Stands Scotland Where It Did? BY EVAN M'CALL. Land of Bruce! I marvel how,

With scarce a murmer, comest thou To let it seem As if thy name Were off the list of nations now. Shall a race who ne'er as foes, Could their rule on thee impose, Not in vain Ceaseless strain

Now thy history's page to close? Up! or evermore disown Thy once well-won fair renown; If of two. One must do, Let the Saxon name go down.

Strauge how word so brief as Scot Sticketh in the Anglo throat— That Meistrom, Like a doom, Calping down all else we've got!

Is there any noble deed Told of men born North of Tweed? Ten to one, "Times" or "Sun." 'Tis of Englishmen we read!

If a battle has been won
By a Campbell, Sough or Gunn,
Take the blows,
Macks and Us,
England takes the praise alone.

What delusion you conceive You sometimes your Queen receive, Yours, indeed, Can't you read, She's only England's—upon leave.

Scribblers of the cockney school, Verily you've crazed John Buil; Saxon blood. Clear as mud! Who but he the woold shall rule? Scotsmen, 'tis high time that we

Time to show, Our old foe, He is only one of three. Nobler'twere our rights to yield. Vanquisned in the battle-field, Than thus be Quietly Worse than from earth's map expelled.

Teach we then those braggarts tall, Their's alone their own to call,
And, save in drink,
To never think
That England yet is all in all.

RETURNED FROM THE GRAVE

By MRS. HENRY WOOD: Author of " East Lynne," " Oswald Gray," &c.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Mr. Lydney walked down the street slowly, his brain working. The inspector's information of having searched the castle by Lord Dane's orders, astonished him much; and he began to ask himself whether he was justified in assuming that Lord Dane had been the wilful delinquent. The train of thought led him to glance at others connected with the affair, especially young Shad. Could it be that that young gentleman had succeeded in blinding him, and was the real thief? or the assistant of the thieves? Verily he began to doubt it.

Somewhat impulsive in what he did, he determined on the instant to seek out Shad, and Question him again. A glance too cunning, or a word too sharp, might betray Shad's share in it. He was not quite sure of the read that would conduct him to Granny Bean's, but believed it was the one that skirted the wood leading past the cottage of Wilfred Lester, and he took it.

"I believe now I ought to have turned down by Miss Bordillion's," he soliloquised, as he arrived opposite Wilfred's residence, and halted. "Suppose I ask?"

Opening the gate, he walked up the little garden, where something occurred that startled him considerably. The door was stealthily unlatched, and he was pounced upon by a tall female, and dragged through the dark pas-

a he to the stars that you've co apostrophized she, in a covert whisper. "Now it's of no use your being angry and struggling to get off. I've had you in my arms when you were a baby, and I know what's right and what's wrong. There's a whisper abroad that the poachers are out tonight, and if the keepers have got an inkling then, master; you are killing your wife outright-sooner a deal that she'd go of her own natural ailments, for she is beginning to suspect, and lies in dread. Have you no pity for her. Mr. Wilfred? Come in, and let me bar the door, and then you, at any rate, will be in safety."

"My good woman," he exclaimed as soon as he had breath to speak, for she had held him in a tight grip, "for whom do you take me? I am Mr. Lydney. Is your master at

The servant fell against the wall like one turned stupid, and he had to repeat his ques-

" I'm just a fool and nothing else i" cried she, speaking in a light tone, to cover, Lydney thought, her agitation. "I was expecting a friend to call upon me, and thought it was him; and I'm sure I ask your pardon, sir. Master? no, sir; I don't think he is in." "Never mind; I merely troubled his house

to ask a question. Which way will take me to the hut of Granny Bean?"

"Straight on, sir, to the right. When you come to the triangle, turn down the field, and you'll see it-a little low cottage all by itself, at the back of the wood. Once again, sir, I beg your pardon, and I hope you'll never talk about the mistake, or what I said or did?" "Not I," laughed Mr. Lydney. "Make

my compliments to your master." so he had been on the right road, after all and a few minutes brought him to Granny Bean's cottage. It appeared to be closely shut up, and he might have imagined its inmates, Granny and Shad, bad retired to rest, but for the commotion that was taking place within. Now rose an old woman's voice in shrill shricks of rage; now Shad's in shriller whines. Mr. Lydney knocked on the door, and on the shutters, but little chance was there

of his being heard while the noise lasted "You in amous young dog," raved she, with a profuse sprinkling of worse language, which the reader may imagine if he pleases, but which certainly will not be transcribed: "to go and rob your old granny of her hard-earned | more. savings! You'll come to the gallows, you

" Taint yourn," returned Shad, his denial intermixed with similar embellishments of speech. "The new gemmen give it me for telling him about the box, and I'll take my

eath to it. Come, you! hand it over." *Oh you wicked sarpint? as if any gemmen 'nd go and give you a whole silver sixpence! Now, will you be off? You ought to have

been on the watch a good half-hour ago." "No. I won't," said Shad's voice. "I won't go on the watch, and I won't stir anywheres sufficiently near to see and hear; he wondered

till I gets my sixpence." The old woman appeared to be beating him. or he her, by the scuffling sound and the shricks. "I'll tell Miss Tiffiel I'll tell Miss

Tiffle!" the old voice reiterated. " Miss Tiffle may be hanged, and you with Ler 12 gasped Shad, as the commotion grew

jury might be done, and he gave a thundering peal at the shutters, enough to awaken their slarm, just as a loud shout of triumph. and the sixpence had declared themselves for him.

Letter little in all

Total silence supervened; the knock had startled them. Mr. Lydney thundered again. But still he remained unanswered. He could hear some stealthy movements inside, accompanied by hasty shutting of a door, and he knocked and more louder than ever.

It brought forth the head of a woman to a window on the right. The cottage had two terrupted Tiffle. rooms, both on the ground floor, a window to She opened the shutters and thrust, her face through the aperture, reconnoitering —a red and wrinkled face, surmounted by a cap in tatters, probably (the tatters) the result of the recent conflict, the whole shaking as if suffering from palsy. "Have you been committing murder here?"

demanded Mr. Lydney. "I was a saying of my prayers out loud, if

that's murder," returned the dame. "What now? what do you mean?"

The bold assertion took away his self-nossession for a moment. Where was the use of bandying words with such a woman! "I want Shad," he resumed.

"Shad! I can't go for to disturb him from his nest to-night. Shad's abed and asleep." "Wby, you audacious creature!" he could not help exclaiming. "I wonder you don't fear a judgment for falsehoods so deliberate You and Shad have just been at it, tooth and nail, fighting after a sixpence. Let me tell you the sixpence is his, for I gave it to him."

"Now did you, indeed, sir?" was the bland answer, the tone changing as if by magic: what a dear, good, generous gentleman you must be? You haven't got another about you, to bestow in charity upon a poor, lone wretched, half-starved widder, have you? I'd remember you in my prayers ever after, I would."

"If I had fifty, I would not give you the shadow of one; and I don't imagine your prayers will do yourself much good, let alone anyhody else. I want Shad, I say.'

"Oh, sir, dear sir, you are a joking; perhaps another time you'll remember me. I'd be everlasting grateful, if it was only a few poor coppers. "Do you hear me ask for Shad?" inter-

rupted Mr. Lydney. "Send him out to me; or open the door that I may get to him." "Shad's abed and asleep, which I'll swear to, and I daren't break into his night's rest,' was the impudent answer. "A delicate child as he is, and the stay and staff o' my life-if I was to lose him, I should die of grief. Come any time in the morning, sir, when his night's

him up, the darling, an hour ago, in his little bed, and a sweet sleep be dropped off into." "Of all the extraordinary characters, I think you must be the worst!" uttered Mr. Lydney. "Shad's no more in bed than I am. I heard your conflict, I tell you. These false assertions sound perfectly awful from a

rest is over, and you're welcome. I tucked

woman at your time of life." "Strange noises is heard outside this hut, at times—folks have said so afore, Its the witches a playing in the air, I fancy; and it's them you must have heard—anless it was me

at my prayers." "Will you send out Shad?"

"I'm sure I'd obleege you in any ways but that, such a nice gentleman as you seem to be; but I wouldn't wake up my poor sickly gran'child for anything-no, not if you offered me fifty sixpences."

Giving a good-night to Granny Bean, more emphatic than polite, Mr. Lydney strode away. He must put off seeing Shad till morn-He did not return to the road, but went ing. to the back of the cottage, where he believed he should find a path leading through the the Sailor's Rest. Curiosity induced him to said if I'd tell him the truth and no lie, whehad ingress and egress by back and by front. it me.

Pursuing the path, which was there as he had expected, Hr. Lydney sped on with a smart step, buried in thought. It was a starlight night; though few stars penetrated to the wood-path; nevertheless, it was not wholly dark. He had arrived at about the of it, there'll be a conflict. You shan't go, midst of the wood, where the trees were thickest, which a sound, as of one pushing through the thick brambles, caught his ear. Having been told that certain suspicious characters did sometimes lurk in that wood, Mr. Lydney drew close to the trees, to see who might be approaching.

It was Wilfred Lester. Panting, eager, excited, he came tearing on, at a right angle with Lydney, where no path seemed to be He crossed the path by a bound, penetrated the trees on its opposite side, and went pushing on, as though he were making straight for home, and clearing a way to get to it.

Mr. Lydney remained immovable. Not looking after him, for the trees prevented that, but wondering what his appearance could mean. That Wilfred was in excessive agitation was apparent, and involuntarily certain mysterious words, spoken by the servant when she had so unceremoniously made a prisoner of him, rose to the recollection of Mr. Lydney. He was, as the saying runs, "putting that and that together," and by no means lik-ing the appearance of things, when another movement, one far more stealthy, attracted his attention.

St-aling out into the path in the trail left by Wilfred Lester, came Mr. Shad, like a young hound scenting its prey. Once in the path, he made a dead stoppage, unconscious that any eye or ear was near him.

"He's tored home to his lair," soliloquized he, aloud, looking at the spot where Wilfred Lester had disappeared. "No good to track him again to-night. I'll go and tell her now.' Mr. Lydney had stretched out his hand to lay it on the boy, but a second impulse prompted him to hesitate. Far better, himself, track this erratic gentleman, and discover, if possible, what treason was being hatched. That some plot was agate against Wilfred Lester, and probably against others, Mr. Lydney felt convinced. He also felt

pretty nearly convinced of another thing: that Wilfred was hatching enough mischief of his own accord, against himselt; but that was no reason why Shad should augment it into Shad flew along the path, in the direction opposite to Granny Bean's and when near the and of the wood struck among the trees to the right; a minute or two brought him to the

wood's edge, and close to the back of Squire Lester's. Mr. Lydney followed him; tall and slender, be could penetrate the trees as well as Shad, and when Shad stopped he stopped. Shad was in his favorite attitude, twined, just like a snake, around one of the outer trees thin stem, gazing in expectation at the open space before him. Mr. Lydney halted who the" her" was to whom Shad was bound. Having had experience by this time of the insatiable nature of Madame Rav-nsbird's curiosity, a half suspicion crossed his mind that she might be the audience expected by Shad.

Not so, however. A temale of stealthy and ambling gate, not

do in pantomines, therefore, it was fair to in-for that she had emerged from some back-loor of Squire Lester's. Shad gave a soft from Shad seemed to proclaim that victory whistle, and the lady came tripping up to it. It was Tiffle.

Well!" cried she. "He's sgone right home," answered Shad. "When I got up to em, they was a having hot words, him and Beecher and Drake, and another, I thought it were Ben Nicholson, but I wouldn t'swear it. He was a blowing of 'em

"Ben Nicholson was blowing 'em up?" in-

"How stupid you be!" snapped Shad. Lester. He was a-blowing the three men up for wanting to go right where they know'd the keepers 'nd be, and he got in a passion, a-swearing he wouldn't jine in nothing that might bring bloodshed, and back he went, cutting right through the thick of the bushes. I followed after him till he cut over the crosspath, our'n, and into the bushes ayond it. I know'd then that gone home he was for sartin. I say, where'll be the pull o'my dodg-

ing him, if he's a-going to take to shirking?" Tiffle had listened in silence. "How do they ferret out where the keep-

ers would be?" asked she . "I can't tell," said Shad. "I only got up at the tail of their confab. I didn't hear nothing of what they'd been a-saying afore.' "Then you were late; and a wicked, inattentive, good-for-nothing.

Shad began to whimper. "If I was late, it were granny's fault, Mrs. Tiffle. She set on me and a'most killed me. You should be hid in the oven or somewhere, and see her in her tantrums, you'd not believe it was anything but old Nick's mother let loose. Look here! here's where she bited me, and here's where she kicked at me, and here's where she scratched me, and clutches of my hair she tored out by han'fuls.'

Shad exhibited various damaged spots about his face and arms, and let fall a dolorous shower of tears. Tiffle—somewhat to the surprise of Mr. Lydney, who had recognized her for Lady Adelaide's maid-was remarkably demonstrative in her condolences. She grasped Shad tenderly in her arms, and kissed the places fervently with her own lips.

Granny's a regular byens when she's put up," cried she. "But I'll be even with her. What did she do it for?"

"She have got the nastiest, slyest ways," returned Shad, who appeared not to relish the embrace so much as Tiffle did, and wriggled himself from it as soon as he possibly could. "She dives iuto my pockets and into anything, she do, and to-night she found a sixpence in 'em, and she set on and swored it were hern, and that I robbed her on't, and she grabbed it from me, and—my! warn't there a shindy! and such a row came to the shutters amid it.

I grabbed it again, though," concluded the gentleman, with glee, as he took out the bright sixpence and exhibited it to Tiffle.

Tifile did not look at it with equanimity She took the same view of its possession that Granny Bean had done-though whether granny had really believed that it was stolen from her, or that she put forth the plea to gain possession of it, cannot be told.

"You little divil!" apostrophized Tiffle, her affectionate mood changing. "If you begin to bone money, you'll end your days a-working in gangs and irons. Now you tell me where you stole that?"

"If ever I see the like! You're as bad as granny, whined the boy. "I might as well be a dog what's mad, and roped up at once : that there sixpence was given me by a gemman: given out and out...

"Give for what?" sharply responded Tiffle. "Give for telling about his box. It's that one what's stopping at the Sailor's Rest. He asked-did I see the things took up at the wood, and that would be the nearest way to castle gates, and I said I see em; and then he turn round and look at the cottage, and there ther the box went into the castle or not, I he saw a door; so Master Shad and his granny | should get a sixpence, and I did, and he gave

"Did you see the box took in?" quickly asked Tiftle.

"What should ail me?" responded Shad. "I were a watching."

"And it was took right in?"

"It was took right in," answered Shad, his eyes glistening, "as right in as ever anything was took into that castle yet. Them two miller's chaps carried of it, like they did. tother lots, and that big Mr. Bruff a-following of em. Not as he seemed to be taking much heed hisself. I telled the gemman this, and he gave me the sixpence."

"Snad, you must keep your eyes open upon him, that Lydney, as well as upon Will Lester," was Tiffle's next remark. "Ferret our all about him, where he goes and what he does; he's in this wood sometimes I know; find out what for. He looks like a gentlemin but he may be one of them gentlemin what comes to places to be after watches, and chains, and rings. You find out. I've got my reason. And be sure, mark it if you see him with Miss Lester."

Mr. Lydney, from his hiding place, felt in-

finitely obliged to her. "And now there's no more to be done tonight, as he has hooked it off home," proceeded the refined Tiffle. "So you get back again as quick as you can, and get to bed." She turned away toward the hall; Shad turned toward the path that would lead him

to Granny Bean's; and Mr. Lydney remained where he was till the echo of their footsteps should die away. Scarcely had Tiffle gone many yards, however, when she met Lord Dane, in the angle

made by the side of the hall; to the right was the back entrance; to the left, the front. Tiffle was speeding on to the former; Lord Dane was coming from the latter, and they came in contact. "Is it you, Tiftle?" cried his lordship,

gayly. "Enjoying a ramble by starlight?" "Oh, my lord, you are pleased to joke," simpered Tiffle. "My days for starlighted rambles is over. I leave 'em for the young, now, my lord; I've had my turn Last night I see Miss Lester walking cosy in the starlight-the evening-star was out, at any rate, if it wasn't late enough for the others-and I thought how romantic it was; it put me in mind of my own sentimental days, my lord. There was a gentleman by her side-him that the wreck cast up.

Had it been daylight, instead of starlight, Tiffle would scarcely have presumed to fix her eyes so keenly upon Lord Dane; she believed she had thrown out a shaft that would

"Wrecks cast up rogues as well as gentlemen," responded his lordship, in a stern, displeased tone. "A man whom nobody knows is scarcely the one to be walking by starlight with Miss Lester."

"Just the reflection that occurred to myself. my lord," acquiesced Tiffle, complacently. "And says I to myself, "I'll keep a sharp look-out over you, young man, for Miss Loster's sake, if you presume to approach too near of her. And so I shall, my lord." "Quite right, Tiffle," cried his lordship,

warmly. And as they parted company, a golden sovereign was left in Tiffle's hand. This appeared to be a night prolific in ad ventures and encounters. Before Mr. Lyd-

a youngish man—who was dragging himself-covertly through the wood—He appeared alarmingly startled at the encounter, and leveled his gun at Mr. Lydney. "Hillos, my man, what's that for?" cried

the latter, unmoved. . Do you take me for a cut-throat?" ut-throat?"
"If you don't say who you are, and what you are doing here, I'll shoot you," was the

raply.
"I feel infinitely obliged to you. you any more right to be in the wood than I have? I should be glad to know."

Mr. Lydney spoke with courtesy; and the man could not fail to remark that the voice was that of a gentleman. He had feared a keeper.

"You were posted there to watch me?" he exclaimed.

"Nay," said Mr. Lydney, "I may with equal reason reverse the accusation, and say you were watching me. I don't know who you are I never saw you in my life, that I know of and my time is more valuable than to be wasted looking after strangers, if yours is not. You must have escaped from a lunatic asy-

The man let fall his gun. He had been peering at Mr. Lydney as well as the obscurity around allowed him, and at last made out that he was not a foe; at all events, not a known one.

"I ask your pardon for my haste," he said I thought you were somebody else. The fact is, nobody but suspicious characters are ever prowling in the wood so late as this, un-less it's them dratted keepers, who are ever ready to swear an innocent man's life away. Mr. Lydney laughed. Young-man-like,

he had no objection to a spice of adventure, and he was naturally of a kindly, affable disposition; if he could do no good to a fellowreature, he would not do him harm. "Are you aware of the insinuation against rourself, which that last speech implied! 'Nobody but suspicious characters.' I conclude you mean poachers. Poachers and keepers.

Well, I am neither the one nor the other. If you choose to heat about this wood, or any other part of Danesheld, from January till December, carrying a gun in one hand and snare-nets in the other, you are welcome, for all the business it is of mine. Were they my preserves, it would a different matter." "You won't go and say to-morrow that you

dropped upon me here with a guu?" "I should be clever to say it, seeing I know you neither by sight nor name. But if you prefer a specific promise, you may take it. Life is short enough, my man, for the little good we can accomplish, without passing it

in doing gratuitous injury to others.' The man liked the lones, and liked the words; he could not account for it, but his heart opened to the speaker, as it had not opened of late years.

"I think, sir, you are the gentleman stopping at the Sailor's Rest, whose box is missing.'

The same," replied Mr. Lydney. 'I nearly got myself into trouble over that box, yesterday. I happened to be passing the castle on my way to my home, as the cart was unloading, and I halted for a few minutes, and looked on. Them keen police heard of it, and had me up to the station; whether they thought I had walked it off, or had seen anybody else walk it off, I don't know. I laughed at'em. Young Shad and two or three urchins could testify that I didn't go near enough to touch anything on the cart.'

"You must have heard the box described." rejoined Mr. Lydney "Did you see it." "I did not see it, sir, to my knowledge or recollection. But if, as I hear, it was underneath the rest of the things, I was not likely

to I stopped but a few minutes, and they had just begun to unload." "You cannot give a guess as to where it is gone, or who took it?" resumed Mr. Lydney, a thought occurring to him.

much about it. That Shad's as ready-fingered as a magpie, but they say it was too heavy for him to lift."

"I would give a good reward if it were restored to me, untampered with," resumed Mr. Lydney. "Would you, though!" quickly rejoined the poscher, as if the sound were music to his

ears. "Fifty guineas." "Fifty guiness!" uttered the man, as much

astonished as the inspector had been. "Fifty guineas, and no questions asked, provided it were restored to me before midday to-morrow. After that, a different offer may be made, and questions asked, pretty

ones." "By jingo! that's worth looking after," exclaimed the man. "I know a fellow or two, who have done a little in the fingering line, sir, and I'll-I'll be on to them. If I can hear of the box you shall have it on those terms. Honor bright, though.

"Honor bright, on the word of a gentleman. The fifty guineas shall be paid, and no inquiries made. I fancied you might perhaps hear of it among your friends"

Little cared Mr. Ben Beecher-for it was no other-for the last del care insinuation: Indeed, it may be questioned if he heard it. A golden vision had been opened to him, and

u that he was absorbed. But the two, so strangely met, were not to part without observation. Lord Dane, in walking away from his conference with Tiffle, heard the sound of voices, and began to peer about him for the purpose of ascertaining who their owners might be. His lordskin's

thoughts were directed to ponchers. He saw Mr. Ben Beecher, the latter passing out of the wood close to Lord Dane. But no sconer had he passed out than he passed in again, penetrating to Lydney.

"I'm afraid it's no use saying to-morrow at midday, sir: there'll not be sufficient time for what I shall want to do, and the people I must see. Say twenty-four hours from this and I have little doubt I can hear of it and bring it. I would meet you here, too, by ourselves: I'd rather not go to the Sailor's Rest." "Very well," replied Mr. Lydney after con- and I shall not survive." sidering, "I will give you the extra time. In

this same spot, "he added, after a pause; " tomorrow night at the same time." Now the last sentence, only the last, appointing the meeting, reached the ears of

departing. "Who can the speaker be?" thought Lord Dane: "the voice does not seem unfamiliar. I'll be down upon you, my gentlemen, to-morraw night."

Lydney! His lordship stared with all his eyes as Lydney came forth to view and walked away. "Then he is a bad character, and a poacher

to boot |" muttered Lord Dane.

ORAPTER XIX.

BRIGHTLY rose the sun on the following it throw its rays into the little sitting-room of Wilfred Lester. On the sofa lay Edith;

ing. they were fighting and stru gling for the post-session of the sixpence. He feared some in have sprung from the ground, like the spirits he found himself face to face with a man— her cheeks heetic. She were a white wrap a show of eating a bit before you; but her out of right?

ping-gown, which possibly made her appear more of an invalid than any other dress would. She was anxious to say something to her husband, but the topic was one of dread and agita-

tion, and she trembled to set about it. "Wilfred," she exclaimed at length, dash ing burriedly into the subject, " where was it

that you went last night?" "Went?" he returned, bending his head over the files. "Nowhere in particular. I

was out and about, talking to one, talking to another." sother." So you always say," resumed Edith, in a low tone. "Why will you not tell me the

truth? "You are not jealous, are you?" was his next remark, with an air of pleasantry. --She raised herselt, and seizing his hand, drew him toward her, speaking in a nervous

whisper. "Oh, Wilfred, my husband, do not try to joke it away, but answer me. Is it true what people say? They declare that you go out with the poachers; that you are learning to do

as they do." "Stop a bit," he interrupted. "Who told you that, Edith? Because if any man were base enough to bring to a wife such tales of her husband, I'll mark him, as sure as my name's Lester. If a woman, I'll tell her what

she is." "Is it true, Wilfred?"

"I ask who brought you the news?" he reiterated. "Before I answer your question

you must answer mine." "No one brought it to me, in the sense you

would imply," she rejoined "It was-let me see—the day before yesterday. I had come down here, and Sarah did not know it; the door was aiar, and I heard some one accost her at the kitchen window. She was ironing at the board underneath it, and I suppose had got it open, I don't know who it was, Wilfred; I canuot detail to you what I heard neither did I listen purposely, but some words caught my ear. They turned me sick; faint; they were to the effect that you went out at night with the poachers, that you had been one of them in that late attack upon Cattley the words and the tone seemed to insinuate that Sarah must know it to be true. Oh Wilfred, I have felt since that morning that I would rather die than bear the burden of the

"Would it not have been as easy for you to assume the wicked tale to be false?" he in-

quired. "I might have deemed it false, but for Sarah's words in answer; I am sure I should have thought it too dreadfully improbable to

be true. But she-" "Why! did she uphold it?" he interrupted,

with impetuosity. "No; she denied it," answered Edith, in a low, shuddering tone; "but she denied it with falsehoods! denied it too eagerly. She retorted that whoever said it must be fools. and liars; she vowed, and protested that her master-vou-was never out after sunset. Now you know, Wilfred, it is after sunsetafter dark, in fact-that you do go out; and some nights you have not been home till early morning. Besides, there was a tone of fear in Sarah's voice as she spoke, giving me the impression that she knew it to be true."

"And that's all!" he asked.

"Is it not enough?" "No; you must not be so silly. Making me into a poacher, indeed! a midnight attacker of keepers! You have certainly an exalted opinion of your husband, Edith. I would no more attack a keeper, than I would

attack you." "But where is it you go to when you are

out at night." "Never you mind where, Edith. I am not attacking keepers. If I get into any troublesome escapades, it will serve my father right. I don't mean escapades that the law could touch, you foolish girl," he added hastily, see-"No, that I can't. I have not thought log her terrified countenance. "Pray have you been gossiping, over this to Sarah?"

Edith Shook her head. "I have not hinted to her that I heard anything said, but I have asked her where you go at night. I could not help it. I asked her two or three times yesterday, and she pretended to think I was afraid of your catching cold, and kept telling me not to worry my

"Edith" said Wilfred Lester, "a man is generally driven to good or to evil by circumstances. As they may be favorable, or the contrary, as the world uses him, so follow his own acts."

"As his conduct is, so will his circumstances be," she said, stopping what he was about to add. "Yes, Wilfred, it lies with himself to be prosperous and happy, or not; in nine cases out often, you will find that as a man plants so will he reap."
"Nonsense!" returned Wilfred, "it is as

he's used. Look at my case. I am used infamously by my father-kept out of what I ought to enjoy on the one hand; on the other, I have you, whom I have made my wife, and vowed to succor and cherish, dying of wantyes, of want, Edith—before my eyes. My darling? if I went into the highway, and robbed the first man I met, none could say I was not driven to it."

"Don't think of me," she answered with eager, painful emotion, her wan, white face litted pleadingly to his. "I shall grow stronger soon; I do not require anything more than I have. If you will only be patient and endure, this dark cloud will pass away. Have faith in God. But, oh, Wilfred do not let my imaginary wants lead you to evil."

"Imaginary!" he uttered. "Indeed, I think I shall soon be better; and you know my Aunt Margaret brings me many things. Wilfred, remember—'we many things. must not do evil that good may come."

"My wrongs make me desperate; your anffering makes me desperate," retorted Wilred. But she interrupted him.

"It is just this, Wilfred; if you do wrong, or to wrong, you will kill me. I can bear povorty and privation; I cannot bear disgrace and ill-doing. Act so as to bring it upon us,

At this juncture, Sarah put in her head half spoken, half beckoned to her master, and he followed her to the adjoining room, the kitchen. Edith, her fears since the last two days, painfully alert against some obscure Lord Dane, for Lydney raised his voice that dread, to which she could give neither shape it might catch Beecher's ear, who was again nor name, sprang from the sofa and unlatched the door, which they had closed. and a miliar

Sarah had advanced to the ironing-board and pointed to some beans that lay upon it. "What's to be done for missis?" asked she She can't eat these, and they are everything I have been able to get to-day. Credit's all gone, master."

"There's a partridge in the house." "Well, master, the truth is, she can't eat partridge any longer. She never liked 'em. When at Miss Bordillion's, as I hear, if they had game for dinner, something was always got for her. There are some folks who turn morning; brightly, as the day went on, did against game, and she's one; and when they are sick, their fancies are all the stronger. Aud for this last month, pretty near, she has she did not keep her bed, but was in the habit had nothing else. La have tried the par of getting up after breakfast. Wilfred sat on tridues every way to tempt her; I've roasted the arm of the sofa making some flies for fish. em, I've boiled em, I've friccasseed, em, I've fried 'em, and one day I chopped 'em up and A fair, fragile being, almost a child, looked made 'em into balls, but it didn't do; it was

stomach heaves right against 'em now, and she can't pretend any longer."

Wilfred Lester stood by the board, gloomy and perplexed. He knew, no way whatever o procuring anything else for Edith; as Sarah observed, all credit was gone. If a mutton-thop would have saved her life, he must pay the butcher for it before it was sent home.

le asked.
"I could if I had 'em. Eggs are no more to be had than anything else, without money. and there's another .ning, master, that looks blue the coals are almost out."

Inexpressibly relieved to find the colloquy with Sarah related to no more dread topic than her comforts, Edith breathed a silent thanksgiving and called to her husband. It was at this moment her voice was heard : .. Wilfred."

He stepped into the parlor. She was standing in it with a bright, quite a merry face.

"Do not be so anxious about my luxuries," smiled she. "I overheard your debate with

Sarah. I was alarmed when she called you out-mysteriously, as I thought-and I opened the door. I can eat some of the beans; I can, indeed; I shall do very well. As to the partridges-well, I confess that I am tired of them; but you must treat me as a capricious child is served; make me go without, if I cannot eat what is provided. "And will that be the way to get up your

strength? to restore you to health?" he mournfully returned. "Whilst the grass grows, Edith, the steed starves; whilst you are starving, I may lose you" She turned away, for her eyes were filling

with tears. But just then some commotion was heard in the kitchen. Sarah's voice was distinguishable, and raised in an angry tone, apparently to some one who had entered, "Then I say he's not in, and he won't be in to-day, that's more. So be off out please."

"I say he is in," responded a man's voice. Not a moment ago, I see him at that there kitchen winder. You may as well retch him here, for I shall stop till I see him. I'm a emissary of the law, and the law can't be played with; and if folks get into trouble against the law, they must pay for it." Edith, her eyes full of terror, and her face

guastly, seized hold of her husband, as if her feeble arms could shield him from harm. She was connecting this unseen visitor with the wild rumors afloat of the night work; and terrific visions were dazzling her eyes of handcuffs, a prison, a public trial; perhaps death. Sarah's voice was heard again in loud remontrauce and abuse.

"Don't keep me, Edith; don't alarm yourself; I must go and see what it is," he whispered, himself agitated. "I must, my dear! we shall have the fellow penetrating to this :00m."

Unwinding her hands, he put her hastily in a chair, and entered the kitchen. Sarah had armed herself with the tongs, which she was presenting in a warlike manner toward the tranger, hoping to menace him away. The man laughed derisively when he saw Wilfred, put a paper in his hand, and disappeared. Sarah dashed down the tongs in a passion

"Now why couldn't you keep away in there?" she wrathfully demanded, more as a person in authority speaks to a subordinate. than a servant to a master. "I know what it is; as long as he didn't serve it, you were

safe. "He would have dropped upon me, going out Don't make a fuss." "No, he needn't," snapped Sarah. "You might have slid out at the back door, and over the palings when you wanted to go out, or strided out at the side-window. There's

plenty of ways of dodging them gentry, if folks have a mind to it. My goodness, missis! what's the matter?" Edith had come into the kitchen, the image of ghastly terior, and shaking like a leat. "What is it all!" she gasped. "What's

that? Show it me! oh, Wilfred, show it me!" Her voice rose quite harsh in its agitation, and she pointed to the paper left by the man. Wiltred Lester crumpled it up in his hands to

tage it from her. "It's nothing, Edith; don't disturb yoursalf. Nothing but a stupid bill." Sarah gave a snatch at the paper; Wilfred would not let it go; and the two had actually sort of tussle for its possession, in which

the paper got torn, and Sarah mastered. She opened it and laid it before her mistress. "There, ma'am, now you can see for yourself: it is nothing but a claim on master for money. Did you not see, sir, that her fears were of something worse; that the agony were crushing her," added the woman, in her

strong sense, as she turned again to her mas-Standing at the kitchen-door-for she had entered the house unperceived, like the unwelcome visitor had done-was Miss Bordil-

lion, an amazed spectator of the scene. "Have you all taken leave of your senses?" she demanded. "What does this mean?" "It means that we have come to the end of everything," bitterly retorted Wilfred, as he returned to the sitting-room, leaving those to follow him who would: "of food, of credit, of

And the next thing for me will be a prison. Lady Adelaide will hold a jubilee the night I enter it. She is at the bottom of our misfortunes. Aunt," (for so he had learned to call her)" " when I go in, you must take care of Enith."

hope.

Edith stole up to her husband, her face white still; the livid white of fear, not of illness. She was unable to comprehend the paper, and certain ominous words in it. "In the name of our Sovereign Lady, the Queen," did not tend to reassure her.

explain it to me," she gasped. "It is a simple thing, easy enough of comprehension," was Wilfred's answer, his mind smarting terribly under its annoyances; "I owe-let me look at the amount-nine pounds, three shillings; that's five pounds for the debt, and four for the costs; and unless I pay it by a certain day, they will take further

proceedings against me. It is a writ, Edith."
What proceedings?" she inquired. "Oh, I hardly know. The result would be a prison ; couldn't be anything else in my case." She still held the writ in her hand, and

glanced at it dubiously. "You are sure—sure it is only a debt, Wilfred?" fred?"

"Why, what else should it be?" he returned. "Of course it is a debt. What can your thoughts be running on Edith?"

He took it from her, and she signed heavily as she relinquished it. Miss Berdillion, after exchanging a few sentences with Sarah, had come in and seated herself; she was looking exceedingly perplexed and grieved.

"It does appear to me," she began, "that things cannot go on longer in this way; that they ought not so to go on, even if your creditors, Wilfred, would allow them?

"How is it to be helped?" was Wilfred's answer. My father, who ought to help it, will not; and I cannot force him. Neither have I a claim on any one else."

In the last few days-I may say weeks-I have reflected upon it much. I have prayed to be directed for the right," pursued Miss BordilMon, in her quiet way, "and I have at length come to the conclusion that if Squire Leater will not help you, out offavor, he must

reactive, reject active raid because at against or classic

"Can't you do up some eggs for to-day?" ie asked.