

Stands Scotland Where It Did?

By BYRON McCALL. Land of Bruce! Invalry bow, With scarce a murmur, comest thou To let it seem As if thy name Were of the list of nations now...

RETURNED FROM THE GRAVE

By MRS. HENRY WOOD: Author of "Eust Lynne," "Oswald Gray," etc.

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 willful delinquent...

jury might be done, and he gave a thundering shout at the shutters, enough to awaken their alarm, just as a loud shout of triumph from Shad seemed to proclaim that victory and the sixpence had declared themselves for him.

do in pantomimes, therefore it was fair to infer that the had emerged from some back-wood of Squire Lester's. Shad gave a soft whistle, and the lady came tripping up to it. "Well!" cried she. "He's gone 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 up."

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. "Hilloo, my man, what's that for?" cried the latter, unmoved. "Do you take me for a out-throat?"

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 agitation, and she trembled to get about it.

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 of procuring anything else for Edith; as Sarah observed, all credit was gone.