CONTROL OF THE PROPERTY OF THE SECTION OF THE SECTI

SOME DAY.

2/5/6

Some day, some coming day, perhaps not far away,

I shall be deaf to your impassioned call.
So me day your words of love will have no power to move

Mine heart to rapture as by me they fall. Some day, oh, my believed, and you alone shall And list but all in vain, my feet that will not come.
Some day, ob, dearest heart, whene'er I think

Mine eyes are filled with tears, my lips are stricken dumb. Some day—some coming—it may be in the May—
And you will come to my low curtained bed,
And, bringing daisies with you, there shall, sob-

bing say:
"She loved them so, and she, alas! is dead." Some day—some coming day, and you will turn

From that low Mesca of your troubled years; And e'en the sky so blue that shines o'er you, You will not see because of many tears.

Some day—some coming day—thank God!
thank God I say,
The one that here is left with yearning soul shall go To where the other is. Dear heart, you will not

Me long before you come. You'll come to

me, I know. [WRITTEN FOR "THE POST."]

HOUSEHOLD TALKS.

RAINY DAYS.

"In the Blues"-A Disappointed Child-When a Eainy Day is Enderable-Pepular Superstitions Concerning Rain-An Echo from "Voices of the Night."

> "IN THE BLUES." " Into our lives some rain must fall,

Some days must be dark and dreary."

So sings the poet, and so human hearts felt I ong before the post sang. Rainy days are the eremiads of the calendar. Happy, indeed, is he temperament that can resist their de-

pressing effect. Some rainy days are easier to be borne with than others. Understand, a smart pelting shower, or even a succession of such, with stray glimpses of sunshine and twitterings of birds between, and after down-patterings of drops from weighted branches, a day filled up with shades and gleams comes not amiss sometimes to vary the sad monotony of life.

"Spring showers bring May flowers."

The old ryhme comes to mind as we look out through blurred windows upon the slanting lines of rain with the sun shining upon them as they fall, and the earth taking on a softer and tenderer green at their light touch.

Rain in autumn is a different thing. The sky is dull and leaden, the earth brown and bare. Instead of vivifying, the moisture soaks into stalk and root, and lies there, an agent not of resuscitation but decay. Over me such scene of desolation must Jean Ingelow have glanced when she wrote :-

We shall neet no more in the sodden fields, With the faded bent o'erhead; But perhaps I shall meet the and know thee again, When the grave gives up its dead."

A DISAPPOINTED CHILD.

One sight is so common that to the unthinking looker-on it has almost ceased to be pathetic-a grieving child whose promised pleasure trip has been spelled by the rain. It is very often the first disappointment of a life-time, and, as such, dwells in memory long after things better worthy of remembrance are forgotten. The grief is very real while it lasts. Happily its first wild polgnancy is soon past, but the dread of disappointment, to steal away some of the charm from future enjoyment, is left behind.

WHEN A RAINY DAY IS ENDURABLE.

Sometimes a rainy day comes as a god-send. When it relieves one from the fulfilment of a promise hastily given, from the intrusion of tiresome visitors, from some one of the in-numerable obligations and necessities that hedge our lives around with the thorny thickets of custom and conventionality, then, at least, it is quite possible to look out resignedly, if not gaily, upon the drizzling down-pour, and wish it in turn a torrent and the torrent a flood. POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS CONCERNING BAIN.

"Happy is the bride that the sun shines This is an old and often quoted saying; but, like other fair sayings, it has its reverse aide. But little attention is paid to it, fortunately, and many a bride whose smiles make the only sunshine of her marriage day has laughed the gloomy prophecy to score.

It seems a fitting thing that the dead should

be borne away from the place that shall know them no more, amid falling rain, so like the tears of those left behind, who keep them in loving memory.

In fact, we are so much the creatures of impulse and circumstance that we expect Nature to sympathize with us in our sorrows

and joys, and rail at her if she seems not to Bayard Taylor expresses this feeling well in

these words :-

"The cruel sun was shining
In the cold and windy sky,
And life, with it's mocking voices
Looked in to see thee die."

And Mrs. Hervey, in her poem concerning St. Swithin, who is scarcely mentioned without a reference to rain, says, in the person of the saint :--

"Each sailing cloud, like a gray-winged dove, Stoops down, in very ruth; For, like it, I have known what it is to love The green wolds from my youth,"

AN ECHO FROM "VOICES OF THE NIGHT." Longfellow has expressed the tender melancholy that stirs thoughtful and sympathetic nature most deeply when evening comes down wrapped in clouds of rain and gloom. In his "Voices of the Night" he says:—

" I see the lights of the village, Gleam through the rain and the mist, And a feeling of sances comes o'er me, That my heart cannot resist

A feeling of sadness and longing, That is not akin to pain, But resembles sorrow only, As the mist resembles rain."

With the musical tones of this long-silent voice that so long soothed and charmed a restless world, now soothing our own unquiet thoughts, let us turn away from streaming pane and blurred landscape, to find that one more rainy day has gone out of our lives as suddenly as it came. MARIANA,

A GREAT OFFER.

No matter in what part you live, you had Oanital not needed. Every worker who collected and arrested Sweeney, and with very hold attioned is absolutely sure of a difficulty prevented the people from lynching him.

SPHINX ECHOES.

Address correspondence for this Department to E. R. Chadbourn, Lewiston, Maine, U. S.]

182.-BY LADIES PRIZED. The animals go on all fours,
But we go on all fives;
We go on where we live no more,
Close bound to other lives.

We once clung to a quadruped, And with it played and ran, But now we nestle close instead Around the hand of man.

And sometimes when we're dressed quite fine Believe this if you can— Some people take us as the sign Of the true gentleman.

But careless youth and sturdy men Do not in us delight; And often when abroad with them They leave us out of sight.

But all the ladies prize us much. Though much their time we tax; And handle us with tender touch, And softly stroke our backs.

183.-AN ANAGRAM. The stale of whole Confounds the soul, The senses seem to reel; Naught but alarm,

A sense of harm, The faculties can feel. "ONE CANNOT STIB." All is a blur,
The energies are dazed;
With great surprise, The affrighted eyes

Are fixed—with terror glazed.

185.—A CHARAD 3. If we define the first t. ansparent, And nonsense if we call the second. Then whole, as seems to be apparent, Transparent nonsense should be reckoned; But some words in thei: meanings vary, With definitions qui: a number, And whole (see Webster's dictionary),

184 -ROBERT WANTS TO KNOW. 1. How ten pins, or -cks of equal length, may be laid upon the table so as to spell out the name of a great maley-making establish-

ment. 2. How nine of the pint or sticks may be a rearranged as to name a manufactory of money making material. 2. How the directions in which four of these

pines or sticks point may be slightly changed, and cause the nine to indicate an important money-conveying document,

186.—CURTAILMENT. Open I am, and public too, Conspicuous and plain to you.

When curtailed, I am a small plate, To be used at the Eucharist is my fate.

Again of my tail deprived, a strange peradox, I'm the top of the head of a man or a .ox.

Curtailed again, I'm ready, fit,
There's a mc of butter, and I'm to tap it.

Again curtailed. I'm often heard, To shorten a paternal word.

Curtailing me now is to cut me in two, A pair of letters will look at you. A. B. GIMNER.

187.-A STAR.

1. A letter. 2. An exclamation of joy, etc. 3. A traversing frame, along which the carriage 3. A traversing frame, along which the carriage of a heavy gun in barbette moves. 4. A Turkish silver coin. 5. Marshes flooded by the tides. (Prov. Eng.) 6. The beginning of a contraction in a tube. 7. Small green and yellow finches. 8. A measure. 9. A letter. R. K. Nus.

188.—TRIPLE LETTER ENIGMA. In "common fare,"
In "fruit to spare."

In "sh vrp" and keen, In "halting" mien.
An old-fashioned dainty I bring, I bring,

The praises of total I sing, I sing, Come gather the primal with song and laughter. The next well-conditioned will soon follow after, The final will sputter and dance in the kettle.

Its votaries claim it the truest of mettle.

189.—A NUMERICAL ENIGMA. Those fond of vegetable food, Eat 1 to 4 and call them good; 5. 6. 7 must surely mean

An insect we have often seen; 1 to 7 is one whose toil Gets its reward from well-tilled soil. NELSONIAN.

THE CLOSING COMPETITION. Favors in competition for the puzzle-making prizes—one hundred, twenty, ten and five dollars—must now be sent at once, in order to be received by the 25th inst. The awards will be made as early as possible, though some delay may be necessary to ensure a thorough examina-tion of the manuscripts submitted.

ANSWERS.

174.-But (t). 175.—Sweet-brier.
176.—Sloth, lion, monkey, beaver, fox, bear, bissn, deer, tapir, leopard.
177.—At-ben-u-ate.

178.—Metoposcopy. 179.--LA WIT SHEATHED HAMSTER

EDITED DETER

180.—Sickness. T A R A T A R A T A A T A R

A MODEST, SENSITIVE WOMAN often shrinks from consulting a physician about functional derangement, and prefers to suffer in silence. This may be a mistaken feeling, but it is one which is largely prevalent. To all such women we would say that one of the most skillful physicians of the day,

who has had a vast experience in curing diseases peculiar to women, has prepared a remedy which is of inestimable aid to them. We refer to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. This is the only remedy for woman's peculiar weaknesses and ailments, sold by drugglats, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case or money refunded. See guarantee printed on bottle wrapper.

A MURDEROUS BAILIFF.

No matter in what part you live, you had better write to Hallett & Co.. Portland, Maine, without delay; they will send you free information about work that you can do and live at home, at a profit of from \$5 to and upwards daily. A number have earned over \$50 in a day. Both sexes. All and over \$50 in a day. Both sexes free Both shots were fired and Sweeney shot him also, the bullet entering the heart. Both shots were fired at Lioyds orders. The Caritai not needed. Every worker who

A BEAUTIFUL GIRL.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—Continued.

"Darling," he said gently, "be candid with me. Even supposing you have done some little action not quite prudent, I could not be angry. liknow how sweet, and gentle, and pure my little wife is. Do not make me so unhappy, love. Tell me what it is."

His gentle tone and kind face touched her

more than anger could have done, and she laid her head on his breast, like a wearied child who

has cried itself to sleep.

"Claude," she said gently, "I cannot tell you.
I wish I could die here in your arms, while your face looks kind and you smile on me. It would be easier for me to die than answer your ques-tions."

"I say it in sorrow, not in anger. Hilda," he replied, kissing her pale brow, 'that the secret you own exists, but which you refuse to tell me, I shall find out for myself."

He unclasped her arms as he spoke, and rising from her side he slowly quitted the room.

CHAPTER XXIX. When her husband left her Lady Hilds sat incapable of connected thought, conscious only of deep, unutterable anguish; that dulled her brain and seemed to paralyze her mind. She never remembered in after years how the hours passed after her father left her. It was like a dream of pain, full of sad and miserable pictures. The long night brought her no rest and no caim. She tried to pray, but her rest-less heart and restless lips could not be con-trolled. She tried to think, but thought was impossible. All around her, in letters of fire, read that she was an impostor, a convict's

daughter who had no business there.

On some such trouble would have fallen lightly; but to that sensitive, loving, truthful nature it was martyrdom. If she could have gone and thrown berself at her husband's feet and told him all, confessing her unworthiness to be the mistress of the proud home where he had placed her, unworthy of the name and love of one whose race had never known the taint of shame, her sorrow would have been light in comparison. The worst that could have befallen her would have been that her husband would nave sent her from him.
From her height of pride Lady Baynebam would scorn her, and Barbara Earle would look on with serrow and wonder. Yet all that was far easier to bear than the consciousness of her secret. The knowledge that she was the child of one who had broken the law, and suffered the fate of a convict—the knowledge that she al-though Lacy Hutton's heiress and adopted daughter, was after all an impostor—there was something even harder than that, and it was the necessity of keeping a secret from her hus-band, the noble, upright man, who had trusted

her so deeply and loved her so well. Life had been all sorrow for Lady Hilda since this barrier had arisen between them—since she had lost the power of looking with clear truthful eyes in his face; and she would have suf-fered anything willingly if she might have told

As she sat there, white and still as a marble statue, the impulse was strong upon her to go after him and tell him all; but three things prevented her, three reasons held her bound in chains of iron. That first was his words, that "such a one" should be sent back to her own friends If she confided her secret to her husband he would send her to live with the terrible father whose conduct had so fatally blighted her life. second, the oath her dying mother asked her to take—and an oath was a sacred and solemn

discover the fact of her presence in the Lady's Walk that night. If he did so, and knew she had been there with Mr. Fulton, there was no help for her; she must then tell him all. Hour after hour passed, and Lady Hilda still ant where her husband had left her. From the confused mist of her thoughts one idea gradual

ly grew upon her. It was that she must keep her secret, and learn to endure in silence all that it brought upon her.

The fair young child, for she was little else,

her. Only a few months since, and her happiness was perfect, without a flaw; now her trouble seemed greater than she could bear. What had she done that she should be thus ounished? No great or grievous sin marred or stained the course of that fair, tranquil life. She had done her duty as far as she knew it, both to God and man. She had never wronged another, and the poor and the sorrowing rose up to bless her. Why was she punished so heavily? all

her sorrows came from the sins and fellies of others. The weight upon her, crushing the brightness from her life, bending the golden head low in humble shame.
"Why was it?" Reason gave no answer. She remembered her mother's words, that all would clear in another world—she would know

and understand why she had suffered in this. Then over the fair, sad face there stole a look of sweet, humble resignation. The wild tempest of sorrow became calm, and the beating, rebellious heart grew still.

"I must bear it," said Lady Hilds to her-self; and many others, by the bare utterance of these words, have learned to endure heavy sorrows in stlence.

Lord Bayneham was ill at ease. He loved

his beautiful young wife with a devotion that knew no limits. He could not, in his wildest dreams, imagine her capable of even an imprudence; and he wondered, until wonder became pain, what she was keeping from him He did not see how it was possible for Lady Hilda to have any secrets; the simple story of her life was an open book, in which he had read every charming, innocent page. As for any love nonsense, he would somer have suspected a bright-winged angel of mercy than his pure, loving, gentle wife. He would have discussed the whole affair as nonsense bus for her own words—her own admission, that she had a secret which she could not share with him.

He stood in the library; a mass of papers lay He stood in the library; a mass of papers lay in a confused heap upon a table, all awaiting his supposed to be in her own room? Could it attention, but he had none to spare for them. It was seldom the young lord of Bayneham bore so disturbed an expression on his comely face. He was at a standstill, and knew not what to do. If for a moment he felt angry with his young wife the remembrance of her words—her pale, wistful he would not dare to solicit an interview with his wife after ten at night, when she was supposed to be in her own room? Could it have been Mr. Fulton?—no, the idea was simply ridiculous. Mr. Fulton?—no the idea was simply ridiculous.

perplexed by many thoughts, Barbara Earle entered the room—Barbara, whose noble, soullit face looked serene and calm. For a moment Lord Bayneham's whole heart seemed to go out to meet her. There was no mystery, no con-cealment here, nothing but clear, glorious truth in the dark eyes raised to his face. "What is the matter, Claude," she asked

gayly, "you look as uninteresting as possible— almost cross, in fact. Surely you are not think-ing of this nonsense about Hilda's bracelet? Lady Baynebam has just been telling me where "And how do you imagine it came there?"

"And how do you imagine it came there?"
asked the earl of his cousin.
"I should never try to discover," replied
Barbara. "Perhaps Hilda's maid took it to be
cleaned or repaired, or something else, and
droppedit; or perhaps Hilda walked in her sleep.
I tell you what, Claude, I should imagine
every combination of strange and singular oir umstances before I dared to think even the lightest wrong of one so pure and gentle as But it seems strange," said Lord Bayne

ham. The thing that puzzles me most is, that she s so frightened—she trembles at the ver ya : ion of the word."

and Hilds is shielding some one else from

blame. "She ought at least to confide in me," said mistake less grave than this.

His words, spoken jestingly so long ago, flash"Perhaps she fears your anger for the real ed across her when she had asked him it he were Lord Bayneham.
"Perhaps she fears your anger for the rea

culprit," said Miss Earle.
"I do not think so," replied her cousin, talks so tragically to me, poor child, that I am afraid there is something not quite straightforward. She tells me she cannot explain."
"Then," replied Barbara with generous

"Then," replied Barbara with games, spirit, "if she says so, Claude, never seek to know the rest. When a pure, guileless woman know the rest. When a pure, guileless woman like Hilda wishes to keep a secret, be noble and allow her to do so. Rely upon it, her motive justifies her to do so. Rely upon it, her motive

"You love my wife, Barbara?" said Lord

Bayneham.

"That I do, replied Barbara," truly and warmly. I have implicit faith in her. Why, Claude, remember that sweet face. What could it hide? no sin, no error, no wrong, I am sure. Depend upon it, this little affair of the brace-like as perversely magnified, is nothing after all. let, so perversely magnified. is nothing after all. Most probably Pauline has been careless, and Hilda shields her from blame."

Lord Bayneham kissed his cousin's hand, lov-tog her better in that moment than he had ever done before. She smiled as she quitted the li-brary, leaving the sunshine of her brave, gener-ous words behind her.

No one loved or believed in Lady Hilda more

strongly than her husband. He wanted to make his mother share that faith. For himself, Barbara's words almost satisfied him. If he could but convince Lady Bayneham! He resolved to see the maid herself, and question her. He did so—and she looked very pretty and smilling as she stood before him.
"I am thinking of ordering a jewel-case for Lady Baynebam," he said. "I wish to surprise her with it. Give me the size of the one she

With smiling, coquettish grace the maid complied; and there was nothing like even a shadow

of fear on her face. "I am afraid the case in use is not a secure one," continued Lord Bayneham; "and I have some reasons for believing her ladyships jewels are not well kept.

Pauline ventured respectfully to deny the assertion, asking, as was natural, what the reason

"If found a bracelet in the park this morning," said Lord Bayneham, "which had evidently been dropped yesterday."
"If a bracelet was found there," said Pauline, who did not seem dismayed, "my lady must have dropped it. I believe she walked out for a few minutes last night; she has done so once the state of the said o or twice before.

Lord Bayneham made no comment, Pauline, proud of the young earl's attention to he words, chattered on gaily.

"I believe my lady walked in the garden a few minutes," she continued, "she sent me away early, and I saw her afterward going down the north staircase. Perhaps she dropped in these."

it there. "Perhaps so," said Lord Bayneham, with well-acted indifference; "but do not mention it, as I intend the jewel-case for a surprise." Pauline promised obedience and tripped away, thinking what a handsome, devoted hus-band Lord Bayneham was, and how happy her

lady must be. CHAPTER XXX.

Lord Baynebam was bewildered. If his wife chose to walk out at any hour, or in any place, she was perfectly free to do so; he could imagine no reason why should endeavor to keep so trivial a circumstante secret from him. He even remembered that matter to Lady Hilds, not a promise that could be lightly broken. The third, and perhaps the most binding, was her father's determination if the secret became known to kill himself. He passed in the excitement of conversation or would never withstand the shock; he would kill himself, and she would be answerable for his life.

There was no alternative; she must bear her husband's anger as best she could, endure his mother's proud dislike, and Barbara Earle's sweet look of wondering sorrow.

She did not fear that Lord Baynehar and bear her hard on the fear that Lord Baynehar and here he graw anxious again—unless can brilliant evening passed in the excitement of conversation or other mental efforts, nothing was so good as a few minutes spent in the fresh air. Most probably on that evening his wife, after leaving the drawing room, had gone out, as he had once advised her to do, and had dropped her bracelet unperceived; but why make any mystery of so trifling a secret, unless—and here he graw anxious again—unless. and there which she did not wish him to know?
Think as he would, Lord Bayneham was no

nearer solving the mystery; so he went into the park, wondering if the fresh air would give him any inspiration. As he strolled listlessly along, Simpson, the head gamekeeper, saw him, and drew near, as though desirous of speaking to him. "What is it, Simpson?" asked Lord Bayne-

ham, listlessly, annoyed at the interruption.
"I am afraid we shall have some trouble, my lord," replied the man. "I have seen one or sure they have been at their old tricks. I was sure they have been at their old tricks. I was in the park all last night, and I wanted to tell your lordship, but I saw you here walking with my lady, and I would not interrupt you."

"Saw me here!" said the young earl;

"where, and what time?"

"It would be after ten," replied the man.

"You were in the Lady's Walk with my lady.

Not by one word or look did Lord Bayneham

will have no poaching."

Simpson then entered into details, of which Lord Baynebam never heard one word. His again. wife had been there, and not alone—whi was with her? Ah, that was why she fainted with

fear. Could that pure, sweet face hide deceit or guilt? Barbara's words rose before him, but what would Barbara say if she knew what he had heard?
The gamekeeper spoke in entire good faith,
He had passed near the Lady's Walk on the previous evening and seen two figures there.
When Lady Hilds turned to look in Paul Fulton's face Simpson saw her plainly, and naturally supposed she was with her busband. The man thought nothing of the circumstance, mere-

ly naming it in a gossiping way—partly to prolong his interview, and partly to show his al. "I will attend to it, Simpson; we will have no poaching," said Lord Bayneham, suddenly interrupting the astonished gamekeeper in the midst of a brilliant description of the poaching affray at Hulsmeer. But not one word he had uttered was heard by his young master, who was all impatience to find himself once more

with his young wife.

All the way home Lord Baynebam was pondering on the one question—who was walking with his wife after ten at night, when she was the state of the state o for a moment he felt angry with his young wife the remembrance of her words—her pale, wistful face lying on his breast—came over him, and all anger melted away.

As he was pondering over what to do and perplexed by many thoughts, Barbara Earle perplexed by many thoughts, Barbara Earle must have been a stranger, not one of those within his own gates.

within his own gates.

The mystery must be solved; she had refused to tell him the contents of the notes; but let that pass—most likely they contained little but nonsense. She would not explain the finding of the brace'et; that, too, might pass, but she must tell h m with whom she walked and talked at night and alone;

When Lord Bayneham entered his wife's room she was sitting just as he had left her, still

and calm as a statue.
"I must learn to bear it," she had said to herself, when his voice at the door started her.
When he entered the room Lady Hilda's
heart sunk at the expression of his face.
"Hilda," he said hearsely, "I know all. You

have no more to conceal."

Ah, never again did he see on mortal face such a look of agony as hers wore then; never did human voice sound so despairingly. "You know all?" she said, rising and stand-ing with clasped, lands before him.

those two lives.
"I know all," said Lord Bayneham.

upon it, Claude, there is some little mystery, knew all her secrets, and that she had nothing more to conceal from him. Often and often have the events of a lifetime hinged upon a

deceived in his wife what would he do, and his answer had been, "Such a one must return to her friends. I should know how to find a remedy

for the misake."
"Claude, you know all," she said, looking at him steadily; "did you mean what you said —must I go!"

He did not understand to what she alluded. He had completely forgotten the conversation that was ever in her mind.
"Did you mean it?" she repeated in a low

voice.
"I always mean every word I say," replied Lord Bayneham; f' and Hilda, it has come to His sentence was never completed, for just at that moment Pauline knocked at the door.

"The Duke of Laleham is waiting to see you my lord," said the maid. His grace was far too important a personage to be kept waiting, and Lord Bayneham went into the library wishing his visitor in any other

place. For one hour and a half he patiently endured the martyrdom. His grace was vitally interested in some county business and wanted his young neighbor's support.

Lord Bayneham tried honestly to give his attention to every word, but he failed in the attention to every word,

tempt.
"Landed interest," "county votes," sonal influence," occasionally sounded familiarly in his ear. But it was Hilda's voice he heard, not his Grace of Laleham's—Hilda's voice, asking if she must go. What did the child mean? Go where !—and for what? There must be some stupid misunderstanding, It would have blessed are if the treatments. would be all cleared up if that good man had

deferred his visit. The poor Duke tried hard to make his young neighbor understand all he meant. He thought Lord Bayneham singularly absent, and won-dered that he did not show more interest in what seemed to him a momentous question. At

length his grace rose,
"I think," he said to Lord Bayneham, "that if you are not engaged, you would ride over with me to Oulton. I think the matter in question

should be attended to without delay."

Lord Bayneham consented, simply because he could invent no excuse. In after years he railed bitterly at his folly; for if instead of going with the Duke of Laleham to Oulton he had sought his wife and the unhappy mistake had been explained, years of sorrow and misery would have been spared to them. From the window of her own room the unhappy young wife watched her husband ride away—watched him with a heart that yearned for one more look at his face, one more word from his lips—watched him with a passion of grief so wild and bitter that she would gladly have died; she did not think in this world ever to see him again.

During that one hour and a half, which had

seemed years to Lady Hilds, she resolved upon a step which she afterward bitterly repented. Believing her husband meant that he knew all her secrets, and that he meant those words so carelessly uttered, she resolved not to wait until he should send her from him, but go at once. As she stood by the window watching the surlight upon the trees, the sweet, smiling heavens, the glory of flower and tree, she pictured to herself many scenes. How would the proud and stately countess, who had valued nothing on earth so highly as noble blood, tolerate the knowledge that her son's wife was a convict's daughter? Hilds pictured the haughty face. She knew the few scornful words in which Lady Bayneham would deplore her son's mistake, each word searing her heart as with a hot iron; the bland, contemptuous manner, the half-patronizing pity. Ah! no; better go at once, since she must go, than suffer

She pictured Barbara's wonder-Barbara, on whom there rested no stain of another's sin. Better for her husband had he trampled his love under foot and married Barbara Earle. There was something harder than all that—her husband's last words to her. The cold, cruel words in which he would send her from him—the cold, cruel pride with which he would "remedy ha mistake"—how could she bear it and live? How could she look upon him and know they must be as strangers—he whom she loved more dearly than life? She thought of Brynmar woods—of the handsome, kindly face that had smiled into her own. She could not wait for the sun of her love to set. Better one sudden wrench than to die by inches. She looked on the stately home where her husband's love had placed her; should she wait for the time when orthy of their shelter.

Tho—she would leave it all. The proud castle she called her home, title, rank, position—what right had she to them? Who was she —a convict's daughter, a broken-hearted woman, the sun of whose life had set in utter darkness. She said to herself that she could not blame "You were in the Lady's Walk with my lady, the dead, but that she had been better left to I saw her face, but not yours, my lord; I did share her mother's fate. What right had she not like to intrude."

Not by one word or look did Lord Bayneham more would she take the gold that had purchased her; never more would she enter that fair domain of Brynmar. Her mother's love betray his wife.

"Quite right," he said hastily; "but what about those poschers? I do not believe in the Game Laws, as some of my neighbors do, but I false pretences, a false position, should embitter her life no more—she would go from them. her life no more—she would go from them, where none who ever knew her should see her

Poor child! she was half mad with wounded love and pride-with the shock of that inter view still upon her, her nerves overwrought, her heart and brain in a tumult of sorrow and ex-

citement. Then she grew superstitious. Why should abe have dropped her bracelet? She never remembered to have unfastened it; but for the finding of that jewel her secret would have remained secret still. With a cold, deadly fear gathering round her heart, she asked her-selt could it be that Heaven itself was angry with her? She was half mad, and that was the only excuse that could be made for her rash act. From the chaos of thought one idea stood out boldly—she would go at once, before they had time to reproach her with her father's fault and send her away. No passionate weeping, no wild burst of sorrow came to the relief of that burning brain. She moved about the sumptuous room like one in a dream, just conscious of what she was going to do, but nothing more.

Like an electric shock came the sound of Lady Bayneham's voice, ssking for admittance. She supposed that by this time the whole mat-

ter was made clear, and she came to see how "Can I come in?" she said, "I wish to speak to you, Hilda." "She has come to tame me," thought the poor child, "come to exult over my fall, and tell me she always thought me proud or something of

the kind,

"No, not now," answered a strange, broken
voice, "I am engaged; you cannot come in."

Deeply offended, the countess walked haughtily away, and so lady Hilda destroyed her last the kind.

phance.

If Lady Bayneham had seen the changed young face for only one minute, she would have known that the brain was overtasked. But it was not so, and the young lady of Bayneham went on to her fate. She wrote a few lines to her husband, and covered them with passionate kisses, she took from her writing desk all the money it contained, never stopping to count it, but filling her pocket book with notes and gold.

Then she rang the bell. "Will you say I want the carriage, Pauline?"
she said to the maid, who gazed in surprise at her mistress. Are you going out, my lady?" asked the

"Are you going out, my lady?" asked the girl; "you look cold."
"I am going," said Lady Hilda, with a strange smile, "for a very long drive."
She dressed herself in silence, placing the letter she had written on the desk. She never once looked round the room where so many, happy hours had been spent. Long afterward her maid spoke of the strange, fixed, uncertaily look on her lady's face as she graited the

but no Lady Bayneham came again. Night came on, chill and dark, but there was no sign of her. The man was uncertain how to act. She was punctuality itself, and the dinner-hour at the castle was past. He did not like to return without her, but the bours sped on, and she did not appear. The landlord suggested hat perhaps her ladyship had returned in a friend's carriage, but all conjectures were cut short by the appearance of Lord Bayneham, riding as one riding for his life.

OHAPTER XXVII.

The Duke of Laleham found his young neighbor a very dull and wearisome companion. He could neither excite his interest nor clicit his attention. Every now and then he seemed to awake from a reverie and utter a few irrelevant words. The ride to Oulton, the interview with the person concerned—the whole business, in fact, was a complete failure.

A STATE OF THE PARTY OF THE PAR

the person concarned—the whole business, in fact, was a complete failure.

"I fear," said Lord Bayneham to his elderly friend, "that I have been a poor companion; the fact is, and I should have explained it to your grace before, I am not myself to-day. I have some little unpleasant affair on hand, and it has teased and troubled me."

"I began to think so," said the duke warmly.
"Why did you not tell me? This business can easily be deferred. I wish you had not stood upon ceremony with me.

upon ceremony with me.

He would take no further excuse, but insisted

He would take no further excuse, but insisted upon Lord Bayneham's returning home at once. He was impatient to be there. During all that long, dreary ride his wife's aweet, pale face had been before him—the sad eyes filled with tears. He felt convinced there was some strange mistake, that if only explained, would clear away all mystery. On the very face of it there was the impress of something bewildering. He asked his wife how she came to lose her bracelet—with whom she had been speaking in the let—with whom she had been speaking in the Lady's Walk—and she replied by passionate weeping, and asking, "Must she go?" Go where?—and what for? He longed to be with

He had been brusque and unkind. Let her He had been brusque and unkind. Let her keep her little secrets. Barbara spoke truly; she was as pure as she was fair; even his own jealous thoughts fell abashed before her sweet innocence. So he urged his horse along the high-road, impatient to be with his wife again, impatient to clean her once more in his arms. impatient to clasp her once more in his arms, and drive the sorrowful, hunted, despairing look from her bright face.

When Liord Bayneham reached the castle

am glad. Yet as he stood looking upon the elegant disarray of the room, a cold, strange fear crept into his heart, and numbed it; he could not ex-

Lord Bayneham hastily descended to the drawing-room, where the ladies of his family generally sat. Barbara was there reading, but no golden head was raised at his entrance.
"Where is Hilda?" he asked abruptly.

"I do not know," replied Miss Earle, looking at him in some surprise. "I have not seen her

knew well.

"Where is Hilds, mother," he asked impatiently. "I thought she was with you."

"Your wife does not honor me with her society," was the reply, most haughtily given. "I went this morning to her room, but was decidedly refused admission. I certainly shall not trouble her again."

earl, secretly admiring his wife's spirit.
"You had better summon her maid and inquire," replied the countess, indifferently; "I krow nothing of her."

"Where is your lady?" he inquired of Pauline, who began to flatter herself that the young lord liked talking to her.

"My lady is out," she replied. "The carriage was ordered some hours since, and has

and impatience, "Did she—did your lady say where she was going?" he inquired.
"No," was the reply; "my lady only said she was going for a long drive. She looked very

bour pas-ed, and there was no sign of the carriage. The evening began to set in, the sun sark in the golden west, and the dew fell upon the flowers, and the birds "called all warderers home to their nests;" but still Lord Baynebam paced the walk alone, until he head

"She must be here soon," said the young hus, band to himself,
Among his wife's qualities he had always admired the one of punctuality. He never remen-tered to have been kept waiting or to have seen her late. This comforted him. She knew the dinner hour and would not remain beyond it.

thought. "Accidents are not so common. Barbara,"

Accidents are not so common. Barbara, said Lady Bayneham; "if anything of that kind had occurred we should have heard of it before this. Lady Hilds has been absent many hours; I presume she has met with some of our friends or neighbors, who have persuaded her to return with them."

"She is too thoughtful and considerate to have done such a thing," said Barbara warmly, "knowing we should be anxious."

The countess saw that her son sent plate after

plate away untouched, and drunk wine eagerly, as though wishing either to drown thought or acquire strength. The dinner passed in a most acquire strength. The dinner passed in a most uncomfortable state of silence, but no Lady Hilda returned. "I cannot bear this," said Lord Baynebam, rising hastily from his chair.
"Mother—Barbara, I am seriously alarmed.
Pauline says my poor wife looked very ill when

she left her house. Mother, be pitiful; she is young and has no mother. Barbara, what can we do?

we do?"

Both ladies rose and tried to calm him, for his wild words started them.

"You had better enquire if any one overheard what orders were given about the carriage," said the countess to her son- "Do not be alarmed, Claude. Hilda is safe, I am sure. Barbara, go to her room. She may have left a

ng with clasped hands before him.

Now came the error which for years wrecked house.

If we had her maid spoke of the strange, fixed, unearthly look on her lady's face as she quieted the house.

If know all," said Lord B yneham.

Where shall I drive, my lady?" asked the had heard all that passed. The coachman, and he was to say that he knew she had been to say that he had been to say that he had been to say that he had been that she had been to say that he had been that she had been to say that he had been that she had been the Beyneham Arms.

idea is a correct one. Rely thought by those few words be meant to have been armed and wait, "Again Lord Bayneham Armed thought by those few words be meant to have been and wait, be did, until the long day ended. "Again Lord Bayneham felt are lieved; "Per thought by those few words be meant to have been accorded."

Again Lord Bayneham felt are lieved; "Again Lord Bayneham Again Liora, Hayneham felt arelieved. For

her. The memory of her sorrow smote him

gates his horse was covered with foam, and the groom who came to attend him wondered why his master, usually so careful, had riddes so madly. But Lord Bayneham calmed himself before seeing any member of the family, almost smiling at the excitement which had urged him on. He went direct to his wife's room and knocked at the door. No one replied; there was no sound within—a profound, unbroken silence reigned over the sumptound, unproken ellence reigned over the sumptuous suite of rooms. He opened the door gently, thinking it probable that his wife slept, and went in; but the fair young face that ever greeted him with a smile, was absent.

"Ah!" he said to himself, "she is better, then and has come down to the drawing record. then, and has gone down to the drawing room.

plain why or what—a presentiment of coming evil. A little watch, richly jewelled, lay ticking upon the table; in the vases fragrant helictropes—his wife's favorite flower—gave out a rich perfume; a volume she had been reading lay with the leaves still open, and everything bore the trace of her presence. But where was sha?

since this morning,"
Just then Lady Bayneham entered, with a cold, proud expression on her face that her son

trouble her again." "But where is she?" again demanded the

Lord Bayneham quitted the room, equally angry at Barbara Earle's easy nonchalance and

not yet returned."

Lord Bayneham gave a sigh of mingled relief

ill, my lord, and quite unfit to be out long. ill, my lord, and quite unfit to be out long."
Lord Bayneham stamped his foot impatiently. Why had he gone to Oulton? Why had he allowed anything or any one to come between him and his fair, gentle wife? He was ashamed to ask any more questions, or people would surely think him childish. But he could not remain in the house; he went out and walked again, where he could see the high-road, and catch the first glimpse of the carriage. One hour pas-ed, and there was no sign of the car-

the dressing-bell ring.

dinner hour and would not remain beyond it.

Lord Bayneham never dressed so quickly, but when he descended, the carriage had not arrived. The first and second bell rang, and dinner was announced, but the young mistress of Bayneham was not in her accustomed place.

"What can have delayed Hilda?" inquired Miss Earle, anxiously. "She went out early this afternoon, intending to take a long drive. Surely no accident can have happened?"

Lord Bayneham's face blanched at the thought.