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brief effort, and piercing the upper stratum of vapor touched the highest hill-tops. Up one of these the wanderer was now climbing out of valleys and combs, in which the mist was so thick and blinding their nature and death could be guessed by no man, while he had slipped and been bruised often on the cliff sides. Ha! aloft here it was pleasant at last. A man could feel warm and at ease almost but for the cruel hunger-pain gnawing at his vitals.

Gaspard stood in the pale sunlight and looked up at the mild blue sky flecked with cloudlets. Around him was a clearly-defined area of a few square yards, but on the shoulders of the hill the fog was like great wool-blossoms. He stared hard, with all his might, striving to discern some outline of the new country which must lie below his eye, but in vain.

Close behind rose a tor, as on almost all these hills; but something in the shape of these rocks, like granite chesses piled on each other, struck him as vaguely familiar. As he gazed, a slow flapping of wings bounded overhead, and two solemn black birds rose and sailed slowly away.

It was the Raven's-tor! He had come back to the very spot he had left that early morning! Then he blasphemed.

There was a chasm on one side of the hill, a sheer fall for the few yards he could see. He had half a mind to fling himself down there on the soft gray vapor that hid all horrors of the descent and have done with it all; but the gold that jingled in his pockets as he moved restrained him. He sat down under a broom-bush, every twig of which was coated with moisture, and pouring a glittering stream of coins through his fingers, gazed over them. He would still defy the world, buy life, liberty, pleasures—

Ah! Raising his eyes, he saw white, curving shapes rising like spectres from the abysses full of mist below him. Were those women?—two women pointing at him with wan, long spirit fingers. He trembled, and cold drops broke out on his brow. Then he laughed at his own superstition, seeing now it was only some faint mist, and felt here, that had stirred the vapor below. But the fog was rising surely—rising to rob him of his sunlight and warmth, and choke him once more with its cold, death-giving breath. There were ivy-trails falling down a wall of rock that jutted out to one side of the chasm; he would watch them as a tide-mark. He waited; inch by inch rose the wavering mist, in slow smoke-wreaths, rising slowly, touching the ivy; falling—then rising, rising, rising creeping upward inch by inch, with merely a few mocking, deceitful ebbs again.

Night had come. There was no moon, and the faint twilight of early summer only showed a ghastly contrast of rifts of deep blackness in the moor valleys, alternating with steaming, rolling swaths of white mist. At last the man heard the welcome sound of running water as he descended a path that led to a river's-b'd. Surely he knew the spot: this was the ford of the Chad, and across there stood the cottage he had reached last night—but this night there was no lantern lid there!

It was too dark to guide himself by the trees: yet he adventured himself hardly enough into the water, thinking that a second time he would go to the cottage at any risks, and see. The water became deeper and deeper at each step. Still, surely he knew the look of the rocks to right and left. Suddenly he was carried off his feet; his strength left him, and there came a strong rush of water singing in his ears. Striking out against the force of the current, dashed in the dark against wet and slippery rocks that hemmed in every side, Gaspard da Silva found himself overcome in the depth and icy cold of the Deadman's Pool!

CHAPTER XLII.

"Shine! shine! shine!
Pour down your warmth, great sun!
While we bask, we two together,
Two together!
Winds blow south, or winds blow north;
Day come white, or night come black.

Singing all time, minding no time,
While we two keep together."

The sun shone gloriously next day on the Red House meadows where the hay-making was in full swing. The air was full of summer accents; there were jokes and mirth and cider passing down the ranks of the mowers, and among the women tossing the newly-cut grass.

It was such a day when the pure joy of

living sends a thrill through the frames of those who can appreciate its subtle essence of delight; when the pain and sorrow and death in the world seem small things compared with the present full sense of being, and the more veiled belief in our background of mind that thus we shall continue to exist in spirit through eternity. Blyth and Joy stood together, watching the hay-makers. In their now gladness it seemed as if, while they kept thus side by side, that they saw together and thought together.

"I feel so happy to-day, Blyth. It seems as if, almost, I had nothing left to wish for on earth," said the girl.

She raised her hands to screen her eyes from the sun, looking round with a heart full of love on the hills, some veiled in haze, some basking in the moonlight heat; on the cool, winding Chad among its bushes and poplars and at the red farm-walls beyond the meadow, where the garden glowed with flowers.

"I have the promise of all I wish for; but still I should like to know what day you will make it all really mine," said Blyth.

Joy blushed.

"It is so soon—Oh there, I think the father wants to speak to me."

And on this pretence she went lightly over the grass, thus hiding her slight confusion, to where old Berrington sat under the hedge, with his hands clasped atop of his stout stick. He, too, was supposed to be watching the men at work, but his eyes rested more often, with twinkles of sly satisfaction, on the young couple.

When Joy left him, Blyth's eyes and ears became free again to oversee the mowers; and so he heard old Dick remark, with a certain emphasis (Dick had already repeated the matter once or twice, but his young master had not heard him).

"And so hur had no lantern alight at Cold-home last night, do 'ee say? God gi' no poor creature has lost un's life, then, at the ford—Well, well, now! And it lit there for years!"

"What is that, Dick?" Blyth sharply asked, understanding that he was meant to take notice of the remark.

The men told him that there had been no light set in the cottage window by the wisht-sisters during the past night; some of the villagers coming back from a wedding had noticed it, and being afraid of the ford, because it was so dark that night, had gone round by the lower fields.

Blyth became thoughtful as he heard this.

"What is the matter? What are they saying?" asked Joy, tripping back.

Blyth made a pretence so as to lead her away a few steps out of earshot of the men; then he said, with assumed carelessness,

"The river was very full last night, and there was no moonlight. They hope that no life was lost; that is all."

How silly it seems to believe, as they do, that some one is sure to be drowned in it every year. And yet how often it does so happen: cried Joy, referring to an old moor superstition. Then clasping her hands behind her head, and looking down at the little river on whose banks they stood, she sang whimsically the old couplet,

"Chad! Chad! River of Chad!
A dead man's body maketh thee glad."

The river flowed with a laughing ripple by the hillock on which they stood, those two young lives, full of present and hopes of future happiness. The clear water was lit by the sunlight till it seemed pure and limpid as innocence; its little eddies sparkled like smiles. Who could have guessed that only two miles higher up from this scene of healthy labor and sunlight and innocent gaiety in the Red House Farm meadows there was a dark body lying at the edge of the Deadman's Pool, with eyes turned blindly to the summer sky?

Blyth now became somehow so ill at ease in his heart on hearing that there had been no light in Cold-home window the past night, that he soon made a pretext for stealing away from the hay-field. Hastening to the farm, he found Hannah, and asked her to go with him to reconnoitre if all was right at the cottage.

"By good-luck, Hannah, it is the day for bringing their basket of provisions. We can leave it at the Logan-stone; and if this is a false alarm, you can say we shall be working late in the hay-field, so it was easier to come at noon."

"We will so, Master Blyth. 'I'll have the eggs and butter packed before you can turn yourself round. Oh, dear heart! but

I hope she's not taken worse, and poor Miss Rachel alone there, too," sighed old Hannah with gusty sounds of fearfulness, as she bustled about making her utmost haste.

Helped by Blyth's able head and useful hands she was soon ready and on their way to the glen. Arrived at the Logan-stone, Blyth put down the heavy basket, which he lightly carried, at the accustomed spot. Then he advised Hannah to skirt the river-side by the path of the ford till near the cottage, which would have a less promeditated air of approach should Magdalen be looking out, and shrink, as usual, from human faces.

In this way, Hannah agreeing, they both passed by the Deadman's Pool. Blyth afterwards could never rightly explain to himself what uneasy feeling made him take a few steps through the bushes to look at it—perhaps only some impression or idea left by the haymakers' talk. But on looking down at the pool, into which the water poured white with all the force of a mountain torrent that had been pent between narrow rocks till it burst out now as from a spout, and then whirled round and round in deep eddies, he started back with horror, for there lay close to his feet a something jammed between two stones.

At his exclamation Hannah hastened also to the spot, and both stood gazing in mutual awed silence till the old woman suddenly gave a long cry, and then clasping her hands to her head, uttered, in a whisper of surprise and great horror.

"Who, Lord ha' mercy, it is—it must be him! Oh, to think of seeing my master like that after all these years—and I that never forgave him! He served the devil, and there are his wages. Lord have mercy on his soul!"

She sank back sobbing, and rocking herself to and fro.

"What do you mean, Hannah? This was a convict, you see. Surely you don't really recognize him as—as any one you know?"

"Yes, yes, but I do. Convict or no convict, this is, or—God have mercy on his poor soul—that was, the Count Rivello, Gaspard da Silva."

Blyth shuddering at the news, stood still thinking; but then after a few seconds stepped down into the pool, and exerting all his strength brought the corpse out and laid it on the moss under the alder trees.

"What has happened at the cottage—at Cold-home? Come at once and see," said Blyth, cutting short the old woman's needless lamentations.

Quaking in her shoes as they reached the porch, Hannah knocked, calling out that it was she, with the entreaty that Miss Rachel would speak to her a moment.

The door was ajar. A loud sound came in answer, as of some one endeavoring feebly to answer them.

They entered hastily at that, stepping lightly and cautiously, and found Rachel lying on her settle, apparently very ill.

She roused up at their footfall, and raised her head.

"What is it? Magdalen has gone out," she said, faintly.

"Oh! Miss Rachel, are you so bad as that, and us never to know?" cried Hannah, shocked. "What has happened to you? What is it?"

"What has brought you? Has anything strange happened?" returned Rachel.

"Your face is all bruised and your neck bandaged," went on the old nurse. "Oh, poor dear! Was it Miss Magdalen?"

"It was not my sister. Don't ask me questions, Hannah—it was all an accident. What has brought you both? Tell me at once! I know there is some news—something. Go on—I desire it."

Hannah who was hesitating and attempting, but failing always to frame words, though her lips moved, began at last.

"It's very terrible. It's the worst, and yet it's the best news for us. All things are ordered by Providence; and, if he had escaped free who knows—I'm speaking of him, my dear—the count. Well, he must have been in the prison up yonder all these years, and last night—"

She stopped short. But it was enough. With a convulsive effort Rachel raised herself, catching at the side of the settle, as if hardly able to support herself. They then saw with mute concern that her face was deadly pale under her hood; she had dark hollows beneath her eyes, and an ugly bruise on one cheek.

"Have they caught him, then? Have

they taken him back to prison again?" she asked, in a hollow voice.

Hannah could not speak, and looked at Blyth, who answered more bravely, not supposing the news could touch Magdalen's sister with very deep feeling now, yet with reverent pity in his manly voice.

"He will never be taken to jail any more, Miss Rachel. You need not fear that—you need fear nothing now."

A spasm of pain that darted across Rachel's features startled him. As if aware of it herself, she hastily drew her hood more forward, concealing her face. Then strangling a sob in her throat, she breathed, rather than said aloud, rapidly,

"He is dead? Tell me, quick, Blyth Berrington, how it happened; tell all, truly."

"He was drowned last night in the Chad, down there. I have just found the body, said the young man, unwillingly, yet forced to obey her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Writing a Novel.

There are, undoubtedly, men who have the knack of telling stories, and can reel off every day a certain number of manuscript pages. When their novel is finished, they can on that same day begin to write another. Anthony Trollope was a representative of this class.

But men like Dickens and Thackeray, who put their life into a novel, are exhausted when they have completed it, and require weeks of rest, before resuming their pen. Dickens' characters became so real to him that he entered into their lives as if they had been living, and he was their confidential friend.

Thackeray was seen coming out of his house one morning, the tears running down his cheeks.

"What's the matter, old fellow? Have you lost a dear relative?" asked a friend.

"Yes; I've just killed Col. Newcome!" answered the novelist, with a sob.

After Mrs. Stowe had described Eva's death, she herself went to bed and was sick for three days. Before a chapter of the story was sent to the publishers, it was read to the family. After they had listened to the description of Eva's death, the house was as still and solemn as at a funeral.

There is no doing a great work without pain and exhaustion, and the novelist who creates a book which moves the multitude, must pay the penalty of his genius.

Henry Ward Beecher once said, "I have made it a rule of my life to read none of the writings of my relatives, and with two or three exceptions have adhered to that rule."

One of the exceptions was made in favor of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." In speaking of his experience in reading it, he said,—

"I had got well into the second volume. It was Thursday. Sunday was looming up before, and at the rate at which I was going, there would not be time to finish it before Sunday, and I could never preach till I had finished it.

"I recommended my wife to go to bed. I didn't want anybody down there. I soon began to cry. Then I went and shut all the doors, for I did not want any one to see me. Then I sat down to it and finished it that night, for I knew that only in that way should I be able to preach on Sunday."

"Well," Mrs. Stowe answers, when persons speak to her of working up something as she did in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "that wasn't mine; that was given to me."

Disagreeable Candor.

A man who never reminds his friends of unwelcome facts or tells them unpleasant truths is sure to be liked; and, when a man of such a turn comes to old age, he is almost sure to be treated with respect. It is true indeed that we should not dissemble and flatter in company; but a man may be very agreeable, strictly consistent with truth and sincerity, by a prudent silence where he cannot concur, and a pleasant assent where he can. Now and then you meet with a person so exactly formed to please that he will gain upon every one that hears or beholds him; this disposition is not merely the gift of nature, but frequently the effect of much knowledge of the world, and a command over one's passions. Frequently that which is called candor is merely malice.