

me!" and she closed her eyes and sighed heavily. "This is a dismal ending to a day that dawned so pleasantly. That unhappy man. May God have mercy upon him, and bring him to repentance." She spoke no more, and to the infinite relief of her husband and Mrs. Martin, who had constituted herself as nurse, soon dropped into a profound sleep.

This sad affair threw a great damp upon the joy of the people. Their gay shouts were converted into sorrowful ejaculations. Though the roasted ox was eaten—the barrels of strong ale drank—and the children did ample justice to Mrs. Brand's excellent plum-pudding, they dispersed sadly and sorrowfully, when the meal was ended.

Lady Dorothy awoke in a high fever, and for several days was considered in imminent danger. This was not caused by the wound, the ball having penetrated