

She is not, and never shall be, exclaim-
ed a valet, vehemently, thrusting him
violently away, and dragging Blanche by the
arm, he tried to drag her forth.

William shouted Beauchamp, now
so nobly roused, take that for your mes-
sage, and he felled him with his fist, in-
stantly to the ground. At the same mo-
ment, Mark, putting his fingers to his mouth,
cut forth a whistle, which echoed far
through hill and dale, making the horses al-
most spring out of their harness.

Hold them tight, Job, cried Mark to Mr.
Harcourt's coachman, you don't move
with out the square, mind, again to-night, or
I shall be your last move on earth. Keep
your box and sit still, or I'll knock you out
of it, as I would a pheasant from a roost.

Lord Vancourt recovering his feet, in-
stantly felled his pistol and fired, without
the least effect, Blanche, who, returning the
salvo, shot Lord Vancourt through
the left arm, breaking the bone above the el-
bow.

Look out, sir! shouted Mark, here's
more of the blackguards coming on, as three
men rushed down upon them, who were soon
in fierce conflict hand to hand, Mark plying
his edged so effectively as to knock the
foremost instantly off his legs, and Beau-
champ conferring a similar favor on the next
with the muzzle of his pistol; when the
third, fearing the fate of his companions,
drew his pistol and shot Beauchamp through
the fleshy part of his body, under the shoul-
der blade. He staggered, but did not fall;

and Mark, receiving at the same time a dig
in the back from the dagger of the valet,
snarling and rendered savage by the pain,
shot Beauchamp's antagonist through the
body. Meanwhile, Lord Vancourt, disabled
but not subdued, with his right hand re-
newed his efforts to drag Miss Douglas from the
carriage. Assisted by Alice, she was resist-
ing with her utmost strength, when Beau-
champ dealt him a blow on the face, which
broke his nose and sent him staggering into
the road.

Quick, my lord! cried the valet, catch-
ing him in his arms and dragging him to his
chariot, I hear men running down the
road. All is lost—quick! or we shall be
made prisoners!

The hint was enough; the valet shut his
master in, and springing on the box, the four
horses bore them rapidly away from the
scene of their disaster. The other poachers
rushed quickly to the rescue of their leader,
who was still grappling with one of his as-
sailants, and the affair was soon brought to
a close, although the issue of the combat,
with heavy odds against them, had been de-
termined already by the courage and prowess
of Mark and the young squire, who fought
like lions robbed of their prey.

Now, Mark, said Beauchamp, let your
followers hold these villains in custody, whilst
I go to Miss Douglas.

Lord Blanche sat trembling in the car-
riage from excessive fright, almost uncon-
scious of what was going on, when Beau-
champ, opening the door, said, Thank
Heaven, you are safe, dearest Blanche! Lord
Vancourt has fled, and the poachers
have secured the rest.

By the sudden transition from fright to
joy, with other tumultuous feelings rushing
through her heart, Blanche fell back on the
seat fainting. When Alice cried out, Quick,
Mr Beauchamp support her in your arms
whilst I get some salts from my pocket. In
a moment her head was resting on his
breast, while her maid was applying restora-
tives, which soon roused her from her swoon.

Oh, who am I? she faintly asked.
Safe, my dear girl, in Will Beauchamp's
arms, was the soft reply; are you afraid
of him, dear Blanche? as she struggled to
rise.

Oh, no, dear William—my kind, my
noble preserver, but I am better now; let
us return to dear Aunt Gordon.

Run then to the dining room, dear
Blanche, with Alice, and get some wine di-
rectly, while I bring her there. Now Wil-
liam said Mrs. Gordon, taking him by the
arm, what can have happened? And where
are you hurt, my dear boy? You look faint
and exhausted.

Only a crack on the ribs, dear aunt, re-
plied Beauchamp, smiling, from that
scoundrel Vancourt, who tried to carry off
Blanche—nothing more; and a little bleed-
ing will do me good after this hot, exciting
work.

Don't be foolish, William. A glass of
wine will do you most good at present. So
come with me, and then I must examine
your wound, whilst you tell me more of this
horrid outrage.

Saying which, she led him into the dining
room, and made him lie down on the sofa,
where Blanche brought him a glass of wine,
troubled all, and shaking so much that she
spilt half of it on the floor.

Drink it yourself, dear Blanche, said
Beauchamp, springing up, and another,
too, or I will not touch a drop. Sit down,
my dear girl. I am not much hurt. Saying
which, he poured her out a full glass, which
he made her take, and then filling one him-
self, said, before raising it to his lips, Here's
health and long life to Mark Rosier, the
poacher, who has saved dear Blanche from
that rascally lord's clutches!

Now, dear child, said Mrs. Gordon,
run up-stairs, and change your dress, whilst
I order tea to be taken into the drawing-
room.

CHAPTER XIV.

As soon as she had left the room, Beau-
champ was obliged to take off his coat and
waistcoat and submit to Mrs. Gordon's in-
spection, who cutting a strip from under his
arm, laid bare the wound. Indeed, Wil-
liam, she exclaimed, it is a shocking bad
place. I must send for the surgeon.

Oh, pray don't, dear aunt! I do not
think there is any occasion.
It must and shall be done instantly, and
I will do what I can in the meantime.

Saying which, she rang the bell and gave
orders accordingly; and, running from the
room, soon returned with her maid, who
brought hot water and bandages, with which,
after due fomentations, Beauchamp's side
was carefully bound up.

Now, dear aunt, he said, after all your
kind care and trouble, I feel quite refreshed
and easy. Let us join Blanche for a cup of
tea, and you shall hear the whole story of
this night's adventures, as far as I know my-
self.

Lying on the sofa, near the fire, by Aunt
Gordon's directions, Beauchamp was waited
upon by Blanche, who placed a small table
by his side, and her attention was more than
repaid by his happy smile, when receiving
these kind offices from her hands.

All he knew was related to Mrs. Gordon,
who frequently interrupted him by exclaima-
tions of anger or surprise at this most daring
outrage.

And now, dear aunt, said Beauchamp,
if you will be kind enough to give me pen
and paper, to write a few lines to Constance
and my father, who must be alarmed at my
absence, I shall be much obliged.

That I will do for you, William; so re-
main quiet where you are.

The letter was accordingly written and de-
spatched immediately.

That reminds me that I ought to apprise
Mrs. Harcourt also of the events of this
night, and the conduct of her protegee, Lord
Vancourt; although I am resolved, after
this disgraceful affair, Blanche shall not
again return to Throsby.

Oh, dear aunt! exclaimed Blanche,
can you—will you keep me with you?

up Blanche, it is our turn to thank you, my
kind friend, for your valuable assistance this
night; and both shook him cordially by the
hand.

Welcome, right welcome, ladies, replied
Mark, and glad am I to see that dear young
lady once more happy and safe; but, my
dear, it were a near thing—that long-legged
lord were just a-going to drag Miss Blanche
from the carriage, when the young squire
(God bless him!) knocked him off his pins
like a baby, and shut the door. Then up
jumps my lord, and let fly a bullet at Mr.
William (the Lord be praised for it!) missed
unelean. The squire then broke his arm—
served him right—and with another rattler
in the face, sent my Lord Longlegs spinning
across the road; and I'll wager a pound he
remembers the young squire to his dying
day. So you see, my lady, it wasn't Mark,
but Mr. William, that saved Miss Blanche
from being half way on her road to Scotland
by this time.

There, Mark, that will do, interposed
Beauchamp; now sit down, and Miss
Blanche will give you a cup of tea; and tell
me about your own wound in the back.

Ah, sir, that foreign coward thought he
had me there nicely, but the velvet and
badger waistcoat stood my friends, and it's
only a scratch after all—not half so bad as
yours, sir. But what d'ye think, squire?
dang it all! our three prisoners are my Lord
Mervyn's night watchers.

What, Mark! exclaimed Beauchamp.
As true as you be lying on that sofa, sir;
we knowed em directly we got to the light,
sir, and one on 'em, that chap that shot
you, squire, has got something in his car-
jass, which don't quite agree with 'un quite
so well as a figgy pudding.

I hope he's not seriously hurt, though,
Mark, and that he has been attended to?
Yes, yes, squire; don't fidget about him,
for all the servants in the house have been
waiting on and pitying the rascal, and we
can't do more till the doctor comes; and
then to think, squire, that Mr. Job, the
coachman, should have been in the plot, and
sell his young mistress for fifty pounds! he
has cut it, sir, already, and left Robert to
drive the carriage home; so altogether,
quire, what with my lord's under-keepers,
and Mr. Harcourt's coachman, there's a
pretty kettle of fish boiled up to-night.

Can all this be really true, Mark? in-
quired Mrs. Gordon, in surprise.

As true, my lady, as that Mark Rosier is
sitting down drinking tea and eating bread
and butter in this chair.

Oh, Blanche! my darling child, ex-
claimed her aunt, folding her again in her
arms, what a set of villains have been plot-
ting your ruin! and Lord Mervyn, too, with
a daughter of his own. Poor dear child! you
shall never leave me any more.

That's right, my lady, chimed in Mark,
don't ever trust that dear, sweet angel out
of your sight again, unless with the young
squire; or who knows, that rascally lord
may send another lot of ruffians down to
carry her off again; don't let her go to
Throsby no more, my am, for here Mark and
the poachers will watch over her day and
night.

Really, Mark! after this fearful work, I
think I must retain you and two of your men
as my body-guard.

So you shall, my lady; and we will enter
on our service to-morrow, and woe betide
any half-dozen fellows who dare touch Miss
Blanche again.

A ring at the hall bell was now heard, on
which Mark, jumping up from the chair, said
That's the doctor, ladies; and with many
thanks for your kindness, I will run off and
see how my patient fares.

Mr. Morgan, the sporting surgeon, now
made his appearance; and after paying his
compliments to the ladies, turned to shake
hands with Beauchamp.

Well, squire, said the good-humored doc-
tor, because you could not be hunting, you
have been doing a little bit of fighting during
the frost, eh?

Not willingly, doctor; but first step into

my own dear child, and be Will's
comforter.
Saying which, he led her to the sofa; and
placing her hand in that of his son, said, in
a whisper—
There, Will; that will heal all your
wounds; and may the Almighty bless you
both.

Oh, Blanche, murmured Beauchamp, as
he pressed her hand to his lips, how far
beyond all my fondest hopes is this
reward! but, dearest, I must not claim it
now, when you are overpowered with grati-
tude.

Will you refuse, then, she said, softly, to
make me happy?
No, no, my own dearest girl; not
if love only prompts you to bestow this un-
looked-for blessing on me. Is it so, dear
Blanche?

Yes, was the faint response.

Then am I blessed indeed, replied Beau-
champ; and now, dearest, you have been
so excited to-night, I hope you will retire to
your room with Constance. I shall quickly
follow your example, as I know Aunt Gordon
is gone to order beds for us.

During this scene, Mrs. Gordon and Mal-
colm had silently left the apartment, leaving
Mr. Beauchamp and Constance only with
the two lovers. The former now appeared,
saying, I have ordered a double-bedded
room, Mr. Beauchamp, for you and William,
as I knew you would not like to leave him
to-night; and the tray to be brought in
directly, with something more substantial
than tea. An now, dear William, you must
go with me to your room, where Malcolm's
preparing everything for your comfort, with
a large basin of gruel, which he declares
none but a Scotchman can make.

Oh, very well, cried Mr. Beauchamp,
gaily; then you are going to desert me
entirely, I conclude?
Only for a short time, as Charles will
join you directly, who declares he is as
eager as one of his own mountain eagles.
Now, children, continued Mrs. Gordon, as
she led Beauchamp out of the room; his
your father, Constance, and follow me. In
a moment she was in her father's arms, and
when released from his embrace, Blanche
held out her hand to wish him good night.

No, dear child; that will not do now—
come to my heart. I have found another
daughter, and you a father, if you can love
me as such.

Oh, indeed I will, she replied.
God bless you, my own dear Blanche,
murmured the old squire, as he pressed her
in his arms, and kissed her again and again.
There, child, now run away; you and Will
have made a woman of me to-night.

On the landing-place, Beauchamp waited
to wish his sister good-night, where he was
left a few minutes by Mrs. Gordon; and
having pressed her to his breast in a warm
embrace, Blanche tripped up the stairs, and
was in his arms before she was aware of the
act, when, hastily impressing a kiss upon
her lips, he whispered, God bless you, my
dearest treasure; I shall now rest the hap-
piest of the happy.

William, cried Mrs. Gordon, from the
end of the gallery, why don't you come to
your room?
Coming directly, dear aunt; with which
he turned away.

CHAPTER XV.

The next morning Mr. Morgan paid an
early visit to his two patients, whom he
found progressing as favorably as he could
expect, although the watcher could not be
considered out of danger for some few days.
Do you think, doctor, I shall ever get over
it? asked the sufferer.

I hope so, replied Morgan, although
there's no saying how it may turn; but keep
a good heart, and make a clean breast from
last night's work and all your other trans-
gressions. Mrs. Gordon's kindness to you,
and your narrow escape from murdering
the young squire, demand a full confession
of all you know about this infernal business.

To be Continued.

Oh, woman! in our hours of ease
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!"

The last word had scarcely passed his
lips, when a carriage was driven furiously
up to the hall door, and a voice heard shout-
ing—
Let me out! Open the door!