

fast, and hurried away again as fast as possible, for fear of any questions being asked; not, however, until he had announced that Billy would be there immediately. The next time he returned, he found all further procrastination beyond his power, as the master impatiently enquired why the little ugly imp did not come in.

"Why, the truth is," John unwillingly replied, in a deprecating tone and manner, "he has gone out with Lanty after the horses. They have taken a wild freak into their heads this morning, and galloped off to the fell-side. I think, however, they will have caught them by this time, and will doubtless be back directly. Lanty was not to blame, for he rode the new horse down to the Eden, and only turned our own loose—which commenced such a capering as turned him as crazy as the rest—he laid down in the water, with Lanty on his back, and rolled him off; then up he jumped, and away with the rest to the Fells.

Harry, mortified and annoyed as he was at this trifling accident, merely directed John to send the gardener and the shepherd immediately to their assistance. By this means the horses were caught after a long and tedious chase; and, after all, he was in the saddle and away by eight o'clock, a much more seasonable hour to start on a three hours' ride, for a morning call, than the one which, in his feverish anxiety, he had intended. Billy Stone, when he did at length come to him, told him that the prisoner was worse; that he had torn the bandage from his arm in his delirium, and that the doctor did not know, and could not tell him what to say.

Harry galloped off to Appleby, intending to take up Mr. Grassenthwaite on his way. But he it seemed had been in as great a hurry as himself, to get there with his wonderful intelligence, for fear of being forestalled by some earlier messenger; and had got the start of him and was gone. He therefore spurred on, thinking it much later than it really was, till the old church clock struck nine, as he was turning down from thence to Bongate. It then occurred to him, for the first time, that he would yet be at the end of his journey at an unseasonably early hour; if he continued at the pace in which he had commenced it.

In passing through Orton, he was again recognised at the gate, near the end of the bridge, by the forlorn and wretched wife of the poacher. She implored and conjured him, by every thing he held dear and sacred in earth or heaven, to save her husband, the father of her children, from the dreadful fate which she well knew must be his doom.

Master Harry was much moved. She saw this, and renewed her cries for mercy, with a ray

of hope lighting up her eye, as she saw a tear bedim his own. After trying to convince her, but in vain, that he had no power to control his fate, he threw her a guinea, and rode on. She spurned the proffered gold, which her little boy picked up, thinking it was a new bright shilling, the coin of highest value which he had any knowledge of.

"Oh! no! no! no!" she said, and wrung her hands, when he was gone, in utter hopelessness. "They will not—I see they will not spare—his life blood they *must* have!"

"A woman's love," thought Harry, as he slowly rode along, "even in that poor wretch's abject circumstances, although a murderer is its object, is firm, unchangeable, and unshaken within that broken heart, and will continue on, through weal and woe, undying and enduring, till time with her shall be no more."

Shortly after this he reached the grounds of Forest Hall. The gate was opened for him by a woman whom he just then overtook, and recognised immediately.

"You are on your way, this bright and balmy morning, Mrs. Hebson, to the Hall, as well as I," he said, and thanked her for her kindness.

"Nay, no thanks, my child." She could not speak or think of him in other terms; but, suddenly correcting herself, she said, "Pardon, Sir! an old woman's want of memory. I seldom trouble the Ha', or them that's in it, now—except my darling child, whom this day every year, I never fail to see. It is her birth-day—the day, too, on which she lost her sainted mother."

"A loss," returned Master Harry, "thanks to her nurse; she never felt."

"I did my best," she cried, "and have been well rewarded. But, ride on, Sir! My Alice will be fain to see you."

And as he spurred away, impelled by such encouragement to hasten on, she clasped her hands in ecstasy, thinking there could but be one object now for such a visit, and exclaimed:

"I knew it!—I was always sure that it must come to this at last;—and oh! that I should live to see the day!"

The last turn in that winding avenue is passed. His horse's hoofs beat lightly on the borders of the little lake, and lighter still along the smoother lawn. And now, his hand is on the massy iron knocker of the court-yard gate. Its echoes ring throughout the inmost chambers of the Hall; and one there was within who knew the summons well—as well as if she'd heard it a hundred times before.

Her uncle, she was well aware, was closeted on some important business, with the new attorney; and could not be in attendance; to receive