

to be obtained, so he immediately sent off to Amherst for a doctor by a special messenger, and told the driver on pain of dismissal not to spare the horses. In an hour the doctor had been brought and everything was done for Charles which his skill could suggest.

He pronounced it a flesh wound,—not dangerous—no main artery severed—though one of the large veins of the arm had been cut. He extolled Edward's skill in finding the wound so promptly and said but for that he would soon have bled to death.

In the mean time the alarm of Charles Rivers being dangerously wounded had been carried to Alice and Ellen and they were soon down with all the household to render assistance. Alice was nearly frantic when she heard the tidings, and Ellen's alarm was scarcely less.

Charles Rivers, although restored to consciousness, was still weak from the effect of his wound and the shock he had received by falling from his horse when he was shot. He was not permitted by the doctor to speak lest the excitement should produce a bad effect upon his wound; and however disagreeable the enforced silence was to all parties, it had to be kept. As the house to which he had been taken did not afford the same comforts, which it was thought were necessary to him in his weak state, it was resolved to move him that night and a waggon was accordingly prepared for that purpose. A mattress was placed in it, and on that Charles Rivers was laid, his head supported by pillows and tenderly kept in its place by the affectionate hand of his friend Edward Bland. The young man who had gone forth from his home a few hours before in the full vigor of manhood was now as weak and helpless as the infant that is nursed at the breast. Such is man!

The house of Mr. Foster was considered the most suitable place for Charles to be taken to, and to it he was accordingly removed. Alice, indeed, pleaded hard that he might be taken to their residence; and Mr. Alton was anxious to have him there, also, but Mr. Foster would not listen to it. He insisted on having Charles to himself, clinching the argument by observing that the house was only half as far from where he was as Mr. Alton's, and therefore it would be twice as easy to remove him.

"As for you, you little pet," he said to Alice, "you can come over and nurse him if you like; and I have no doubt but you and Ellen will have taught him embroidery before he gets better."

Mr. Foster, like all old lawyers, was so positive, and in general, so correct in his opinions, that no one liked to contradict him. To his house Charles was accordingly removed.

We may here remark that our reasons for having given Mr. Foster and Mr. Alton so little prominence in our tale is simply this, that they have but little connection with the main incidents of the story; and we have thought it better for its interest to the reader to discard as

much as possible all superfluous characters and confine ourselves strictly to those who take a more active part in our plot. We hope this explanation will satisfy everybody, and account or what may have appeared strange to some.

Next morning Charles Rivers was sufficiently restored to his strength, to be able to relate the circumstances connected with his wound, as far as he knew them. He had been to Amherst for the purpose of receiving a small parcel which had been brought for him from New York, and which contained a small Colt's revolver, and a box of cartridges. He had opened it, and loaded the seven barrels for the novelty of the thing, and was proceeding quietly homeward. The night was dark, and the remembrance of his former adventure on the same road, made him regard every object with suspicion. He had nearly reached the gateway leading to Mrs. Forest's residence, when he heard a movement in the bushes, at the side of the road towards his right hand, and somewhat behind him. Instinctively he grasped his pistol, and turned himself in the saddle towards the place whence the sound had proceeded. As he did so, he felt himself struck in the arm, and immediately a strange mist came gathering over his eyes and a sense of dizziness oppressed his brain. He fired his pistol, three barrels in succession, from the direction in which the shot had come, but his hand was unsteady, and it was doubtless without effect. In another moment weakness overcame him—he fell from his horse—was stunned—and lost all consciousness.

He saw nothing of the man who shot him. He could not even tell whether he was mounted on horseback or not. The whole thing was a mystery to him. He only knew that he had been wounded, and that by some unknown individual.

Those who had heard the report of the gun and went to his aid, thought they heard the heavy but rapid gallop of a horse far up the road. But those who were aware of how easily the ear is deceived, attached but little importance to this opinion. However the matter was, the assassin had at least escaped.

The excitement produced in the minds of the people of the neighbourhood by this last episode was most intense. Every one was astounded at the tidings, and every one was enraged and indignant. Charles Rivers the favourite of every body, had, by some means or other, become the victim of a foul conspiracy, and these repeated attempts to kill him, worked up popular excitement to a high pressure.

It was quite evident that the only thing that saved Charles Rivers from instant death was the sudden turn which he made when he heard the movement in the bushes behind him. By this the bullet, which would otherwise have passed through heart, only pierced his arm. The aim of the man who fired at him had evidently been extremely true, for a line drawn horizontally from the place where Rivers was wounded