impatiently as he paused.

"Then we must, some of us, go after dark and bury him," he decided. "And perhaps, though he will be missed at the next roll call in the city, his death may not be proved or traced to this neighborhood. In that case the storm will blow over and things be no worse than before.'

'I fear there is no likelihood of that,' I said, "for I am told he had a companion. One of the maids noticed them lurking about the end of the bridge more than once this morning.' Our host's face fell.

"That is bad," he said, looking at me in evident consternation. "Who told you?" Mistress Anne. And one of the maids told her. It was that which led me to follow your daughter."

The old man got up for about the for tieth time and shook my hand, while the tears stood in his eyes and his lip trembled. "Heaven bless you, Master Carey!" he said. "But for you my girl might not have escaped.

He could not finish. His emotion choked him, and he sat down again. The event of the morning-his daughter's danger and my share in averting it-had touched him as nothing else could have touched him. I met the duchess' eyes, and they, too, were soft and shining, wearing an expression very different from that which had greeted me on my return with Dymph-

'Ah, well, she is safe!" Master Lindstrom resumed when he had regained his composure. "Thanks to heaven and your friend, madam! Small matter now if

house and lands go!"

"Still let us hope the will not," Master Bertie said. "Do you think these miscreants were watching the island on our account; that some information had been given as to our presence, and they were sent to learn what they could?"

"No, no!" the Dutchman answered confidently. "It was the sight of the girl and her gewgaws yesterday brought them— the villains! There is nothing safe from them and nothing sacred to them. They saw her as they passed up in the boat, you

But, then, supposing the worst to come to the worst?

"We must escape across the frontier to Wesel, in the duchy of Cleves," replied Lindstrom in a matter of fact tone, as it he had long considered and settled the point. "The distance is not great, and in close by me, within a few feet of me. I Wesel we may find shelter, at any rate for a time. Even there, if pressure be brought | told me that the speakers were hidden by to give us up, I would not trust it, yet for a time it may do."

"And you would leave all this?" the duchess said in wonder, her eyes traveling round the room, so clean and warm and comfortable, and settling at length upon the great armoire of plate, which happened to be opposite to her. "You would leave

all this at a moment's notice?" 'Yes, madam, all we could not carry with us," he answered simply. "Honor and life—these come first. And I thank heaven that I live here within reach of a foreign soil and not in the interior, where escape would be hopeless."

But if the true facts were known. the duchess urged, "would you still be in danger? Would not the magistrates protect you? The schout and schepen, as you call them? They are Dutchmen.'

Against a Spanish governor and a Spanish garrison?" he replied, with emphasis. "Aye, they would protect me as one sheep protects another against the wolves. No! I dare not risk it, Were I in prison, what would become of Dymph- the tallest, whereas I have said that the

"Master Van Tree?" "He has the will to shelter her, no doubt, and his father has influence, but such as mine—a broken reed to trust to. Then Dymphna is not all. Once in prison, whatever the charge, there would be questioning about religion perhaps," with a smile, "questioning about my

guests. I suppose you know best," said the duchess, with a sigh. "But I hope the worst will not come to the worst."

cheerfully. Indeed it was strange that we seemed to feel more sorrow at the prospect of leav- as near as possible, and listen and learn ing this haven of a few weeks than our host of quitting the home of a lifetime. But the necessity had come upon us suddenly, while he had contemplated it for of her own free will? Yes; the question years. So much fear and humiliation had mingled with his enjoyment of his choicest possessions that this long expected mo- | did not draw back. ment brought with it a feeling akin to re-

For myself, I had a present trouble that outweighed any calamity of tomorrow. Perforce, since I alone knew the spot where the man lay, I must be one of the burying party. My nerves had not revered from the blow which the sight of the Spaniard lying dead at my feet had dealt them so short a time before, and I shrank with a natural repulsion from the task before me. Yet there was no escap-

ing it, no chance of escaping it, I saw. None the less, throughout the silent meal to which we four sat down together, neither the girls nor Van Tree appearing, were my thoughts taken up with the business which was to follow. I heard our host, who was to go with me, explaining that there was a waterway right up to the dike, and that we would go by boat, and heard him with apathy. What matter how we went, if such were the object of our journey? I wondered how the man's face would look when we came to turn him over and pictured it in all ghastliest

his leg, the gurgle—half eath, half crythroat. When Lindstrom said the moon was up and bade me come with him to the boat, I went mechanically. No one seemed to suspect me of fear. I suppose they thought that, as I had not feared to kill him, I should not fear him dead, and in the general silence and moodiness I es caped notice.

"It is a good night for the purpose, the Dutchman said, looking about when we were outside. "It is light enough for us, yet not so light that we run much risk of being seen."

I assented, shivering. The moon was almost at the full, and the weather was dry, but scud after scud of thin clouds, sweeping across the breezy sky, obscured the light from time to time and left nothing certain. We loosed the smallest boat in silence, and getting in pulled gently round the lower end of the island, making for the fringe of rushes which marked the line of division between river and fen. We could hear the frogs croaking in the marsh and the water lapping the banks and gurgling among the tree roots and making a hundred strange noises to which daylight ears are deaf. Yet as long as I was in the open water I felt bold enough. I kept my tremors for the moment when we should brush through the rustling belt of reeds, and the willows should whisper about our heads, and the rank vegetation the mysterious darkness of the mere should shut us in.

For a time I was to be spared this. Master Lindstrom suddenly stopped rowing. "We have forgotten to bring a stone, lad," he said in a low voice.

"A stone?" I answered, turning. I was pulling the stroke oar, and my back was "Do we want a stone?" "To sink the body," he replied. "W cannot bury it in the marsh, and if we could it were trouble thrown away. We must have a stone."

"What is to be done?" I asked, leaning on my oar and shivering as much in impatience as nervousness. "Must we go back?"

"No; we are not far from the causeway now," he answered, with Dutch coolness. There are some big stones, I fancy, by the end of the bridge. If not, there are some lying among the cottages just across the open porch of a cottage, and I heard his sword ring out. I had him at bay. the bridge. Your eyes are younger than mine, so you had better go. I will pull on and land you."

I assented, and, the boat's course being hanged a point or two, three minutes' rowing laid her bows on the mud some 0 yards from the landward bend of the bridge and just in the shadow of the causeway. I sprang ashore and clambered "Hist!" he cried, warning me as I up. was about to start on my errand. "Go about it quietly, Master Francis. The people will probably be in bed. But be

I nodded and moved off as warily as he could desire. I spent a minute or two peering about the causeway, but I found nothing that would serve our purpose. There was no course left then but to cross the planks and seek what I wanted in the hamlet. Remembering how the timbers had creaked and clattered when I went over them in the daylight, I stole across on tiptoe. I fancied I had seen a pile of stones near one of the posts at that end, but I could not find them now, and after groping about awhile-for this part was at the moment in darkness-I crept cautiously past the first hovel, peering to right and left as I went. I did not like to confess to myself that I was afraid to be alone in the dark, but that was nearly the truth. I was feverishly anxious to find what I

wanted and return to my companion. Suddenly I paused and held my breath. A slight sound had fallen on my ears, nervously ready to catch the slightest. I paused and listened. Yes, there it was again-a whispering of cautious voices the farther corner of the cottage abreast of which I stood. The sound of human voices, the assurance of living companionship, steadied my nerves and to some extent rid me of my folly. I took a step to one side, so as to be more completely in the shadow cast by the reed thatched eaves, and then softly advanced until I commanded a view of the whisperers.

They were two-a man and a womanand the woman was of all people Dymphnal She had her back to me, but she stood in the moonlight, and I knew her hood in a moment. The man-surely the man was Van Tree, then, if the woman was Dymphna? I stared. I felt sure it. must be Van Tree. It was wonderful enough that Dymphna should so far have regained nerve and composure as to rise and come out to meet him. But in that case her conduct, though strange, was explicable. If not, however, if the man were not Van Tree-

Well, he certainly was not. Stare as I might, rub my eyes as I might, I could not alter the man's figure, which was of young Dutchman was short. This man's face, too, though it was obscured as he bent over the girl by his cloak, which was pulled high up about his throat, was swarthy-swarthy and beardless, I made out. More, his cap had a feather, and even as he stood still I thought I read the soldier in his attitude-the soldier and the Spaniard!

What did it mean? On what strange combination had I lit? Dymphna and a Spaniard! Impossible! Yet a thousand doubts and thoughts ran riot in my brain; Amen to that!" he answered quite a thousand conjectures jostled one another to get uppermost. What was I to do? What ought I to do? Go nearer to them, the truth, or steal back the way I had come and fetch Master Lindstrom? But, first, was it certain that the girl was there was answered as soon as put. The man laid his hand gently on her shoulder. She

Confident of this, and consequently of Dymphna's bodily safety, I hesitated and was beginning to consider whether the best course might not be to withdraw and say nothing, leaving the question of future proceedings to be decided after I had spoken to her on the morrow, when a movement diverted my thoughts. The man at last raised his head. light fell cold and bright on his face, dis playing every feature as clearly as if it had been day, and though I had only once seen his face before I knew it again.

And knew him! In a second I was back in England, looking on a far different scene. I saw the Thames, its ebb tide rippling in the sunshine as it ripples pas Greenwich, and a small boat gliding over it, and a man in the bow of the boat, man with a grim lip and a sinister eve Yes, the tall soldier talking to Dymphna in the moonlight, his cap the cap of a Spanish guard, was Master Clarence, the chief enemy! duchess

I staid my foot. With a strange settling shapes. I wondered whether I should ever into resolve of all my doubts, I felt if my

forget the strange spasmodic twitching of sword, which happily I had brought with home first. We will talk of him afterme, was loose in its sheath and leaned which had come with the blood from his forward scanning him. So he had tracked us! He was here! With wonderful vividness I pictured all the dangers which menaced the duchess, Master Bertie, the Lindstroms, myself, through his discovery of us, all the evils which would befall us if the villain went away with his tale. Forgetting Dymphna's presence, I set my teeth hard together. He should not escape me this time.

But man can only propose. As I took a step forward I trod on a round piece of wood, which turned under my foot, and I stumbled. My eye left the pair for a sec-



He should not escape me this time. end. When it returned to them, they had taken the alarm. Dymphna had started away, and I saw her figure retreating swiftly in the direction of the house. The man poised himself a moment irresolute opposite to me, then dashed aside and dis-

appeared behind the cottage. I was after him on the instant, my sword out, and ought sight of his cloak as he whisked round a corner. He dodged me twice round the next cottage, the one nearer the river. Then he broke away and made for the bridge, his object evidently to get off the island. But he seemed at last to see that I was too quick for him, as I certainly was, and should catch him half way across the narrow planking, and changing his mind again he doubled nimbly back and rushed into

At bay indeed! But, ready as I was and resolute to capture or kill him, I paused. I hesitated to run in on him. The darkness of the porch hid him, while I must attack with the moonlight shining on me. I peered in cautiously. "Come out!" "Come out, you coward!" Then I heard him move, and for a moment I thought he was coming, and I stood a tiptoe waiting for his rush. But he only laughed a derisive laugh of triumph. He had the odds, and I saw he would keep

I took another cautious step toward him, and shading my eyes with my left hand tried to make him out. As I did so gradually his face took dim form and shape, confronting mine in the darkness. I stared yet more intently. The face became more clear. Nay, with a sudden leap into vividness, as it were, it grew white against the dark background-white and whiter. It seemed to be thrust out nearer and nearer until it almost touched mine. It—his face? No; it was not his face! For one awful moment a terror, which seemed to still my heart, glued me to the ground where I stood as it flashed upon my brain that it was another face that grinned at me so close to mine; that it was another face I was looking on-the livid, blood stained face and stony eyes of the man I had killed!

With a wild scream I turned and fled. By instinct, for terror had deprived me of reason, I hied to the bridge, and keeping, I knew not how, my footing upon the loose clattering planks made one desperate rush across it. The shimmering water below, could see no one, but a moment's thought in which I saw that face a thousand times reflected: the hr dead man's hand clutching me, lent wings to my flight. I sprang at a bound from the boat, and overturning, yet never seeing, my startled companion, shoved off from the shore with all my might-and fell a-crying.

A very learned man, physician to the queen's majesty, has since told me, when related this strange story to him, that probably that burst of tears saved my reaon. It so far restored me, at any rate, that presently knew where I was-cowering n the bottom of the boat, with my eyes overed-and understood that Master Lindstrom was leaning over me in a terrible state of mind, imploring me in mingled Dutch and English to tell him what had happened. "I have seen him!" was all I could say at first, and I scarcely dared remove my hands from my eyes. "I have seen him!" I begged my host to row away from the shore, and after a time was able to tell him what the matter was, he sitting the while with his arm round my shoulder

'You are sure that it was the Spanlard?" he said kindly after he had thought a minute.

'Quite sure," I answered, shuddering, et with less violence. "How could I be mistaken? If you had seen him"-"And you are sure? Did you feel his eart this morning, whether it was beat-

"His heart?" Something in his voice gave me courage to look up, though I still shunned the water, lest that dreadful isage should rise from the depths. "No, did not touch him." "And you tell me that he fell on his

face. Did you turn him over?" "No." I saw his drift now. I was sitting erect. My brain began to work again. "No," I admitted, "I did not." "Then how," asked the Dutchman roughly, "how do you know that he was

ead, young sir? Tell me that." When I explained, "Bah!" he cried. There is nothing in that! You jumped o a conclusion. I thought a Spaniard's ead was harder to break. As for the plood coming from his mouth, perhaps he oit his tongue or did any one of a hundred hings-except die, Master Francis. That you may be sure is just what he did not

"You think so?" I said gratefully. I began to look about me, yet still with remor in my limbs and an inclination to tart at shadows.

"Think?" he rejoined, with a heartiness which brought conviction home to me. I am sure of it. You may depend upon t that Master Clarence, or the man take for Master Clarence, who no doubt was the other soldier seen with the scoundrel this morning, found him hurt late in the evening. Then, seeing him in that state, he put him in the porch for shelter, either because he could not get him to Arnheim at once or because he did not vish to give the alarm before he had made his arrangements for netting your party."
"That is possible!" I allowed, with a

sigh of relief. "But what of Master Clar-"Well," the old man said, "let us get | be read. That is what I think."

I felt he had more in his mind than appeared, and I obeyed, growing ashamed now of my panic and looking forward with no very pleasant feelings to hearing the story narrated. But when we reached the house and found Master Bertie and the duchess in the parlor waiting for usthey rose, startled at sight of my face-he pade me leave that out, but tell the rest f the story.

I complied, describing how I had seen lymphna meet Clarence and what I had bserved to pass between them. The astonishment of my hearers may be imagined. "The point is very simple," said our host coolly when I had, in the face of many exclamations and some incredulity, completed the tale. "It is just this! The oman certainly was not Dymphna. In the first place, she would not be out at night. In the second place, what could she know of your Clarence, an Englishman and a stranger? In the third place, I will warrant she has been in her room all the evening. Then if Master Francis was mistaken in the woman, may he not have been mistaken in the man? That is the

"No," I said boldly. "I only saw her back. I saw his face." "Certainly that is something," Master Lindstrom admitted reluctantly.

But how many times had you seen him before?" put in my lady very pertinently. "Only once." In answer to that I could do no more than give further assurance of my certainty on the point. "It was the man I saw

in the boat at Greenwich," I declared pos-itively. "Why should I imagine it?" "All the same, I trust you have," she rejoined, "for if it was indeed that arch scoundrel we are undone."
"Imagination plays us queer tricks

sometimes," Master Lindstrom said, with a smile of much meaning, "but come, lad, I will ask Dymphna, though I think it useless to do so, for whether you are right or wrong as to your friend I will answer for it you are wrong as to my daugh-

He was rising to go from them for the purpose when Mistress Anne opened the it, my lady?" door and came in. She looked somewhat startled at finding us all in conclave. "I thought I heard your voices," she explained timidly, standing between us and the door. "I could not sleep."

She looked indeed as if that were so. Her eyes were very bright, and there was a bright spot of crimson in each cheek.
"What is it?" she went on abruptly, looking hard at me and shutting her lips tightly. There was so much to explain that no one had taken it in hand to begin. "It is just this," the duchess said, open-

been with Dymphna all the time? "Yes, of course," was the prompt an-"What is she doing?" "Doing?" Mistress Anne repeated in arprise. "She is asleep." 'Has she been out since nightfall?" the

ing her mouth, with a snap. "Have you

asleep she was in no state to go out, as you know, though I hope she will be all the garden must be open, for I felt a cold the garden must be open, for I felt a cold the garden must be open, for I felt a cold the garden must be open, for I felt a cold the garden must be open, for I felt a cold the garden must be open, for I felt a cold the garden must be open, for I felt a cold the garden must be open, for I felt a cold the garden must be open, for I felt a cold the garden must be open, for I felt a cold the garden must be open, for I felt a cold the garden must be open, for I felt a cold the garden must be open. right when she awakes. Who says she has draft of air strike my brow and saw, or

"Clarence?" Mistress Anne repeated, starting violently and the color for an instant fleeing from her cheeks. She sat down on the nearest seat.

high courage herself. "I think Master Francis was mistaken, though he is so tack had been so sudden and unexpected, I wondered, and I think the others did, "But where-where did he see him?" Once

hich seemed the the girl asked. She still trembled. the bridge to the bank, from the bank to liveliest emotions. And this time so much of the ghost story had to be introduced, for she pressed me closely as to where I had left Clarence and why I had let him go that my assurances got less credence than ever

"I think I see how it is," she said, with a saucy scorn that hurt me not a little. 'Master Carey's nerves are in much the same state tonight as Dymphna's. He thought he saw a ghost, and he did not. He thought he saw Dymphna, and he did not. And he thought he saw Master Clarence, and he did not."

"Not so fast, child!" cried the duchess sharply, seeing me wince. "Your tongue runs too freely. No one has had better proofs of Master Carey's courage-for which I will answer myself-than we have!

"Then he should not say things about Dymphna!" the young lady retorted, her ing fast. I made no doubt that I was a foot tapping the floor and the red spots back in her cheeks. "Such rubbish I never heard!

CHAPTER XI. They none of them believed me, it eemed, and smarting under Mistress Anne's ridicule, hurt by even the duchess' kindly incredulity, what could I do? Only assert what I had asserted already-that it was undoubtedly Clarence, and that before 24 hours elapsed they would have proof of my words.

At mention of this possibility Master Bertie looked up. He had left the main part in the discussion to others, but now he intervened. "One moment," he said. 'Take it that the lad is right, Master Lindstrom. Is there any precaution we can adopt, any back door, so to speak, we can keep open, in case of an attempt to arrest us being made? What would be the line of our retreat to Wesel?"

"The river," replied the Dutchman promptly. "And the boats are all at the landing stage?"

"They are, and for that reason they are useless in an emergency," our host answered thoughtfully. "Knowing the place, any one sent to surprise and arrest us would secure them first and the bridge. Then they would have us in a trap. It might be well to take a boat round and moor it in the little creek in the farther orchard," he added, rising. "It is a good idea, at any rate. I will go and do it.' He went out, leaving us four-the duchss, her husband, Anne and myself-sitting round the lamp.

"If Master Carey is so certain that it as Clarence," my lady began, "I think e ought to"-'Yes, Kate?" her husband said. She ad paused and seemed to be listening. "Ought to open that letter he has!" she continued impetuously. "I have no doubt t is a letter to Clarence. Now the regue has come on the scene again the lad's scruples ought not to stand in the way.

They are all nonsense. The letter may

throw some light on the bishop's schemes

and Clarence's presence here, and it should

asked as I kept silence. "Is not that rea-

sonable? Sitting with my elbows on the table, I lasped hands, gazing at them the while as hough inspiration might come of them. What was I to do? I knew that the three pairs of eyes were upon me, and the knowledge distracted me and prevented me really thinking, though I seemed to be thinking so hard. "Well," I burst out at last, "the circumstances are certainly al- he said and stopped. tered. I see no reason why I should not"-

Crash!

Mistress Anne's sleeve as she turned had swept from the table a Florentine jug, one of Master Lindstrom's greatest treasures, and it lay a dozen fragments on the floor. We stood and looked at it, the duchess in anger, Master Bertie and I in comic dismay. The girl's lip trembled, and he turned quite white as she contemplated the ruin she had caused.

"Well, you have done it now!" the duchess said pitilessly. What woman could ever overlook clumsiness in another woman! "It only remains to pick up the pieces, miss. If a man had done it— but, there, pick up the pieces. You will have to make your tale good to Master Lindstrom afterward."

I went down on my knees and helped Anne, the annoyance her incredulity had caused me forgotten. She was so shaken that I heard the bits of ware in her hand clatter together. When we had picked up all, even to the smallest piece, I rose, and the duchess returned to the former subject. "You will open this letter, then?" she said. "I see you will. Then the sooner the better. Have you got it about

"No, it is in my bedroom," I answered "I held it away there, and I must fetch it. But do you think," I continued paus ing as I opened the door for Mistress Anne to go out with her double handful of fragments, "it is absolutely necessary to read

"Most certainly," she answered, gravely nodding with each syllable, "I think so. I left together, sat staring at the dull flame will be responsible." And Master Bertie nodded also.

"So be it," I said reluctantly. And I was about to leave the room to fetch the part of the house, only connected with the main building by a covered passage, when our host returned. He told us that night, was it? What a day it had been! he had removed a boat, and I staid awhile to hear if he had anything to report, and then, finding he had not, went in a few minutes, both Anne and Dymphna came with her. The girls had risen out to go to my room, shutting the door hastily and were shivering with cold and behind me.

The passage I have mentioned, which was merely formed of rough planks, was thy and horror and wonder, as was natvery dark. At the nearer end was the foot ural, of nervous fear for themselves too. of the staircase leading to the upper rooms. Farther along was a door in the side openduchess continued. "Out of her room? Or the lighted room, I had almost to grope ing into the garden. Going straight out of she said. out of the house?"

"Out? Certainly not. Before she fell when I had about reached the middle, I bed. But who could it be? Did you see been out?" Anne added sharply. She fancied I saw, a slice of might sky and the looked at me with a challenge in her eyes, branch of a tree waving against it. I took as much as to say, "Is it you?"

"I am satisfied," I said, "that I was

But I

But I close to me, I saw a knife gleam in the starlight, and the next moment I reeled back into the darkness of the passage, a

starp pain in my breast. "You need not be afraid, Anne," my me and leaned a moment against the lady said, smiling. She had a wonderfully planking with a sick, faint feeling, saying I knew at once what had happened to | Tree, then?" to myself, "I have it this time!" The at-I had been taken so completely off my too, at Mistress Anne's harshness. guard, that I had made no attempt either my lady, so blunt and outspoken by nato strike or to clutch my assailant, and I ture, had shrunk from trying to question more I had to tell the tale, Mistress Anne, suppose only the darkness of the passage the Dutch girl about her lover. We looked saved me from another blow. But was at Dymphna, wondering how she would one needed? The hand which I had raised | take it. instinctively to shield my throat was wet with the warm blood trickling fast down understand English. But this did not my breast. I staggered back to the door of the parlor, groping blindly for the latch, seemed to be an age finding it, found

it at last and walked in. The duchess sprang up at sight of me. What," she cried, backing from me, what has happened?" "I have been stabbed," I said, and I sat

down. It amused me afterward to recall what they all did. The Dutchman stared; my widening of her beautiful eyes, she replied lady screamed loudly; Master Bertie whipped out his sword. He could make up his mind quickly enough at times.

"I think he has gone," I said faintly. The words brought the duchess to her knees by my chair. She tore open my doublet, through which the blood was oozdead man, for I had never been wounded in this way before, and the blood scared me. I remember my prevailing idea was ing one another with sharp glances, as a kind of stunned pity for myself. Perhaps later—I hope so—I should have come to think of Petronilla and my uncle and other people. But before this stage was reached the duchess reassured me. "Courage, lad!" she cried heartily. "It is all right, Dick. The villain struck him on the breast bone, an inch too low, and has just ripped up a scrap of skin. blooded him for the spring, that is all. A bit of plaster"-

"And a drink of strong waters," suggested the Dutchman soberly; his thoughts for her child. The rest of us looked at one were always to the point when they came. res, that, too, "quoth my lady, "and e will be all right."

I thought so myself when I had emptied the cup they offered me. I had been a good deal shaken by the events of the day. The sight of blood had further upset me. I really think it possible I might have died of this slight hurt and my imagination if I had been left to myself. But the duchess' assurance and the draft of schnapps, which seemed to send new blood through my veins, made me feel ashamed of myself. If the duchess would have let me, I would at once have gone to search the premises. As it was, she made me sit still while she ran to and fro for hot water and plaster, and the men searched the lower rooms and secured the door

afresh. "And so you could see nothing of him?" our host asked when he and Master Bertie returned, weapons in hand. "Nothing of his figure or face?"

"Nothing, save that he was short," answered, "shorter than I am, at any. rate, and I fancy a good deal." "A good deal shorter than you are?" my lady said uneasily. "That is no clew." In this country nine people out of ten are

that. Clarence, now, is not." "No," I said. "He is about the same height. It was not Clarence." Then who could it be?" she muttered rising and then with a quick shudder sitting down again. "Heaven help us, we seem to be in the midst of foes! What could be the motive? And why should the

"What do you say, Carey?" her husband villain have selected you? Why pick you

Thereupon a strange thing happened. Three pairs of English eyes met and sigwisted and untwisted the fingers of my naled a common message eye to eye. No word passed, but the message was "Van Tree!" When we had glanced at one another, we looked all of us at our hostlooked somewhat guiltily. He was deep in thought, his eyes on the stove, but he seemed to feel our gaze upon him, and he looked up abruptly. "Master Van Tree"-

"You know him well?" the duchess said, appealing to him softly. We felt a I stopped, uttering an exclamation, and kind of sorrow for him and some delicacy, we all sprang to our feet. "Oh, what a pity!" the duchess cried, clasping her hands. "You clumsy, clumsy girl! What have you done?"

Kind of sorrow for him and some deficacy, too, about accusing one of his countrymen of a thing so cowardly. "Do you think it is possible," she continued, with an effort, "possible that he can have done effort, "possible that he can have done this, Master Lindstrom?"

"I have known him from a boy," the merchant said, looking up, a hand on either knee, and speaking with a simplicity almost majestic, "and never knew him do a mean thing, madam. I know no more than that." And he looked round on us.

"That is a good deal. Still he went off in a fit of jealousy when Master Carey brought Dymphna home. We must re member that."

"Yes, I would he knew the rights of that matter," said the Dutchman heartily "And he has been hanging about the place all day," my lady persisted

"Yes," Master Lindstrom rejoined pa tiently, "yet I do not think he did this." "Then who did?" she said, somewhat nettled.

That was the question. I had my opinon, as I saw Master Bertie and the duchess had. I did not doubt it was Van Tree. yet a thought struck me. "It might be well," I suggested, "that some one should ask Mistress Anne whether the door was open when she left the room. She passed out just in front of me." "But she does not go by the door," my

lady objected. "No; she would turn at once and go up stairs," I agreed. "But she could see the door from the foot of the stairs-if she

looked that way, I mean." The duchess assented and went out of the room to put the question. We three, of the lamp and were for the most part silent, Master Bertie only remarking that it was after midnight. The suspicion he and I entertained of Van Tree's guilt seemed letter, my bedroom being in a different to raise a barrier between us and our host. My wound, slight as it was, smarted and burned, and my head ached. After mid-

When the duchess came back, as she did alarm. Their eyes were bright, their manner was excited. They were full of sympa-But my lady cut short their exclamations. "Anne says she did not notice the door,"

"No," the girl answered, trembling visnothing of him as he struck you? Not a Not an outline?" feature?

"No," I murmured. "Did he not say a word?" she continued, with strange insistence. "Was he tall or a step forward, slightly shivering in the short?" Her dark eyes, dwelling on mine, mistaken as to Mistress Dymphna. But I my hand with the intention of closing the door when a dark form rose suddenly from her. "Was it the man you hurt this morning?" she suggested.

"No," I answered reluctantly. "This man was short." "Short, was he? Was it Master Van

We, who felt also certain that it was Van Tree, started nevertheless at hearing

We had forgotten that she could not serve her, for without a pause Mistress Anne turned to her and unfalteringly said something in her scanty Dutch which came to the same thing. A word or two of questioning and explanation followed. Then the meaning of the accusation dawned at last on Dymphna's mind. I looked for an outburst of tears or protestations. Instead, with a glance of wonder and great scorn, with a single indignant by a curt Dutch sentence.

What does she say?" my lady exclaimed eagerly. "She says," replied Master Lindstrom who was looking on gravely, "that it is a base lie, madam."

On that we became spectators. It seemed to me, and I think to all of us, that the two girls stood apart from us in a circle of light by themselves, confrontthough a curtain had been raised from between them, and they saw one another in their true colors and recognized some natural antagonism or it might be some rivalry each in the other. I think I was not peculiar in feeling this, for we all kept silence for a space, as though expecting something to follow. In the middle of this It has silence there came a low rapping at the

door. One uttered a faint shrick; another stood as if turned to stone. The duchess cried another. Midnight was past. Who could be abroad, who could want us at this hour? As a rule, we should have been in bed and asleep long ago. We had no neighbors save the cotters on the far side of the island. We knew of no one likely to arrive at this time with any good in-

"I will open," said Master Lindstrom, but he looked doubtfully at the women folk as he said it. "One minute," whispered the duchess.

'That table is solid and heavy. Could you "Put it across the door?" concluded her husband. "Yes; we will." And it was done at ence, the two men-my lady would not let me help-so arranging it that it prevented the door being opened to its full width

"That will stop a rush," said Master Bertie, with satisfaction. It did strengthen the position, yet it was a nervous moment when our host prepared to lower the bar. "Who is there?" he cried loudly.

We waited, listening and looking at one another, the fear of arrest and the horrors of the inquisition looming large in the minds of some of us at least. The answer, when it came, did not reassure us.

(To be continued.)

Bobbie-What's an epigram ? Susie-Oh, it's a way of saying something everybody knows so that only clever people can get any sense out of it. - Truth.