

to find us, and where they that come after them may hae harder still to find their frinds."

"Well, well," he impatiently asked, "what can I do about it?"

"Do!" she said; "why he's to be sent to jail, an' maybe somewhere else, an' ye can stop it a' by just speaking a word to the young maister o' Dunfell, if they han't murdered him, for there's seek a root; a' Ras'tondale's in arms about——"

"About what? What has he to do with it?" asked Moreland.

"Every thing!" returned the fortune-teller; "an' if ye wasn't in seek a hurry I'd tell ye. It's about naethin but a little bit o' paper, whilk that pair body went to Bi'back Fells for, an' niver come back—that's a'!"

"And what had your husband to do with that?"

"Why nowt, except to gang at 'turney Hudson's biddin' to tell Tom the poacher where to meet him, to get the paper frae him, as he wanted it hissel'——"

"And who is this Tom the poacher?" but seeing no end to the conversation, he added—"I'll speak to Mr. Netherby as well as to Mr. Hudson about this matter."

"Ye'll hae some trouble in ferretting oot that varmin', I'se thinking, altho' ye little guess how weel I ken its him ye're gaun to see; but yonder's yan' ll dee as weel; and may ye an' ye'r bonny brude prosper, as ye help a pair body in her ut-most need!"

And he plunged into the swollen ford, wondering what the old woman's trouble could be about, coupled as it was with the very persons he was thinking of at the moment he encountered her; but he could make neither head nor tail of her broken and disjointed communication. "Harry Netherby all but murdered—riots in Ravenstone-dale—Hudson gone—what could it all mean?—ravings all, most likely of the poor old woman's crazed imagination," and he thought no more about it.

CHAPTER VIII.

That time,
Which I had dreamed might fling around the path
On which I ventured, something of that light
Which cheers life like a lute, has but cast
A sickly shadow o'er my pilgrimage,
And made thus far what I had deemed should be
A course for men to point at and admire,
Only an upward strife of weariness—
A struggle with dark destiny.

G. MELLE.

As Harry Netherby returned from the stable to the house, he had to pass through the bar-room, as is usual in villagu inns, to the staircase leading

to the best parlour, which had been appropriated on his first entrance, by the obsequious landlord, for the sole use of so noble a guest, when he encountered half a dozen sturdy looking fellows, evidently strangers, just come in, who appeared to watch his every movement with a pert and scrutinising stare; and just as he had one foot upon the lowest step, with the door opening on the narrow staircase in his hand, he heard one of them remark in a whisper, loud enough to have been intended for his ear—"Yes, that's him!" when he immediately stepped back, and nearly confronting the speaker, asked in a stern and almost menacing manner, for he was just in that mood of mind to have quarrelled with his own shadow—"Is it me you mean?"

"It is," with unabashed effrontery returned the speaker.

"And what want ye with me?" asked Harry, firmly.

"Nothing, tonight," retorted the other, carelessly; "ye'll know more tomorrow!"

When Harry saw how foolish he had been, he immediately retreated; but he could not help wondering at the fellow's repetition of the very words upon his tongue, as he entered the bar-room. "But surely," he thought, "he did not give them utterance, and yet he must have done so, for he repeated them with such an insolent and knowing look—'But ye'll know more to-morrow!'"

Tomorrow!—that little future!—how big sometimes with fate it proves!—and near as it always is and has been to the previous day or night, how thick and dark the veil that hangs before it! We claim some kindred with the day that's past, and memory dwells upon its joys or sorrows as if they still were ours—the present day we fondly call our own, although we cannot see to what each passing hour may lead—"but we'll know more tomorrow."

This trite aphorism dwelt upon poor Harry's mind with such harrassing distinctness, that he could almost fancy it ringing in his ears as he tossed and tumbled on his weary couch during what he thought must certainly have been that live-long night; and when at length frail nature sunk beneath his weariness, the words were on his lips and mingled in strange confusion with his dreams, which, in their wayward wanderings, led him far into the bosom of the Fells, in hot pursuit after a gang of ruffians carrying off the weeping Alice, he knew not whither! And then a change "came o'er the spirit of his dream," and he had snatched her from their ruthless hands, and was hastening with her to her old nurse's dwelling; but just as he was on the eve of reaching this safe asylum, his noble charger