

...packed. For they had not the instant they could, to... and at five o'clock they were...  
 ...boat was got ready, but they... difficulty in getting into her; but... and were pulled to shore... distance. No soon... than a couple... dragged her by sheet... and dry, and then another...  
 ...two men amongst the crowd,... Lord Verriest, as he... giving some direc...

Perhaps I ought not to ask it, Lord Verriest—she had got thus far when he turned, and his face flushed scarlet as he saw the old flame of St. John's Wood, who had married Bruton.  
 My God! I beg pardon, Emily—Mrs. Bruton I mean," gasped his Lordship in the utmost confusion, "how on earth—you here?"

Simply, my Lord, because I live close by. Of course I know how you are situated, but there is only our house and the clergyman's near here that you could go into; but Mr. Gammon will, I am sure, receive you and Lady Verriest, and I will take up the remainder. Mrs. Gammon is here to ask you.

The poor Lord was in a terrible dilemma, his former mistress on the one hand, and the man he had forced to return to his wife on the other; but his Lordship did not take long to consider, so he did what was best under the circumstances—told his wife who it was.

As her Ladyship had seen Mrs. Bruton before, it was no news to her, so, going up to both houses, thanked them sincerely, and it was arranged that Lord and Lady Verriest and Sir John Forest were to go to the clergyman's, and Mr. Thornhill, Mary, and Charlie to the Brutons.

"Well, my Lord," said the clergyman, who had stood aloof, for he did not know how to be received till his wife told him, "I am glad, heartily glad you let bygones be bygones. Thank God I am different now, and I have to thank you for it."

"Not a word on your part, Gammon. I am only too happy to think I was in some way the means of making you return to your beautiful wife; you know I was no saint myself, but her Ladyship has overlooked all my misdeeds; how far is your house from this?"

"Not a quarter of a mile, and as I see Lady Verriest and Miss Thornhill are thoroughly done up with fright and excitement, it will be better to get them away at once."

The things were now all landed, and old Mr. Thornhill and Sir John, with the ladies, took their departure for the homes *pro tem*, whilst Lord Verriest and Charlie remained behind to look after the affairs of the yacht.

What the best to be done, Captain, do you think? he asked as he stood on the deck of the vessel again, with Charlie by his side.

"Well, my Lord, the wind has dropped and the glass gone up, but I think it would be better to get up and warp her through that passage; on the other hand if the wind blows again, we might be knocked to pieces here. I prefer sea-room."

"Have you a boat, Captain," said an old Cornish boatman. "I've known the place for more than fifty years, let her lay here till next tide, it's the only place for many a mile you could lay in; and by God's goodness as you stop here, it's good holding; get an anchor out aft to prevent her swinging, and I'll go bail the vessel will be all right. Let her sail on the early ebb to-morrow morning, we will get her out of this rat-hole all safe; do you, my good gentlemen, go up and lay down a bit, for us boys will stick to our vessel."

The generous nobleman then and there made him present of twenty pounds to divide amongst them, and went on shore as the vessel was about to be started at the clergyman's house, found his wife in bed and fast asleep from over-exhaustion.

He then went over to the other house with Sir John. Mary was in bed too, so the gentleman sat down to a quiet cigar.

Lord and Bruton he found thoroughly delighted with their lot, though little was said on past matters; their houses, though in a wild part of the country, were beautifully situated, and with every comfort.

The dinner-time approached, and when the ladies got up, which he did early

It was Colonel Downey who had come over with his better half for a week's airing. "Good gracious, mamma, I am so surprised," echoed her Ladyship.

Mrs. Downey was evidently glad to see her daughter, she had heard nothing of their adventures, and the three ladies were soon seated, going over their several histories. Sir John, Mr. Thornhill, and Charlie strolled on, but the Colonel managed to get Lord Verriest to himself.

"You look uncommonly well, Verriest, I must say. Marriage agrees with you. For my part, the poor Colonel sighed, "I'm nearly dead, I am, by God! Mrs. Downey would leave Cheltenham. I know such a lot of old chums there, you can't imagine. I never tasted such curry and port in all my life as at Croker's, formerly of 'ours,' Bengal Jack we used to call him. Well, she found fault with my dining out so often, and tried to knock the smoking on the head, and would go down to Brighton to see her old friend—fancy going to that d—d hole in the middle of summer; well what the dust did not do for me the heat did—it was worse than being in the tropics—I nearly got a sunstroke, I did, by God! then she came on here, and has nearly walked me off my legs twice a day on this infernal pier; by God, it's enough to kill a fellow, I cannot have a weed in quiet, and, Verriest," here he dropped his voice into a whisper, "she has a temper that would try an angel."

"My poor Colonel," replied the nobleman laughing, "yours is not a pleasing picture of married life, but we must see what we can do for you; I'll have a talk to madam; but but mind you don't say you have spoken to me on the subject. I'll give her a good fright."

On joining the young ladies again he managed to get Mrs. Downey apart, and giving her his arm, which the lady was immensely flattered at, said: "Well, Mrs. Downey, how do you think your daughter is looking?"

"Charming, Lord Verriest, I never saw the dear girl in better spirits."

"I wish I could say the same for the poor Colonel, Mrs. Downey, I never saw a man more altered in my life, he looks haggard and worn; you won't have him long if he does not alter. He wants quiet and well looking after. His game of billiards to amuse him his cigars, and so on, he does indeed, poor fellow, I was quite shocked to see him."

"You quite frighten me, Lord Verriest. I thought he was so well—it must be as you say. I had no idea but he was in excellent health."

"Have you effected any good, Verriest?" asked the Colonel, as he got near the nobleman again.

"All right, Downey, I've done it for you, mind you are deuced unwell; cannot walk much, and smoking relieves your chest."

The next morning, as they went on the pier, they found the "Firefly" had arrived all safe, and on going on board, everything was as straight and in good order as if nothing had happened to her; and a sail round to Ventnor the next day was decided on, to remain there the night, and then on to Cowes, where the yacht was to be laid up again.

The ladies had got over all their nervousness and narrow escape. The Colonel and his wife were, of course, to be of the party.

They arrived at the beautiful spot early, and went on shore to enjoy themselves. Strolling along the beach they came across a lady who was attending a sick man in a bath-chair, which had been drawn as near the shore as it could for the invalid to enjoy the scene.

Lady Verriest, as she glanced at the well-dressed woman, saw it was no other than Alice Lee.

"Why, Alice!" she exclaimed, darting forward, "I am indeed glad to see you." But the color rose to her cheeks as her eye encountered that of the invalid, Shirkington Duffer.

"Don't turn away, Lady Verriest," said the poor fellow, "and let me speak to his Lordship. I am a different man to what I was. I hope all is forgotten. I have been ill, very ill, and if it had not been for my dear wife here, I should have been in my grave long ago."

It was with no small degree of satisfaction all found themselves at home again. Mary was especially rejoiced; her flowers, her birds, her favorite "Sultan" had all to be visited. Then her marriage with Charlie was soon to take place, and preparations for that important event had to be made. Then there were visits to be returned, and old friends to be seen. Lord Lavender and Captain Slyfox and old Mr. Conyers were the first to offer their congratulations. Then Major Bouncer Brag put in an appearance.

"I never saw you looking better, Thornhill," he exclaimed. "I have given up all idea of shooting again, that last affair was too much for my nerves. I have sold all my guns. I shall go in for hunting and coursing."

Old Nurse Grimes was overjoy to see "her boy," as she called him, and could hardly be kept out of his room.

Altogether the place held a regular jubilee. Dinners were given and returned and future ones planned.

Charlie and Mary were very quiet through it all, they lived for each other. The young man remembered how tenderly and carefully she had nursed him through his dangerous illness, and of her thoughtful attention of him on all occasions; and his love for her almost amounted to a madness.

They rode and walked together, and were rarely separated, and she in turn was just as fond of him. They visited his horses and his dogs, took them out for exercise in their visits to the cottages about.

Old Mr. Thornhill, too, was quite a different man. He was occupied in his house, the rooms that his daughter and future son-in-law were to occupy must be newly renovated. Carpenters, upholsterers, and paper-hangers were at work. A conservatory must be made from Mary's boudoir, so Linden Hall was in a state of the utmost confusion. Then Charlie would drive Mary over to the Slyfoxes', or Lady Lavender's, or the Verriests', to be engaged on the most knotty point connected with the *trousseau*. And whilst she was so occupied, Thornhill would wander about with the gentlemen, smoking his cigar, or engaged in a game of billiards or pool, they were fine players, and had many a battle together.

The time flew by rapidly, and it only wanted a fortnight to the marriage. Mary was one evening walking in the park alone about half-past six in deep meditation, Charlie was away dining at Sir John's. Her thoughts were on him, and she was wishing the time to arrive for his coming home.

Happening to look up, she saw a gentleman at a distance approaching her.

"I wonder," thought the girl, "who that can be; it is not tall enough for Charlie, or any one I know." But as the stranger came nearer with rapid steps, she became deadly pale, and clutched at a tree for support.

"Mary, my darling," exclaimed the stranger, rushing forward to catch her, for she was nearly fainting. "Look up, it is me. I have wandered half over the world to find you, and here you are under a changeful name, and in a strange land."

"Oh, Henry, Henry!" murmured she, "how is it you are here in England, and at such a time? I am about to be married. Have you come to crush all?"

"No, Mary, no, God forbid!"

"You would drive papa mad if he knew you were in the country," she said. "For God's sake go! I will do anything on earth for you I can, if you will quit this place."

"I have been lingering here a week to see you," he returned, "but I did not think I should have been received thus coldly."

usual way, and entered the park by quite a different direction. He was walking his horse on the velvety turf, when he saw a couple of figures a short distance in front of him; they were lounging quietly along, with their backs turned to him, the gentleman with his arm thrown over the lady's shoulder.

Charlie started as he caught sight of the figures.

"It is deuced like Mary," he exclaimed to himself; "but it cannot be, some couple spooning; rather cool of them to come here, though. But as he drew nearer he became deadly pale, his lips were firmly compressed, and his breathing became short and laborious. "God of heaven!" he uttered, as he pressed his horse into a trot, "who could have thought it?"

So engaged were they talking, that they heard him not till he was close upon them, when they turned and saw him.

Charlie never stopped, and merely lifted his hat, but gave her a look that she never forgot to her dying day, one so sorrowful, sad, and full of reproach, that goaded her almost to madness.

"Charlie, Charlie!" she screamed, "come back—speak to me!"

But he heard her not as he cantered away.

"Look at what you have done," she said, as she turned fiercely on her companion. "You have almost broken our hearts already, now you have quite done so. Go; I will not stay another instant." And she fled from him in terror.

Arriving at the Hall, she inquired for Charlie, and the butler gave her a note, saying, Mr. Charles had left it for her, and had gone up to his room for a few minutes, and then ridden off again in great haste.

Mary, with trembling hands, opened the note, read it, and then fell fainting to the floor.

The contents of the paper were short. It ran thus:

MARY,  
 "You will not be surprised that after what I have seen, that I have left the place for ever."  
 "C. T."

The whole of the house was in the utmost consternation. Mr. Thornhill was called, and was bending over his insensible daughter. He could make nothing out of the note, and till his daughter came to, he was obliged to remain in ignorance.

Directly the poor girl came to her reason, she was led away by her father into his room, and in a few minutes after the bell was rung and the carriage ordered out instantly to fetch Sir John Forest.

In less than a couple of hours he arrived, but only remained a short time, and was then driven rapidly away to the station. There he found Charlie had gone on to London. He could not follow for three hours, so he went away to his own house to make a few preparations, and returned again in time to take his seat for town.

"Bravo, bravo, Scott!" shouted Sir John; "go and get what things you may deem necessary, and I will do the same. Which route has he gone by, though, have you thought of that?"

"Yes, Sir John, that too I have discovered; he has gone by St. Louis."

A short telegram was soon despatched to Mr. Thornhill, for Sir John spared no expense, when he once took a thing in hand he carried it through.

Old Mr. Thornhill was walking with his daughter in the park, when the yellow envelope was put into his hand.

"This is news, he said, as he hastily opened the envelope, with trembling hands. The poor girl was deadly pale, and almost fainting.

The contents were short, but cheering.

"Tracked; gone to Mexico, and from there to Brazil—follow at once."

"Thank God, Mary, for even this news. Come home, my darling, our friends must know of this at once, for they are just as anxious as we are."

The next morning Sir John and his indefatigable companion had left New York, and were on their way to St. Louis. From there he was known to have proceeded to Santa Fe. Here another luck occurred, which took them some days, and at last he was found to have proceeded to a frontier village on the banks of the Rio Bravo del Norte lower down. Here he had bought a horse, and all trace was lost of him.

But Sir John was not a man to be easily discouraged, so he engaged some native hands.

From place to place was he tracked; sometimes they almost thought he was close at hand, but he had mysteriously disappeared.

This sort of life was nothing new to Sir John; he liked it, and if it had been for the anxiety attached to it, would have positively enjoyed it.

He was well mounted, as was his companion, and each carried his double-barrel and pistols.

For weeks did the two, accompanied by their peons, wander about; but at last they got certain intelligence that such an one as Charles was reported to have been at Santiago. Thither they proceeded at once, and he was found to be hunting in the Apache country. Here they traced him about for some time, and found he had again turned towards the Rio Bravo del Norte. Sir John was nearly done up, and both he and his men were obliged to remain for days inactive, to give themselves and their horses rest.

It is no easy work to travel about in free America, and always on a stern chase. One day, however, the Englishman came back with positive intelligence that Charlie had a small hacienda on the banks of the river.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WIGGERS' SPIRIT.

CANADIAN GENTLEMAN'S JOURNAL.—This journal, the sporting authority of the Dominion of Canada, comes to us under a new dress, as well as proprietorship, Mr. Peter Collins, of Dundas, having assumed the reins of management and editorship. We welcome the change with pleasure. The new proprietor is evidently practically acquainted with the wants of Canadian sportsmen, and will, no doubt, elevate the reputation of his journal. We extract an able article on the subject of "Railways and Racehorses," which is as applicable to the United States as to the Dominion.