AM CC.LO PENETT

RETURNED FROM THE GRAVE

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

CHAPTER XXVI.—CONTINUED.

"She shall be no bride of yours, Lord Dane, said William, a radiant expression lighting his countenance. "Not at least if I can prevent it, and I think I shall have her voice on my side. Be firm, my darling," he whispered. bending lower; put your trust in me, and be-lieve that I will make good all the words I have ever said to you. Though indeed" he called out, as he walked away with Mr. Blair, who had come up, "Should things turn out as—as—they may, there does, I fear, stand a chance that you may be Lord Dane.'

Maria could neither understand the words nor the expression of his face, save that it spoke of deep, earnest love for her. She turned toward her home, and Lord Dane, all fire, strode by her side.

"No, no; I will never mistrust him," Maria was repeating over to her own heart. "The instinct that attracted me to him first, whispering that I might confide in him as I would in myself, that he was true as steel, stands by me still. Let the whole world turn against him, I will not. Was it unmaidenly to say what I did? Lord Dane should not have provoked me; and this dreadful fear, which I dare not mention, as to the real truth of last night's work, is terrifying me beyond control. Lord Dane is rich, powerful, and he is William Lydney's enemy; but God's mercy is

At the outer gate of Danesheld Hall thev met Squire Lester, who appeared somewhat perturbed.

"Dane, have you heard this extraordinary news?" he began, when he was still some yards from them. "One of my servants declares that Lydney is at liberty, and walking about unmolested; he ran home hastily to tell me."

his steps. Maria stopped also. "I was coming to inform you. The police have set him at liberty on their own responsibility."

Squire Lester looked as though he could not understand. The police set at liberty a prisoner who had broken into his honse, and been committed by Lord Dane? What could

the world be coming to? "And the first use he made of his liberty was to dare to stop Maria in the street, take her hand, and converse with her in private," resumed Lord Dane. "Mr. Lester, I beg you to allow for my thus speaking to you. You have sanctioned my addresses to your daughter, and that must be my excuse; surely this intimacy with a banned man is neither seemly tor her, as Miss Lester, or as my future wife. Had she permitted me to remonstrate against it, I should not have called upon you to do

"How could you, for shame, suffer him to speak to you?" demanded Mr. Lester, turning his angry face on Maria.

"Papa," she answered, in a low tone "he is not guilty; he is not what you think him." "Your warrant for saying so, young lady?" Mr. Lester contemptuously rejoined.

"I have none that I can give; I have only the conviction of my own heart," she answered, much distressed.

"The conviction of your own folly," retorted Mr. Lester. "Am I to have two disobedient children? Go to your room, Miss Lester, and spell over the word 'disgrace.' Do not come from it until you can tell me you will eschew it. I am proceeding to the police-station, and you had better accompany me." he added to Lord Dane. " If the police prison myself. Last night's work shall be in-

burst into tears. "You don't know what my life."

But, understand, Bruff, it will involve as Wilfred over the knocks at the door, reconstruction with the window before she would some one else may have been concerned in this instead of Mr. Lydney?"

"Why, what do you mean?" exclaimed Mi Lester in consternation. "Are you going the cliff."

"I dare not say what I mann-I dare not say it. But, no path if you have any regard for your own honor and happiness, you will not bress for an investigation into last night's work.

She retreated toward the house as she spoke, sobbing grievously. Mr. Lester looked after her in angry perplexity.

"What does she mean? Is she really mad? or can she have become so enthralled by that cursed adventurer as to fear his being brought to public punishment?" soliloquized Mr. Lester, while Lord Dane tossed his haughty head, and curled his lip with withering scorn.

CHAPTER XXVII.

It was evening, and Lawyer Apperly was walking at a strapping pace toward Dane Castle. Not to call upon its master—for Lord Dane and Mr. Lester, and several more dons of the vicinity were assembled in Danesheld, lawyer as the latter came up.
"Good-evening, Bruff," was the response.

"I want you to put on your top-coat and take | the castle. Mr. Apperly explained, at a sign a walk with me."

what can he want with me? He is not taken ill, is he?" he added more quickly—the idea occurring to him.

"He is very ill," gravely responded Mr. Apperly. "I am not sure that he is not ill unto death."

him?" demanded Bruff. "Where's helving? who is with him? Never mind my coat. When he stepped into his carriage here, an hour ago, he was perfectly well." "Now, don't put yourself in a flurry, Bruff,"

returned the lawyer; "ill though he is, that will do him no good. He has need of your services, and has sent for you." "But to be ill unto death!" cried Bruff, opened.

closing the castle gate and turning toward Danesheld, side by side with Mr. Apperly. "Mercy prevent anything happening to him! He's the last of the race, and the title would ecome extinct.

perly, taking a pinch of snuff." "You are attached to the Danes, Bruff." "It's only natural that I should be, Mr. Ap-

perly, serving them so long. I wonder who would have the Castle then? The crown, or Miss Dane?"

"Neither has got it yet," was the lawyer's rejoinder, in a tone of significance. "But-"This news reminds me of the other night," broke in Bruff. "I was standing at the gate, sire, like you found me to-night, only that I a livid hue. I did not like to accost him, he conceive." seemed so scared so strange; he looked for all the world like a man who-'

like Mr. Herbert. But the rest are dead and cepted Mitchel for tenant, under the old lord's gone, and he is Lord Dane. He is a good mas approbation, and the deposit was .paid; my

deem yourself bound to serve them or the

"Why, the present Lord would not be Lord Dane in that case," debated Bruff, after a minute given to eensideration. "Of course he would not."

"I should naturally serve the old family, whichever of them it might be," returned Bruff. "But where's the use of reaping up impossible speculations, sir?" "Very true. Better put forth our steps to

the Sailor's Rest." "The Sailor's Rest!" echoed Bruff in astonishment. "Have you then taken my lord there? What in the name of stupidity, did they do that for? If they moved him at all, they should have brought him home."

Mr. Apperly said little more. Arrived at the Sailor's Rest, he marshalled Bruff upstairs and introduced him to the chamber. Bruff cast an impatient glance around; he saw Ravensbird, young Mr. Lydney, and some one seated on the sofa, whom he took but a passing glance at.

"Where is my lord?" he cried.

"There," said Mr. Apperly. Lord Dane rose from the sofa, took a few steps alone, and stood before Bruff with a smile. Bruff's face grew long as he gazed, and he backed against the wall. "Don't you know me, Bruff? I am real

flesh and blood. "It's---its the living image of what Mr. "He is at liberty," said Lord Dane, arresting Harry once was, save the hair!" ejaculated Bruit, staring from one to another in hopeless

perplexity. "But it can't be." Yes it can, Bruff. Mr. Harry was not killed by his fall over the cliff, and Mr. Harry

is alive still. I thought you would have known me better."

The water rushed into Bruff's eyes, and his very hands trembled with emotion, as he knelt down before Lord Dane. "My lord! my true and veritable lord! I do know you now?" he uttered, the tears streaming down his cheeks. "Old Bruff has

lived long enough now that he will see one of the real family reigning at the castle!" Lord Dane extended his hand, and bade

him rise. "I shall never reign there, and you will not a few days will see me where I am supposed to be—in the castle-crypt. But," added Lord resting his hand upon his shoulder, "I hope you will serve another, as truly and loyally as he would not speak, but he was certainly agi-you would serve me. This will be the castle's future lord.'

" He is-"Another Geoffry, Bruff; the Honorable Geoffry William Lydney Dane; he is my only son. Be faithful to him, for his father and grandfather's sake."

"I said he was a chieftain?" declared Bruff, his delighted eyes glistening; "the first time suppose that he might have gone out to-day, he ever came to the castle, I saw he was born and learned the details, but he did not, I can declare it. You can never be repaid." to be a chieftain. Miss Dane declared he was never believe that Mr. Lydney is guilty; and like my lady; she did indeed!" "Like my mother? Yes, the resemblance

has struck me; but he has the high Dane dare to beard me, I will convey this man to | features, too. I am dying, Bruff; and I require a service at your hands first. Will you execute it?"

"Ay, my lord; anything for you and yours. "Oh, papa, don't, don't!" uttered Maria, "Ay, my lord; anything for you and yours. clinging to him as if to hold him back, as she Though it should be to the laying down of

bring to light. Has it never struck you that treachery to him at the castle. We must holtering from the window before she would terrupted; "it may never come. All this meet treachery with treachery. He has been treacherous to me and now comes my turn. You don't ask who it was who sent me over

> Bruff did not ask even now. A dark suspicion was stealing over him.

> "It was Herbert Dane. But not in treachery. The treachery touching that lies in his is done and over; but something else remains. Where's that box, Bruff?"

"The missing box ?" said Bruff, shaking his head. "My lord, I don't know; I have never known."

" It was my box, Bruff, and my mother's before me. You have seen it many a time. There is not the least doubt that Herbert Dane recognized it on the beach, and has got it in the castle. Now, that box I must obtain. I have a detective at work, but it has struck us that you may serve the cause more effectually than he; though he seems a keen man, does Blair."

"Blair! Blair a detective! What does your lordship say?"!

" Your friend Mr. Blair's a detective, Bruff, unsuspicious of the fact as you may have

Bruff was wandering out to sea again. did not believe the box was, or could be, in from Lord Dane.

"In the death-room there is the trestlecloset, Bruff, and in the trestle-closet there's a secret hiding-place. The box, we think, is in it. If found to be there, will you get it here by stratagem?"

"Yes, I will," replied Bruff. "If the box is my lord's he has a right to it; and I look upon myself as his retainer now, not Mr. Herbert's."

A little conversation, and their plans were put in execution.

Bruff and Apperly proceeded at once to the castle-a man waiting outside it with a truck. Bruff held the keys of the death-room, and he admitted Mr. Apperly to it through the outer passage, where they were not likely to be met by any of the servants; and Lord Dane was safe at the dinner. The lawyer pressed the spring in the closet: and the side slowly

They found themselves in a room, seven yards square, a room where an immense booty could have been stowed away, had smugglers ever so willed it. It was empty now, save for one small object in the middle---the missing

The missing box, open. Lord Dane had contrived to wrench back its lid. He had found, however, what he had not bargained for-an hermetically sealed case inside, which he had not yet succeeded in opening. Probably he had wanted tools and opportunity; possibly, having it safely in his possession, he

did not haste to penetrate its contents. "l'll tell you what," said Bruff. "He must have lugged this in here himself at the moment of its arrival, while I was seeing the was talking to a friend, and my lord came up miller's men out. Though how he could have the very image of a corpse, his face and hands | the strength to move it, is more than I can

"A desperate man finds strength for anything," returned the lawyer. "When he re"Had seen a ghost," interrupted the lawyer. cognized that box as Captain Dane's the very and he standing at it, rose before her eyes, and

lord turns it all topsy turvy as soon as he comes into power, gives it to Ravensbird, and "Could the old family—any one of them comes into power, gives it to Ravensbird, and rise from their graves to life, should you I had my trouble and some cost for my pains. Steady, Bruff; get firm hold of the end. The case is of lead, you see; it is that which causes it to be so heavy."

the box, or a little earlier, Maria Lester was thought is was Wilfred, and threw up her quitting her own house for a hasty visit to vail. her brother's. She had not seen her father since the afternoon when he sent her to her room. Whether the mandate implied that she was to keep it exclusively until restored to favor, she did not know; had it been so, she was too miserable to obey. That Wilfred ing, but who did not appear to be in a hurry had been the real criminal of the preceding to remember his appointment. night, she had little doubt, and the fears, the distress that haunted her, nearly drove her what Mr. Lester had called her-mad. She did not not dare to hint at her suspicions to her father; she believed he might be capable of prosecuting Wilfred; but, ever and anon, in the midst of her sick suspense, there would rush over her a vision of hope of brightness-that, after all, she was judging him wrongly; that he was not, and could not be

Have you ever felt the rack of suspense, to gain some tidings, some little word of certainty, whether it might be of good or of evil. did she go for five minutes to her brother's.

It was a dark night, but she took no attendant. Was she not about to visit her proscribed brother? was she not disobeying commands in going out at all? She drew a veil

nervously around the room. "He has just stepped out to take a walkexpecting, I fancy, to meet Mr. Lydney," re-

"Who? Wilfred?' nervous state all day; actually nervous, Ma.ia.

So extraordinary for Wilfred, who is naturally careless and calm." "Nervous in what manner?" asked Maria. her heart beating.

serve me Bruff; for, to the best of my belief, kitchen wladow to peep out and see who it might be; once there was a loud knock; he happened to be in the passage, and he came Dane, motioning his son toward him, and rushing in here and held the door to. I asked what he feared? what was the matter?

at his own shadow." Terrible confirmation! Maria sat on, feeling frightened at her own. Mrs. Lester at the real offender."

"Maria, what can be the true meaningthe facts of that business last night at the hall? he has been released from custody

open it to any one."

tone in his voice which did not sound a true one, and I fancied he might be deceiving me; so I asked Sarah, and she answered in that

Maria rose. In her desperate fear she would have put the question plainly to Wilfred, could she have seen him, and implored him to tell her the best and the worst; but it was uncertain what time he might come in, and she did not like to remain out long, not caring that Lady Adelaide should miss her. She wished Edith good-night; and Sarah, nearing her departure, went to the front door and opened it.

on my bonnet and run with you?"

"Oh, no, it will not do to leave your mistress alone, and I shall be home in a trice. You don't happen to know which way my you seem to possess the power of persuading brother is walking, I suppose, Sarah? I would meet him if I could, for I wish to speak to him."

"No, miss; I don't know. I wish I did," she added, in a marked manner.

"Because I should be apt to go after him and pull him home: he is safer at home

" Was he out last night?" inquired Maria, speaking in the strong impulse of the moment; and she knew that Sarah was faithful; she knew also that she was not blind to

voice. "And if he cannot be stopped at his game, Miss Lester, he'll come to-to-something bad."

"Sarah! I am sure you know all," she wailed. "Where was he?" "I know pretty well. Folks must be sharp to deceive me where my suspicions are

Lester." "My suspicions are awake, too, Sarahawake to dread, to agony," she whispered. "Tell me what you know. It will be more kind to me than the letting me remain in suspense."

"He went out last evening as soon as missis had gone up to bed, and he never came in again till two o'clock, or past, and it was Mr. Lydney who brought him to the door," said without further circumlocution. saw his hat this morning, Miss Maria."

inside of it," she proceeded. It had been torn out, but the pins and the edge was left." Maria raised her trembling hand to her

damp brow. The avowal was nothing more than her fears had suggested, but it turned

"A ghost," uttered Bruf, disdainfully; uncertainty of what was turning up, and what she felt that she would willingly sacrifice her will be a man who has not many hours off his death-bed, I was going to say. Some sudden pain or inward illness must have attacked him. General it's the same thing now. Pray goodness he gets over it?"

"I did not fancy you owned any ultra of ondness for his lordship."

"Not as I did for the past family," spokes. "He could do a pairty trick or two, goodless for his lord, and or Mr. Harry. I never did greatly; the same data or the Salting and Thurt, the masty or by herself. However, the distance was so, who appeared somewhat given to aggravation every knock that has come to the door to-day, who appeared somewhat given to aggravation with that he made to objection. He distance was so, who appeared somewhat given to aggravation every knock that has come to the door to-day, who appeared somewhat given to aggravation with that he made to objection. He distance was so, who appeared somewhat given to aggravation every knock that has come to the door to-day, who appeared somewhat given to aggravation with that he made to objection. He distance was so, who appeared somewhat given to aggravation that he made to objection. He distance was so, who appeared somewhat given to aggravation that he made to objection. He distance was so, who appeared somewhat given to aggravation that he made to objection. He distance was so, who appeared somewhat given to aggravation that he made to objection. He distance was so, who appeared somewhat given to aggravation that he made to objection. He distance was so, who appeared somewhat given to aggravation that he made to objection. He distance was so, who appeared somewhat given to aggravation that he made to objection. He distance was so, who appeared somewhat given to aggravation that he made to objection. He distance was so, who appeared somewhat given to aggravation that he made to objection. He distance was so, who appeared somewhat given to aggravation tha

dread. In every tree she feared an enemy, in every turn of the road an ambush-the officers of justice, as Sarah called them, watching for her brother. She was in view, of her own home, and was passing the corner of the wood where Tiffle was wont to favor young Shad with her presence, when she came upon a tall, still figure, gathered under the shade of the trees. At the first movement she

"Is it you? out here alone?" The speaker was William Lydney... He took Maria's hand in his, and told her he was looking for her brother, who promised to meet him somewhere about there that even-

"I have been to his house," she answered, and going there, did not desire any of the servants to attend me. I—I—

"You are ill-or agitated?" he rejoined, perceiving that she could scarcely speak. Which is it, Maria?" "Both, both!" she uttered, giving vent to the feelings that so terribly oppressed her.

Oh, William, tell me the truth about last

night! The suspense is killing me." "The truth! You do not doubt me, Maria?" "Doubt you!" she echoed, clasping his hand between hers in her heart's trust, in her deep agitation. "I know that you are the firmest friend man can possess—that you have suffered this guilt to rest upon yourself to shield Wilfred. It was he who was the housebreaker last night. He was one of those men with the crape on their faces! he had crape on his! it has been told to me beyond dispute. I suspect that you followed him to draw him out of the crime."

He did not answer. " Will you not let there be confidence between us, Mr. Lydney? It will not betray to me more of my brother than I already

"Call me William! call me William!" he before. You are right. Wilfred did so far forget himself as to join those men—or rather get them to join him. The knowledge that they had entered the hall came to me in a singular manner, and I made speed to enter it also, with the view of getting Wilfred out of it. But I arrived when the deed was done. Wilcome to the door, he has started to the | fred was already gone. I found him, tore the | And she may not be at home!" crape from his hat, and saw him safely home.

That's the whole truth, Maria." "And his object? That deed?"

William nodded. "As I supposed. Did he get it?" " He did."

"Papa has not discovered its loss then?" "No! I gathered that this morning. Had he done so, it might have helped him to guess

" And you have generously borne the odium to shield him! you are bearing it still. While Danesheld is calling you thief, adventurerturning you from its doors. If they did but know what they are doing? and I may not

"I am amply repaid now," he whispered, as he threw his arm around Maria, and drew her beside him. "Let them say of me what they will, so long as you will be my heart's confident, and take my part, their words fall on me

as the idle wind. "But I cannot take it openly." "That will come yet, Maria. A little time, my dearest, a very little time, and I may ask

"Oh, William, do not speak of it," she inday, since this new and dreadful fear has been | Adelaide stood in speechless astonishment upon me touching Wilfred, now it is a certainty, I have asked myself whether I ought

"Sacrifice yourself in what manner?" "By marrying Lord Dane," she whispered, throwing her two hands before her face, as one does in mortal pain. "My father hinted to me that it should be the means of making his peace with Wilfred; he said that on my wedding-day, he would restore Wilfred to

favor, and allow him an income.' For a single minute, William Dane held a battle with himself, whether he should not confide to Maria who he really was. But he remembered the word passed to his father, not to breathe a word of his rank until he could

assume it, and he resisted the temptation. "Maria," he gravely said, "you have trusted me before, trust me still. Mr. Lester's wish that you should become Lord Dane's wife, does not arise from any particular love for him, but for his rank, his wealth, his social position. I believe that, as my wife, your position will not be inferior to what it would be as his, and that Mr. Lester will acknowledge the fact. Promise me that until the relative merits of myself and Lord Dane can be publicly compared, you will hold yourself

She lifted her eyes to his in the starlighf. "I do not know what there is about you, but me against my judgment. I do promise." "I must have another boon from you yet,

Maria---the permission to speak to Mr. Lester as soon as I shall find myself in a position to do so. Give it me now, and set my heart at rest."

"But that will imply-it will be giving you

Maria stopped; she could not get on. "It will imply that I am dearer to you than any one on earth; it will be giving me the aide, in her wrath. "Unhand that young hope of proving my love and gratitude to you lady, sir. Quit his arm, Miss Lester. Do throughout my whole life," he softly whispered, as he, for the first time, pressed his lips to hers. "My darling, give it me."

"Yes, yes, she answered, her heart wildly They stood a moment in silence. Maria broke it.

"I do not know why I trust you. We were, until recently, strangers. I know nothing of who you really are; and yet I do revere and confide in you above all, under God. But you may say I am lightly won."

"When I do say it, then reproach me," he answered with emotion. "With God above us, and those bright stars, his witnesses, hear me vow to you that truly and fervently as I shall undertake to cherish and love you at the altar, so will I do it all the more fervently as the years go on. You may register the vow. Maria, for it shall be sacredly kept."

"Why did you tell me this morning that I might yet become Lady Dane?" "Ah! thereby hangs a joke," he laughed. Perhaps you may have no choice yet." "Choice of what?"

"Choice between becoming my wife and Lady Dane." William, I cannot understand you."

Maria healtated, deliberating whether it

were doing anything very wrong the reader must decide for himself. They had all but reached the gate when two persons came hastilly out of it, and faced them---hir. Apperly and the Lady Adelaide Lester.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE box had arrived in triumph at the Sailor's Rest. Covered over with a cloth, that it might not attract attention going in. and so set gossips' tongues to work before their legitimate time, it was lifted from the truck and up the stairs. Lord Dane's mouth worked convulsively as he saw it, saw that the leaden case was intact, for now any doubts that might have arisen reflecting on his much loved son were dispelled forever. He silently leaned back on the sofa, covered his face, and gave thanksgiving to God.

But, just previously to this, William had zone out, on the fruitless errand of meeting Wilfred Lester, who never came to his appointment. He met Maria instead; which was perhaps, to him quite as satisfactory. Anxious enough, though, was he to see Wil fred, to get a promise from him, if possible, that he would henceforth forswear these disgraceful and dangerous escapades-for that was his hope and purpose. The previous night, or rather early morning, when he had found Wilfred in the shrubs, escaping from his father's house, and had hurried him to his home, he asked him to appoint an interview, for that was no moment for speaking, and Wilfred had done so for the following night after dark. "Somewhere in the road skirting the wood near the hall," he named; he probably teared that a chance word might reach the ears of Edith, did he fix it at his own home. It thus happened that when the box came in, William was absent.

"Put it there for security," said Lord Dane, indicating a closet at the toot of his bed, "and give the key into my possession. That may prove a safer stronghold than the secret closet at the castle; it is certainly a more hastily exclaimed. "The name sounds legitimate one. And now, Apperly, do me a sweeter to me from your lips than it ever did favor; go and get Lady Adelaide here." "Lady Adelaide Lester! To-night, my

lord ?" "I have a fancy for seeing her. I shall see everybody by degrees, now the box is found. What's the hour?"

"It's between eight and nine. What shall I say to Lady Adelaide to induce her to come? "Anything you please, save telling her who it is that wants her. It is the evening of all others that she is likely to be home, and the evening when she could best come. This

county party takes the husbands, and the wives are solitary." Mr. Apperly proceeded to the hall, and was shown into Lady Adelaide's presence, who was alone. He had been concocting his tale as he went along. What her ladyship should think of him afterward he little heeded; all

his business was to obey Lord Dane. "An old friend of mine come to Danesheld, and lying ill at the Sailor's Rest-and wants to see me instantly!" cried Lady Adelaide. "I never heard of such a thing!" "I may go turther than an old friend, my

lady, and say a relation," pursued Mr. Apperly. "I beg your ladyship not to delay; I will attend you thither.' "But I never heard such a thing," she re-

However, Mr. Apperly contrived to gain his point, and she went off with him. It was at this juncture that they met William Lydney and Maria.

"Ah. ha. Mr. William, so we have you, have we," cried the lawyer, while Lady "Beauing about the young ladies, sir. I shall acquaint Lord Dane."

Now, of course, the words "acquaint Lord Dane" bore very different sounds for their several hearers. William only laughed; Maria's pulses beat with confusion; Lady Adelaide in her pride, resented the indecorous familiarity. "Do I see you here, Miss Lester?" she

haughtily asked. "And with that man?"

Maria would have withdrawn her arm from Mr. Lydney's. He would not suffer it; he held her under his protection, and stood with her, frank and upright, before Lady Adelaide. "Mamma, I have been to Wilfred's, I had an urgent reason tor going," she said, ner voice trembling. "It was but at the corner, here,

in returning, that I met Mr. Lydney." "Degenerate girl! you had better take up your abode with Wilfred; two choice scions of one stock !" retorted Lady Adelaide. "My house shall not much longer hold you, or my children be disgraced by your companion

ship," "Your ladyship will at least show her an asylum a short while yet," spoke William, and his words and tone were harsh with mockery.

"Until what, may it please you, sir?" asked Lady Adelaide, in the same bitter tone, for he had paused in hesitation.

"I was about to say until Lord Lane shall remove her from it," he replied, bending forward till his face nearly touched Lady Adelaide's, as if he would speak for her ear alone. Maria felt utterly confounded at the words. while Mr. Apperly enjoyed the scene amazingly, and understood the allusion to "Lord

Dane." He saw how matters stood between the heir and Maria Lester. "How dare you presume to speak thus familiarly of Lord Dane?" cried Lady Adelaide, in her wrath. "Unhand that young

"In obedience to you, her stepmother, she shall do it," quietly returned William. He released Maria, but continued to walk by her side the few steps that intervened be-

sailed majestically past them, and rang a violent peal on the bell. "Show Miss Lester in-doors," she authoritatively cried, as one of the men-servants came flying to answer it. "And now, sir," she added, to William, "have the goodness to remove yourself from before the hall, or you may be breaking into it again, as you did last

tween them and the gate. Lady Adelaide

night." "You will think better of me sometime Lady Adelaide," he answered, without the slightest resentment in his tone, as he raised his hat and turned away to pursue his path homeward, though not without having first shaken hands with Maria.

"How is it possible in the name of common-sense, that you lawyers and magistrates and people can permit that man, Lydney, to be at large?" asked her ladyship, as they also walked on.

" I fancied he was rather a favorite of yours, my lady." "A favorite! Well, so he was, before all durselves for having suffered his companion-

by allying herself to this evil character, she must do it." "She might go further and fare worse, my

ladv." "She might-what?" ejaculated Ladv Adelaide.

She might go further and fare worse than in allying herself to William Lydney; that is what I said, my lady," was the composed answer of Mr. Apperly. "Of course she might. She might ally her-

self to Jack Ketch, the hangman; rather the worse of the two, than one who probably will come to be hang," was the vexed retort of my lady. "Very true so it would," quoth Mr. Apperly. "I expect my madcap brother has arrived at Danesheld, and is playing me this trick.

resumed her ladyship, loftily quitting the pre-vious topic. "It would be just like him; to send me word he was dying, and then laugh at me when he gets me there." "No, I do assure you you are mistakeu, my lady. I had the honor of seeing the Earl of Kirkdale when he visited Danesheld; this gentleman does not resemble him in the

least; is an older man, in fact." Lady Adelaide vouchsafed no reply. She had little doubt that it would prove to be the Earl of Kirkdale, and she observed silence until she entered the Sailor's Rest. Mrs. Ravensbird came frward, full of obeisance to her former lady.

"Sophie," began Lady Adelaide, walking unceremoniously into Sophie's parlor, "is it Lord Kirkdale who is here?" Sophie was overwhelmed with astonish-

ment. First at the Lady Adelaide's coming there at all; secondly, at her question, touch ing the earl. "Lord Kirkdale my lady!" she repeated. "His lordship has not been here; I don't

know anything of him."

"No! Who is it then that wants me?" " My lady, I am unaware that any one does. I don't understand, We have no strangers staying at the Sailor's Rest."

"Don't come to hasty conclusions, Mrs. Ra-vensbird," said the lawyer. "The invalid up stairs asked to see her ladyship." "Oh!" uttered Mrs. Ravensbird; and the accent expressed so much consternation, not to say alarm, that Lady Adelaide gazed

alternately at her and at Mr. Apperly. The latter quitted the room. "Sophie, what is this mystery? Who is it

that can want me?" "Oh, my lady, I cannot tell; I dare not. I never thought he would be sending for you." "Will you walk up, Lady Adelaide," said Mr. Apperly, re-entering. "He is waiting

for you." "Well, now, that's a cruel thing," debated Sophie to herself. "They ought not to take her without warning. She'll be terrified out of her senses." Acting on the impulse of the moment, she ran forward and touched Lady Adelaide. "My lady," she whispered, "be prepared for alarm-you are going to see the

dead back in life." Between it all, Lady Adelaide began to wonder whether she had lost her senses, or whether they had. She only stared at Sophie

in reply, and followed Mr. Apperly. The first object on which Lady Adelaide's eyes rested, as Mr. Apperly threw open the door, was William Lydney. She leaped to the conclusion that a hoax was really being played upon her and that he was its perpetrator. He advanced as if to receive her, and slightly bowed-indignation flashed forth

rom her eye and lip. "Is this your doing? Did you dare insolently to concoct a tale that should bring me from my home?"

"It was I who sent fo you, Adelaide," interrupted a voice behind him. She started at the sound; she looked to whence it came. There stood, holding out his hands, Harry Dane-if ever she had seen him in her life-Harry Dane, who was lying in the family-vaults, sent thither by her treachery and Herbert's violence. She shrieked, shivered, and would probably have fallen, but that William was ready with his Lord Dane advanced, feeble as he was,

and held out his arm to lead her to the sofa. "You need not be atarmed, Adelaide. It is I, myself, and not my ghost. Take my hand and feel it; you have not had the opportunity

to do so for ten years." She sank on the sofa sobbing. Lord Dane made a sign, and they were left alone. He then applied himself to reassure her. "Harry! Harry!" she uttered. "Did he

then not kill you?"

"Herbert." "You did know it, then? A heavy secret to bear, Adelaide, throughout those ten

years." "A secret that has made the curse of my existence," she wailed. "In the day's bustle, in the midnight's dark solitude, I have had one awful scene before me-the struggle between you and Herbert on the heights, and your fall over. In the social daily intercourse, in conversation with my friends, when the thought has flashed over me, I have stopped to shudder; in the dark night I have seen it over again, and woke up shricking from the terrific dream. They say in the house that I am subject to the nightmare. As a heavy burden weighs down the body, so has that awful burden weighed down my

spirit-and I have not dared to tell it." "Herbert bound you to secrecy?" "Not so. He does not know to this hour that I recognized either him or you. He may suspect-l cannot tell--but be can be at no certainty. The subject has been a barred one between us. He has not lived here—he has

chiefly stayed abroad." "Altogether, then, my disappearance-death, as it has been looked upon—did not

bring you happiness?"
"Happiness!" she reiterated. "It has made my days a living misery. From that hour, I have never had a minute's real peace. I would have given my own life willingly to recall yours." "But for your own conduct, Adelaide," he

resumed, leaning toward her, "that night's work never would have had taken place. "I know it, I know it," she answered, putting up her hands, as if she could shut out re--

membrance. "And it is that knowledge

which has brought my share of the cost."

"Why did you deceive me?" he abruptly asked. She clasped her hands on her knees, and made no answer.

"You suffered my love to grow almost into idolatry. Why did you do so? why did you not stop it at the outset? When I first came home you must have loved Herbert." "Passionately," she whispered.

"And your motive for allowing me to beguile myself into the same passionate love? be a black sheep, we can only take shame to | What was it?"

at a county-dinner, and the fact was wellknown. Airing himself at the castle-gate in the cold-a pastime he rather ravored-was been. You must get this box for us out of Mr. Bruff. He gave the good-evening to the the castle to-night."

Mr. Bruff was surprised. " A walk, sir ?" "At the request of Lord Dane. He is waiting for you." "Waiting for me!" uttered Bruff. "Why,

"For Heaven's sake, what's the matter with

"A sad calamity that," remarked Mr. Ap-

Just about the time that they were moving

guilty of so base a deed. reader? How far more terrible it is to endure than the actual reality? Then you can understand why Maria Lester stole out of her own house, almost like a criminal, hoping

over her face, and walked swiftly along. "Where is Wilfred?" asked Edith glancing

plied Edith. "I do not think he is very well." "I mean Wilfred. He has been in quite a

"Disturbed; restless. When people have

resumed. Wilfred will not say a word. Any one would

"Yes, he is released," murmured Maria. "Upon what grounds? That his innocence has been indisputably proved?" "Sarah, too, has been in rather a queer way all day," pursued Edith. "When she heard that Mr. Lydney was arrested, it put her out unaccountably, for she has taken a wonderful fancy to him. And she has seemed as fidgetty Mr. Lester to give you to me."

"Was Wilfred out last night?" inquired Maria; in a low tone. "Well, now, that's what I'm unable to tell | not to sacrifice myself for him." you. I went to bed very early, and fell into one of those sound sleeps from which you do not wake easily: I suppose it is my weakness sleeping itself off. Wilfred was in bed when having duped everybody afterward by passing I woke this morning. I asked him what time himself off for innocent and unconscious. It he came up, and he said he thought the clock had gone eleven. But, Maria, there was a

> cross way she has, when put out, 'What should have taken him out?' Between the two I can get at nothing satisfactory.

"It's quite dark, Miss Lester. Shall I put

"Why?" distinctly asked Maria. than out," was the woman's emphatic reply.

the doings of Wilfred. "He was out," answered Sarah, sinking her

wakened. But it's not for your ears, Miss

" His hat? What do you mean?" "There had been black crape pinned on the

> "Not yet, my darling. But you have promised to trust me; don't forget that. I will these dreadful suspicions and things came out see you to the gate," he added, for she was against him. But, now that he is proved to about to move away.