

I should like to tell you on what it is based. I know you have plenty of inductive capacity, and I want you to set it to work for me."

"Then I am at your service," said Ringers, quietly. "I need not say—you know it already."

"Well, then, will you let me give you a brief résumé of the incidents that led up to Eugene's disappearance," said Laurence, and he did so, while the editor listened attentively.

He made some little careful notes of the main points, and seemed at the outset to connect Mr. Grantley with the mystery.

"It was through Everard Grantley, though not at his suggestion, then, that Eugene Temple caused the search to be made for Clarence Temple's son?" he said. "Mr. Grantley chose the agents, had the entire management, and whatever he did was accepted by Eugene in good faith?"

"Unhappily it was so."

"And so, as a matter of course, if he chose to be a villain, he had the whole game in his hands."

"Yes; Eugene has drifted into that idle, helpless way of trusting him in everything—the habit became too strong to break. You cannot, after taking a man into your confidence and trust, deny him either without showing a fair reason."

"No," said the editor; "especially when the man is, like Mr. Grantley, cool, resolute and far-seeing. He has literally been master of Brookdale from the first, and I think you are right in supposing this to be a deeply-laid plot of his to ruin us."

"I think so too. It is clear to me that he brought young Laurence over—Clarence Temple's genuine and legitimate son—and placed him at the innuenduo in order that he might have him under his own immediate observation at all times, while he passed off that young adventurer—the son of the actress—as the real heir. He never anticipated the *controleur* which took place when the lad was recognized by poor Hawkins."

"That placed him at bay," said Ringers, "and you associated him with the poor fellow's death. I should, too, if I could see its purpose. There was no further secrecy to be obtained, as the man had said his say."

"I have thought of that," said Laurence. "Some of the points must necessarily remain obscure till the whole is revealed. It may have been a coincidence, merely; but it has a double significance, preceding, as it did, Eugene's disappearance. My theory is that he has Eugene safely locked up somewhere."

"Mr. Ringers shook his head.

"It would serve no purpose, give him no lasting safety, and the man who could do so much would not hesitate at worse."

Laurence looked grave.

"I do not give him up," said Mr. Ringers, unwilling to leave so solemn an impression on his friend. "He may be safe and living, and that letter may be genuine. But if that letter is not genuine, I fear that to look upon him as hidden away and living is a delusion."

"I should fear the same if it were not for this: Everard Grantley is fond of his cousin. He would not, I believe, injure a hair of his head, except when driven to desperation."

"But where could Eugene be hidden? There are no private madhouses where he might be placed, as he might have been fifty years ago. He would not submit to a voluntary captivity, and Grantley could not keep him shut up without the assistance of accomplices."

"I once heard Grantley say," said Laurence, "that it is easier and safer to hide a living person than a dead one, and he may have acted on that idea. At all events, it was not Eugene who went to the Queen's Hotel; it is that same young man who has been trained to take the place of Edward Drayton Temple. The entrance of his hand, and the slight resemblance he bore to Eugene, prove it."

"Then it must have been Eugene's count he wore?"

"Or one made exactly like it—its *finesse*, in fact. Grantley knew that, as soon as I heard of Eugene's absence, I should begin to seek for him, and he has taken these steps to lull my suspicions. He knew it would be no use to attempt to deceive me with an incomplete imposture. The scheme must be perfect—carried out, in every detail, as if the imposture were the real man. All that has taken place is exactly what I thought would take place, and I have never let him see I have the remotest suspicion."

"Therein you have been wise. Lull him into a sense of security, and seem to be his friend, that may be the better watch him. Go to Brookdale, should you be invited."

"I am invited, and I am going. I shall be in the heart of the enemy's camp there; and amongst the many in complicity there must be a few incautious moments, when something will be done or said while they are off their guard. I cling to my hope that he is not dead; but if he never reached London bridge, where can he be?"

"You must look for him nearer home," said Mr. Ringers. "If it was his substitute who wrote that letter from Southampton, why should it not have been his substitute who went up by the train last Thursday? If they would be so careful in points of detail as to put his name in the visitors' book at the hotel, why should they not make use of his count and the resemblance, and have a little conversation at the station, to deceive you at the very outset? I think, Drayton, you must look for him nearer home."

"By heaven!" said Laurence, rising, "that is the very thought which I have been struggling to shape; but it escaped me. I thank you for it, Ringers. You have touched the core of the mystery. I will look for him nearer home."

During Mr. Drayton's absence that day, Julia amused herself as best she might; but she was dull in her lover's absence, in spite of Mrs. Lucas, and that lady's quaint attempt at kindness. Her music and her books could not suffice to keep her from the demon of *ennui* the whole of the day.

Towards evening she went into the conservatory. It was, thanks to Mr. Drayton's love of horticulture, better stocked, and built with more finish, than might have been expected at Chislehurst. She was bending over a winter rose tree, when the firm footstep of a man came towards the door, and to her surprise Mr. Grantley entered.

"Alone?" he said. "You see I have returned, Julia. Where is Mr. Drayton?"

"Gone to Southampton."

Everard's countenance changed, and his eyes lowered with a strange smile. It was just what he had expected and prepared for.

(To be continued.)

## HEAVENWARD AND EARTHWARD.

BY MAX.

The odour of the rose went up.  
The glory of the sun came down;  
At noon he kissed her lily face,  
When not a cloud presumed to frown;  
The bark ascended to the skies,  
And sank in Heaven his sweetest strain;  
The summer winds descended low,  
And brought to earth his notes again.

It may be nature's music wakes  
Within the heart a purer love;  
I know that noon I knelt and prayed,  
And lifted all my soul above.  
Night came—a million golden stars  
Were clustered in earth's royal crown;  
And in the peaceful blessed calm,  
The answer to my prayer came down.

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

BY MRS. ALEXANDER ROSS.

CHAPTER XVI.—Continued.

Lady Morton sat with closed eyes for a few minutes after her sister's departure from the room, thinking of the long ago, and of all the bitter trials that dear sister had suffered and borne in silence and alone with such patience and fortitude; so unselfishly bearing her own sorrows, and so willing to weep with those who weep;—her gallant young husband lying in an ocean grave; her beautiful child, so full of life and grace, to go from her sight one half hour in all his infant loveliness; the next, to search for him in wild alflight for days and weeks and months and years,—in vain, in vain!

Her beautiful Margaret, the pride of all the country round, the poor man's hope and stay, the glory and the darling of the old Castle—Lady Morton rose from her chair, and, throwing open the window, sought for some object which would change the current of thoughts that were too painful to be dwelt upon.

She saw, with pleasure, Ernest De Vere coming up the path in the middle of the Square.

"Dear boy," said she, almost aloud, "you always seem to come when most needed. I will find it as hard to part with you as if you were my own son. I can easily understand what Isabel feels for those beautiful twins by that which I feel for you."

As she turned from the open window her eye fell on the parcel containing the books she had purchased in the morning, and, untying the cord, she saw the newspaper folded over the books, the black cross directing attention to the article entitled—

"Sad *expatriation* in high life."

She lifted the paper, and, sitting down, read an account of Sir Richard Cuninghame's incarceration by his own son in an iron cage under the roof of the eastern tower, above the armoury of his Castle of Haddon, for a period of eighteen years; of the sufferings he endured in fasting and thirst, in cold and loneliness; of the grandchildren, A—s and M—t C—hame, who were his jailors, making his sufferings the subject of their mockery, and for their amusement, poking him with long poles, given them for the purpose by their wicked father; of the time when the wicked son, Sir R—t C—hame, died, and these gentle-looking girls became his jailors, more cruel a hundred fold than the son had been; of their leaving him almost to perish, and then feeding him with raw potatoes, thrown one by one into the cage; of his escape in the dark midnight, his creeping in silence and in fear from his own Castle, and of his return, confronting his girl-jailors and seeing their faces pale beneath his well-known glance; their flight from his home, where they ever seemed in terror lest they should be made to expiate their heinous crime by a residence in the iron cage, so long the silent witness of their hardness of heart; and last of all, the marriage of the eldest, A—s, to Colonel L—y, of Her Majesty's Guards.

Lady Morton read the paragraph over and over with burning eyes and fluttering heart. It was the most horrible thing she had ever read or heard of, and she would at once have denounced it as a base calumny; but, alas, her memory brought her back to what she had seen and heard in Haddon Castle, forcing upon her strong conviction of its truth.

The resolute refusal of the girls to leave their lonely, desolate home, until suddenly one morning, without the subject being broached, Agnes declared her intention of going to Inchdrewer within the hour, then as anxious to be gone as before she had been averse to it; the strange scene she had seen the night of Sir Richard's arrival, when the sisters became pale with fear at being told a visitor was expected, and when that visitor was announced by Adam as one all others had believed an occupant of the tomb before these girls were born, they evinced no surprise, only shrinking under his glance as one they had terrible cause to dread; and, last of all the until now inexplicable words of Agnes:

"I know too much of his evil deeds. The last words we heard our dear father speak were words of warning, bidding us beware of this awful man." And again, "I loathed and dreaded him before ever I saw his face. I could not let my eyes rest on his, were it to make me Queen of England."

These words of hers were to Lady Morton's mind confirmation as strong of that appalling newspaper story as if it had been written in the Evangel.

She sat as if she were paralyzed, both in mind and body. She dreaded speaking on the subject to Lady Hamilton, knowing, as she did, how both these girls were beloved by her sister; and yet she felt that if this story was truth it must be known some day. Was the shock the knowledge of it would occasion not likely to be less felt now than at a time when her affection for them had become stronger, when it really was becoming day by day?

Ernest De Vere had a son's license in entering Lady Morton's boudoir. As she sat thus thinking what course she should pursue, the click of the door-lock, a firm step entering, told her he was in the room. She welcomed

his entrance. Whether she spoke on the subject to Lady Hamilton might be a matter of consideration; with Ernest De Vere it was otherwise. He was standing on the crater of a volcano, amid roses and lilies, sipping nectar from one, the pure dew of heaven from the other. He must be aroused from his pleasant dream, and the sooner the better.

"Come, Ernest," said her Ladyship, holding out her hand, "I wish to have a long chat with you."

"I am all attention," said the lad, seating himself near her. He was flushed from walking in the lovely autumn afternoon, and as Lady Morton looked on his tall, graceful figure and finely cut features, the large deep grey eye and chiselled mouth, speaking in a language understood by all, the pure mind, the true and generous heart, from which the emotions giving character to the handsome face emanated, she sighed in her very heart of hearts as she thought what a mate he would have made for the Margaret Cuninghame of yesterday.

"I am oppressed with trouble, Ernest, for your sake as well as for what we must all feel by the disclosure of circumstances I have just learned; but before I speak of it, I must put some questions to you; you have yourself given me a right to speak as I am going to do."

"Dear Lady Morton, you cannot ask of me the knowledge of anything concerning myself which I will withhold from you."

"I need not ask you if you love beautiful Margaret Cuninghame; I know you do."

"I do, most truly."

"Have you told her so?"

"There is no need for telling her."

"Then she does not know it?"

"As well as she will when she is my wife."

"Ernest, she can never be your wife."

He smiled, a merry, happy smile.

"I do not fear that; Margaret Cuninghame could no more marry another than I could."

"How are you sure of that if you have never talked to her on the subject?"

"Words are unnecessary to the knowledge of such things. I do not like the form of speech that takes, 'I love thee; I love thee; Margaret knows more than my tongue could ever tell of the love I bear her. I, on my part, am satisfied that her heart is mine. At the same time, I am aware that I must ask her to marry me, as well as ask Colonel Lindsay and heartier now than he has ever been in my recollection."

"Ernest, read this," said Lady Morton, as she handed to him the newspaper, marked as it was to draw attention to the obnoxious article.

He took it from her hand without speaking, read it once over, and then returned it without making any remark.

Both sat looking at each other for several moments without speaking. At last her Ladyship said:

"That is a terrible revelation."

"It is no revelation," said the young man, his eyes sparkling in their grey depths with a light his listener had never seen in them before; "it is simply false, and so base is its falsehood as to be below contempt. When Margaret Cuninghame is Margaret De Vere, I will tell her of it, and ask her if she knows what it means; perhaps she may be able to point to the calumniator, and thus enable me to punish him. I will give myself a legal right to do so as soon as possible."

"My dear boy, you do not know what you say. Alas, alas, it is but too true. We all know that Sir Richard was for eighteen years of his life gone no one knows whither. His son said he was dead, but subsequent events proved this to be untrue. When Lady Hamilton persuaded me to go to Haddon I found it impossible to induce the two girls to accompany me to Inchdrewer, although they seemed to have little love for their own home as a home, a restless anxiety being the chief expression ever on their faces. All at once, one morning when we were not talking of Inchdrewer, and when I began to think I would have to go without them, Mrs. Lindsay proposed that they should pay their visit to Lady Hamilton that forenoon, and when they came they remained many weeks, each day, on Adam's coming to see them, asking him if he had not seen a stranger in the grounds—an old man with a grey beard. When I returned with them to Haddon, we were told that Mr. Waddel, the lawyer in Aberdeen, had ordered the carriage to be sent to meet the night mail, to bring a visitor to the Castle. When they were told of this, both girls became so daintily pale that I feared they would have fainted, nor could they give their attention to anything that was said during the evening."

"When at last the sound of carriage wheels without, and then a stranger's voice was heard in the hall, the emotion they both displayed was painful to behold; so much so, that I was on the point of asking them what cause they had for such, what they had to dread, when Adam announced 'Sir Richard Cuninghame!'"

"At first I fancied there must be some mistake, but on looking at the stately old man, I knew he was a Cuninghame, far more like the old knights, whose pictures adorned the walls, than ever Sir Robert or his daughters were."

"Adam repeated the name a second time. He spoke, and I knew I was in the presence of one whom we all believed to have lain in his grave for eighteen years, one who had passed from death to life. Yet the presence which acted like an electric shock on Arthur Lindsay and myself produced not the slightest emotion of surprise in either of these girls. Their countenances certainly showed great dread of their grandfather, but evinced no wonder at his resurrection from the dead. They received him as a guest they expected, but feared and disliked in no ordinary degree. He sat looking at them with a searching eye, as if he would read their very souls; that he knew who they were was beyond doubt. After a few minutes' close scrutiny he turned his face from them, a glance of hate in his eye I shall never forget. The two girls never once looked in his face or spoke a word. The conduct of themselves and their grandfather filled me with astonishment then; it is all explained now."

"I left half an hour after Sir Richard's return, and while arranging my dress for the journey both girls entreated me to take them with me to Inchdrewer; indeed, I had to resort to argument to induce them to remain."

"I tried to persuade them to endeavour to give the love and affection due from grandchildren to a parent to Sir Richard, using every argument which I thought likely to influence them. With Margaret I certainly suc-

ceeded in some measure; poor child, she seemed willing to try and conciliate him at the expense of her own feelings; but Agnes used words which now are as strong against her as proof of Holy Writ: 'I know too much of his evil deeds. The last words we ever heard our dear father speak were words of warning, bidding us beware of this awful man. I loathed and dreaded him before ever I saw his face; I could not let my eyes rest on his were it to make me Queen of England.'

Lady Morton stopped. She expected Ernest De Vere to speak, but he was silent. After a few minutes she said, speaking interrogatively: "The knowledge of all this makes you very sad, Ernest?"

"Not in the least," replied he, in his usual manner; "I look upon it as one of those circumstances which are constantly occurring, which we cannot understand until we have the key. I have not much curiosity upon the subject, as far as I myself am concerned; it might, for anything I care, remain one of the mysteries of life for all time; but I see the effect it has upon your mind, and it is probable it may have the same on others; for that reason, when I have the right to do so, I will tell Margaret of this false tale."

"But, Ernest, you cannot marry Margaret Cuninghame with a stain like that on her name. Alas, it is not unlikely that you may one day be the head of one of the proudest families in England, one whose daughters have ever been without reproach." As her Ladyship spoke her lip trembled, and the unbidden tears came to her eyes.

Her son, Lord Cranstoun, born a British Peer, with lands and tonnage which had owned his forefathers their Lords for eight hundred years, a wealth of gold almost fabulous, and more, far more, what neither lands nor gold could buy, one of God's noblemen, had been an invalid from his birth, and Ernest De Vere was next in the line of entail.

Ernest De Vere saw and knew well what caused the emotion Lady Morton could not suppress, and going up to her who was all the mother he had ever known, he lifted her hand to his lips in a loving, quiet way, saying as he did so:

"Dear Lady Morton, do you remember General De Vere and his two sons, and my own young father? I have no wish to become head of the house, and cousin Charles is stronger and heartier now than he has ever been in my recollection."

"Dear boy, you are always ready with comfort; yes, Charles both looks and feels better than he has done for years, but Sir James Clarke has always warned me he would never count his thirtieth birthday. I have strong consolation which many have not—he knows in whom he hath believed, and that when he lays down an earthly coronet, which must rust and decay, the Lord whom he serves will give unto him a crown eternal in the Heavens. If I ever reach the paradise of God, which, through the blood of the Lord Christ, I hope to win, I will surely meet my darling son there."

Ernest De Vere had given his own young heart to God. He knew that God Himself would comfort this mourning mother in her sorrowful anticipation of her noble son's untimely end, and he held his peace. He moved as if he would go, but Lady Morton put up her hand to stay his steps, and he sat down by her side, turning over the leaves of a fine library which lay on the sofa.

After a pause Lady Morton spoke, laying her hand on the youth's shoulder, and looking thoughtfully in his face, she said:

"I am sorry to see you so unwilling to give up Margaret Cuninghame, but, dearest Ernest, it must be. You cannot marry without Lord Cranstoun's permission until you are twenty-six years of age. Such you know are the terms of your father's will; and that he never will give his permission to this alliance I am certain."

"I cannot give her up, Lady Morton; I would not now even if it cost me no pang to do so. But as it is the hope of oneday calling Margaret Cuninghame by my name is next to my hopes of Heaven."

As he spoke Lady Morton's face was turned towards his with a sad and serious air.

"I have myself to blame for much of this," said she, "and I fear Margaret Cuninghame will feel the parting as deeply as you do. As to your asking her to wait six years, it would be ridiculous as well as unjust, and Arthur Lindsay would never consent to such a disadvantageous arrangement."

"There will be no need for asking permission; there is no necessity for such an arrangement. Margaret knows my faith in her to be as strong as her own in me. We may never speak to each other on the subject, but neither will I ever marry another. If I believed that story it would be otherwise, but I know it to be false; oh no," said he and as he pronounced the word *no*, the expression of his face turned to one of withering contempt, "it is not worthy a second thought, it is simply impossible."

He stopped: Lady Morton had enough of worldly wisdom to know that if his marriage with Margaret Cuninghame was only to take place at the end of six years, during which time he was to be in India with his regiment, and there was to be no formal engagement between them, in all probability it would never take place at all; she saw her advantage and determined to follow it up by being silent and seeming to acquiesce in the present proposition, trusting that his cadet ship or some other Indian appointment might be got for him immediately, through Lady Hamilton's influence with the great Duke, and hence he would be obliged to go to India at once instead of going to the continent with Colonel Lindsay's party as had been proposed.

Ernest De Vere was wrapped in his own train of thoughts as Lady Morton was in hers: he spoke more as if he were thinking aloud than aught else.

"Did you know Margaret Cuninghame as I do, you would see how impossible it would be for me ever to resign the place I have in her heart. We first met as you know in the drawing rooms of this house, amid a crowd of Court beauties, yet to me her innocent face was perfect beauty, she was the loveliest of the lovely there. In the balcony of the green drawing room where I brought her to enjoy the cool night air, we stood looking up into the starry skies; she spoke to me of that Great Power who reigned over all; He who controls alike the heart of man, and the mighty waves of the boundless ocean as with an adamantine chain, of Him who stands sublime, the everlasting rock who ruleth in the Heavens, unmoved

amid the flood of time, and charmed me as she spoke; when I next saw her she knelt beside the sick bed of her old servant Adam, I saw her as she knelt and heard her words through the window of his room which opens over the flower beds—she knelt beside that old man's bed with all a daughter's love—to me she seemed as a glorious angel waiting to convey his soul to the mansions of eternal rest; the old man was weak and low he uttered only a few words of blessing on her whom he fittingly called the handmaid of the Lord, he blessed her and asked of God to bless her too, yea and she shall be blessed; then I loved her as I love her now in her divine beauty, for I knew the heart that warms her breast was worthy of the shrine in which it dwells."

Immediately upon Ernest De Vere's departure Lady Morton sought her sister's boudoir, and at once shewing her the newspaper reported all she herself had heard and seen while at Haddon, dwelling particularly on the sudden determination of Agnes to visit Inchdrewer: which was now explained by the flight of the old man having just then been discovered.

Lady Hamilton was of a most undemonstrative nature, but she shed sad tears over the startling tale her sister told. That it was the truth she had not the shadow of a doubt, she had seen all she now heard, dimly as in a glass, wrapped in a misty shroud it is true, yet everything forced shadowed but too surely on the night her daughter died the captive whom she knew not lying in his dungeon, again leaving it and the law of retribution coming down in ruin, in lightning and hail, on the heads of those yet unborn girls.

Robert Cuninghame had not taken the warning she was sent to give, he had taught them to walk in his own ways; to her Agnes and Margaret Cuninghame abhorrent as the crime of which they stood accused was, were more sinful against than sinning, taught while mere children to make merry in seeing the poor captive leap in his cage, their hearts were dulled to his suffering, taught too, by a father whom they loved with an undying affection, one whom even now they could not talk of without emotion, a father who in all else, deserved and had won their purest love and best esteem.

"Poor Agnes, poor Margaret" were the first words she uttered in reply to Lady Morton.

"Isabel, I am sorry for you, you loved these girls so dearly; it seems hard they should be taken from you."

"It is hard to bear, yet my chief concern is for the poor girls, not for myself. I see a long sad future of silent suffering before them as clearly as I see the bright shadow of the window panes which the sun is throwing on the floor; for myself I am accustomed to disappointment and sorrow; as a child I never treasured a ring dove to love and pet, but it was sure to die; in my girlhood, year after year when the bed of roses, I so loved were glowing in all their fragrant beauty the biting east wind or the cruel hail storm were sure to come and beat my poor crushed roses to the earth; and in my early womanhood my glorious boy, my gallant husband, the brave and beautiful, and last and worst of all because it was the last, Margaret Hamilton struck down in her young beauty. It is over thus with all that is best on this green earth since the light of sin came to mar all happiness, the glory of the garden, the pine that crowns the rock, the preat, best, and loveliest are always first to go; but thank God it will not be always so, there is a land we hope to win, where the river flows, the streams whereof make glad the city of our God, and by that river side under the many clouded leaves of the tree of life, I will yet walk and press the hands and look into the eyes of those who are waiting for me there, and then there will be no more sorrow."

As she pronounced the last word her eyes took that dreamy far off look they ever wore when her thoughts carried her to the lone grave she had never seen, far down under the waves of the stormy ocean.

"Ernest De Vere must not be allowed to continue his attention to Margaret," said Lady Morton anxious to attract Lady Hamilton's attention from her own sorrow, and at the same time desirous of getting her aid in weaning her son's heir from a connection which she now considered would be disgraceful.

"No," replied her sister, "it cannot be, that will be a bitter cup for poor Margaret, whom I love the best, and it is possible she will have to drain it to the dregs; alas, alas—"

"But Ernest, Isabel? he too will suffer and the sooner he is removed from England the better."

"Yes, Ernest, of course Lord Cranstoun's heir, his ancient name must not be mixed with the shade of crime. I will speak to the Duke and through his influence he will be sent abroad at once, he will soon forget all about Margaret as he walks with another love and listens to the song of the lory under the broad leaved palm trees; but she sitting alone on the bare mountain side where the fierce north wind blows amid the shadow and the rain under the pine, will never forget him."

"Isabel, will you tell Charles of this? I would rather not do so myself."

"I will."

"I have made up my mind not to go abroad."

"It is best you should not."

"Poor Arthur Lindsay!"

"It is possible he may never hear of this terrible story, you say the paper is of old date."

Lady Morton looked at the date.

"Yes six months back, four days after Arthur's marriage."

"A Scottish paper I think you said?"

"Yes," said Lady Morton, looking again at the paper lying in her lap, "The Rottenburg Herald."

"The Rottenburg Herald!" how could they have heard of the story there? in such an obscure little place and so far away from Haddon."

"It is strange is it not?"

"It is, and that nothing should have been said on the subject by the Aberdeen papers, we could not have missed seeing it there."

"But Isabel, the Aberdeen papers would never have published such a story about the Haddon family."

"You are probably right, yet I cannot understand why it should appear only in 'The Rottenburg Herald,' in any of the leading papers we would have seen it. The Edinburgh papers would not have any reason for its non publication."

"Perhaps Sir Richard published it himself in order to injure his grandchildren whom he hates, you remember young Cox told Charles

THE MARLBOROUGH.—A late traveller says that the terrible monster of the coast of Norway has undoubtedly disappeared. There is no such whirlpool, and it is only when the tide, current and wind are at loggerheads in the narrow straits between Moskoræsser and the isolated rock of Mosken that any agitation is visible at all. He is therefore of the opinion that some such phenomenon as this, seen from the shore and exaggerated by the horror of the beholder, gave rise to all the marvellous legends of the monster. It is said to part with an old friend, but rarely there is no help for it. Science is inexorable, and that mythical old myth of the sea, that has been swallowing ships in the school geography for generations, must come out of that truthful tale book as myths and fables and as a good many other myths have done before.