

"Yes, and welcome to such a chance of success as you have," added the minister of Brookdale, as his cousin went out. "Mr. my dear Everard, you may be the faithfullest of friends, and the most affectionate of cousins, but I would rather give to Laurence Drayton if he had but a two-roomed cottage, than to you if you had all Brookdale."

CHAPTER V.

REMARKS.

It was evident to the inmates at Brookdale that there was little or no affection wasted between Mr. Grantley and Laurence Drayton. The latter invariable gentleman did not let the fact disturb him in the least; neither did he pay the slightest attention to the claim upon Julia, which her cousin took pains to make manifest after the interview with Eugene.

"He has such a hold on Temple, on account of some sentimental friendship or other, that he is simply intolerable," Everard said to the Hon. Allan Colburn, who having been made to feel something like mental inferiority on one or two occasions, took part with Everard. "It's an unfair thing for a man to come into a house and interfere with an engagement that everyone knows of."

"Wouldn't stand it if I were you," said the Hon. Allan; "wouldn't on my word?"

"How would you act?"

"How? Why, you see, tell him of it," said Mr. Colburn, not quite perceiving a definite course of action; "say that it's unfair to one gentleman to another, and—"

The subject of their conversation stalking quietly in, sent the Hon. Allan's ideas to flight, and occasioned an awkward pause.

"Do not let me interrupt you," observed Drayton, blandly.

"We were just saying how very full London must be about this time," said the Hon. Allan. "I suppose you know a great many people in London, Mr. Drayton?"

"Yes; my circle of acquaintances is tolerably extensive."

"Never met you anywhere that I remember."

"It is scarcely likely that you should have met me, Mr. Colburn, I, in common with most of my brethren, keep as much as possible out of the church circle which is peculiarly yours. There are, of course, as you may think it to believe, several hundred of us who actually contrive to exist, without society, as the term is understood. My London circle does not touch Belgrave or Mayfair, and neither of my clubs is in Pall Mall, yet I manage to live without being thoroughly miserable."

"Mr. Drayton's views are rather democratic," Grantley observed. "I can assure you, Colburn, he has no keen admiration of your set. It is his privilege, as a writer in the papers, to show you what you are not, and make you lamentably aware of your natural deficiencies."

"We have a way of talking men and things at their proper value," said the journalist, easily. "Gains is hard-earned experience, and we profit by it."

"That is to say, you study manners from a professional point of view. I suppose, Mr. Drayton, you prefer the company of artistic and literary men to gentlemen."

The last word was not spoken without hesitation, but Grantley's bitterness would not let him keep it in, although he uttered it with a fear that the deliberate insolence would bring upon him a term of recognition for which he was not prepared.

"I prefer the company of men of character in its double sense—that is to say, men of honour and brain—to the company of gentlemen, as you understand the word, Mr. Grantley."

"And they say a man can be judged by the company he keeps."

"An inconsequent remark at the present moment—illogical always as most proverbs are. For instance, if you saw an honourable man in company with a rascal, which one would you judge the other by?"

"Permit me to take it as an enigma, and give it up?"

"Well, you would scarcely judge the wren to be a noble bird, because you saw him in company with one; nor could you, by the same rule, fairly condemn the man of honour for having a rascal on his arm. Men do not always know their friends, and rascals have an ingenious way of picking up profitable acquaintances."

Grantley thought it advisable to change the topic. It was growing warm, and he recollected that Laurence Drayton, as a London man, was probably acquainted with various members of the civil service.

"I shall do no good while you are here," he reflected, "and I may fall even with Julia through you; and if I do, so much the worse for her and you, and Eugene, whom you have so strongly in control."

He had that presentiment of failure when, thanks to his sister's care, he saw Julia alone late one evening. He had not taken immediate advantage of Eugene's permission, but waited, like a diplomatist, till he could lead up to a favourable opportunity.

And he thought the time had come now. Eugene was away on a visit to Hinklin, the residence of Mr. Wyatt, to whose daughter he was partly engaged.

Laurence was at work in his study, writing hard at his long neglected book, and Margaret had claimed the Hon. Allan Colburn for her own.

They were out for a ramble over the hills, and Miss Grantley was careful to keep her companion at a distance, which gave her brother every chance.

Everard paced with his cousin on a height overlooking the sea, and stood in silence for some moments looking into the distance, as if his thoughts were very far away. He took a very tender tone of sentiment when he spoke.

"Do you like to stand here, Julia, watching the stately ships out there with such an air of mystery about them? They always wear an air of mystery to me; they seem to possess a silent knowledge of the far-off, unknown lands they have been to—the souls they have on board."

He was uttering very worn-out commonplaces, but it sounded sympathetic to the young girl.

"And I have such thoughts of what I might do if I had the courage to tear myself away from here," he went on. "I envy the brave fellows who can trust themselves to that mighty sea, leave home and friends behind them, and toll for those they love—envy and wonder at them, yet I need not, for they have the grand incentive."

She looked at him with grave surprise—this tender tone was new and strange.

"They have the knowledge of being loved, prayed for, and I seem such a poor, parasitical wretch—I have seen nothing, done nothing, but suffered myself to drift into a helpless and dependent condition here. I envy your brother's friend, Julia."

"My brother's friend?"

"Mr. Drayton. The man has travelled, worked, made himself a certain sort of name, which gives him self-respect, and then—you love him!"

"Yes," said Julia, softly; "I am very fond

of Laurence—he is as dear to me as my own brother."

"And is he dear to you in no other sense?"

"Everard!"

"If you know how much depended on the answer you would not be angry. Oh, Julia! If you know how jealously, how tenderly, I have watched your growth to womanhood, fearing that some one would come to take my sweet cousin from me before even she knew how passionately I loved her. Julia—"

He would have put his arm round her waist, but she drew back in proud astonishment.

"You had better take me home, Everard. Margaret and Mr. Colburn seem to have lost us."

"Answer me before we go," he pleaded. "Try to love me, Julia. Say that you will! You would if you could; but think that I have suffered during these last few days, since another—a stranger—has come between us. Say that you will!"

Her whole heart said "No!" He was not a favourite, though he was her cousin, and when he spoke, there rose distinctly before her the form and face—the kind, thoughtful face—the girlhood's hero, Laurence Drayton. It was more than sisterly affection which made her turn towards Brookdale with an evading wish to be with him, and away from Everard.

"Take no home, please," she said, quietly. "I did not expect this from you, Everard."

"Are you so pitiless?" he said, bitterly. "Do you know what agony there is in a man's rejected love, Miss Temple—the pain of a hope driven back without mercy? You are very young to have learned your lesson so well."

"I am very, very sorry!"

"Surely, Julia, if I wait—"

"Do not ask me," she said, piteously. "I never, never can be."

"Is it because I am so poor?"

Deeply as the question pained her, she met it bravely. She pitied him, because she believed he was sincere, and almost asked herself whether it would not be her duty to sacrifice her own inclination for his sake; but a glance into the future—such a future as it would be with him—made her recoil with a heart-shudder.

"If you were master of all these broad lands," she said, indicating the wide space round her home, "it would make no difference to me, Cousin Everard—just as, if I loved you as you want me to, it would make no difference to me if you were one of those poor fishermen down yonder. And now take me home."

He bowed, and gave her his arm, accepting his destiny with a blended air of chivalry and martyrdom which touched her.

"Do you know what this means to me?" he asked, lowly. "Can you understand how much depended on your reply, when I tell you I am going to leave Brookdale?"

"Leave Brookdale?"

"Yes," he said, with a resigned sigh. "I had often thought of doing so. Mine has been a life of inactivity here, Julia; but I was loth to tear myself away while I thought you cared for me, and while I thought I was, perhaps, of some use to Eugene. But there is one now to fill my place with both of you, and I shall not be missed very much."

"I shall be sorry if you go, Everard, and through me. Surely we can go in the old way, as if this evening had never been?"

He shook his head moodily.

"It might be easy for you, Julia. To me it would be impossible. I hope I have my share of moral courage; but it does not take me to the Spartan extent of being daily with the one I love, and receiving from her less than the kindness she gives to a stranger. I am not here, I suppose, I am only a man, with a man's sensitiveness on those points that touch a man most deeply."

Julia reproached herself for her own obduracy on the homeward walk, but could not alter her decision. Reasoning on the subject, she found much in Mr. Grantley's favour. He was handsome to the point of being distinguished-looking; was brilliant in the small things that make life graceful, and gifted to a rare degree with the larger gifts which bring fame and position. Reason said that much for him—told her to respect and admire him—and then, when she stepped in, showed her how very far her heart was from him.

They were nearly home before they saw Margaret and the Hon. Allan Colburn. Miss Grantley exchanged a glance with her brother, and received one in reply which made her dark brows lower ominously. Her lip curled slightly at him. She either set a high value on a man's power of mastery, or a small value on woman's power of resistance, for it seemed pitiful to her that Everard should have failed to win a girl like Julia.

"You played the truant, my dear Julia," she said, playfully.

"My cousin did not reply. She had caught the exchange of glances, and it suggested even to her unsuspecting mind that they had not lost each other entirely by accident."

Laurence Drayton was still at work, and Miss Temple was left to her own devices, with Mr. Colburn as an alternative. She preferred her own devices, slender as they were, and was careful to avoid Everard for the remainder of the evening.

That gentleman had no desire to face his sister; but she touched him on the arm as he was going up stairs. He followed her, with rather a stammered air of submission, into one of the side rooms leading from the hall.

"Have you failed?"

"But I see you have. I thought you had more skill, more courage, than to be baffled by a girl."

"A girl is harder to deal with than a woman," he said, gloomily. "A girl is the most heartless creature on the face of this fair earth, except where she sets her fancy. I have failed with her, Margaret; but that does not mean utter failure."

"It means the loss of Brookdale, Everard—the return to the old drudgery on your part, at least, for you cannot stay here long."

"It is not my intention to stay," said Mr. Grantley, calmly. "I have other work in hand, and I will not remain here a moment longer than is necessary. That fellow will know all that has taken place before to-morrow is over, and it would not be pleasant to have him smiling over my defeat."

"How did she treat you?"

"Very much as any other girl would, under the circumstances. You are all more or less alike in those things. When I was pathetic she pitied me; when I was reproachful she was magnanimously silent. It is wonderful how placidly magnanimous a woman can be when she does not mean to let a man have his way."

He looked at her anxiously for a moment, deliberating whether or not to take her into his confidence; and after a pause, he said—

"You must remain here, Margaret, to help me while I am away. I had better not say too much just yet. Eugene does not seem inclined to make me so much his friend, nor to be so liberal as formerly. Perhaps it would be distrustful if Clarence Temple were to return, or his son, if he left one, and I think he did."

"And if he did?"

"He might be grateful to me if I found him and restored him to his inheritance," said Everard. "It is somewhere in the world, I am sure, and I do not feel as if I shall do my duty unless I assist him to his own. My sense of duty would not be so keen, perhaps, if Eugene were more tractable; but he is not so grateful as he might be, considering what I have done for him."

Margaret Grantley withdrew her gaze from him, and her clasped hands dropped in front of her with a heavy sigh. Gloomy, remorseful resolution was in her dark gray eyes as she left the room with her head bowed low.

(To be continued.)

SATURDAY NIGHT.

Placing the little hats all in a row. Ready for church on the morrow, you know, Washing her faces and little blank face, Getting them ready and fit to be kissed; Putting them into clean garments and white; This is what mothers are doing to-night.

Spring out holes in the little worn hose, Laying by shoes that are worn through the toes, Looking over ornaments so faded and thin— Who but a mother knows where to begin? Changing a button to make it look right— That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Calling the little ones all round her chair, Putting them up to their soft evening prayer, Telling them stories of Jesus of old; Who loves to gather the lambs to his fold; Watching them listen with childish delight— That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Peering so softly to take a last peep, After the little ones all are asleep; Anxious to know if the children are warm, Smoothing the blanket round each little form; Kissing each little face, ray and bright— That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Kneeling down gently beside the white bed, Lowly and meekly she bows down her head, Praying as only a mother can pray, God guide and keep them from going astray.

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IN AFTER-YEARS; OR, FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER ROSS.

CHAPTER XI.

Since the day on which the girls escaped by a hair-breadth falling into Sir Richard's clutches on board the "Skeully Skipper," they had been almost prisoners in Mrs. Cox's lodging house.

They had such an innate horror of their grandfather that no sacrifice seemed too great if they could thereby avoid the risk of again being subject to his power, perhaps to be brought to Scotland and again a second time doomed to the most painful of all deaths, shut up in the north tower; or, worse still, linger out a long, weary existence, to end probably in death by starvation within the iron cage, that once seen had become to both almost a daily horror, which, bound by the promise made to their father, they dared not disclose.

From the day of their visit to the ship they had only once ventured abroad, and then, although their faces were veiled by double aprons and their figures wrapped up in large shawls, so that not a lineament of either could be recognized they were miserable with fear, dreading every footfall they heard behind would bring Sir Richard with his fierce eyes and wicked mocking voice.

Adam was at his wife's end. The brave old man did not fear Sir Richard for himself, but he did for the children, who were dearer to him than all else in the world.

The confinement they were subject to in their avoidance of Sir Richard was enough of itself to kill them, in the opinion of one who had spent his life in the open air among the hills of Scotland.

He had exhausted every conceivable way by which he could find out Lady Hamilton's residence that had occurred to himself or to any other he had consulted on the subject, and as a last resource he wrote to his nephew Longman, requesting him to go himself to Inch-dreer and find out Lady Hamilton's address from the housekeeper there.

Pending the arrival of Longman's answer to his letter, he spent his time in wandering about among the squares and family mansions of the West-end, examining door-plates, and making such inquiries of male servants whom he was fortunate enough to meet and knew by their dress to be house servants, which he hoped would lead to the object he sought.

It was on his return from one of these fruitless errands that the unfortunate rencontre with Sir Richard and Catchem took place.

Adam was accustomed to return by five o'clock each evening so as to put down the dinner cloth and wait on the table for the young ladies.

On the evening in question the old cracked clock told five, six, seven, and yet Adam came not.

The dinner was served by Susan in the best way she could, but those who waited on were too anxious for the safety of the old servant to swallow a single mouthful. By eight o'clock their anxiety had deepened into dread, and in order to comfort them Mrs. Cox proposed to send her son in search of the old man.

Master George Cox, lawyer's clerk and poet, was a good-natured fellow, and hated to see any one in trouble, most of all women, and more particularly those young ladies, one of whom he had made up his mind to marry, and accordingly he determined that it would not be his fault if before ten o'clock he had not discovered and brought home Adam, as he expressed it, "to dry the tears and pour consolation into the sorrow-laden souls of the twin sisters of the Lake-washed mountains."

He had taken upon himself more than it seemed probable he could possibly accomplish. He went to the booksellers' shops, fruit shops, in short, everywhere he knew Adam to be in the habit of going, or that it was at all likely

he would have been, with uniform want of success, the same answer was returned everywhere;—no one had seen the old man that day.

As a last resource he hector himself to the policeman stationed on the various beats from Holborn to the Strand, and at last hit on the very man who had aided in the capture of the old man.

"A grim looking strong like old man, dressed in coarse gray clothes, with a Highland cap and trowsers of shoes ornamented with silver buckles?" said the policeman interrogatively, putting a question in answer to the one made to himself by Mr. George.

"Yes, exactly," replied the latter, delighted to have at last found one who had at least seen the one he sought. "When did you see him last?"

"Just before tea time. Is he any friend of yours?"

Something in the expression of the man's face as he spoke warned George that his answer must be a careful one.

"No, he is no friend of mine, but I promised one who wishes to see him to try and find him out to-night."

"Well," replied the policeman, to whom Catchem had forgotten to pay the stipulated price for his assistance, and whose former experience of that worldly assured him that his right to swell in full would be questioned on the plea that the lawyer had himself captured his man, and saw in the present an opportunity of repaying guilt by guile in letting the friends of the old man know into whose hands he had fallen. "I am afraid you won't see him to-night, but I saw him taken into a cab by Catchem, the lawyer in Cecil street, and another gentleman, and he didn't seem at all willing to go."

"Do you know where they drove to?"

"No," replied the conscientious guardian of the public rights, "I was afraid to say more. Catchem knew too much of his own antecedents, and might make his present situation too hot for him. I don't; they drove to the west; that's all I know."

That was what he did not know. They had driven in an opposite direction.

George turned his face homewards with more hope of ultimately finding Adam than he expected to have been able to indulge in an hour before.

The gentleman who went with Adam and Catchem was, he had no doubt, the tall, grey-haired man who came to the office every day, and who he had heard, while listening at the keyhole, speaking of Agnes and Margaret Cunningham; and he wisely determined to tell all he knew about Adam and the tall grey-haired gentleman to the twins, promising to obtain more information as to where Adam had been taken to, perhaps to-morrow, but certainly in the course of a few days.

How that information was to be obtained, merely by listening at the sanctum door, his ear placed in the closest proximity to the keyhole, he wisely kept to himself.

He did not reach the paternal mansion until eleven o'clock. As he let himself in with his latch-key he saw that all was quiet and darkness in the ground flat and basement, his prudent mother having turned off the gas in the hall previous to going upstairs, as she said to Susan, "to try and comfort those poor lonely hearts."

Susan having been to their apartments to mend the fires and sweep the hearths, returned to her mistress with the information "that the young ladies were crying like to break their hearts."

Mr. George rightly guessed where his mother was, and making the best of his way to the first floor parlour front, now the peculiar property of the twins, he slowly opened the door and admitted himself, saying as he entered:

"I've found him."

"Oh, Adam, where have you been?" exclaimed both girls in one breath, as they rushed past Mr. George into the dark passage, where they expected to find the old man. They saw by the light streaming from the open door of their own parlour, that he was neither in passage or staircase, and they now turned to Mr. George, their white faces upturned to his, begging for an explanation.

"I said I found him," was the hasty reply of the half-frightened lad, as he looked at the swollen eyes and white faces of the girls. "I know who he's with, and I daresay I'll bring him to-morrow, if you'll only have patience. I'll tell you about it, mother; you'll understand about the London police better than them young ladies."

"Yes, my son," was the pleased reply of his mother to the compliment to her sagacity and wisdom implied in his request that she would hear his story.

"The police, oh! he's in prison. Sir Richard has put him into prison because he cannot find us," said Margaret, with clasped hands and streaming eyes, "he will die of cold."

"No, he's no such thing as in prison, and if he was he wouldn't die of cold there. Do you suppose they haven't fires in the prison?" The young man said this in a tone which showed the impatience he felt at not being allowed to tell what he had been doing in their service all the evening, and having thus secured himself a hearing, he related to his mother, not in the most concise manner every inquiry he had made, every answer given, where and by whom, Mrs. Cox uttering an occasional "Oh, dear, dear, did you though?" as an interjectional remark indicative of her feelings as sympathy or astonishment at his patience and bravery in continuing his search so far from home and so late into the night swayed her.

When at last the girls understood that all the information summed itself up in what the policeman had said they were ready again to give themselves to despair in the thought that they had seen Adam for the last time.

Mrs. Cox and her son did the best they could to comfort them, the latter assuring his hearers that the old grey-haired gentleman with whom Adam now was, spent several hours every day in his master's office and that at no distant period he would bring them word where their servant could be found.

The cracked clock struck one as the poet having added the last two lines to a new verse of his long poem, stood pulling on his nightcap at the square foot of looking glass hanging above his study table as he called it to Susan, when it was necessary to warn her not to interfere with his papers.

The cap strings were tied below his chin, the tassel hung becomingly to one side, he was always an ardent admirer of his own beauty, and the hours of exertion passed in the open air had given a hue to his complexion which made it

just then peculiarly attractive, he smiled a pleased smile, but his mood was contemplative and sober, his mind was occupied in a retrospective review of his feelings and the resolution they induced him to adopt of forsaking his allegiance to Maria Theresa Hopkins, and marrying one of the twin sisters.

"What a fix I would have been in with one of them weeping pale faced things!" he mentally exclaimed. "kicking up such a row about an old scotch fool, and never once thanking me for all the trouble I took, and me scarcely eating anything at my table in my hurry to oblige them; "Yes" said he aloud as he thought of what might have been the consequence of his over zeal in their cause "and if it wasn't for the little snack of something mother brought up to her room to give me after I came in, I would have gone to bed hungry enough!"

"There's a difference in duties," continued he as he thought of how differently Maria Theresa would have behaved under the circumstances, "The last time I was in Farringdon street, she insisted on my partaking of stewed oysters and chops before I left the house, but that I care for such things, not I, not at all, but it shows attention, and tells you that you are an object of consideration."

"I have made an escape that's all," he gave a sigh of relief as he threw himself into his easy seated arm chair and pushed it a little back so as to enable him to see at his ease the attractive picture presented to him in the mirror, the contemplation thereof speedily restored him to his good humour; his eye now fell from the mirror to the M. S. (as he delighted to call all the scribbling he perpetrated) of his long poem and lifting up the paper he read in solemn accents with knitted brow and waving hand the effusion of the past hour.

"Pale Margaret by her father's tomb Her fair head o'er the sculpture bending. The evening star, the twilight gloom New gases to her sweet face lending."

Having read it several times over he laid it down with a perfectly satisfied air saying as his eyes again sought the mirror.

"That's just as good poetry as there is any use for, no wonder I always got the prize for poetry at school Mr. Thompson used to say he would pit me against any boy in Farringdon within for verse; so he might, I'll go and see Maria Theresa to-morrow, she will have cause one day soon to be proud of her poet lover, and one good thing she doesn't know a thing about the twin sisters, she won't suspect that I've been roaming; and yet I must not forsake the twins in their present distress, no."

"I'll bid imperious passion rest, And not a brother's part."

That will be the best thing for all parties, I'll find out old Adam for them and anything else they wish to know what's between Catchem and the old one, perhaps I'll be able to hear something of that Lady Hamilton that Adam used to go hunting about day and night after, if I do, I daresay she'll find some good match for the one I was to have married and that'll be as well for her, and suit me and Maria Theresa better; and now it's all settled I'll go to bed."

"Golly!" exclaimed Mr. George as the cracked clock chimed two o'clock, putting out his tongue and winking to the wall, "wouldn't mother read the riot act if she knew I had been writing to two in the morning?"

The poor girls in the first front parlour spent the night in alternately weeping and praying for the delivery of their faithful servant from the hands of their Grandfather; occasionally a step would disturb the usually quiet precincts of the Inn as some one of the other inhabitants who abroad later than usual was returning to his home, and then both girls would run down the staircase and listen at the door, until the footstep passed and the opening of a door higher up in the court told them it was not the footstep they so longed for, that had disturbed the quiet night.

Towards the dawn, Agnes who had been ill from headache during the previous day lay down upon the couch in the little parlour and her sister sitting by her, at last saw the heavy eyelids fall and every sense and sorrow forgotten in happy sleep.

This was what Margaret had been wishing for all the restless night, and going into her bedroom she returned with a shawl, with which she carefully covered her sister, and throwing open the window turned her face up to the grey patch of sky above the court.

Day was dawning and the plan she had been revolving in her own mind for the past few hours was speedily put in force, she dressed herself in a crumpe veil and large shawl, and carefully shutting the parlour shutters so that favoured by darkness her sister's sleep might be more profound, she softly descended the staircase and without disturbing the sleeping inmates left the house and was out on the deserted and silent street in search of Adam.

She knew not which direction to take, no one was stirring in the grey light of the early morn, and she stood for a few minutes after entering into Holborn at a loss as to how she was to proceed.

A stray dog passed, a poor maimed thing limping along, she thought of old Cesar, (the same who had been the only living thing to welcome Sir Richard when he came back to his own house,) even he was a sort of companion amid the wilderness of grimy soot blacked brick houses towering on either side of the narrow street, and the decayed vegetables and other offal of various kinds which strewn the pavement, each in its turn according to what was sold in the shop from where the debris had been swept the previous night, and now awaited the scavenger to be taken away.

"Cesar, Cesar," said the speaking in a subdued voice as if she feared the bricks and stones around her had ears, and some of them would start up to claim the dog and reprove her for making up to him, but no one heard except Cesar himself, and he poor brute unaccustomed to kindly tones, could not believe at first the words were meant for him, but when the name was repeated which happened to be his own he at once crossed the street wagging his tail as if he had found a long lost friend.

Margaret stooped down and patted his rough shaggy coat.

"Poor thing," said she, "perhaps you are as lonely as myself in this great ugly street, show me the way I will take to find Adam."

She stood up, looking in the dog's face as if waiting for a reply, he wagged his tail and walking on followed by Margaret led the way through one street and then another, until when men began to stir and carts laden with