

at the wrong side of the gateway. Captain Penshurst again rang the bell violently. After a while the negro returned, accompanied by Mr. Tollemache, and the entrance to the house was unbarred. There was a strangely stern look about Mr. Tollemache's face. "This visit is an ill-timed one, Captain Penshurst," he said; "at a future day any explanation you require shall—"

"Nay—nay, sir," broke in Captain Penshurst, with explosive wrath, "I will be fooled no longer; Hubert—the slave-stealer, and intentional assassin—is at this moment concealed here."

"That is true," replied Mr. Tollemache, sadly.

"Charles Hubert is here, and dying."

"Dying! I will make sure of that. Lead on, sir, if you please."

"Be it as you will:—yet stay,—the excitement may be injurious. You are ill, I see—fainting!"

"It is nothing; show me where he is: I will be satisfied." Mr. Tollemache moved away without further remark, and we silently followed. "He is in that room," said Mr. Tollemache, pointing to a door on our right hand.

"And who with him?" gasped Captain Penshurst, who was scarcely able to stand, from weakness and agitation.

"Virginie and—"

"Ha! I thought so," shouted Captain Penshurst, throwing, as he spoke, the door impetuously open; and we both stood upon the threshold of the death-chamber,—fast rooted there! So sad a sight is seldom seen as there disclosed itself. Charles Hubert,—pale as his shirt,—death-stricken, was reclining on a couch, his head sustained upon the bosom of the weeping Virginie, whose broken words breathed only love, and sorrow, and despair! Madame Tollemache sat close by, holding one of the patient's hands in hers, and apparently bowed down,—overwhelmed,—with grief. Neither of them appeared to be aware of our presence. "Kind,—generous,—ever faithful,—Virginie," murmured the dying man, as he gazed, with loving eyes, in her face, "I have not deserved to die thus calmly—happily. And you too," he added, faintly pressing Madame Tollemache's hand, "in this supreme hour, forgive me." A lamentable burst of grief replied to him, and a moment afterwards his failing vision fell upon Captain Penshurst. A faint, exultant smile, played upon his lips, and he feebly beckoned him him to approach. Captain Penshurst complied, and, whether from physical weakness, or from awe of the dread presence whose shadow fell darker with every passing moment over the sufferer's countenance, sank on his knees beside the couch.

"Give me your hand, my friend," murmured Hubert, "deeply do I repent me of the evil I have wrought you. But this dear hand in which I place yours, will, I know, repay all. You will be kind," he added, with increasing difficulty; "you will be good and kind, I know, because you—you deeply love me—my sister!"

"Sister!" almost shrieked Captain Penshurst, springing to his feet, as if impelled by a galvanic shock. "Sister!"

"Ay," interposed Mr. Tollemache, gravely, "Virginie and Charles Hubert are brother and sister. But hush! This is no time for explanation."

Not another word was spoken, whilst we kept solemn watch over the passing of an immortal

soul. The day, as I have said, was fading, and in the tropics there is but brief twilight; day and night embrace each other closely. Darkness quickly veiled the pale, yet living features from our gaze, and when the moon shone with sufficient power into the room, we looked and saw that he was gone,—but at what precise moment he departed, we knew not.

I have but a few words to add. Charles Hubert was Madame Tollemache's son by a former marriage. He had taken to wild courses, and had offended his parents beyond forgiveness by a disgraceful marriage. They had left Trinidad and settled in Jamaica to avoid him. Virginie's love for her brother alone suffered no change,—but she was compelled studiously to conceal her interviews with him from her parents, and thus it was that we were all so egregiously misled.

Captain Penshurst soon afterwards left the service; in due time espoused Virginie Tollemache, and settled in Jamaica. The bride was given away by Admiral Sir Charles Rowley.—*Eliza Cook's Journal.*

BARBARA'S SEA-SIDE EXCURSION.

It certainly appeared a most improbable circumstance, that any event should occur worthy of being recorded, to vary the even tenor of life which Mr. and Mrs. Norman enjoyed in the holy state of matrimony. They were young folks—they had married from affection—and, moreover, their union had been a strictly prudent one, for their income was more than sufficient for all their unassuming wants and tastes; and it was also a 'certainty,' a great good in these days of speculation and going ahead. Charles Norman held a government situation, with a small but yearly increasing income salary; his residence was at Pentonville; and his domestic circle comprised, besides his good, meek help-mate, and two little children, an only sister, some years Charles's junior; indeed, Bab Norman had not very long quitted a boarding-school. Bab and Charles were orphans, and had no near relatives in the world; therefore Bab came home to live with her dear brother and his wife until she had a home of her own—a contingency which people whispered need not be far off, if Miss Barbara Norman so inclined. This piece of gossip perhaps arose from the frequent visits of Mr. Norman's chosen friend, Edward Leslie—a steady and excellent young man, who filled an appointment of great trust and confidence in an old established commercial house. Edward Leslie was not distinguished for personal attractions or captivating manners; but he was an honest, manly, generous-hearted fellow, and sensitive enough to feel very keenly sometimes that the pretty little Barbara laughed at and snubbed him. Notwithstanding Bab's folly, however, it would have given her great pain had Edward Leslie courted another. He was patient and forbearing; and she flattered and frisked about, determined to make the most of her liberty while it lasted.

'Of course she meant to marry some day,' she said with a demure smile, but it would take a long time to make up her mind.'

Charles quite doted on his pretty sister, and often could not find it in his heart to rebuke her, because she was motherless, and had only him