

NO MORE.

BY AMELIA E. DALEY.

No more, as once, hand throbbing into hand,
We gaze while slow the glowing sunset dies;
No more, when twilight settles o'er the land,
I turn to find my light within thine eyes.

No more we gather in the meadows wide
The daisies white with which to bind my hair;
No more I look on thee, and feign to shide
Thy dear solicitude, thy tender care.

Thou art away; oh love! oh death! oh long
Shall I with dim eyes watch the fading day,
And hear blest wives and mothers hum their song
Of household peace,—then kneel alone to pray!

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IN AFTER-YEARS; OR, FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER ROSS.

CHAPTER XI. (continued.)

"No man there is little chance of their being there yet, there is no doubt it is the young ladies you saw and the carrier has taken them into Aberdeen in his cart, which was a safer way than going by the mail where they would be seen and known as my granddaughters; there's a pretty reward the old hand has given for the food and shelter he had in Haddon Castle for fifty years, when I got my claws on Master Adam he'll have a rest in the Aberdeen jail for his pains."

"You must go to Longman" continued Sir Richard, and try to get out of him where he brought them; were I to send to him he would tell fifty lies, mainly to be revenged upon me for turning him out of this hostelry."

"Longman will tell nothing to me, he does not like me so well, but once we are sure of his having taken them to Aberdeen, we could surely find them there through the police men; it's no so long or so broad."

Sir Richard did not much like being included in the familiar "we" of the Inkeeper, but he suppressed his pride for the present, it was not the first time he realized the truth "one cannot touch pitch without being defiled."

The landlord rushed from the room with a hasty "Your pardon Sir" and going into the stable yard addressed a boy he had seen from the window and whom he knew to be Longman's son.

"How are ye Johnie, is your father with you?"

"No, father's no back frae Aberdeen yet."

"Your father's in Aberdeen, is he? I thought he wasna going till Monday, and I had two boxes to go with him."

"His day's Monday, and he'll likely go again on Monday, but he could not take boxes last journey cause he gied on purpose w' two ladies that were hiding at our house the day he set off, real ladies," continued the boy with a look of satisfaction at the idea of real ladies being visitors at his father's house.

"What ladies was that?" inquired the wily Inkeeper.

"Would you like to know?" replied the boy who now recollected that he had been forbid to speak to any one of the young ladies being at his father's. "Cause if ye would I'll tell you," and having found that the boy came with was ready to go, he jumped up behind him, and both left the stable yard mounted on the same horse.

The Inkeeper immediately made Sir Richard acquainted with the information he had obtained from Longman's boy, adding,

"I know the Inn Longman stops at in Aberdeen and if you say the word, I'll go there by the night mail, and find if they are there or where they are gone."

Sir Richard saw he had obtained an energetic and long-suffered auxiliary in the Inkeeper, and determined that he would himself also go to Aberdeen to follow up any advantage which might arise from the man's investigations, and if possible find and bring back the girls ere they had time to leave the city.

There was a town house belonging to the family in Aberdeen, in which although it had not been used as a residence since the death of Sir Richard's first wife, there lived an old servant and his wife who kept the rooms aired and prevented the old place from falling to pieces.

To this house Sir Richard proceeded in his carriage, leaving Mellicoe to follow by the mail and bring him whatever intelligence he could obtain at the hostelry.

Sir Richard had not long to wait, his faithful ally arrived before breakfast next morning, to inform him that Longman had not been at the public house he usually made his stopping place, until he had brought his passengers, an old man and two young girls, to the wharf and landed them safe on board the "Skeelly Skipper" bound for Hore's wharf, London.

This news he had obtained partly at the hostelry, partly at the wharf; the man added—

"I find the steamboat for London sails the day, so if ye like I'll go after them and have them arrested on the arrival of the 'Skeelly Skipper,' the steamboat they say will be in London long before she will, and I'll bring back the young ladies, and leave Adam in jail for stealing ladies of fortune away from their parents; or any thing else ye like me to do w' him."

Sir Richard was satisfied, and declining further aid from Mellicoe, dismissed that disinterested person to his home at the Haddon Arms, while he himself proceeded on his way to London in the steamboat.

On his arrival in the Thames Sir Richard discovered that the "Skeelly Skipper" had preceded them by more than a day, she was now at Hore's wharf discharging her cargo; her passengers gone.

This was annoying, he hoped to have arrived in advance of the schooner and to have secured the whole three, ere they had time to put their foot on English ground; as it was he had no doubt the captain could inform him of their whereabouts, if they had not at once proceeded to the town house of Lord Cranston, Lady Morton's son by her first husband, where Lady Hamilton always resided when in London.

He chose the Angel in the City road at Islington as his present place of abode, being sure

that there he would be less likely to see acquaintances of his own rank whom he wished to avoid, than in a more fashionable part of the City; and this preliminary arranged he at once presented himself at the door of Lord Cranston's mansion in Belgravia.

"I wish to see the Misses Cunningham," said he to the powdered footman who opened the door;

"The man staid."

"There are no ladies of that name here at present."

"Ah, ha," thought Sir Richard "he has been ordered to deny them, and putting a guinea into the man's hand, said,

"The ladies I wish to see, are two young girls who arrived in London yesterday from Scotland, and came here to visit Lady Hamilton accompanied by an old man servant."

The footman shook his head, the gold had done its work, he was evidently anxious to oblige the gentleman, but he knew not how.

"There were no visitors answering to the

"What do you want to see in my ship?"

"I want to see if my granddaughters are still on board, and to prevent their wandering about the streets of London as vagabonds."

As Sir Richard spoke the Captain saw the two girls and Adam on the wharf, not a hundred yards distance from the gangway.

"Ye'er welcome to watch my ship from a stern to stern if ye like, but ye'll get no more satisfaction below than ye'll get on deck, come away, I'll show you the read down to the cabin, there's no great place for ladies here."

Sir Richard followed the Captain; in the cabin they found the first mate, and in hopes that he could find out from the man more than the master would disclose, he was pleased when the latter retraced his way up the companion ladder.

As the Captain reached the deck the girls were on the gangway, the sailor quickly made his way towards them, his lips pursed up into a round projection from his face, his rough forefinger had diagonally across said projection, by

seller himself employed, an upright man, learned and clever.

Sir Richard returned the book with thanks and drove to No 6 Cecil Street, Strand.

The door of a dingy looking office was opened by Mr. George Cox who in return to Sir Richard's "Is Mr. Catchem within?" gave the pleasing intelligence that Mr. Catchem was not only within but disengaged, a fact which was the rule not the exception with his master, that gentleman's clients generally finding out that he was one too many for them, his bills on an average exceeding the amount gained for his employers.

Sir Richard was ushered into the sanctum sanctorum of Mr. Catchem, where he found that learned scribe apparently over head and ears in deep study of a huge tome, on which finger and eye alike were busy; the fact being that when the tap announcing a visitor was heard Mr. Catchem not having any other pressing employment was improving his leisure by studying "the human face divine" in the passers by,

when the circumstances connected with this most unfortunate affair came to my knowledge, of course I set my face against it, my opposition produced open rebellion and instigated by the lover, or at all events in hopes of finding him both girls left their home some ten days since, accompanied by an old servant who has been in the employment of our house for upwards of sixty years, I have traced them to London but here I am at fault."

"How did they come here?"

"By a sailing vessel, the Skeelly Skipper, Shind, master."

"Is the vessel still in port?"

"Yes, it lies at Hore's wharf. I have been there to-day, but the fellow either knows nothing of the girls, who he says left the ship immediately on its landing, or else it is his interest to conceal their whereabouts."

"There are means by which he can be made to tell the truth, and if you desire it I shall put them in force."

"No; any such, I am convinced, would be futile at present. I was on board for some time, and saw not only the master, but one of the mates. There is no hope of information from that quarter."

"We could at all events detain his ship in port, and so punish him for bringing these children here without your knowledge and permission."

"What you suggest would punish him, but in no way help me to recover my children, of whom I wish to obtain possession with as little delay as possible. It is a serious affair, Mr. Catchem, to have two young beautiful girls going about the streets of London, with no better guardian than a young servant."

"What is their age?"

"Over sixteen."

"The servant is, I suppose, their maid or nurse?"

"No, the old gardener."

"A strange companion for young ladies."

"He is a man of more education than most of his class, and as we had reason to consider him faithful, my son brought him into the house, and gave him the management of pretty much every servant in and around the Castle. He is a cunning fellow, and pretends to be religious, and so got the right side of my son and also of these young girls, whom he has constituted to induce with his own ideas."

"Is there no one in London to whose house you suppose they may have gone?"

"Lady Hamilton, of Inglethorpe, is the only one to whom they could go, I have been there; they have not been heard of there."

"Do you think it likely that their presence there would be denied to you?"

"That occurred to me as being very possible, but I gave the servant who opened the door a couple of guineas, and told him I would call to-morrow. I think he is now in my train."

"You did right there. In such a case a little money to a servant is out at good interest. Where does Lady Hamilton live?"

"In Belgravia; but she has no home of her own. She is on a visit to her sister, Lady Morton, who lives with Lord Cranston, her son by a previous marriage. He is a sickly man, scarce able to raise his limbs, so the ladies have everything pretty much their own way. I am sure that sooner or later they will find their way to Lady Hamilton. I am surprised they have not done so already, but I wish to prevent their meeting her if possible."

"I see; did your daughters bring their clothes with them when they left Scotland?"

"No nothing but those they wore."

"Then they are at some Hotel, where they will remain for a day or two until a milliner puts them in visiting order."

"Most likely, that never occurred to me."

"Are they provided with money?"

"I cannot tell, it is possible, my son was a weak silly man and completely led by these girls."

"The lawyer looked at the hard face of the father, and wondered how the son could be weak or silly."

"How long is it since their father died?"

"Over a year."

"Have you given them money since then for clothing or pocket?"

"Not a shilling."

"Then I should say whatever they were possessed of at the time of his death must now be spent."

"No, I do not believe they have spent a pound since my return home; they have had no opportunity, they have never been outside the precincts of Haddon Castle from the day I came home until they took their flight, but it is very possible they are possessed of quite enough of money for their present wants; by way of getting the confidence of the mate of the ship they came in I offered to pay for their passage, but this he assured me was paid before they left Scotland; but why are you so anxious to know the state of their funds?"

"Because if they have no money they must as a necessary consequence run in debt to the milliner who supplies them with the finery they are in all probability waiting for; this debt will be incurred in your name, and you are liable for it; an advertisement so worded as merely to describe the young ladies and their servant who doubtless accompanies them on all their walks abroad, without mentioning any names, will soon bring the milliner's bill to this office to be settled; this will at once lead to their discovery."

"It will be well to insert such an advertisement in some of the dailies at all events, it will only cost a few shillings and may do some good."

"What are the young ladies' names?"

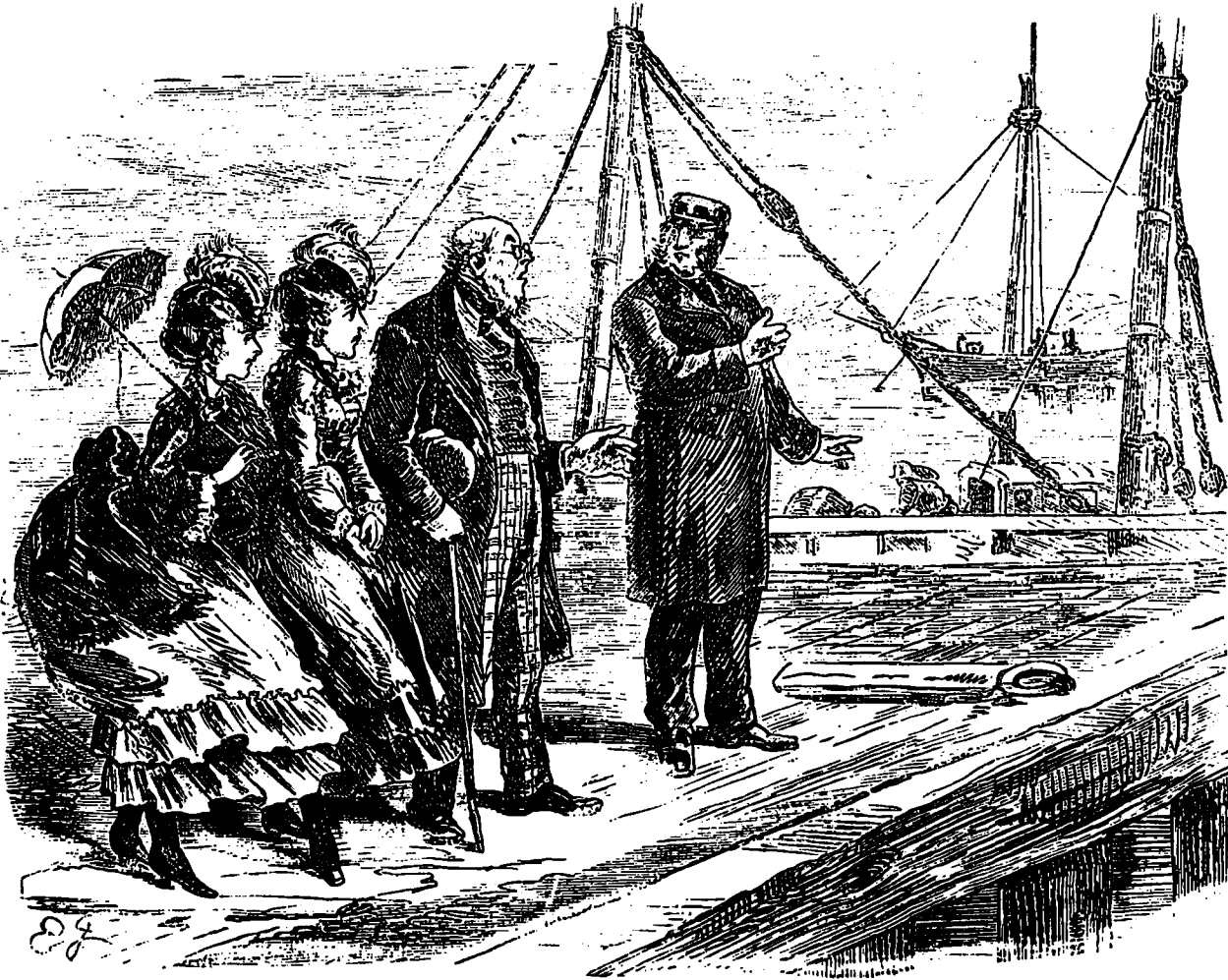
"Agnes and Margaret Cunningham; but I would not on any account have their names inserted in the advertisement," said Sir Richard hastily thinking as he spoke that this might at once lead to a meeting between them and Lady Hamilton as if she knew they were in London she would at once seek them out, with probably a better clue to their residence than he himself had.

"Certainly not," replied the lawyer "it was not with a view to that I asked the question."

As Mr. Catchem spoke he held up the quill pen which he had retained in his hand since Sir Richard's entrance, giving the latter a look as if he would enjoin silence, again pointing the pen in the direction of the door which led to the outer office.

Getting down cautiously from the high stool on which he was perched, he proceeded on tip-toe towards the said door, at the back of which Mr. George Cox was kneeling, with his ear flat against the key-hole.

[To be continued.]



A MOMENT OF DANGER.

description of your friends who arrived here this week, or do I remember any such, I always open the door, will you walk in and see Lady Hamilton Sir? perhaps her Ladyship can give you some information of the friends you seek."

"No, I am not personally acquainted with Lady Hamilton, (Sir Richard notwithstanding his title, and name of gentleman could lie when it suited his purpose) and I prefer not troubling her; but as I know these young ladies intend visiting her, I shall call occasionally during the next few days; you need not say to any one I have been here, as I wish my coming to form a pleasant surprise for the Misses Cunningham."

Sir Richard presented the man with another guinea saying,

"Take care you do not speak of me to anyone."

The delighted servant tendered his thanks to the most generous gentleman he had met with, promising that no one should know of his having been there, and the generous gentleman took his way towards Hore's wharf.

He was not long in arriving at the "Skeelly Skipper" the master of which was busy superintending the taking in and stowing away of the return cargo.

Sir Richard's plan was to endeavour to obtain his object by fair means, he therefore saluted the shipmaster with as suave an air as he would have used in addressing a brother knight.

"How do you do, I believe I am addressing Captain Shand?"

"Yes Sir, I am the shipmaster."

"I understand you brought from Aberdeen on your last trip, two young ladies and a man servant?"

This was the man and the time the seaman had looked for, even before he started from Scotland; and ere he opened his lips the altered expression of his face told its tale to the quick-witted Baronet.

"Oh, aye, they came up in the schooner," was the answer given with anything but the seaman like ease with which he usually spoke; the Baronet saw the man's confusion, and at once concluded the girls were still on board, and said so.

"No," replied the skipper "they left the ship ten minutes after she landed."

"Will you let me know what Hotel they went to?"

"I cannot do that, I ken nothing about where they went to."

"How is that possible? they or their servant were never in London, and could not know where to go without being told."

"Whether it's possible or not it's the fact, I diana lie, and ye'll get no more out of me, if you speak till ten o'clock."

The Captain turned on his heel leaving Sir Richard standing a few steps from the gangway where he entered.

"Will you allow me to go through your ship?" said the latter, raising his voice a little so as to attract the attention of the Captain, who was making his way to the other end of the ship.

The sailor retraced his steps, and placing himself exactly in front of Sir Richard, asked in any but mild accents.

which pantomime he meant to enjoin silence on his visitors.

Coming close up to them he whispered, putting his lips almost close to Adam's ear.

"The grandfather is in the cabin" as he spoke waving his hand towards the opposite side of the ship, the bulwark of which watched with that of a large merchantman; he saw he was not understood, the intellect of Adam never very bright had become obtuse with fright on hearing of the proximity of Sir Richard, and the poor girls at once gave themselves up for lost; the sailor seized Margaret by the hand and in a second or two she was lightly vaulted over both bulwarks, Agnes and Adam following with the quickness of the lightning's flash "My service to you, Captain Davidson" said the seaman addressing the Captain of the merchantman, who looked a little surprised at the summary way in which the entrance to his ship was made, "these is some friends of mine from Scotland that I took to see your ship, it's better worth the while seeing than mine, I'll leave them with you in the cabin for ten minutes, there's folk on business on board the 'Skeelly Skipper' so I'll leave these friends of mine with you till I come back."

"Your friends and yourself are heartily welcome Captain Shand," replied the seaman, and taking the girls and Adam into his cabin he set before them the best his ship afforded.

Meantime Sir Richard had ascertained for himself that his granddaughters were not on board the "Skeelly Skipper," and that neither gold nor promises could induce the mate to tell if he knew where they were gone, he took his departure from both ships and wharf and drove the city little thinking who he had left behind so close to the ship in which he had searched in vain.

"Pray show me your city directory" said Sir Richard to a bookseller in the Strand "I wish to find the address of some clever lawyer."

"I will give you that at once without the trouble of searching in a directory" replied the bookseller.

"Thank you, I prefer searching out a list of names and then I will feel obliged by your telling me which among them will best suit my purpose, if you will take the trouble to do so."

"I will be most happy to give you all the information in my power," replied the bookseller handing the directory to Sir Richard who he saw was a gentleman of rank.

Sir Richard made a selection of the names of four gentlemen of the law, whose offices were all in the close vicinity of the bookseller's shop; and reading them in order, the latter made his remarks thereon.

"Mr. R. Talmidge, No—Strand?"

"A very good, steady, rising man, but young."

"Mr. Amos Lightfoot, No—Strand?"

"A large practice among the gentry, don't know much about him."

"Mr. Catchem, Cecil Street, Strand."

"He'll not do for you, he's up to all sorts of tricks and quirks, he would be any body's doggie for a bite."

"Mr. Edward Brownlow—"

Before Sir Richard could give the address, the bookseller interrupted him with an eulogium on Mr. Brownlow; he was the one the book-

and had quickly retreated to his sanctum ere his clerk Mr. George Cox opened the door to admit his new client.

Sir Richard introduced himself to Mr. Catchem as Sir Richard Cunningham of Haddon, and was received by that worthy with a quiet bow, as he motioned the knight to be seated in the leather arm chair, which the wily lawyer kept for his clients, knowing that when men or women either are seated at their ease in a comfortable chair they are more likely to spend an hour in consultation than in a straight backed wooden seat; and as Mr. Catchem always made a point of looking at the clock when his clients entered and charging every minute of his valuable time consumed in taking instructions or giving advice, it served his purpose well the money invested in the stuffed leather chair.

Although Mr. Catchem received the announcement of his visitor's name and rank with great formality he was wide awake to the advantages which might accrue therefrom, and waited with impatience to hear what brought Sir Richard to Cecil Street, Strand.

"Mr. Catchem," began the new client, "I have come to consult you on a most painful business, in which I hope you will be able to help me."

"I hope I shall Sir."

"I most sincerely trust you will, and influenced as a man of your education and ability must be by feelings of interest and love for our common nature, I am sure you will try your best."

"You may depend on that sir, pray come to the point."

"I will, although to me it is most painful to acknowledge even to my own man of business the errand which brings me to your office, and indeed to London."

Sir Richard paused, and Mr. Catchem seeing he was expected to say something and not knowing what to say gave utterance to an "Ah!" being sympathetic was not his way and he did not like it.

Sir Richard saw that the lawyer was intent on his business, that what his clients' feelings were to him a matter of perfect indifference; he did his work, foul work it was very often, but he did not mind that, he took care he was well paid for every hour of his time, every stroke of his pen, and if the work done was fair or foul he held it no affair of his, he preferred the latter it paid best in the way he did his business, besides it was congenial to him; his inner thoughts were a mass of trickery and chicanery, he liked to make a trap for the unwary foot, to pounce with law which is not equity on the widow and the fatherless, and if by his guile they were left without a loaf of bread, he sapiently congratulated himself that with the money so obtained, he, Mr. Catchem could buy two loaves if he would.

Sir Richard saw that the lawyer was a man of deeds not words, and he changed his tactics.

"I have two granddaughters, twin girls, the daughters of my son; their home is with me in Haddon Castle, one of them has formed an attachment to a young man I entirely disapprove of, in fact a soldier without other means of supporting her in the sphere of life she was born to, than his sword; an engagement was entered into during my absence from home;