THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

The Wife's Appeal. Ch. don't go in to-night, John! to.don't go in to-night, John I Now, husband, don't go in I
To spend our only shilling, John, Would be a cruel sin.
There's not a loaf at home, John; There's not a loaf at home, John;
Though with nunger I am faint, John, And cold comes down the snow. Then don't go in to-night.

2

Ah, John, you must remember, And, 'obn, I can't. orget, When never foot of yours, John, Was in the a'ehouse set. Ah, those were happy times, John, No quarrels then we knew, And none were happier in our lane, Than 1, dear John, and you. Then don't go in to-night.

You will not go? John, John, I mind, When we were counting, few Had arm as strong or step as firm Or check as red as yon; But drink has stolen your strength, John, And paled your check to white. Has tottering m de your young, firm tread. And bowed your manly height. You'll not go in to-night !

And will you go? If not for me, Yet for your baby stay! You know, John, not a taste of food Has passed my lips to-day; And tell your futher, ht le one, "Tis mine your li changs on; You will not spend the shill ng, John ? You'll give it him ? & ome, fohu, Come home with us to-aight.

RETURNED FROM THE GRAVE

By MRS. HENRY WOOD:

Author of "East Lynne," " Oswald Gray," Sc.

CHAPTER V.-CONTINCED.

"That I could this hour put my finger out upon the guilty person. As certain as that you and I sir, are standing here, face to face, I know the one who did the deed."

"What absurd treason are you uttering now?" demanded Herbert, after a pause of blank astonishment

"No treason, and nothing absurd," was the undaunted reply. "I could lay my hand saw that he observed her tremor. upon the party who murdered my master, as "I am-as you remarked bu readily as 1 now lay it upon this gate. But I don't choose to do it ; I hide my time."

Herbert Dane stared at the speaker from head to foot; wondering, possibly, whether ruins. the man was not giving utterance to a most audacious falsehood.

"Will you venture to assert-allowing that you were not one of the actors in-that you witnessed the scufile on the heights?" he inquired.

"No sir, I did not witness it: I was not proved fact has bailed my lord and the police, and compelled them to release me. But I know who was on the heights, though I was not."

* And what may be your reasons for holding it secret if you know so much ?"

"That, sir, you must excuse me if I keep to myself," was Ravensbird's reply. "But I hope, Mr. Herbert, you will not again accuse me of being the guilty man. Good-day sir."

Ravenshird turned off toward Danesheld as he concluded, and Mr. Herbert Dane stood watching him, deep in puzzled thought. Not until the former was out of sight did he awake from his reverie, and then he bent his steps toward the castle.

"I'll know, at any rate, what grounds they had for letting the fellow off," cried he, in solilequy,

He had reached the castle-gate when it was suddenly opened by Bruff, who was showing out Mr. Apperly. In another minute Herbert was in possession of the facts testified-that Ravenshird had been in the Sailer's Rest at the time of the catastrophe.

"But, let be a bit, Mr. Herbert," continued the lawyer, in excitement. " I can't question mine, to marry him the next hour, would recall him to life, I would joyfully give it." "You are unhinged, my dear," whispered Herbert Dane, thinking it better to bury his annoyance and surprise, and to soothe her; but that she really was so unbinged as to be scarcely responsible for what she said, he believed. "What a pity it is," he more impetuously broke forth, "that you went near the ruins last night."

i han

"I went there hoping to meet you," she reproachfully interrupted.

" My dearest, I know it," he hastened to put in, in an appensing tone. But she would not Standing about midway between the rains let him continue, drowning his words with and the castle were two men; the one, was her own.

"You told me in the day you should not be here, if some friends came, whom you were expecting : but you were alone, after the train came in, and I judged that they had not come. Moreover, I saw some one, as I stood at this window, going toward the ruins in the moonlight : I thought it might be you. And you reflect upon me for having gone."

"Adelaide, what is the matter? What have I said or done to offend you? Are you angry because I did not go to the ruins. The two Eccingtons had given me a half promise to come over yesterday and dine, but they did not keep it; I did not much think they would. Of course, I could have gone to the ruinsand should, had I known you would be there. I did not suppose you would go, not expecting me, and I had a reason for stopping at | take much notice of him, seeing the other was home. Harry Dane had said he would call in and smoke a manilla; nine o'clock was the hour he mentioned, but he was proverbially uncertain, and might have made his appearance earlier. I did not deem it expedient to be out, when he came."

Lady Adelaide vouchsafed no answer. She sat with her pale face cast down, playing with the ornaments attached to her chain. Mr. Herbert Dane resumed.

"You speak and look as though you had a reproach to cast on me, Adelaide. What is the cause? How have I offended you ?"

She rose up from her chair, and Herbert noticed, as she raised one hand to push her hair from her brow, that the hand was shaking. She followed the bent of his eyes, and

"I am-as you remarked but now-unhinged to-day, not fit for the society of any one," she said. "I did not intend to cast a no more like Ravensbird than twas like me or reproach to you for not meeting meat the

And, sweeping past him, she was quitting the room, when he laid his hand on her arm, to detain her.

"A moment, Adelaide. You may surely tell to me what you would not to others-if you have anything to tell; anything you are concealing. Did you not recognize Harry there. I was in the public room at the Dane's adversary last night ?- not by the Sailor's Rest at the time it took place, which | faintest shadow of a clew? Every conjecture, would point to Ravensbird, yet the man says, earnestly, that he is innocent." Her face grew ashy white as she stood confronting him, and twice she es-ayed to speak.

ere any sound would come from her bloodless lips.

"I was had down there, this morning," she said, pointing to the floor with her hand to indicate the hall underneath. "I was marsharled, like a criminal, before my lord, and the police, and the lawyers-I know not whom. They made me take the oath ; they put to me the question that you are doing. I told them I was unable to testify to the recognition of any one; I was too terrified last night to notice, or to retain recognition. If I could not answer them, do you think it likely I can answer you? You forgot yourself when you asked me."

"Forgot myself!" repeated Herbert, wondering more and more at her strangeness of manner.

"Yes, forgot yourself; or you would not so have spoken upon the very heels of my caution. I will forgive this, I will pass it over, believing you transgressed it through forget- | I regret having avowed to you my belief that fulness; but never, never you attempt to open | you were the destroyer of your master."

knowledged Drake, "but only for a yarn-in deed, master, nothing else. I stopped there longer than I ought, and was coming back again full pelt, afraid the boat might put off without me, when I heard voices in dispute." "Whereabouts?" asked Herbert

"I was on the brow of the heights, had kept close to it all the way, and was just abreast of them ruins o' the chapel, between it and the sea, when my ear caught the sound. It seemed to come from the direction of the castle, and I cut across towards it, thinking I'r' spare a moment to see what the row Was Standing about midway between the rains speaking in a harsh commanding tone, and I had got a'most uot up to him when I saw it was Captain Dane. Sceing that, of course, I

rut away again." "Where do you say this was?" demanded Herbert, pausing some moments before he spoke.

"Between them ruins and the castle, a trifle nearer the castle, maybe. "Tother man was a stranger."

"A stranger?" "Leastways, he was a stranger to me; I'd never seen him afore, to my knowledge. A biggish sort of fellow, with a pack in his hand."

"A pack !" uttered Herbert again.

" Or som'at that looked like one. If twasn't a pack 'twas a big parcel. I c'idn't the captain. The captain was blowing him чр.'

"In what terms?" cried Herbert, with vivid eagerness. "Can you remember ?" ". How dare you, fellow ?' I heard him say. and those were all the words I caught distinct. But I heard them both at it, railing like, as I steered off. '

"What time was this?"

"Well, now, I can't be positive to a quarter of an hour," was Drake's reply. " Twas past eight, and if 'twasn't near nine; I should guess it might be a quarter past eight, rather more, maybe."

Herbert Dane mused; he was revolving the information.

"Are you sure, Drake," he asked, "that it was not Ravensbird?"

"Be I'd otter, master to have no sense in my eyes?" was Drake's response. 'Twasn't you, "Twas a chap rising five foot ten, with broad shoulders."

"You must speak of this affair before Lord Dane."

"I was on my way to the castle now, to do it; I knows my duty. Not but what I'd ather go ten miles t'other way, than face his lordsLip.

Herbert Dane laughed.

"He is not so lenient to you smugglers as you would like, and you fear him. But if you can help his lordship to trace out this assaulter of his son, it will no doubt atone for some old scores, Drake." "Any way it's my duty, having seen what I

did see. And I'm not agoing to shirk it master.'

He proceeded towards the castle and Herbert Dane continued his was in the direction of Danesheld. But scarcely had he taken many steps when a slight bend in the road brought him to a milestone hidden from his view previously; and half-seated upon it, deep in thought, was Ravensbird.

"You are in a borwn study, Ravensbird ?" The man positively started. He had been so buried with himself as to be oblivious to the approach, and the voice aroused him abruptly,

"I was absent in last night's work, cir that is, my spirit was," was Ravensbird's reply. "I did not hear you come up."

"Ravensbird," returned Herberr Dane," if a man has been led into an error, the least he can do, is, to acknowledge it, when his mind opens to the conviction that it was an error.

from him; and, the parting, in consequence, though frien ily, was not to the former satisfactory. Bruff.

Drake, I Acanwhile, reached the castle, and disclosed. his tale to Lord Dane. However, loose r'Any have been the fisherman's anteceder cs, in the way of smuggling and other mat ers, bringing him under the displeasure an A syrveillance of the lord, that was no reaf on for his present account being doubted. Indeed, that he was but declaring the truth, was evident even to the lynx-eyed Lawyer Apperly, who was summoned to the conference. 27770

The police also were summoned, and Drake had to repeat his tale to them. Should he know the man again? they asked him. Drake was not sure; not by his face, he thought, for he did not take much note of it ; if he knew him again it would be by his shoulders and the pack. Not very conclusive distinctive marks, decided the inspector.

A search was set on foot-as active as could be supposed to be undertaken by village police, which is not saying a great deal. Inquiries were made at Danesheld and its environs, extending to the neighboring towns around and past them, as to whether a man. answering the description, had been seen But all to no avail; nobody appeared to have observed any such traveler. A farm-laborer, at work about six miles off, deposed that he had noticed a man the afternoon of the accident, going toward Dauesheld, a "brown man, with a sort o' box on his back.'

"And big shoulders?" questioned the police-officer.

"Noa, not he," was the answer; "he didn't seem to ha' got no shoulders. A little undersized chap, if were, no bigger nor a weasel." So that description did not tally. Neither did any other, that the police could find out, and the affair remained involved in mystery. There is an old saving, that misfortune never comes alone. Lord Dane wrote to his eldest son, to acquaint him with the melancholy fate of his brother, and requested him to return home. For years there had been an unpleasant estrangement between the brothers, but, with death, these estrangements, or rather the remembrance of them, generally end. Harry Dane had been a favorite son; Geoffrey, the eldest, a cold, haughty, overmagnifying the predilection ten-fold, and he handsome fortune Harry had dropped into, a young man, had also been a sore point with the Honorable Geoffrey; and, altogether, he preferred to live a life of estrangement from his kindred. His letters home were few and far between, and at the present moment Lord Dane did not know precisely where to address him : he had been in Paris, but had spoken of leaving it, for Italy, for Malta, and other places in rotation. So Lord Dane sent his letter to their banker's in London, who was

kept cognizant of the movements of Geoffrey Dane, giving them instructions to forward it without delay. They did so, and the days, nay the weeks passed on, but still Mr. Dane arrived not.

Lord Dane grew angry. "Geoffrey might have written, at least," he observed to his wife, "if he did not choose to come." Alas! he came all too soon. Not himself, but what remained of him. News arrived

first: a letter written by his personal attendant, who was a native of Danesheld.

the neighborhood of Rome by one of those fevers common to hot and unhealthy climates, and in three days was dead. The letter, written by Lord Dane, and duly forwarded by the dreaded door. London bankers, had never reached him (it might be traveling half over the continent the fate of his brother. Even then, as Lord, Dane perused the unhappy letter, his body ing been embarked on board a steamer at Cevita Vecchia

castle called the death-room.

cause it was a room consecrated to the dead.

there to await interment-lie in state, it may

it was, perfectly empty, with high windows

and a stone floor. Tradition went, that when

weather. But they were vere foolish who be-

The trestles were brought from their hi-

ding-closet and set up in the middle of the

room, and the coffing were placed upon them.

Lord Dane was wheeled in, in his chair; Lady

Dane glided in and stood by his side, both

struggling to suppress their grief until

they should be alone to indulge it. Some of

the upper servants were also present, and a

workman, purposely summoned to the castle,

who had written to Lord Dane, stepped for-

ward, placed his hand on the man's tools to

"My Lord-I beg your pardon-but is it

Disagreeable feeling fell upon all, and some

"I do not fear infection," he said presently.

told, before now, of-of-others being substi-

Witkins turned to Lord Danc, astonishment

"My Lord, is it possible you can suspect-

his lordship: "I did not mean to imply any.

conviction of the mind, and satisfaction from

tuted for those supposed to be dead.

on his face and tears in his eyes.

drew involuntarily a step back. Lord Dane

arrest him, then addressed Lord Dane.

be danger? Hodied of malignant fever.

prepared to unseal the coffins.

lieved in any such nonsensical superstition.

yous were the tidi Verv sad, verv Dane Castle, and the flag on it floated half. | isk; had her very life depended on it, she could not have kept them away. And in the mast high-the custom when a death occurred in the family. But a little span since it had same instant, a hollow, wailing sound, like a so floated for Harry Dane, and now it was groan, broke from within the stillness of the floating for Geoffrey. Lord and Lady Dane room. were bowed down to the very earth with grief. They were their only children, and whispers went abroad that her ladyship would movement caused it to open, as though it had not be long after them. People said they been imperfectly latched; yet Sophie knew could see the "change for death" in her. that the door had been securely locked the On a gay morning in the beginning of May, previous evening at dusk. But for the doorhearse, whose sable, mournful plumes conpost she might have fallen with her head inside it; that saved her. There came another trasted unpleasingly with the world's sunny groan, and what looked like a flood of white brightness, arrived at Dane Castle, having light from the room; and the miserable brought something inside it from Southampton. The burden was taken from within it Sophie, breaking into the most unearthly shricks and yells. few along the corridor, dropand deposited in a certain apartment of the

unsoldered. But it was accomplished at last. The domestics had quitted the room, all save Lord Dane looked at him in a questioing

manner. 🗇 "I have no fear, my lord. Allow me to see the last of poor Mr. Geoffry."

Geoffry Dane it was, unmistakably; and less changed than might have been expected under the circumstances. A long, yearn-ing look from all of them, a few stifled subs from the childless mother, and the coffins were reclored forever. Then they left the room, and the public, those who chose to come were admitted.

A sort of fright, so to term it, took place that night in the house, one that caused some unpleasant commotion. It happened that Sophie, Lady Adelaide's maid, was suffering from a violent cough, which had clung to her some weeks, and was especially troublesome at night. She was in the habit of taking a soothing drink, for it, made of herbs, or, as she called it, in her own language, tisane, which she took regularly up to bed with her. On this night, she forgot it, and would not return for it; for she, in conjunction with the rest, feit nervous when going through the long passages. considering what was in the house. But Sophie's cough proved to be unusually severe. No sleep could she get; and at length she rose from her bed, determined to brave ghostly fancies and lonely corridors, and fetch the tisane. Wrapping herself up,

she started, carrying a hand-lamp. Away she scuttered down the stairs. Her road to the housekeeper's parlor, where the drink had been left, lay past the death-room. How Sophie flew by its door, how her heart beat, and her skin crept, she would not like to have told. In common with the generality of French, of her grade and class, she was given to superstitious fears touching the presence of the dead, more so than are the English of the lower orders. But there's an old proverb, " More haste, less speed," and poor Sophie received an exemplification of it; for, so great was her haste, that in passing the very spot, the dreaded door, she lost one of her slippers. With a half cry of terror at the stopping there, Sophie snatched it up in her hand, did not wait to put it on, but tore on to the parlor.

The drink was inside the fender; where it had been placed to retain its warmth. Sophie bearing man by nature, had resented the par-tiality of his parents, his own disposition took up the jug, and put it on the table for a daunted Sophie. "But I don't think she's moment while she drew breath (short with had now been for some time abroad. The the running and the fright), and put on the not be as old as you, Mr. Bruff, by tweaty refractory slipper. She was stooping down to accomplish the latter, when a noise close above her head interrupted her.

It was nothing but the striking of the time piece on the mantel-shelf, two strokes-one, two-telling the half hour after midnight. But Sophie's nerves were unhinged, and it startled her beyond self-control. She shrieked, she grasped the nearest thing to her, which happened to be a chair, she hid her face upon it, and she wondered how in the world | than thinking of Lady Dane. Since the night she could master courage to get back to her room.

she stayed, the worse she grew. "If ever I | merly; her step was languid, her spirits were leave my tisane down stairs again," quoth unequal, her manner was subdued. In her Sophie, " may a ghost run away with me, that's all !" She took up the jug, drew her cloak | the worse; her brilliant color had faded to around her, and began to speed back again; paleness, and her rounded form had grown not very fast this time, for fear of spilling thin. She sat in an invalid-chair before the the tisane.

Poor Sophie! the real fright was coming. As she gained the corridor in which was her right hand, and her eyes were fixed on Mr. Dane had been suddenly attacked in situated the death room, her bair nearly stood on end, and her skin was as a goose's skin quivering and cold. A perfect horror grew upon her, in that moment, of passing the

And well it might. She did gain it ; how she hardly knew; but instead of rushing past after him), and he had died in ignorance of it, with her head turned the other way, some power seemed to impel her head toward it. If you ever experienced the same uncontrolspite of her will, turned right upon the door, fascinated as if by the evil power of the basil- A vivid blush r

when the time comes for its departure, who may prolong its stay ? Lady Dane was dying and she knewit. An emisent physician had been summoned from town; he had paid his visit, that morning, and had gone back again. A rumor had been spread in the servant's hall -thoughywhence originating and how they could have got hold of it, they themselves would have been at a loss to tell-that the great London man had pronounced it, in confidence to Mr. Wild, a case without hope.

"I said it from the first," wailed Sophie "I knew that when two died out of the family, the third would not be long after them," "What's that, mam'selle Sophie?" cried Mr. Bruff.

"What's that! sharply reforted Sophia "It's a well known certainty to any body who keep their eyes open. I have remarked it hun. dreds of times in my own country, I dare say you have in yours, if you'll only put your recollection to work, and cast it backward. Let two out of the same family die, pretty hear together and you may look soon for the third interment. It's safe to come, if not directly, before the twelvemonth's up."

Nonsense," said Bruff.

"Is it nonsense ? You just look abroad and take notice, if you've never noticed it before. You can begin with this household," added Sophie, tapping her foot on the floor to give force to her argument. The captain was the first, Mr. Dane was the second, and her ladyship will be the third. When news came that Mr. Dane was dead, I said to myself. "Then who'll be the next ?- for it came across my brain in the same minute that another there would be. And I feared it would bemy Lord: I never thought of my lady." "Perhaps there'll be a fourth!" sarcasti-

cally returned the incredulous Bruff. "Sophie's right," put in the housekeeper:

I have observed it myself many times. When two get off quietly out of a family, a third generally follows."

" If I could lower myself to think such trash, I'd never say it," relaked the indignant butler. " Mam'selle Sophie may be excusedshe's young; but when folks have lived to your age and mine, ma'am, they might know better. It is to be hoped her ladyship will recover.'

". Then if she does recover, it will be his going to recover; it is not in her face. I may good years, and I shall be thirty my best birthday; but if I were you, I'd never boast of my age, until I had used my powers of observation to more purpose. Anyway, two have gone, and the other will follow. You'll see.

Adelaide Errol sat alone with her auni, or tensibly attending on her should she want anything; though indeed she seemed more buried within herself and her own reflections when she had been so terrified in the ruins, a great change had overtaken Adelaide. Si Back she must get somehow ; for the longer | longer was she the gay, careless girl of forappearance, also, there was an alteration is five (her aunt's previous to Lady Dane's tak ing to her bed) her cheek was pressed upon vacaucy.

"Adelaide." It was Lady Dane who spoke ; and Adelaid

sprang up with a start, abruptly aroused to outward things. "Yes, aunt. What can l do for you?" "Nothing just now," feebly replied Lady Dane, whose voice was scarcely audible for

weakness; and had her medical attendants been present, they would have taken care she Dane perused the unnappy fetter, his cony a state of the perused the unnappy fetter, his cony a state of the perused the unnappy fetter, his cony a state of the perused the unnappy fetter, his cony as a state of the perused the unnappy fetter, his cony as a state of the perused the unnappy fetter, his cony as a state of the perused the unnappy fetter, his cony as a state of the perused the unnappy fetter, his cony as a state of the perused the unnappy fetter, his cony as a state of the perused the unnappy fetter, his cony as a state of the perused the unnappy fetter, his cony as a state of the perused the perused the perused of the perus A vivid blush rose to the cheeks of La Adelaide " It is a sad time, aunt," shean-wered ; and the plea was too true a one for Lady Dane to suspect its evasion. "This strange sadness-I call it strange Nearly paralyzed, nearly bereft of her Adelaide, in you-has continued since the senses, Sophie fell against the door, and the death of Harry," pursued Lacy Dane. "Is it caused by his death?"

the good faith of the witnesses, for 1 believe them to be honest and Hawthorne and his wife, at all events, would be true to the Dane family; but some trickery is at work, something is up; the hands of the clock were surreptitionsly put back, or some other deviltry. Ravenshird's the guilty man, and it will turn Out FO."

"What do you think, Bruff?" questioned Herbert, as Mr. Apperly marched hastily away and they stood looking after him.

"Well, sir, we don't-us upper servantsknow what to think. If appearances-that is the quarrel with his master, and his revenueful threats-hadn't been so much against him. we should not have suspected Ravensbird, for he never seemed that sort of bad man. Then, again, the evidence just given has posed us; for if Ravensbird was at the Sailor's Rest, he couldn't have been here on the heights."

- Very true," responded Herbert in a mechanical tone, as though his thoughts were elsewhere. "There appears to be some mystery over it.'

"They had my Lady Adelaida before them in the hall this morning," proceeded Bruff, dropping his voice. "And put the oath to her."

"Lady Adelaide!" quickly repeated Herbert. "Why what does she know?"

" It seems she saw the scuffle, sir, or partially saw it-as, of course, we servants suspected before, and that it was what frightened her-and the inspector thought she might have recognized the assailant." "And did she ?" asked Herbert Dane.

"Neither him nor the captain, sir. She was too frightened, she says, and knows nothing '

+ Open the door, Bruff. I am going in to my lord."

Lord Dane was alone when Herbert entered the hall. His lordship gave his nephew the heads of what had transpired, dwelling much upon the testimony of the witnesses which tended to establish the alibi, but avowing his positive belief in spite of it, that Ravensbird had been the man, Herbert agreed; and quitting the hall, went op stairs to the drawing-room.

Lady Adelaide was alone. Herbert began speaking in a low and cautious tone, his eyes ranging around the room, as though he feared the walls might have ears, of the catastrophe of the previous night. He was proceeding to ask what she had seen, what had caused her to scream, in the manner reported, when she vehemently interrupted him.

"Don't enter upon it! don't speak to me! If ever you so much as touch upon it to me by the faintest allusion, I will never willingly suffer you to come into my presence again."

He gamed at her in utter surprise; he could not and rstand either her words or her vehemence.

"What do you mean Adelaide? This to me 7″

"Yes, to you or to any one. I will not be questioned, or reminded of the horrors of last night. I could not bear it "

Herbert Dane felt vexed, considerably chafed, and he showed it in his rejoinder. * Does this indicate grief, inordinate grief, for the loss of your declared lover?"

"N-ver mind what it indicates," she answered, bursting into tears. "Now that he is fol treatment of him. And if a promise of "Well, i

the subject to me again. it with impunity." She quitted, finally the room, and Herbert

advanced to the door and followed her with his eyes. He had never seen her like this. Always gay, always lighthearted, always loving and confidential to him had she hitherto been. What had changed her? What had invoked her present dark mood ? A contraction of perplexity knitted his brow, as he gazed after her; but she did not turn to look at him; at other times her nods and her smiles had been his till she was out of sight. She sped on to her own apartments, and Her-

bert Dane quitted the castle. That Lady Adelaide's conduct, touching the affair, was unaccountable, all must admit, but upon none had it made so deep an impression as upon the police-inspector. After she had given her evidence, after Mitchel's remark that it might have been a woman, after Ravensbird appeared to be cleared, a most extraordinary idea flashed into the officer's mind, and grew there; was Lady Adelaide the one who had been disputing on the heights with

Captain Dane? CHAPTER VI.

Bur, ere long, another phase in the strange story was to be turned. As Herbert Dane wasstrolling down toward Danesheld from the castle, he encountered a man well-known in the locality-hetter known than trusted, indeed. His name was Drake, and his ostensible occupation was that of a fisherman. to which he added as much smuggling as he could accomplish with impunity. He took off his blue, woolen cap, made after the form of a cotton nightcap, to salute Mr. Herbert Dane. "A fine horrid tale I've been a hearing of, master, since our boat got in," began he. Folks be a saying as the captain's got mur-

dered, and his body a floating away in the sea; Davy Jones only knows to what part. Be it true?"

"It is an incomprehensible affair altogether, Drake, and seems to be shrouded in mystery; but I fear it is only too true. The body has not been found."

"Who was it as attacked him on the heights, master?"

"Ah! that's the question?" was Herbert's esponse.

"They be saying down in the village yonder, as it turns out not to have been the captain's servant, though the thing was first put upon him, and he was took up I know they are saying it; at least I make

to doubt they are. "Well, now, master, perhaps I can throw

some light upon this here. 'T'wont be much, though." "You!" returned Herbert, gazing at Drake.

"Yes, me. I had been up to Nut Cape, for I wanted to have a talk with old-that is-that is, I had been up the road past the castle-

" Never mind speaking out, Drake," interrupted Herbert Dane, significantly, for the man had got confused when he broke off. "You had been up to Nut Cape to hold one of your confabs with that eld smuggler, Beecher; that's about the English of it. But if I saw you pushing in a boat-load of contraband

goods under my very eyes, you might doit, for me: I have no sway in the place, that I should interfere, and I concern myself with

nobody's business but my own. So go on, "Well, I had been up to old Beecher's, ac-

A peculiar smile, somewhat cynical in its nature, flitted over the leatures of Ravensbird.

"I find that another attacked Captain Dave on the heights last night; at any rate, that Captain Dane and another were having a broil there together, about the time of the catastrophe : therefore it is but fair to infer that that other was the offender."

The smile on Ravensbird's face was exchanged for a look of astonishment.

" Who ?" he uttered.

"Some strange man, with a pack in his hand. I should imagine it must have been a travelling hawker, or person of that class; such men have been known, before now, to commit evil deeds. He may have tried to extort money from Captain Dane, and finding be could not, have proceeded to violence. One fact appears to be indisputable; that they name? the reader will inquire. Simply bewere giving vent to angry passions, one against the other."

"Who saw or heard this?" asked Ravensbird. "You sir ?"

" I ?" echoed Herbert Dane. "What a very senseless question! Had I witnessed it-or any other purpose, though occasionally opened to be aired. A large, cold, gray room indeed anything else connected with the affair-should I have kept it to myself? No, Ravensbird; had I known this, I should not have been so hasty to indulge suspicion of any one of the Dines was about to leave the you."

"Then who was it?" somewhat impatiently resumed Ravensbird.

"Drake. The man stopped me a few minutes ago, to tell me what he had seen. He was on his way to the castle to declare it to my lord; and he has gone on there now." "And be says it was a stranger ?"

"A man he did not know, and had never seen before. A big, hulky fellow with a pack Just the description one is not expect of those itinerant pedlers."

"Drake has been tardy in declaring this,' sarcastically returned Ravensbird.

" Not at all. He could not declare it out a sea, where he has been all night. His boat is but just in-as I understand-and he knew nothing till he landed of the accident to Captain Dane."

Rvensbird did not reply. His eyes seemed to be fixed in vacancy, as if in thought. Herbert proceeded.

"When you gave utterance to the expression that you could place your finger spon the offender, I believed you were speaking in vain boastfulness, if not in deceit. I conclude reflected. now, that you must have been aware of this encounter of Captain Dane's with the stranger, and alluded to the latter when you spoke. Was it so?"

"I-I was not aware that-that Captain Dane-I did not know of any encounter, of his, with a stranger," replied Ravensbird, in a slow, hesitating tone, his eyes still bearing the appearance of a man in a dream.

Herbert Dane scauped him searchingly. "Possibly this man was no stranger to your master."

" Possibly not," was the reply of Ravensbird, wakening from his reverie. "It is scarcely probable that a stranger would attack him to his death."

"You speak in riddles, Ravensbird. Did you allude to this man, or not, when you spo-e?"

"Sir," respectfully returned Ravensbird. "you must pardon me for declining to answer.'

And nothing more could 'Herbert Dane get'

ping the jug and the tisane with a crash and a splash ! That those hermetic solderings and Why was it called by so unpropitious a tastenings had come undene, and, what they confined down had risen, and was after her was the least of her imaginings. When any of the family died they were placed

Out came the terr fied servants; peal upon be said-and the public were admitted to see peal rang the bell of Lord Dane; Lady Adelthe sight. The apartment was never used for aide opened her door and stood at it, her face as white as her maid's.

When they gathered in the account of the shaking Sophie, some of the braver of the domestics proceeded to the death-room, and there the cause was made clear.

Kneeling on the stone floor beside the world, that floor would become damp in patches; not damp all over, as it did in wet coffin, lost to all outward things, save her grief, a white dressing-gown only thrown over her night-clothes, was Lady Dane. The groans of pain, of sorrow, had come from her: and the "white light" as Sophie had described it, from her lamp. Not for a long while, a whole hour, could they prevail upon the unhappy lady to return to her own chamber; in vain they urged upon her that she would surely catch her death of cold. "What matters it ?" she murmured. "Harry first Geoffrey next; both gone, both cut off in their prime; what signifies death, or anything else, that may come to me?"

At that moment, Wilkins, the servant who Geoffrey was buried in the family vault had accompanied the body from abroad, he amidst much pomp and ceremony, as befitted according to the world's usages, the late heir of the Danes. Lord Dane was too ill to be taken to the funeral, and the chief mourner mourner was Herbert, now the presumptive a safe thing to do, think you? May there not successor to the title, and to the wide and rich domains.

CHAPTER VII.

THE words spoken by the servants, perhaps heedlessly, that their lady might be "catching 'Let those who do fear it, retire; but I will her de th," were borne out more literally than see the remains of my son. Stories have been such words generally are. Whether it was the kneeling on the stone floor in the chilly night; whether it was the scantiness of the apparel she had thrown on; or the rising from her bed, hot, for that she had previously been in bed, there was no doubt, certain it is, "No reflection on you, Wilkins," interrupted that violent cold and inflammation attacked There is a difference between satisfaction from Lady Dane. The medical men called it pleurisy; less scientific people, inflammation ocular demonstrations. I have no moral doubt of the chest; no matter for the proper term, whatever that my dear son Geoffry does lie Ludy Dane was in imminent danger.

within that coffin; nevertheless, I choose to She lay in her spacious bedroom, so redolent of comfort; its fire regulated that the temperature might be of a certain heat, its little luxuries ready at hand. The servants, moving suftly in their list slippers, were anxious and attentive; the doctors were unremitting; the neighborhood was concerned Could life have been kept in Lady Dane by earthly means, they were not lacking; but | Herbert, was her settled conviction.

A blush as vivid as the previous one, but more painful. Lady Adelaide, however, remained silent.

"Child, I shall not long be here; and would a-k---"

"Oh, auat !" interrupted Adelaide, in a tone of pain.

" Not long," calmly repeated Lady Dane "a few days, perhaps but a few hours. Bo not distress yourself. It causes me no distress; quite the contrary; I am glad to go. I have-I humbly hope- a Friend in heaven, and he will welcome me to his Father's home. Oh, Adelaidel the world has become sad to me; I shall be glad to go."

Tears were running from the eyes of Lady Adelaide. There was a pause, and then the invalid resumed :

"But I want now to speak of yourself, whilst I have power left for it. This unaccountable sadness-whence does it proceed? I do not think it is caused by grief for Harry's death."

"It-it-was a dreadful death, aunt," shivered Adelaide, shunni g the question.

Lady Dane clasped her hands together. "Ay, a dreadful death; a dreadful death Still, not one to have made this last impression upon you; for, Adelaide, I suspect you did not love him."

"We all loved him," Adelaide was beginning, but Lady Dane arrested her words.

"Child, I am dying. If there must needs still be concealment between us, in these, my last hours, at least let there not be equivocation. I believed that you did not care for Harry : I believe that you love, and do still love Herbert-Geoffry, as we must call him now. Though I cannot quite remember 10 say Geoffry so soon," added Lady Dane, sadly: "it puts me too much in mind of my own Geoffry who is gone.'

Adelaide burst into fresh tears.

"Tell me the truth, child. Why should you conceal it now ? Herbert was no match for you then : Harry was, and he idolized you: but things have chauged. Herbert will suoceed his uncle, and there can be no barrier to your union with him : but I should like to be sutisfied how it will be, before I go. Speak the truth, Adelaide."

Adelaide Errol was wisibly agitated, as she bent over her aunt, for the latter had taken her hands and was drawing her closer. Speak she must; there was no escape; but even Lady Dane, dying as she was, observed how violently her heart beat.

"Aunt, I do not wish to marry Herber Dane."

"What!" uttered Lady Dane in her asto ishment.

"I will not marry him. I-do not "___sh spoke here with remarkable besitation-" like him well enough."

Lady Dane regarded her searchingly ; suspicion came over her that Adelaide in perfectly understood : not the present conversition, but the future position of Herbert for that Adelaide had long been wrapt up I

be indisputably assured of the fact. Retire," he somewhat sharply added to the servants : " and do you," nodding to the mechanic, "proceed with your work .- Had you not also better leave ns?"

The last words were addressed to Lady Dane She simply shook her head, and waited.

It was a long process, for the lead had to be