

speechless with thankfulness and joy. Yes, Desmoro could not help rejoicing over Pldgers' death, over the death of his last foe.

The Colonel wrung the sailor's hand, and almost wept out his thanksgivings, so grateful was he at Desmoro's deliverance from the power of the relentless Pldgers.

Captain Williams was asked to Desmoro's wedding, which was a very quiet event indeed, celebrated at a church some short distance from town, where only a little curiosity was evinced by a few country people, nothing more.

In the midst of the wedding-breakfast, a telegram addressed to Colonel Symure arrived from town, announcing the sudden death of Caroline, the Colonel's wife.

I will not say that this unexpected news shocked or pained Desmoro's father very much: he had never loved the woman, and her disagreeable and violent temper had always prevented him from even respecting her. He felt no regret whatsoever at her death, but thrusting the missive away, endeavored to think no more about it.

"My children," he said, addressing the bride and bridegroom, "I have changed my mind, I will accompany you on your wedding tour."

And so he did, and that tour was all the pleasanter to Desmoro and his bride, because they had the Colonel's society.

From Antwerp our friends went to Brussels, thence to the ancient city of Cologne, afterwards to Bonn, where they tarried for a time, enchanted with its lovely environs, and the picturesque scenery all around.

Our tourists then journeyed up the beautiful and majestic Rhine, which fairly enchained all their admiration.

"Comfort," said her husband, as they were sitting on the deck of a river steamboat, first gazing at the dark shadows of the vine-covered mountains, then at the walled and turreted towns, in ruins, then at the walled and turreted towns,—"Comfort, this scenery is unrivalled; here should I like to find a quiet spot, where I could pitch my tent for the remainder of my days."

She looked up into his face, a loving smile upon her own.

"Anywhere with thee I shall be happy," was her gentle answer.

He pressed her hand in grateful silence, while a tear of pride and joy for a moment dimmed his eyes.

The castle of Ehenbreitstein, perched on the top of its massive rock pedestal, was now visible, and Coblenz was soon reached, and our friends went on shore, and repaired to the Giant Hotel, at the entrance of which they were met by a lady and gentleman, at the sight of whom Comfort pressed her husband's arm, and began to tremble.

"The Thetfords, Desmoro!" she whispered.

He hurried her quickly, and passed them.

"Remember, dear Comfort, what I am! I can have no friend but thou, and thou canst have none other save thine husband!"

"I am content, dear Desmoro! Thou art all the world to me!"

A short time ago I was staying at Nublhofen, a village at the mouth of the river Sayn. As I was fond of picturesque scenery, I often rambled about from one village to another, never wearied with my numerous explorations.

One day, during my rambles in search of the romantic, either in the shape of an old castle, a ruinous chateau, or a mouldering abbey, I came upon a beautiful and secluded valley, through which the stream of the Sayn gracefully meandered, bestowing verdure and loveliness upon the scene.

I stood perfectly enchanted with the fair prospect. There was a fallen tree spanning a narrow part of the river, serving as a bridge, and upon that tree I stepped, thoughtlessly enough, too much fascinated with all I could see to think of the danger I was likely to incur by this act.

Suddenly, my foot slipped, and in the next instant I found myself sitting on the slimy trunk, hanging over the rippling water (of the probable depth of which I could not hazard a single guess), not daring to stir a limb.

I looked around in speechless dismay and terror. Not a soul could I see.

Great heaven! what was I to do? What could I do?

I was ready to burst into a torrent of useless tears, when a cheery voice addressed me.

"Do not stir, madam, and I will assist you."

At these words my heart fairly bounded in my breast, and the sickening sensation which was gradually creeping over me vanished at once.

I obeyed the instructions of the voice: I did not move an inch. I scarcely dared to breathe. Presently some one was by my side; and an arm encircled my waist, and lifted me into safety.

"Here—let me lead you across," spoke my preserver. "This passage over the stream was never intended for ladies!"

Saying which the speaker extended to me his hand, at seeing which I uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"Gracious powers, Red Hand!" I said, amazement almost depriving me of all strength at the moment.

My companion did not answer a word, but guided my steps until I reached the rocks, then the green, smooth sward.

"Madam," said my conductor, "I have preserved your life!"

"You have—you have!" I rejoined, gratefully.

"In return for which service, render me one."

"A whole score of such, if I can do so."

"Forget that you have seen me!" he added, in a marked manner.

"I shall return to Sydney next week," I answered. "I swear most solemnly never to divulge to any living creature that I have seen you here!"

"Madam, I trust you!" he replied.

At this moment a lady joined us, and I bowed myself away, and began to mount the hill-side.

When I was half way up the acclivity, I turned round and paused to look after my deliverer.

In the valley I saw two figures, one of which was a graceful, gentle-faced woman, the other the somewhat bushy-haired, Red Hand.

I put my palms together, and uttered the Australian bush-cry.

In an instant Desmoro turned round and answered my farewell.

"Adieu!" I shouted. "Heaven guard you!"

And from a neighboring mountain came the echoing response, "Heaven guard you!"

THE END.

SAVED.

"Miss Violet, will you give this letter to Mrs. Maltby?"

I had my hands full of drawing materials, but I received the letter and continued on my way to Mrs. Maltby's drawing-room.

The drawings were little studies I had made while down at the sea-side, where I had spent my vacation—made by Mrs. Maltby, to whom I had been a companion for a year—and Mrs. Maltby had been interested in them, saying: "Touch them up a bit, Violet, and I will get a portfolio for them and keep them." I usually sat with her in her dressing-room through the mornings, and thither I repaired to touch up the drawings, while she sat with her slippers on the fender, embroidering with purple and crimson wools.

I gave her the letter, and went to a low seat in the deep bay-window. I sharpened a pencil, and then happened to glance towards my companion.

Her face was ashy white. Her profile was turned towards me. In its irregularity and pallor it looked like a face cut in stone. But I had never seen it look so sharp and deathly.

The letter was clenched in her hand. I had brought her bad news.

I was shocked, but silent. I tried to remember what I knew of her family relations. She was a handsome, black-haired woman of fifty, who had been early widowed, and returned to her father's house. Her parents were dead. Her mother had died in her infancy, and she had been the mistress of Redburn ever since. It was not long, however, since her father's decease. She never had a child. She had no brothers or sisters whom I had heard of. I could not surmise what had happened.

I saw her burn the letter, and she rose and left the room.

Afterwards I guessed whom that communication was from.

A week passed. They were quiet and comfortable but rather monotonous weeks at Redburn. But, though young, I was less restless than most girls. I was now unhappy with Mrs. Maltby. Only sometimes I wished for a little change.

It came—a most startling episode.

We had company to dine—Mrs. Maltby's lawyer and personal friend from New York. I was dressing her hair, as I sometimes did, for she liked my arrangements, pronouncing them artistic. Suddenly, without knock or warning, the door was flung open and a young man walked in.

I felt Mrs. Maltby start under my hands. I myself was frightened, the intruder looked so bold and reckless.

He was very handsome, but he looked to me to have been travelling long, or to have come out of some revel. His linen was soiled; his long, clustering hair unbrushed; his eyes blood-shot; yet his appearance was singularly attractive. I had never before seen so high-bred and graceful a man.

Mrs. Maltby did not speak to him. He seated himself before and not far from her, however.

"Go on Violet," she said.

"Certainly. Let the young lady proceed with her task," he said, quickly. "What I have to say need not interfere with her employment. I understand that she is your companion and confidant, though I have not had the pleasure of meeting her before."

The last sentence appeared to have been quite mechanically spoken, for he had fixed his eyes fiercely upon Mrs. Maltby's face, and seemed to see only her. I went on pinning up the braids of her hair as I had been bid, but my hands trembled. I could not see her face, but I think she met that look steadily.

"You refuse me," he said, in a far different tone from that in which he had first spoken—low and concentrated.

"Certainly," she answered.

"Do you want my blood upon your head?" he exclaimed.

"I washed my hands clear of you long ago," she answered composedly.

"Long ago," he repeated, and a wave of emotion that was inexplicable to me went over his

face. Then he was silent. I don't know why, but from that moment I pttied him.

He got up and commenced walking the floor.

"I tell you, Winifred, I must have this money," he said. "I must have it to-night, to-night," he repeated.

Mrs. Maltby was silent. I caught a glimpse of her face. Flint was not harder.

"Let me have it, Winifred," he said, pausing before her, "and I promise you it shall be the last time."

She made no reply.

"The last time. I mean it, Winifred."

His voice faltered. She did not speak.

"Will you?"

"No," she replied, with no emotion whatever.

His face had been working with some strong, deep feeling. But that monosyllable seemed to strike him like a blow. He stood looking at her, his face still and desperate.

"I did not think God could make such a woman as you are," he said, at last.

I felt her shrink beneath the actual horror with which he seemed to regard her. But she spoke with her unalterable composure.

"I told you more than a year ago that I should pay no more debts of yours, contracted at faro, or in any other way," she said. "I meant it; you know I meant it. I have given you fair warning; I shall not change."

He did not speak; his head was dropped upon his breast; he was deathly pale.

"I have done my duty by you, Guy; you know that I have," she added.

"Yes, you have been just, but you have never been merciful," he replied. "Oh, God!" He flung up his arms with a bitter cry that wrung my heart.

I looked at her. She did not relent or go to him. He had flung himself into a chair, and with his head drooped and his arms folded upon his back, was the most hopeless figure I had ever seen. She rose, for I had finished her hair, and took a seat nearer the fire. Her lips were gray as if she were cold, but her face was still as invincible as a flint.

He gave a groan, and started up suddenly.

"I am going," he said, "I—" He met her eye, and asked: "Why did you not kill me? I was altogether in your hands once. You killed her, you well remember."

A flush stained her cheek.

"You would have made her happy, I suppose, if she had lived," she said sarcastically. But the sting did not seem to reach him.

"If she had lived! Oh, heaven, if she had lived! Winifred Sedley, may God deal by you as you have dealt by me."

"I am willing," she answered.

He remained not a moment longer. Wrapping his cloak about him, he gave her one look of reproach, and left the room. I looked wistfully at her; she did not speak to me, and I, too, went away.

She was ill the next day, but on the day following she appeared much as usual.

Of all I thought and felt, I, of course, said nothing. The matter was no affair of mine. I had not understood it; Mrs. Maltby would make me feel it. I understood that the two were brother and sister; that the young man was named Guy Sedley; that he was dissolute and in disgrace; that Mrs. Maltby had taken care of him in boyhood, but now ignored the relationship. I was in no way allowed to learn any more.

But on the second night I was awakened by a light shining into my chamber.

It was something unusual, for the little clock on the mantel was chiming twelve.

After a moment I slipped out of bed and glided towards the open door. The long embroidered folds of my night-gown tripped me, but I made no noise with my bare feet upon the deep velvet of the carpet. I don't know whom I expected to see; certainly not Guy Sedley, kneeling before a sandal-wood chest, with papers strewn around him on the floor. A taper, burning in a silver sconce upon the wall, showed his face perfectly cool as he went on searching for something.

He must have come through my room to reach this apartment, for it had no opening but into my chamber. I was aware that the papers in the chest were valuable—that there was money placed there. I saw that he was robbing his sister.

I saw, too, a dirk-knife on the floor close at his side.

I looked at him an instant—even then I remembered to pity him—then glided forward, snatched up the knife and leaped back to the door.

I was mistress of the situation, for I had come from behind him—done all as in a flash of lightning—and as he rose to his feet stood with my back to the closed door, with a calmness that showed that it was not my intention to immediately arouse the house.

With a presence of mind equal to my own, he put the roll of bills he had been searching for into the fob of his waistcoat, and with a glittering eye regarded me speculatively. I was petite, and I had not screamed. I know now that he was not much afraid of me, although he appeared to be.

"You have been robbing your sister," I said, "but if you will put the money back, I will let you go."

His intense attention of me changed to a look of wonder.

"You, child, are not afraid of me?" he asked.

"No," I answered truthfully.

"But I watched you in your sleep a moment ago, debating whether it was necessary to kill you or not."

"You must have been glad to find that it was not necessary," I answered.

He looked more astonished than before, but I did not stop to think of that.

"Put the money back," I said.

"No," he said firmly. "I will murder you first."

"Do not do that," said I. "I am your friend. I was sorry for you that day."

He did not speak, but a troubled look disturbed the pale fixedness of his face.

"How much money have you there?" I asked.

"One hundred dollars."

"And you need it very much?"

"Very much," he replied, with a bitter smile.

"Please put it back," I said. "She has been just to you. I would like to be merciful. I will give you the money."

"You?"

"I have it—yes—here in my room; let me show you."

I flung open the door next to my writing-desk and came back.

"These I will give you freely," I said, opening the roll. "You said to your sister it should be the last time, and I hope—"

He had taken the bills into his hand, looking at them in a kind, unbelieving way.

"You may hope that you have saved me," he said, in a low tone.

We were silent for a moment.

"You know now that I was very sorry for you," I said with tears in my eyes.

"Yes," he said gravely. "And I love you for it."

He put Mrs. Maltby's money back, and rearranged the chest. I began to listen nervously for voices about the house, but all was very still. He locked the chest and gave me the key.

"You know where it is kept?"

"Yes, in a drawer in her dressing-room." I wondered how he had obtained it.

"Hurry and get away."

"There is no danger; I paved the way carefully. Pure, brave little girl, how fearless you are for yourself!"

He looked at me earnestly, as if he wished to carry away a clear memory of my features, then wrapped his cloak about him, flung up the sash, and leaped soundlessly out into the darkness.

I extinguished the taper and crept back to bed. I did not hear a sound of any kind about the house until day break.

When I arose I saw the dirk-knife glittering in the sunshine near my writing-desk, where I had laid it. Then I shuddered.

At eight o'clock the watchman, who was kept on the ground, was found gagged and bound just inside Redburn's entrance. Yes, Guy Sedley had paved his way coolly and surely.

A year later I was mistress of Redburn; the beautiful house, the spacious grounds were all mine. Mrs. Maltby had died and bequeathed them to me.

On her dying bed she had said:

"Violet, you are my heiress. There is only one living being who has my blood in his veins; him I disown." She paused, and then went on: "You have seen my brother; I loved him, I was ambitious for him, but his natural bent was evil. We had a cousin—Flora—a lovely child, who was brought up with him. They were engaged to be married, but I forbade it. I revealed to her his dissipation; I told her of his debts and deeds of daring. She loved him; she trusted him; but she was delicate, and died. He said I killed her."

She grew pale even past her dying pallor, but she went on:

"When I last saw him the officers of justice were after him; he was a defaulter; he had stolen money to pay his gambling debts. He is probably in jail now; but I will have none of him, and I will never forgive him."

So she died hard as a flint to the last. And I was mistress of Redburn.

I was young; I was fond of gayety; I had now the means at my disposal. Every summer my home was filled with guests. In the winter, I was in New York or abroad. And yet I lived only on the interest of the money bestowed upon me.

Three years passed. I had never heard a word of Guy Sedley; when one day the Bromleys, of New York, who were coming to visit me, asked leave to bring a friend. I extended the solicited invitation, and Guy Sedley came.

It was a shock, but he gave no token of the past. Reclaimed from his errors, he was so refined and manly that he was the most distinguished of my guests. I loved him, but I thought: "He must hate me, the usurper of his rights. He is poor because I have his patrimony. I have no right to Redburn, and I will not keep it. I will give it back to him again."

An opportunity came. He was sitting on the terrace one bright evening. I went and took a seat near him.

"How lovely this view is!" he exclaimed, pointing towards the distant hills.

"Yes, and you shall wish for your right no longer, Mr. Sedley. Redburn is yours. I have no claim upon it."

He did not speak, and I went on, saying: "Your sister was just, and she would have made you the heir had she lived to see what you are to-day."

"But it was your mercy, and not your justice, Miss Violet, that saved me. Violet, I love you, and I will take Redburn with your hand, not else."

I put my hand in his, trusting him, loving him utterly, and proud, very proud, to make him master of Redburn.