

Loving and wise were the counsels poured into the youngest sister's ear by her meek com-panion—counsels full of the gentle spirit of that Divine Master in whose footsteps Margaret Tre-maine strove so earnestly to follow; and finally the impulsive Lillian throw her arms round her,

whispering:
"Sister darling, I will try to remember your
"Sister darling, I will try to remember your lessons, for you truly carry out what you incul-cate—practise what you teach!"

At the usual hour Margaret brought his even-

ing meal to Mr. Tremaine, but after a quick, impatient glance at its contents, he harshly exclaimed:

Take away those slops, but leave the sugar

and bring me up some boiling water."
His daughter knew too well what such orders portended—a solitary orgle, in which reason and conscience would be for a time overpowered, and a being formed by God to His own image reduced to the level of the brute.
"Dear father" she timility appealed, "praytry a cup of tea with a little of this nice light

"No, child. I am not as foud of slops as you women usually are. Quick, do as I hid you!"

There was no alternative but obedience, and Margaret sorrowfully bore hersalver down again to the kitchen, and then proceeded to fill a jug with hot water. Lillian, who was preparing that core simple support legical to make the conwith not water. Lillian, who was preparing their own simple suppor, looked up upon her entrance, and a glance of sorrowful intelligence passed between the two. Then the thought involuntarily presented itself—a thought sharply rejected even in the moment of its dawning—that her visit to the yault was now rendered comparatively easy. compuratively casy.

Margaret, unusually exhausted and dail, worn ont with exertion and the thought of the mor-row's sorrowful parting, retired early to rest, Lillian declaring her intention of sitting up some time longer to select some books from the li-brary for the purpose of taking with her. This was soon done, and having satisfied herself by a visit to the bedroom that her sister slept, she visit to the bedroom that her sister slept, she stole up to her father's apartment. Even outside the door his heavy breathing was plainly audible; and re-assured by this, she entered, possessed herself of the keys, and then noiselessly retreated. This time she provided herself with an ample supply of matches, and then, lantern in hand, turned her steps to the east

## CHAPTER VIIL

BURIED ALIVE

THE incidents of Lillian's second journey were much the same as the first; the same echoing dismal reverberations; hollow sighing sounds; the same stiffness of rusty locks; shurp, violent closing of doors and weird rustling of decaying paper and tapestry. Rats and mice, too, seemed more noisily resentful of intrusion into what had been so long their undisturbed demosne, and they duried out here and there and ran across her path with more boldness than on her first visit. All these things that had so greatly moved and startled her on that occasion

presetty moved and startled her on that occasion passed almost unnoted now, for there was a horror looming up at the end of her journey to which these were as naught.

Arrived at the door of the vault, whilst she was inserting the key in the lock, a sudden sinking of the heart solzed her, and her hand trembled so violently that she was totally unable to control its movements. Again and again she renewed the offort, which still proved unsuccessful. What did it mean? Was it a verning sout her to design an omen that evil warning sent her to desist—an omen that evil threatened her? A light touch on her neck suddenly communicated a shock of terror to her whole frame. Panting with terror, she wildly put up her hand to discover what it was

wildly put up her hand to discover what it was that had so greatly alarmed her. It was only a tress of her own hair which had become loosened from the comb and had fallen on her neck.

Again she essayed to open the door, and this time succeeded. How wildly her pulses throbbed—how pantingly her breath wont and came as she placed her lantern on the ground and opened the fated chest. Clasping her hands over her heart as if to repress its wild beating, she looked down closely, reverentially, into that receptacle of poor mouldering humanity.

Again sho noted the regularly formed, gilttering teeth, the tresses of long fair hair. She took up the coral carring and compared it with the one which she had brought down stairs with her. Alas i it was the same pattern, the same

one which she had brought down starts with her. Alas! It was the same pattern, the same peculiar richly chased gold setting. Still she must have farther confirmation. What was that gittering far down amid those sad frail relies? A tuy crystal and gold locket which had evidently once been attached to the neck of the unfortunate hid away there, but the ribbon of which had mouldered to dust. Hesitatingly, tremblingly, Lillian stretched forth her hand and took it up. The intrinsic value of the ornament was nominal, the gold side was a mere shell, but inside was a tiny curl of dark hair, and inscribed in minute characters on the interior of the locket were the words: " Precious souvenir of my darling little Margaret." Lower down was the owner's name, Margaret Tremaine. It was then true. No more uncertainty —no more room for hope. Sick to death, she fell on her knees, and ruising her clasped lunds aloft, exclaimed: "O God! my poor murdered

Ah! Merciful Heaven, what was that? A hand from behind was heavily laid on her shoulder—no light touch of a stray braid or curl this time—and the voice of Mrs. Stukely hissed

fiercely in her car:
"Miscrable girli What brought you here?" Terror for the moment deprived Lillian of sight and reason. A mist swam before her eyes; a sound as of rushing waters was in her es: and then high and clear above the latter ed the clanging of a door, the turning of a n the look. What was this? Good God i key in the look. Mrs. Stukely had left the place, and there was she looked in alone in that dreary vault with the dead, out of the reach of all human help.

A paroxysm of agonizing despair overwhelmed the unhappy young creature, and in her angulah she threw herself on her knees on the stone floor of the vault, and sobbed and moaned aloud, but vainly; no human voice answered her fronzied appeals. After a lime she became utterly exhausted by her terrible agitation and wild attempts at making her voice audible, and sank

Yes, all was plain to her. She had ever been specially obnoxious to Mrs. Stukely and her father, and now that she had fathomed the terrible secret that linked them together in crime, they would, even for their own safety's sake, keep he in that wault till death should still her

ice for ever. Would she look on human face again—would human accents strike on her car once more? Probably never. Or perhaps Mrs. Stukely might come down to mock and jeer at her misery, and goad her to madness—a companionship more stolerable than actional treats. goad her to madness—a comp intolerable than solitude itself.

Possibly she would be left to die of hunger

ling fact that her candle was well nigh burned out. Ah! surely when that they flame should have shed its last gleasa and expired, the gloom

would become peopled by horrible shapes, supernatural lights, weird monstrous visions. Closing the cak chest, she soated herself in the firthest corner of the vault, with her back loaning against its damp claiming stones, and watched with the intensity of despair the inch of fallow slowly guttering down to extinction.

Now, whether it were owing to her state of utter exhaustion—to nature asserting her rights over that strong, healthy constitution, or to a direct interposition of a merciful Providence, before that they fame that burned so dimly in the mephilic atmosphere had gone out, sweet, profound sleep had descended on the girl and surrounded her with blessed unconsciousness It was morning when she awoke; and though the bright light of day never penetrated into that abode of gloom, the crowing and enckling of poultry, lowing of kine, and other cheerful sounds of merning, faintly distinguishable through the massive walls of the old building, announced the fact. announced the fact.

Filled with gratitude, she prostrated herself in bumble thanksgiving for the calm night that had been youchsafed her; but after a while the full consciousness of her awful situation again asserted itself, and again despair assumed the mastery. Whilst thinking how beautiful and mustery. Whilst thinking how beautiful and bright was that outward world, which she would probably never see again, and imagining to herself the crimson and golden glories of the sunrise which, ardent lover of nature that she was, she watched nearly every morning with admiration that knew no satiety, recalling, too, the pure, healthful, life-glving breeze thatswept over the meadows, rippling the bending corn, the forest tops, a sound close at hand startled her. It was the grating of a key in the lock, and a moment after Mrs. Stukely, lamp in hand, followed by Mr. Tremaine, entered.

Lillian looked at them in silence, but uttered

oword. Her father spoke first.
"Well!" he said, scullingly, "like a true daughter of Evo you must taste of the tree of knowledge, only to find the fruit exceedingly

Still the ghi spoke not.

"Why do you not throw yourself at your father's feet and ask his forgiveness, you stiffneeked girl?" harshly interrogated Mrs. Stukely. · Is life so utterly worthless that it is not ever worth the asking for ?"

"Alas I what am I to say?" was the faltering reply. "I feel as if my sentence had already been pronounced—my doom sealed."

A gleam of satunic exultation shot from the heavylengers and party at these words, but

lousekeeper's deep-set eyes at these words, but Lillian did not observe it.

Turning more fully towards her father, who stood immovable, grimly regarding her, she went on in low, hurried tones:

"If I but know what words or prayers could soften you, father—what memories, what feel-lings to appeal to, I would pour forth my soul in supplication at your foct, ask of you not to cut me off in life's morning, but to restore mo again to that blessed outward world which by my own folly I have forfeited?"

"And for what purpose girl?" he asked, bending his black brows till they almost met together. "Till you would reveal the secret your unnatural and mad curiosity has discovered and hand me over at the same time to the mer-lets of the law, another illustration of the sage profundity of the proverb, murder will out, quoted by you less than a week ago with such significance. I might have guessed something strange lay latent under the spirit of violent in-subordination you displayed so suddenly and so feurlessiy.'

"Futher! father! think not I could be guilty under any circumstances of such unfilled and monstrous conduct? O have pity on mo! I am so young, and death in this living grave would be so terrible! I would go far away from Tre-maine Court, if necessary, cross the sea even; assume a fictitious name—do anything you

Mr. Tremaine still maintained a moody silence but Mrs. Stukely harshly said:

"None of these things are necessary. Mr. Tremaine exacts from you for his protection, and indeed to a great extent mine, nothing save a solemn promise, rather an oath, that you will observe inviolable secrecy regarding all you have seen or learned in this vault. Whose bones do you believe those to be in the chest yonder ?"

yonder?"

"My mother's," rejoined the girl, her pale face grawing of a still ghastlier pallor.

"I divined you thought as much from the words I overheard you utter, when I entered here so unexpectedly, last night. Well, knoel and aways to observe the secretary we ask by

those mouldering relies; for if there is any thing you will hold sucred, it will be them." Mr. Tremaine turned his head aside as his daughter tremblingly obeyed, but the house keeper glared down at her with a strange bale that seemed to musk some hidden

thought or design.
"We will return now to the upper world," she curtly resumed, "and you will start for school this afternoon. I have but one counsel to give

you, remember your oath!" Whilst Mrs. Stukely was still speaking, Mr. Tremaine, abruptly left the vault; Lillian on a sign from her female companion hesitatingly followed scarcely able to realize that she was free, and the housekeeper herself brought up the rear closing and locking the different doors

behind them. "If your sister should be awake," the latter warningly said or have missed you through the night, make up some plausible excuse to account for your absence. I wish too that Margaret should help me to clean out your father's foom to-day, and naturally we desire you should

avoid all private intercourse with her. Lilling bowed assent, feeling the injunction was to a certain extent just, though unnecessary after the binding outh she had taken. As they passed into the corridor which led from the dis maleast wing to the inhabited part of the house and the girl once again emerged into full suc shine and liberty, the fervent exclamation

My God I thank Thee !" escaped her lips.

shine and liberty, the fervent exclamation:
"My God I thank Thee "escaped her lips.
The housekeeper overheard the words and they brought again to her hard cruel face the undefinable sinister smite or rather sneer that it had already worn once or twice in the vault, but fortunately for Lillian's peace of mind, she did not perceive it. Evil it certainly portended to the youngest daughter of Tremaine but in what sape or at what time Mrs. Stakely horself alone know.

From the day that Lillian had so dauntiessly braved her father's wrath and the housekeeper's power, a vague uneasy feeling had pervaded the mind of the latter that the young girl had in some unknown way obtained possession of a portion of the secrets of Tremaine Court; or else had had her suspicions awakened in some unaccountable manner. Still those misglyings were so vague and misty that they would probably have had no result but for one or two circumstances trivial in themselves that led to the most unexpected and scrious consequences.

On arriving at Brompton the day on which

and thirst, a slow, lingering, awful death, doubly terrible in that it would be accompanied by ghastly ellence and darkness. And now a new clement of horror presented itself. An accidental glance at the lantern revealed the appalarment of the control of the con craved that her mother would procure for her at once a bottle of some dainty cordial of which the housekeeper generally made a small supply the housekeeper generally made a small supply every autum, and kept carefully put away in one of priv...e cupboards at Tremaine Court. Now there was no one in Mrs. Sampson's cottage but the nurse, a stranger who had never entered Tremaine Court in her life, so she could not be sent at night to rouse up the family, even for the purpose of satisfying the invalid's wish. There was no alternative but that of Mrs. Stukely's returning herself. Without an impatient look or murmur, she dreve back the dreary distance through the thick murky night, and softly let herself into the house with Mr. Tremaine's intel key which she generally kept for her own hitch key which she generally kept for her own sorvice. Straight she went to the closet where the one lantern the house possessed usually hung, it being more convenient and safe for a night visit to the closely filled cupboard, or ra-ther side pantry, but she recoiled in astonishment-the lantern was no longer there.

Why that very morning she had seen it suspended on its accustomed nall where indeed it had remained for months past, being rarely used. Who had taken it and for what purpose?

That she must find out at once. Softly she stole up-stairs and in passing the room occupied by the sisters she gently opened it and looked in. Pale but wrapped in tranquil sleep Margaret Tremaine's face rested on the pillow, but where was Lillian? Mrs. Stukely's heart gave a great bound, and intuitively her already direct was presented. bound, and intuitively her already dimly aroused suspicions pointed to the truth. Hastily she sought Mr. Tremaine's room and entered, fearless of awaking him, for she know from experience that he usually profitted of her absence to drink himself into a state of stupor that lasted till morning.
As she laid divined, the keys were gone. Tak.

ing up her lamp again she turned her steps, with pule lips resolutely set, in the direction of the east wing, finding as she had anticipated, the long closed, long barred doors of that portion of the building all open before her. Down she went, revolving on her way thoughts worthy in their cruel windstiveness of a fond out of in their cruel vindictiveness of a flend, and at times lesing sight of the dreadful consequences that might ensue from the discovery of the se-crets of the vault, in the satisfaction she felt at seeing the high spirited dauntless girl whom she hated as evil natures hate those they have in-jured, given over, bound and helpless as it were, into her power.

What passed during the short interval she re-

what passed during the short interval she remained in the vault we already know.
Returned again to the inhabited part of the mansion, a moment's reflection decided her on the course she was to pursue. Roger Tremaine, she remained that the course she was to pursue. she remembered with a look of angry disgust, would not be fit for held conversation till the heavy sleep of in exication in which he was plunged, would be at its term; meantime her plunged, would be at its term; meantime ner sick daughter would be anxiously looking for the cordial, so the best thing to be done was to procure the latter and bring it to her at once. Airs. Stukely could return to Tremaine Court by day break, and decide then with the master of the house what course to pursue, consigning meanwhile the keys of the east wing to the depths of her capacious pocket as a place of cer-tain security, all of which details as we have seen she closely followed out.

Margaret Tremaine was still sleeping when

Margaret Tremaine was still sleeping when Lillian after her liberation from the vault, softly stole into the bed-room they shared in common, resolving if possible to make her morning ablutions before the slum berer twoke, so that they might restore to the countenance something of its usual colour and expression.

The eldest sister's only remark on awaking was: "Lillian dear how very rale and ill you

was: "Lillian dear how very pale and ill you

Mrs. Stukely's voice was here heard calling sharply from the foot of the stairs for Lillian to go down and help with breakfast, a summons instantly obeyed. Owing to the housekeeper's tactics the girls were kept apart the greater portion of the day and no opportunity of private conversation allowed. With the same pallid cheek, careworn look and vaguely troubled eyes that had distinguished her all day Lillian hade her sister farewell, and then with her father, Mrs. Stukely and the shambling awkward driver set off.

Their conveyance was a hackney coach, weather stained, and with cushions and lining whose original line had merged with a tint for which even an artist could not have found a name. The only point in its favor was that the portince. At a very dingy hotel in the immediate vicinity of the depot they alighted, and Mr. Tremaine informed the obsequious landlord who stood bowing in the doorway that they would rest awhile and take suppor there, pro ceeding afterwards, despite wind or rain, to Beech Grove Seminary their destination, which lay some seven miles farther on.

In due time supper was served, but as it consisted of smoky ten, cold, scorehod toast, and half cooked raneld ham, the travellers supped but lightly, Mrs. Stukely then rose declaring her intention of going on a short shopping excursion to purchase some trilling articles for Lillian which she had forgotten to procure at Brompton the day previous. Lillian on her invitation accommunied her.

(To be continued.)

Ilans.—Nontross is the first consideration which makes a hand attractive. No matter how long, bony, or large-hanted and anshapely, if it is clean, and the inger-naise property cared for, a hand can never look diegusting.

A solt warm. Plable hand has great power and fascination. There is character in a large band, many times far greater thun in a tiny one. A hand corresponding in size to the rost of the body is much liner than the little fat, dimpled hands so many are grant of who passesses, and others cave the passession. It is equally as nonsensical to squeeze the hands into gloves a size too small, as to pinch the feet it light boots.

A very small nose is considered insignificant, while

THE GOLD-FINGERED BRAHMIN. A HINDOO TALE.

BY JOHN G. BAXE.

A famous merchant, who had made
A fine estate by honest trade
With foreign sountries,—by mischance,
(The failure of a firm in France
And several cargoes lost at sen,)
Became as poor as poor could be;
Of all his riches saving maught.
Except, indeed, the pleasing thought
Of sonorous deeds in botter days,
Which some romembered to his praise.
Of those, a Brahmin, who land known
The ascredant cre his wealth had flown,
And how he helped the sick and poor,
Entered, one day, his open deer,
And said, "My friend! I know vow well;
Your former state; and what befoil
That all was lost; and well I know
Your noble life, and fain would show
(Since I have power—Heaven be adored!)
How all your wealth muy be restored.
Now please attend: Whone'er you see
A Brahmin who resembles me
In looks and dress, (and such an one
Will enter here at set of sun,)
Just strike him on the forchead-thrice;
And to! his fineers. In a trice,
Will turn to solid gold! Of these
Out off as many as you please,
(Tho ten will make a goodly sum,)
And thus the Brahmin-form will come
Whenever you have used of gold.
Consider well what I have told!"
With this, the Brahmin-form well come
Whenever you have used of gold.
Consider well what I have told!"
With this, the Brahmin went away,
And, sure enough, at close of day,
A stranger, like the other, came,—
So like, indeed, he seemed the same,—
And sat him down; and quick as thought,
Aud all his ingers turn to gold!
O wondrous sight!—And now behold
The happy merchant rich once more
As in his thrifty days of yore!

A barber, carious to know
Whones all this sudden wealth might flow,
By watching, morning, meen and night,
The ollow reasoned, "thrice as much
As if a single man I touch:
The magic Brahmin brought to light:
And straight he called three Brahmins in,
And bade them sit: "For so I'll win."
The follow reasoned, a thrice as much
As if a single man I touch:
The more the men, the more the gold!
I'll have as much as I can hold
I'll have as much as I can hold
I'll have as much as I can hold
I'll have as much as I can lo

To all who read this pleasant tale,
The barber's fate may serve to teach,
How saidly instances fail
Who aim at things beyond their reach i

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## THE BITTER END.

By Miss M. E. Braddon.

AUTHOR OF 'LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET,' ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI .- (Continued.)

In such a party, if Mr. Harcross had chosen to eat his dinner in comparative silence, he might have done so with impunity. There were plenty of people to talk; and Georgie's aunt, Mrs. Chowder, whom he took in to dinner, was not exacting so long as the ministering spirits of the banquet brought her the nicest entrées, and not the ruined walls of the vol-auvents, or the legs of the chickens. "I can't dine without currie," she told her neighbour confidentially, "and I can't dine without hitter beer. I know it sounds dreadful; but I was twenty years in India, and use is second twenty years in India, and use is second nature, you know. I don't know whether you noticed it, but there was no grated coccanut in that currie. I must give Georgian's cook poor dear Chowder's recipe; a copy of it, that is to say. The original document is in his own handwriting, and I keep it among the letters he wrote me when I came home for my

While Mrs. Chowder enjoyed her dinner, name. The only point in its favor was that the roof and sides seemed rain proof, a considerable however, Mr. Harcross did not abandon him-advantage to judge from the low black clouds gathering in the far off horizon, announcing in all probability a wet stormy evening. On the his best and bitterest things, to the de ight of party journeyed in unbroken silence till they reached Cheswick Junction, a railway terminus and military to that his pack, and watching his unper basides of some manufacturing immanner of some dinner-table wits, but making all the talk at his end of the table; and sustaining it with unabated vigour.

Weston Vallory, who was sented at Augusta's left hand, was not slow to observe this extreme vivacity.

"How lively your husband is to-night!" he said to Mrs. Ha cross: "he has almost a

"I suppose he wishes to make himself agreeable to our friends," Augusta answered, in her chilling way, but with a little suspicious glance across the table towards her husband nevertheless. "He is not generally dull in

"O, dear no; on the contary, he is a man who seems created to shine in society. It's a nity that type of man always seems to lose a ittle in the domestic circle."

Augusta flashed one of her sternest glances upon her cousin; but he was as much accustomed to the angry flash of those brilliant hazel eyes as sho was to this kind of malicious

insinuation against her husband. "I don't know what you mean by losing in the domestic circle," she said stifly; "I nover find Hubert at a loss for conversation at

home' "Really now," said Weston, with his insolent incredulous air, "I should have thought that even Canning or Sydney Smith must have been rather had company at home. A man of that kind wants such a dinner as this to develop his powers. Though, by the bye, there really is no one here, and that's why I felt surprised by Harcross's excessive vivacity. I can't see the source of his inspiration. What can it matter to him whether those girls in blue think him a wit or a dullard; or that old Indian General, or the stout party in green satin—an aunt of the house, I believe? What kudos can he get from amusing all these

"It is just possible that he may wish to please my friends," replied Augusta, with dignity. "You cannot suppose that a man in his position must always have a motive for being agreeable. He is not upon his promo-

"No, he is one of those infernal lucky fellows who have only to open their mouths for manua to fall into them."

"He has worked harder than most men, and has more talent than most men, Weston. I den't see that there is any luck in the case."

"Don't you? Was there no luck in marrying

you? What is there to distinguish him from the ruck of mankind, that should entitle him to such a prize as he secured when he won you? How provokingly devoted you are to the fellow, Augustu!

"Weston, I will not allow you to talk in that style."

"O, come now, Augusta; I'm sure I behave myself remarkably well, but a man can't always be dumb. It provokes me past endu-rance sometimes to see you so fond of him" "Indeed! I had supposed myself amongst the coldest of wives"

"Cold 1 Why, you blaze up like a volcano if one says a word against yonder demigod. He cannot do wrong in your sight. Why, I verily believe that if any awkward episode of his past life were to come to light, you'd accept the revelation as a matter of course, and go on adoring him."

"I really wish you would not use such absurd words, Weston—"demigod" and "adoration!" Of course I am attached to my husband. Our marriage was one of inclination, as you know, and Hubert's conduct from first to last has been most conscientions and disinterested. With regard to his past life, I doubt if I have the slightest right to question that, although I should be naturally grieved to discover that he had over been unything less than I believe him to be, a man of high moral character."

"Upon my word, Augusta, you are a model wife. But suppose now, during your engagement to him, at the very time when you were keeping company, as the maid-servants say, there had been any little episode—a rustic ilirtation, for instance, which developed into something of a more serious character—how

This time Mrs. Harcross grew suddenly pale

even to the very lips.

# I will never speak to you again, Weston," she said, without raising her voice in the least degree, "unless you immediately apologise for that shameful insinuation."

"My dear Augusta, I was only putting a cause. I will beg your pardon a thousand times over, if you like, I had no idea of offending you."

You always offend me when you talk of my husband. I request that for the future you will abstain from speaking of him."

"I expunge his name from my vocabulary. From this moment he shall be as sacred in my eyes as the Llama of Thibet, or those nameless goddesses whom the Greeks worshipped in fear and trembling. I could endure any-

thing rather than your anger, Augusta."

"Then pray do not provoke it by any more silly speeches about Hubert. Lady Clevedon is rising; will you give mo my fan, please? I dropped it just now. Thanks."

Her colour had come back by this time.

That insinuation of Weston's was of course, like all the rest of his malicious speeches, the meaningless emanation of a jealous soul. She had grewn accustomed to the idea that this cousin of hers should be thus bitter upon the subject of her marriage. She knew what a crushing disappointment that marriage had been to him, and was hardly inclined to be angry with him for being still devoted to her, heart and soul; still jealous of the winner. Where else, indeed, could she have found such faithful service, such unflagging zeal?

"Poor Weston," she used to say to her con-fidantes, "he would go through fire and water

And through fire and water Weston Vallory was quite prepared to go, with one end and aim held steadily in view.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

"ON PLEASURE BENT."

Summer skies and summer woods, quaint an admiring circle, talking much more than at Clevedon a very pleasant business. There usual; not hanging back, and watching his opportunity to flash in upon the tak with interesting rules in that fair garden of Engspeech as keen as a sword-thrust, after the land; and Lady Clevedon's visitors were rarely at home for luncheon, but were to be found at that social hour either picnicking on the smooth turf in the chancel of a dilapidated abbey, or roughing it in the sanded best parlour of some rustle inn, or camping on the summit of a hill, with a Turneresque landscape spreading wide beneath, and melting into the blue sky beyond an opposite range of wooded hills twenty miles away. Sir Francis Clevedon's horses, and such job-

horses as were to be hired in the village of Kingsbury, had rather a hard time of it during these festivities, and may reasonably have wished thomselves in any other state of life. Little rest had they in the gloomy, substantial old stables, in the spacious quadrangle, where near-trees and vellow issuine climbed over the dark red-brick walls, and a great clock clanged the hours, half-hours, and quarters, with a dissonant clang that outraged the summer quiet. As soon as the cheery, lounging breakfast was over, the morning papers read, and perhaps a stray game of billiards indulged in, while the ladles were dressing for the day's excursion, preparations for the start began on the broad gravel drive in front of the porch. Matrons were duly stowed into landau and barouche; maidens came tripping down the stone steps in riding-gear, with chimney-pot hats perched connectishly on wonderful structures of puffed and plaited hair; adventurous spirits, eager to drive doubtful horses in tittuppy dog-carts, paused for the signal for departure; dogs barked, footmen and grooms an to and fro, carrying shawls and sun umbrellas; ponderous baskets of comestibles were hung on to the heavier carriages; and at last, Georgie having mounted a mail-phaeton with her husband, in defiance of etiquette, the gay procession moved merrily off at a dashing pace down the long avenue, whose glories have been somewhat thinned by Sir Lucas, but

which is still a noble alley. "I will drive with you, Frankie," says the young wife, nestling under her husband's elbow. "What a tall creature you are up there! I would sooner stay at home ut once than sit and prose in that stuffy landau, while you rattled on a quarter of a mile before us, smok-

