THE HEARTHSTONE.

now and then played upon his eyes, and made him blink and growl, but he seemed too kile to get out of its reach.

A. the sound of Edward Jerrold's approaching footsteps, this ill-conditioned creature raised his head, and stared at the sailor gloomily, "Good day, my man," said the captain, in a

But Rourke made no reply.

" How is it you have not gone merry-making with the rest," asked Jerrold, who supposed that the other could not have heard his first

"Because I stopped away," answered the blacksmith surlity.

The Capinin coloured slightly, for the rude-

ness was unexpected. He, however, was not to be so easily daunted, and he smilingly continued. "It's not because business is so pressing, at in our family matters!"

any rate," he said.
"What's my business got to do with you?" asked the blacksmith flercely. • Do you pay me to work? Do I rob you when I take my rest? Let me be, can't you, and mind your own business. If you've got any!"

The Captule looked down at this unl'eked cub in some wonder, as he answered kindly, "Don't take oftence, my good fellow, where none is meant. What has happened, pray, to put you out? If you tell me what it is, I shall be glad to help you if I can,"

The hooke mit Captule is the same that it is, I shall be glad to help you if I can,"

The hooke mit Captule is the same that it is, I shall be glad to help you if I can,"

"Indeed!"

"And what do you suppose her father did?"

"Knocked him down!"

"That's what I should have done in his place, if I had been anything but a poor, weak woman! No! he, instead, asked Miss Phuebe what she thought upon the subject?"

"Indeed!"

The blacksmith scowled at him savagely for a mement, as though he seemed to think there was some intended insult in the question.

But after a hard stare, he let full his eyes to the ground without deligning to make any reply.

The Captain yet stood silently waiting for him, when the blacksmith suddenly rused his head, and, with a savage imprecation, waved him off. Then rising to his feet, he strade into the inner darkness of his shed, and began to hammer furiously at his anvil, making so mighty a clat-ter that it would have defied the lungs of Stentor to have made head against him.

Jerrold turned away without any forther attempt at concillation, and set off at a brisk pace across the fields towards home.

He could not help pausing, though, when he had gone a short distance, and looking back towards the property of the particular of the parti

wards the smith's shop.

wards up the smutty chimney.

"A strange fellow, that," said the Captain, thoughtfully. "Rather adangerous fellow, too; if I am any judge of character. A man one by the would not willingly make an enemy of. I

wonder what will be the end of him ""

He walked on again at a quicker pace, for be recollected suddenly that he had wasted a great deal of time already upon his expedition to the ing blithely amongst the branches of an aged village, and that Eleanor would be waiting for elin which grew closs to the house side. him impatiently.

Such was the case. He found her in the garden. She ran out to the gate with almost child-ish delight; her bright eyes sparkling, her soft, silken tresses fluttering in the soft, balmy

She was so sorry, the little hypocrite said, that Mr. Hardwicke had not come back with

The Captain made a slight grimace.
"How dare you, sir ?" she said. "I believe you are actually glad."

you are actually glad,"

"I'm not sorry," he owned, after a moment's hestation; and then, as she charg about his neck, and laid her soft check to his, she sat; that she was ready to jump for Joy, when she saw Jerrold returning alore.

"Mind you, sir," said she, with the seriousness of half a dezen judges rolled into one, "I wasn't that to great a very know any."

glad to see you, you know, only 1 was glad not to see your friend."

"I think you'll like him when you do see him, though," observed the Captain, presently. "He's quite a lady's man."
"I shall endeavour to make him welcome for

your sake," she answered. "Besides, I daresny I shall like him very much as you do." The day passed away as though it had been but an hour long, and the time fixed for dinner

The happy husband stood with his pretty wife gazing out of the drawing room window at the etting sun, which east a rich golden glow over the little valley, the thick follage, the siver-waters of the rippling brook, the light green-grass upon the hill side; when Hardwicke be-granthe descent, and paused at the spot where he and the Captain had stopped the previous afternoon, to look down at the tranquil little pic-

They did not see him coming, so occupied were they by a low murmured conversation, and he was at the garden gate when Eleanor's

cyes first foll upon him.

The Captain felt his arm tightly squeezed by her trembling fingers, and looked down in blank surprise at the white and againsted face which glanced up at him, full of a strange shrinking

"Look, look!" she said, in a low, hourse whis- fair." per. "Who is he? Who is that man? What does he want here?"

"Who is he? What does he want, my love?" cried the Captain, aloud, "It is my friend Hardwicke. He can't open the gate, I'll go to him. I'll——What's the matter?"

She was so white and ghastly, that the sight of her rightened him, and seeing that she stag-gered, and seemed as though she would have fallon he tried to take her in his arms. But she tore herself from him with a sudden

fury, and ran towards the door. Eleanor!" he cried. But the door was closed behind her retreating form, and he stood against on the spot where she had left him-motionless - dumbfounded by

CHAPTER VI.

her extraordinary behaviour.

THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER..

Percy Hardwicke was no coward, whatever other vices might have been laid to his account. He, therefore, was not daunted by the sight of the repulsive and lowering countenance which he saw glaring in at him through the tap-room

Rising to his feet, he advanced boldly towards

it, and flung the window open.

But at this approach the blacksmith beat a hasty retreat, and, although Hardwicke waited some time and listened intently, he could hour and see nothing of him.
"Who is the vagabond, I wonder?" said he

to himself. "I hope I have got a lock to my door. It would have been very disgusting to have one's throat out in an out of the way hole like this, on one's way to one's property, too-

wery disgusting is

When he had finished the liquor that he had ordered, he rang the bell, and asked for his bedroom candle.

The landlady brought it to him, apologizing profusely for having been obliged to put him into the common room, an occurrence which she would take particular care should not hap

"It does admirably, my donr madam !" said the smiling gentioman. "And I am sure I ought not to grumble, seeing that to get it I turned our black-faced friend out, when he appared so reluctant to leave his snug quarters."
"A worthless good-for-inaught!" cried the

landlady, indignantly. "I shouldn't care if I never saw him again i"

"Nota very-pleasant-looking person, certainly!" said Hardwicke,
"A disgrace to the village!" "A blacksmith, I think? is he in a good way

"Good way of business, indeed! He will never do any good for himsolf, an idle fellow like-that! He can get work enough to do if he would do it; but he prefers to get they and squender his money. He it a good-for-maught, that's what he is, sir! and if I were the master of this house, instead of being only a poor, weak woman, with no will of her own, I should never to state a meloral woll deriven, a work or weath let such a ne'er-do-weil darken my door again, after his insolence in daring to propose—but, I beg your pardon, sir, you don't feel any interest

the contrary, I feel a very great inte-You were saying that our blacksmith

proposed---Proposed for our Phobe, sir, if you please!"

"And what do you suppose her father did ?"

"Yes, indeed; and what do you think she

"Was very indignant, I should think." "Of course, you would think so! That is exactly what everybody else would have thought; but there is no accounting for that girl!" "You don't mean to say.

"I mean to say that my Phoche—my daughter—the girl you saw, sir, when we came in—the belle of the village she is; and I should like to know where you'd find a finer girl, eith r, round the country side! I mean to say, sir,

But just at this moment, when the good lady was about to impart the desired information, her busband's voice was heard summoning beto her duties, and, being, as she said, only a poor, ad gone a short distance, and looking back to-ards the smith's shop.
The sound of the hummer going, still conti-tued, and a thousand sparks were flying heaven-kept him so long out of bed, and conduc of him to his bed-chamber door without any further

Percy Hardwicke was so profoundly fatigued by the unaccustomed excitement of this, his first day in town, that he was not very long beforche fell asleep, and awoke not again until next morning, when the sun was shining in at the bedroem window, and the birds were chirp.

"I wonder how my friend the blacksmith is." was his waking thought; and then he asked himself whether it was possible that so pretty a creature as Phoche could entertain any regard for such an uncouth wretch as that young black

"A regular case of Beauty and the Beast," said Hardwicke to binuself, as he turned round upon his other side, and prepared to go to sleep

But in this praiseworthy endeavour he was documed to disappointment, for scarcely had be closed his eyes, when a great hubbut arcse in the yard beneath — a great ratting of wheels, clattering of horses' hoofs and bardie of tougues.

Percy Hardwicke pulled the dothes over his head, thinking thus to escape the noise. Then fluding that this was impossible, sat up in bed, and glared wrathfully out of window, he having drawn the blind up before going to bed. The yard contained three or four vehicles of different kinds which were believent, ready for some as kinds, which were being got ready for some ex-pedition. Hardwicke felt thoroughly aroused by the noise, and dressing himself, hurried down

He had promised his friend Jerrold that he would make his appearance the first thing in the morning, but now be changed his mind, and came to the conclusion that it would be guite

time chough to go after breakfast.

He was served with the meal in question by pretty Miss Phebe, who looked, if possible, more

pretty than she did the preceding evening. But when Hardwicke came to look more carnestly at her, he easily perceived the traces of tears upon her cheeks, and, with his most winning smile and kindest manner, inquired the cause.

"Oh, nothing, sir!" said Phobe with a sob. " I'm sure there must be something."
"No, sir."

"Yes, yes! tell me what it is."

" I don't like to."

" Do I look such an ogre?"
"Well, then," said Phobe, pouting; " mother

She fairly burst out crying now, for the disapolution was evidently a severe one. How very prefty she looked through her tears,

Percy Hardwicke thought.

"Can I hire some sort of trap here?" he

There's a dog-cart, sir."

"Will you allow me to drive you to the fair?"

"You, sir, drive me?"
"Yes, to be sure! It's the lenst I can do if Yes, to be sure! you have sacrificed your pleasure upon my ac

" Is it a blg but?"

a A very big one, sir, 1 am afraid. A fine gentleman like you would never be seen driving a poor girl like me."

Who says so?

"I am sure you would not."
"Try me."
"Rot ——"

a What, another of them?

My mother would not allow me," " Could you not persuade her?"

" No. I am sure I could not." And you can suggest no plan?"

Here Miss Phoebe shook her pretty head, and oked profoundly serious, and prettier than "I can, I think," said Hardwicke, "Suppose

you don't tell her!"
"What, go without her consent? I couldn't think of such a thing! Oh, no. I never could! Mr. Hardwicke looked very much disap-

outside the town, on the high read. Then if by chance—it is the vaguest chance, I know—I have no hope; but still if you should change our mind-

'I'm certain I shall not."

"Anyhow, if a miracle happened and caused you to do so, I shall be found on the high road." "It really is provoking," said Miss Phobe after a pause, to be obliged to stop at home when every one cise is out holiday-making." "It is a fate horrible to contemplate."

"And it is very kind of you to offer to take me It is the least I can do. I'm sure."

"But no-no-no! I never-never-neve could think of doing so!"

(To be continued.)

THE AULD WIFE.

BY JOHN WADE THIRWELE

"The audd wife sits by the fire, When winter nights are lang. And aye, as she turns her wheel, She erroms some nuld Scotch sang The wheel, with a birr and a hum, three round as she plies her reck; The prey cat purrs by the fire, And tack the goes the clock.

eThe acta wite ance was young.
As each auto wife has been,
but muchle of joy and serrow
Can youth and age between:
Now site talks and she sinus of old times,
When mach dy's bye to hear.
And sometimes the autobody hughs,
And sometimes she drops a tear.

"She thinks of the blythesome time, "She fittides of the dythesome rim When young herds cam to wo: 'Alack I' cross the silly wife. 'Wha'd think to see me noo?' She thicks of the merry bells That r, nwhen at kirk she wel; And shen of the mouldy stane. That ha; s the guid man's head.

"My pair old man is gane.
"My pair old man is gane.
"My pair old man is gane. His Latins have consed to weep,
And size 'twill be with me
When I sleep the kirk-yard sleep;
Bells for bridals will ring.
The anin gie place to the young.
Surmer will come and go.
And add wives' sames be sung."

Yet still does she sit by the fire
When winter nights are ling.
And aye as she turns her wheel.
She eroous some antid Scotch sing:
And she tuits and she sings of auld times,
When michody's bye to hear.
And sometimes the auld hody laughs,
And sometimes she drops a tear.

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IN ARTER-YEARS: or.

FROM BEATH TO LIFE.

BY MES, ALEXANDER ROSS.

CHAPTER XXX. - Continued. Sir Richard was well aware of this fact; on his return to Haddon he found the cellars locked up in such n w y that it was n work of time to left it eighteen years before; "but how," he asked himself, "can Lady Hamilton know this? It is impossible that the high-minded girl I knew as Isabel Douglas could condescend to

gossip with my servants or their friends."
"How did this feet reach Lady Hamilton?" inquired he with a particularly cynical voice

and manter.

"From my son." "Your son! Robert Cuninghame?

6 My sen; whom you had the undacity to all by a mine to much level of bis own."

4 You knew hom, the 2?

"How did you like h s upbringing?" "It it were possible to corrupt a Hamilton of Inchdrewer your very example would have don it; that such a thing was impossible you

form their judgment by."

Sir Richard did not answer; his conscience told him that if Lady Hamilton's words were lased on truth, he would be stigmatized as a harsh, exacting master who mail told as a harsh, exacting master who paid and fed his servants werse than any man in the county, whi e he demanded from them an amount of work that another gentleman of his rank would

scarce allow his menials to perform; as a landford he was widely known as one who rack-

dren." Her face was so marine write, so right of Well, then," said Phobe, ponting; "mother said I must stop at home, and serve you with your breakfust, and so I have lost my seat in Mrs. We-ton's gig, and now I can't go to the Mrs. We-ton's gig, and now I can't go to the Her face was so marble white, so rigid he could bring to her aid; he knew from bitter until the midnight sky told me I need fear no experience during the last six weeks, that he might occasionally ring for an hour before one of his servants would make their appearance.

and in view of this he said : "I must first tell you how I was released from my prison house; for years before my escape I had deer skins given me as a substifor a bed and a shepherd's plaid to cover my limbs which before used on winter nights to be nearly frozen. When hope had quitedied out, when I felt certain that I would die and my bones blench there. When I had knelt before cour wicked son, thrice wicked because he thought be was mine; knelt to him beserching for liberty on any conditions, offering to go to Australia, or Canada, or anywhere he liked to send me, to beg my bread or work for it as I best could, offering to tell him where he would find money he could never touch unless I told him ow it was to be got, money no human being knew of but myself, offering to yow the most solemn oath to return no more to Britain. when I had done this scores of times and ever smet with the same answer: cannot trist you, you never kept with me; when you promised me a toy or a sweetment, it I would fight with the cat or a strange dog, and goaded on to it, when I came scratched or bitten and bleeding to claim my promised reward, was it ever given? No never. but instead I was kicked and called a lazy greedy cur. No, you shall never leave this while I live; I will faithfully feed you as long as I can walk up this staircase; when you are without food be sure I am gone where I shall learn whether your creed or Adam Johnston's is the true one

"When all this pleading and searching for the secret spring from dawn to dark was post and over, when I re dized perfectly that escape was impossible, that I would never again press the green grass with my foot, never see the sun rise or set, never look on a human face but that of Robert Cuninghame, never again touch my horse or my dog, never see a running brook, nor the sea waves, nor my Castle gate, never hear the mavis sing to his mate on the topmost bough of the fir tree—these things of every day that I heeded not when I lived among them scarcely saw; how precious they became when

I was for ever shut out from them in that pri-I was for ever shift out from them in that prison tower. But the worst was to come, in all those long years miserable as a was, I yet shrunk from death, as much as I do to day."

Lady Hamilton looked in the pullid face and asked herself if the man could so deceive his asked herself if the man could so deceive his formed arrow; it was his first triumph, be considered arrow; it was his first triumph, be considered arrow; it was the first their child own heart as to believe he had a week to live. out other food than a box of biscuits, which were always beside me now, one of several indulgences which had been granted me many years before, the bisenits were there, more than I wanted, but I had had no change of water for four days; the water left in the bottom of the not drink it, it stunk in my nostrils as if some foul thing had died and was rotting therein; 1 was perishing for thir t, and I resolved to put an end to my sufferings; it was evident my juilor was dead or he had at least left me to die

death of forment; something told me he was dead, he had never hed to me even when as a child he knew the fash must follow when he told the fruth, and he had vowed so solemnly never to allow me perish from neglect, I could trust his word, I knew he was dond; the time was come I used to see in my fore fodings by day, my dreams by night, the time when I must die by my own hand!"

He stopped for a few seconds and taking frem his pecket a small silver-handled penknife, looked fondly on it saying: "To this little knife I owe my liberty, but for this I would

He moved his shoulders and head with a gesture of impatience, and continued : "When ill hope of his ever coming again was dead, I took the newest of my deer skins and with this knife cut it into strips an inch broad, strong nough to bear my weight; these I tied together and fastening one end to a round iron knob which finished off the bars in the centre of the age I pulled it with all my mi. ht with both h nds, letting my weight fall upon it so that I might be sure it would not break leaving me half hanged to die a lingering death on the theor of the cage; my eyes were fixed on the knob to which I had fastened the cord, I fancied it moved; coming a little down a sharp click struck on my car; I had heard that click once before in that enge and I had never forgotten it; the door of the eage was wide open!"
"If my soul lives as you fanaties say it

up in such n wy that it was n work of time to open them, and when opened he found the wine in the same state as to quantity as he had left it eighteen years before; "but how," he sked blue, if some lady than it now, this? outside the cage going to the furthest point from it ere I turned to look at the place of my

"I was not free, I had yet to force the bolts of a door at the to- of the staircase and at the bottom; my little knif-helped me to do both, without it I would have been as helpless in the tower room as in the eage; and now came another trouble, I is membered well the way in which the panel opered. I made my joilor while he was yet my slave shew me more than once how it was opened and shut, but that was on the outside and gay me but a faint clue to the way in which I was to open it in a darkness more intense than midnight; but I found it at last, . had to try m ny, many times. Despairing of being able to find the spring I tried to break the panel and found it resisted my can ascertain for yourself by making inquiry to break the panel and found it resisted my of your, or r ther his servents and his tenantry: efforts more strongly than did the bars of the these are the true judges of a man's character, i iron cage: I could make the iron bars slake, their opinion the true criterion for others to | I could not make the wooden panel emit the I could not make the wooden panel emit the slightest sound: since then I made the discov-

> light came streaming through the aperture which served for a window, when at last I found the spring and stood in the armory the daylight was departing and the evening star coming out

in the gray sky." lord he was widely known as one who rack-rented his label and neverallowed one farthing for improvement.

A panse ensued, which was broken by Lady Hamilton saving: "You have told me all you A pairse ensured which was broken by the part of the pairse construction of the part of th intruders on my work. When the hour came I burst the armoury lock with my knife as I had done the two others: I crept down my own staircase in fear and trembling, opened my own door by stealth and scarcely during to place my foot firmly on my own hall floor went in silence and dread from my father's castle there I was born and where I then thought the child of my bounty lorded it over my servants. Poor wretch be was then dying and his captive whom he tormented for eighteen years is now alive at the end of twelve years after and may live for twenty more."

He again paused not because he was tired, but because he wished to read if possible in his hearer's face what the feelings were which his recital inspired; it was futile, her check and lips were colourless as marble, her eyes dark dusky granite.

"You know," continued he, "how I came back to Haddon to find my house a home for William Hamilton's grandchildren and their relatives and friends all living at rake and manger on my money; you have also had your long gossip over every subsequent event they had to tell, but they could not tell you that it was by my instructions that a copy of the Rottenburgh Herald was privately printed containing my version of the story of my captivity, and was sent to your sister Lady Morton first, and afterwards to Lord Nairn, and when the time was ripe to Colonel Lindsay in order to enlighten all three on the part your grandchildren were supposed to take in adding their father as my jailors; I knew I was safe cusing them of this, because I overheard them caking to each other of a visit they made to the tower cage by his death-bed instructions after my escape, and of a promise given him could find her children? Could he believe then, that they would never tell human being his senses? She stood up and drew her shawl of what they knew concerning it or what they

BRW there." "Neither could they tell you that I spent many thousand pounds in helping to bring about the bankruptcy which ruined Master Ar-thur Lindsay, or that it was by my advice through a third person that the transfer of your grandchildren's fortunes from a sound to an insolvent bank was made,"

"Nor could they tell you even now if it were

tinged: "that I knew when they lost their child But there came a time when I was left without that he was not drowned, but given to a low out other food than a box of biscuits, which worthless we teh living in Seven Dals to help her to beg with more effect by sewing a child with a broken arm or leg or bland as the case might best suit herself. This is nearly five years ago, if you ever chance to meet a ragged blind boy on cratches in that vicinity perhaps you pitcher was so foul that try as I would I could might like to adopt him in case he is your greatgrandson."

Lady Hamilton compressed her icy lips more tightly lest the strong heart should fail now in her great need

Sir Richard noted this also, he himself believed what he fold of the child, it was Catchem's story to him, and it was Sir Richard's order that the child should be so disposed of, but Catchem drended the London police, he knew their vigilarce and would not risk the consequence of such a thing coming to light, a woman from the country who had only seen him once could not recognize him again: a woman in Seven Dials was almost sure to have seen him in the course of his practice at police courts and could identify him if it suited her

purpose.

"Neither can they ever tell you, because as "You mean your body would, there is a soul in man that never dies," said Lady Humilton looking with a mild serious eir in his face.

"Seriner can they ever terr you, needs as a 1-said before you can never meet again, that after Colonel Lindsay's death at sea, when the sword was lost, they tried to eke out their seamty means by teaching, and that first in the scanty means by teaching, and that first in the Isle of Wight and then in Southampton a triend of mine contrived to give such an impression of their characters as to induce the parents of the children to withdraw them from the contagion of such society; a year ago they left Southampton having lived for the preceding three years almost entirely on the sale of their jewels, the only means they had left, when these were gone they came to London, penni-

He paused looking his tortured listener stern-

ly in the face,?

"Where are they now? for mercy's sake tell

"In London, wandering about pennitess, lost on the sea of life." Was the answer given by him who knew no

mercy, had never known what the beaven given grace of mercy meant, grace that ble seth sevenfold more the giver than the receiver. Lady Hamilton knew they were not in Lon-| don, neither were they in the abject poverty he represented them to be, it w/s now her time to speak and she was about to do so when he in-

terrupted bes. "I promised to give you the proofs in my possession of the truth of my aving carried off

your son; they are there," He lifted from the table placed by his side a parcel wrapped in paper which he partially opened, so as distinctly to show what it contained, he handed it to Lady 11 million at a glance she saw it was the clothes her child wore the last time she saw him. They were roughly rolled up, the coral necklace he had always worn on his neck closped round them

to keep them together. Another compressing of the pathlips, another closing of the dusky eyes, the long eyelashes lying longer than before on the martile check, it wis a poor triumph. He had hoped for more, he expected she would have entreated of him, abjured him to tell where she might find her grandchildren; to his eye she seemed strangely indifferent about them.

indifferent about them.

He lifted a large key from the table is Lady Hamilton, there is the key of my family mansoleum, I know it will be safe in your possession, and I also know you will wish to see the Hamilton leaf which is on your son's arm, it has marked so many of his race it is a good token to know and identify his body as it. and to leave Haddon to-morrow moral a to visit Florida where in my early days is port a year, the most pleasant one in my left; I intend to spend several years there at least; it is the most beautiful country, the bottomate in the world; I am almost fabulously rich, I can rive where and in whatever style I pleas, may never return, but if I do, as a woman ages sooner than a man it is possible you may be dead, in case of which I have had this brass place with the words Haddon Mausoleam placed on the key. At your death you will oblige me by having the key placed in safe ke ping awaiting my return." She took the key from his hand wondering as she did so if it was possible he could decive himself by supposing he would ever live to reach Florida.

"I must tell you," continued be, "how you will find your son's pall and collin; his daughters at my expense had his body embalmed, this was well, it enables you now to have the satisfaction of recognizing your son's body; they also had the daring assurance to buy with my money a fine rosewood outside coning during with silver, and not contented with this they had a scarlet velvet pall as if he had been at least an Earl in his own right,"

4 had the rosewood coffin removed, and one of plain pine boards painted black did excellently well in its place, the velvet pall I had rolled round the body of poor Casar who was the only one who gave me a kind welcome back to Haddon, a coarse serge pall covering your son; both too good for the man they

Lady Hamilton's face flushed crimson; Sir Richard's last words, the indignity shewn to her son's lifeless body brought her back to earth and the feelings which belong to it.

"I thank you for this key," said she. "I

will have the body of my dead son removed from your mausoleum to that of his forefathers, in whose veins run the blood of kings. race of Hamilton were not the highest in the land, my son should lie among 'the doughty Donelases' a name old in Scotland conturies before the Cuninghames were heard of?

She paused for some seconds. Sir Richard was so overwhelmed he had no power to reply. Was this self-possessed woman the one he exnected to sue to him, to kneel in her humility, that he might relent and tell her where she around her shoulders, holding the parcel of clothing and the key of the mausoleum in her

"I bid you farewell, Sir Richard Cuninghame We will never meet again; but ere we part I must tell you something you are evidently ignorant of, and which nearly concerns you. Your heir, Colonel Lindsay, was not drowned in the "Sword;" he was at Includrewer



