# Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

| The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below. |   |                |              |    |       |  | L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous. |  |     |                   |     |             |     |  |     |                                       |     |  |  |
|---|---|----------------|--------------|----|-------|--|--|--|-----|-------------------|-----|-------------|-----|--|-----|---------------------------------------|-----|--|--|
| 1 1   | Coloured covers/ Couverture de couleur  |                |              |    |       |  | Coloured pages/ Pages de couleur   |  |     |                   |     |             |     |  |     |                                       |     |  |  |
| Covers dama   | -   | é <del>e</del> |              |    |       |  |  | 1  | _   | damag<br>endom    |     | es          |     |  |     |                                       |     |  |  |
| Covers resto  | • • • •   | -              |              |    |       |  |  | 1  | -   | estore<br>estau   |     |             |     |  |     |                                       |     |  |  |
| Cover title n   | -   | nanque         |              |    |       |  |  | / 1  | _   | discolo<br>décolo |     |             |     |  |     |                                       |     |  |  |
| 1 1   | Coloured maps/ Cartes géographiques en couleur                                |                |              |    |       |  | Pages detached/ Pages détachées  |  |     |                   |     |             |     |  |     |                                       |     |  |  |
| Coloured in Encre de co   |   |                |              | e) |       |  |  | \ / i  |     | hrougi<br>arenc   |     |             |     |  |     |                                       |     |  |  |
| 1 1   | Coloured plates and/or illustrations/ Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur |                |              |    |       |  |  | Quality of print varies/ Qualité inégale de l'impression |     |                   |     |             |     |  |     |                                       |     |  |  |
| Bound with<br>Relié avec d  |   | • •            |              |    |       |  |  |  |     | uous (            |     |             | ,   |  |     |                                       |     |  |  |
| Tight bindin along interio  | or margin/  |                |              |    |       |  |  | · · ·  |     | es inde<br>end u  |     |             | ex  |  |     |                                       |     |  |  |
| distorsion le   | long de la i  | marge intér    | rieure       |    |       |  |  |  |     | n head<br>e de l' |     |             | •   |  |     |                                       |     |  |  |
| within the to   | ext. Whene<br>d from film   | ver possible   | e, these hav | re |       |  |  |  | •   | age of<br>e titre |     |             | son |  |     |                                       |     |  |  |
| Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont   |   |                |              |    |       |  | Caption of issue/ Titre de départ de la livraison  |  |     |                   |     |             |     |  |     |                                       |     |  |  |
| pas été filmées.  |   |                |              |    |       |  | Masthead/ Générique (périodiques) de la livraison  |  |     |                   |     |             |     |  |     |                                       |     |  |  |
| Additional of Commentain  |   |                |              |    |       |  |  |  |     |                   |     |             |     |  |     |                                       |     |  |  |
| This item is filmed<br>Ce document est f  |   |                |              |    | sous. |  |  |  |     |                   |     |             |     |  |     |                                       |     |  |  |
| 10X   | 14X   |                | 18%          |    |       |  | 22 X   |  | 1   | <del></del> 1     | 26× | <del></del> |     |  | 30× | · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · |     |  |  |
|   |   |                |              |    |       |  |  |  |     |                   |     |             |     |  |     |                                       | J   |  |  |
| 12X   |   | 16X            |              | 2  | X0X   |  |  |  | 24X |                   |     |             | 28X |  |     |                                       | 32X |  |  |

# Titerary

#### AMUSING INSTRUCTIVE. AND

VOL. T

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, JUNE 1, 1876.

NO. 22.

## SELECT POETRY.

## WHAT I SAW.

AM I paler then is my wont, my wife? Let me lay your load on my breast, There is quiet truth in your dark-brown eyes In the eyes that I love best, You can twine your arms about my neck, And believe me all your own While I tell the cause of my whitened cheek To you, my wife, alone.

There is sunshine on the crowded street, And the day is superbly fair ; There are beautiful women in jowels and gold, Wandering grandly there. There are blooded teams, that spure the stones.

Tossing their heads to the wind; Carriages covered with pomp amd glare, Cushioned and satin-lined.

There was one I marked for the silken skine Of its proudly stepping bays, Till she who sat in its cushioned depths Broke full on my startling gaze.
It was Madaline—she whom I loved so well-Draw thyself nearer to mo-When I was a boy, and she was a boile, And I was strange to thee.

She would let me hold her smooth white hand Till I shivered with passionate dread; She would press her snowy hands in mine, While I held her beautiful head, You' while ' held her hand to my breast, Just where your own now lies. Twins your arms closer about my neck And look me full in the eyes.

She said that she loved me better than life. But ah! no better than rold-You have heard the story a thousand times, It is very, very old.

She cannot wipe from her memory One single passionat. TOW; She cannot blot one burning word-Does she think to do so now ?

Does she ever think of the wonderful love Tost held her above the skies? Does her frozen heart give no response From its tissue of living lies ? Yes! I watched her eyes as they met my own; Lor check was far paler than mine I had bountiful time, as she dashed along, To compare her beauty with thine.

She will never forget that autumn day When she kissed my cold, elemened hand, when my trembling passion was crumbled away In a moment at her command. I had terrible thoughts that autumn day, As I stood by the waves of the sea ; But oh! how deeply I thank her now For the words she spoke to me!

Lay your head close to my beating breast Madaline married for gold. y warm it is f Do you feel my heart, he Madaline's heart is cold. The look I gave her that autumn day

Has frozen its very vein : Medaline never will know what it is To lore or be leved again,

Now you may know, my own sweet wile, The reason my cheek grew pale, I have looked on the torrible gulf I have passed When burne on the blast of the gale.

Madaline she has jawels and gold. And silks of a corpross has I have myself, a beating heart, And you, my will and you.

" Pallings from us, variablings, Blank migritings of a creature Moring about in spirids not realised. Eigh testinets belong whose our mon Don't tremble like a guilty thing surprised.

## DECWNED!

WHERE the mud lies black and slimy, Where the waters sweep along, Where the wharfmen, stout and grimy, Heave and baul with many a cong Heaving still

With a will A ........ Every coming dray to fill; Hauling, with a laugh and shout, Bales of wondrous size about; Straining to the ponderous weight Of the good ship's wealthy freight.

Where the wind and swelling river Rolls in one perpetual rhyme, Where the gracious winds deliver Glorious things from every clime Stuffs to wear, Spices rare,

Lie in heaps or seent the air Where the merchant, full of gold. Welcomes home the seamen bold. Where each heart, its love confessed, Clasps the loved one to the breast,

Where the soft-verced land-breeze ever Hums its tune by mast and shroud, Where the rough-tongued master never Ceases crying to the crowd-

Lubbers all, Stretch your muscles to the fall !" Where the never-coming flow, Man above, and waves below Night and day pours on and off, Mingling at the city wharf.

There the vagrant boy is standing With a ghastly, frightened sir; While each lounger is demanding What he sees to make him stare. Still his eyes Grow in size

As his stammering speech he tries: And his finger points below, Where the waters cbb and flow Still his lips give forth no sound But a hoarsely whis seed "Drowned"

#### THE OLD TREE.

WAVE not so sadly in the wind, Thou old and leafless Tree Nor sob that Summer never more Can boasty bring to thee That but a desciation thou Must stand upon the lea-

The inspirations of the Spring Long years were at thy heart; Thou gav'st, through many a summer-space, Grand images to Art : Old Tree! thou actest gloriously Within the world thy part.

Then sigh not such a mournful dirge Tet if thy voice must be Like anthems, let the undertone Be breathed explicingly : Por thine was not a wasted life, Magnificent Old Trea!

Man, white-haired man : if then hast done Brarch in life thy part , If tree homenity has made Its music in thy heart, Say why abouldst thou at Douth's cold wind In acid and terror start?

O stand beside the grand Old Tree, And graing on the dim, Scarred trank, lift bravely up Thy last, but feerless byma; a thou hast nobly done thy pare What more one charatem !

CONTINUED TALR.

H SE DEE EE

# BARONET, OR BUTCHER?

A ROMANCE OF THE DAY.

Continued.

CHAPTER XXXV.

SIR HARRY STARTS FOR THE BOURNE WHENCH O TRAVELLER RETURNS.

Conscience makes cowards of us all'-Hamlet.

"There is a resper, whose name is Death, And with his sickle keen He reaps the bearded grain at a breath And the flowers that grow between."

moster of Edgecombe rose from his chair, where he had been sitting up, and strode with tottering steps to the bell-pull, retreating to the low chair again immediately, and sitting uneasily over the first like a sick, death-strict.

broken voice-

bent lower still over the fire.

laid her trembling hand on his shaking shoulder,

" Are you worse to-night, Sir Harry?" | she murmured, in her soft, gentle voice, item the old man meant.

He started, and turned his wrinkled face round with a hurried gesture of this?" and he pointed his shaky finger to surprise—almost fear—and answered, the item for a farming account for fifty

querulously—
"On! is it you—Mary? Worse—
"That's Newell's bill for seed, Sir
worse? No; what should make me
"That's Newell's bill for seed, Sir
Worse? Cannot a man send for his yesterday morning, and have got the resteward without being worse? I want ocipt among the papers on the file, I think
you will find."

I will send him, replied Lady

shudder, which she saw that he tried to shudder, which one saw that the repress. "No no, don't stop, you—
you worry, annoy me—fidget. Go, go—
ann—and send Startel. Why my-my dear-and send Startel.
the devil doesn't he come!

Lady Mary, with a sad sigh, left the room, and sending for Startel, teld him that Sir Harry wanted to see him.

In a f-w minutes the slick-faced man of business entered the room.

"Oh! you here, ch?" sparled Sir Harry, turning his harmsed face towards him with a suspicious look.

'Yes, my lord, I heard that—'
I wanted to see you, broke in Sir

Harry, pointing to a chair opposite his own: 'I do. Bring me the books.'
Startel rose, and lifted three huge books on to the table beside the low books on to the table beside the low "You gave me the lie !" he hizsed, chair, and Sir Harry immediately 'you villain! you thief! I say the fifty toltered to his feet, and, looking at one, pounds was paid, and you know it. You coulded, which to his eyes suddenly grew have becomebbing me all along I turned

dim, and seemed to burn feebly, with an impatient gesture, bent over the written pages, and, following the figures with a trembling finger, commenced adding the columns.
"Shall I check the amount, your lord-

ship?" said the steward, watching the tottering figure and bright, eager eyes

with a vicious look.

"No, no," answered Sir Harry careally.
'Don't talk, you throw me out.

assuming the same set smile the moment

alterwards, "I hat's what I can't do," replied

oken voice—

"Saumers, send Startel here," and if you jubber?" interrupted Sir Harry, bending lower over the fire.

"Bending lower over the book." Ten and bending lower over the book. Lady Mary stole into the room, and five are fifteen, and five are twenty, and -ch? what's this?

"What'n what?" asked the steward, rising slowly, knowing by the figures the

· What's what! you pig-why this-

you will find.

" Where is it?" show it me,' said Sir Mary, sadly, stopping a moment to bend! Harry, facing him, with his hand doubled lower over him, and whispering, enreating up upon the open book, and his greateyes ingly. Cannot I do anything for you, fixed suspiciously upon the small sleek Sir Harry? Will you not let me stay? Higure and shifting orbs of the steward, who turned to a table and commenced drawing away from her teuch with a examining some papers upon a file. examining some papers upon a file.

"Hem," he said, meditatively, and

looking up to the ceiling, 'it is not here, what did I do with it, I wonder.'

"Well, have you found it?" asked Sir Harry, in a sharp voice, not having heard his roliloquy.

"No, I have mislaid it; I had it this

morning-"
"You lie!" shricked the old man, raising his fist and striking the open book. You lie, you thinf! the account was paid three weeks ago and charged for!"

"No, it wasn't," commenced Startel, turning pale, then livid, as the baronet aprang towards him, and seizing him by the throat, dashed him up against the marble chimney piece.

my son out of doors because he made away with the money -the money that was to be his own one day-and do you think I'll let you, you dirty spawn of Satan, you pillering adder, rob me like this with impunity, and give me the lie! Pll burn you!" and with his face lit up with a madman's passion, he seized the unhappy wretch and had nearly raised him in his arms, preparatory to throwing him in the fire that blazed within the hugo grate, when a sudden tremor came over him, his jaw fell, his arms swung to his sides powerless, and he fell all along the ground senscless.

Startel, almost as lifeless as his master. sprang to to the bell, and woke the echoes of the house with its clanging.

In a moment the room was filled with domestics, Lady Mary breaking through them, and rushing with terrified speed to the still form doubled up before the fire.

" Oh! Startel, what has happened?" she sobbed, with trembling fingers feeling that life remained in the still form.

"I-I don't know," stammered Startel. biting his white lips to color them. " Sir Harry has had a fit—he rushed at me in a paroxysm, and—"

The shrunken form of the master of Edgecombe was carried to the bed. A. doctor was sent for, and Ludy Mary, dismissing the servants, sat, with tearful oyes and frightened heart, watching the husband she loved, and whom she believed, until the last few months, had

loved her. The room seemed unnaturally quiet and still after the sudden clanging of the bell, and the firelight fell in flickering streaks upon the white, wan face of the stricken man.

The clock ticked upon the mantelpiece as slowly, so it seemed to the watching woman, as if the moments were hours, and she felt her heart grow cold as the thought of the still form springing into mad life before the doctor came, crossed she could not take her eyes off the disfer, stretching out his hand with a suddenness that startled the blood from her face, he worked his mouth as if he meant to speak. She bent down and caught the words, breathed painfully—
"Mary—I--want to—speak alone.

Keep-them-distant-keep-them-a-way;" and he looked with piteous entreaty towards the door.

Nerving herself as only a loving, patient woman can, the gentle, sorrowing wife hastened to the door and locked it then came and stood beside his bed.

Sir Harry was sitting up. His face was changed to one of eagerness and far-away distance, where only his delirious spirits of his strange companion flag. eyes could penetrate, he muttered in a quick, excited voice-

"Nelly! Nelly! don't cry! I won't whistling to the home. leave you! no, never, I swear it-I swear it-the boy shall be heir to Edgecombe! Not married! Who says we're not marintervals with an unintelligible chattering, the white-faced wife at his side growing stone-like in her agony, each word piercing with motionless and intense attention.

Saddenly the livid face changed again, and the thin, quivering voice broke out once more, this time with a remorse in its tone that sounded like the last cry of a departing spirit. "Nelly—the boy—the boy—Guy! Guy, my boy—my firstthe boy—Guy! Guy, my boy—my first the long runs and memory help one born. He shall be heir to Edgecomber, through. Here's the track again. Oh! Nelly—I swear it." Then clutching at oh! oh! and he stroked his horse on the the air with this, mad fingers, his eyes neck.
starting from his head, and the foam " oozing from his lips, he shricked-

-Guy the heir-and-you thief-Nelly. Who says Nelly is-starving? Nelly. -Guy-the money-" then attering a fearful yell which formed the one word " Nell" at its close, Sir Harry Edgecombe, of Edgecombe Hall, fell upon his back, dead; and when they broke open the door they found the swooned body of his good and faithful wife, the gentle Ludy Mary, lying across it.

#### CHAPTER XXXVI.

A DEED OF BLOGD.

" Murder most foul, as in the bost it is, But this most foul, strange, and unnatural. -Hamlet

Click, click, click, rang the horses' hoofs across the waste, as Cuthbert Hawk and Guy galloped swiftly along in the morning air.

They had been in the employment of the Dutch settler three weeks now, and the feeling of dislike with which Cuth bert had at first regarded the life they were leading had somewhat worn off.

It was difficult to feel low-spirited and head, which I am assured I shall carry down-hearted in such bright, beautiful with me till Idic." It was difficult to feel low-spirited and weather, and galloping at express speed across country on a swift blood, that re sponded to every click of the tongue and

sponed to congress of the whip.

Besides which, his companion left him to time for silent, gloomy medita- indifferently, tions, for Guy, who had once been most I am rath tacitum and reserved, now exerted himopportunity of encouraging him to speak of his early life; indeed, he showed the greatest sympathy with Cuthbert Hawk for his misfortunes, and would listen for her mind. Trembling in every limb, rich pastures or thick woods, with his eyes fixed upon his horse's neck, listen-

A sudden change seemed to have come over the my-terious being who had linked himself to the homeless prodigal. He appeared to have suddenly taken fully, 'more like a blow than a cut.' hold of some scheme, and to be prosecuting it with might and main.

had many -he studied closely, allowing no single prominently habitual expression to escape.

Once or swice Cuthbert had caught his dark, browless eye fixed upon his face with a curious scrutinizing light in them that moved him uneasily, but Guy's manner had changed for the better, and anxiety, and as his wife came close, he never for a moment, let Cuthbert be seized her arm, and looking still into the moody or silent as he would, did the

"Is not this glorious?" cried Guy, waving his whip round his head, and

blood galloping through one's veins like a and I never got on well together, he ried! Besides—what—what does it mat- | Derby racer. No air so keen and health- wasn't very popular, and I hadn't a very ter? I"— then came a pause, broken at giving, no atmosphere so bright as this, high opinion of him; but come, for

stone-like in her agony, each word piercing to ask: 'How far do you think they're and he put spurs to his horse, and dashed her car and heart like steel, but listening got?' meaning the cattle they were hunt-linto the road through the forest. Guy

ing in.
"Another ten miles," said Guy; 'and thank a merciful providence for it, for

for two-for my two boys, Guy and Rod Zary isn't the animal to stand a touch even.

Cuthbert laughed shortly. 'Don't -you lie—she and the—boy—cared for fear,' he said 'I have ridden a nasticr
-Died—starving! Oh! Ad!—Nell! temper than Zary's. I don't think I temper than Zary's. I don't think I have put you in possession of that little incident of my life—I mean the riding of a black dragoon horse, called the Do.il, round the barrack yard.'

"No," replied Guy, with suppressed engerness. 'At least, I don't remember your doing so,' he added, in a would-be careless tone.

"There was a black, savage beastnot a beast either, for he carried me well afterwards, when he became my ownbelonging to Captain Lennox. A man offered to bet me I wouldn't ride this horse round the yard, and I took him. It was a fiery animal they called Devil, and no one thought I could do anything with it . but," and here his face darkened, as it always did when ver he mentioned his own home, 'they didn't know that there wash't a horse for twenty miles round Edgecombe that could beat mc. rode him round-twice or thrice, I think -and so won the bet, but I got a fall across the gate, and a scar on my

Guy looked up eagerly, then lowered his eyes, and pulled up his horse-

"A scar on the back of your head? he said, ' I never noticed it."

" No; I suppose not," said Cuthbert, night.

wounds and scratches of that sort," con- wishing to ride on further, but Guy sud-

Curing? it's long ago; there is only and he at last reluctantly consented.

scar at the back of the head, which In silence they set about removing the you can feel with your finger."

"Never mind: pull up a minute, will

along the back of his head.

"It's a big scar," he said thought-

"So the doctor remarked, I remember," Every peculiarity in speech, manner, ished your surgical inspection, perhaps of night. and bearing of Cutbbert Hawk—and he you'll ride on.'

the bet with you?'

a cornet.

ride a vicious beast such as the horse you describe,' and although he had spoken decidedly, he looked up interrogatively.

"No," said Cuthbert, tired of the "Yes," said Cuthbert, also urging his subject, for it revived old memories too unwearied steed. 'Glorious; it sends the unpleasantly to be attractive. 'No, Lewis I should say, and yet—' heaven's sake, put some spirit into it, we And he broke off his sentence abruptly shall not reach the hut till nightfall!' heaven's sake, put some spirit into it, we into the road through the forest. Guy burst into a guttural chant peculiar to his class, which commenced first in a low key, and gradually swelled into a without the long runs life would scarcely loud, savage war-song, and, urging on be worth the living, ch?'

"No." Cuthbert assented, moodily; Cuthbert, on a little way ahead.

Cuthbert, on a little way shead. thrilled unpleasantly at the sound of the rough chant, and, looking round, impatiently, cried out-

"The money, you lying thief! you suddenly forward, 'Take care, or you'll here's the last verse;' and riding up b-ber !--you-the money-enough break your neck, if you are not careful. close, he commenced in a low key, close to Cuthbert's ear, and with his eyes flashing with a strange light, that grew brighter as the last words swelled out loudly-

> "O'er bill, through dale Rang the herdeman's wail,

No flesh to his bones, no eyes to his head, A skeleton rider, dry and dead!"

"Horrible!" said Cuthbert with a shudder; 'why do you sing it? I have nover ceased to shudder at it from the first time I heard that scoundrel, Long Ben, chant it, the night be killed Rough Will down at the Dutchman's.'

"Hah! hah! hah!" laughed Guy,
'Nonsense, it's a good song enough, man;
you're down in the mouth, or you'd enjo**y it.**'

" I hate it," said Cuthbert.

"Then we won't sing it," retorted. Guy; and they rode on in silence, through forest and over plain, until they reached a little rocky pass, in a corner of which a rude wooden but had been erected.

"At last !" said Cuthbert, flinging himself from his horse.

Guy followed his example, and commerred unfastening the door, by letting an iron bar fall from across it.

The hut was erected for the use of the herdsmen when the scattering of the cattle compelled them to ride that way, and Cuthbert and Guy, having lost the trail for a time, and it being near nightfall, had determined to remain there the

It was Guy's proposal that they should I am rather a good hand at curing do so, and at first Cuthbert hesitated, self to the utmost to bring out the man tinued Guy. 'Pull up a minute and let denly grew eager and pressing, for some to whom he was daily linked, and lost no me see this cut.'

saddles from their tired horses, kindling a fire inside the hut. Each had hours together, as they rode through you?' said Guy, and he laid his hand brought some provisions, but while Guy rich pastures or thick woods, with his upon the oridle of Cuthbert's horse. | carefully spread his upon the stump carefully spread his upon the stump of a tree that served for a table, Cuthshe could not take her eyes off the dis-eyes fixed upon his horse's neck, astentorted face, and her heart gave a leap of ing intently to every word the heir to: "You're some strange whims," he bert threw his saddle-bags upon the
relief when she heard footsteps—the Edgecombe spoke concerning his past
said. 'This is wasting time, and the
ground, and returned to his horse, which
doctor coming along the distant corrider. life.

cattle have got a good start.' But he
he carefully ground, and addressing a lifted his hat, and Guy passed his finger few pleasant words to it, which the aninnal seemed thoroughly to understand, he led him under the shelter of the side of the hut, and returned to lean against the door, and gaze, with folded arms at said Cuthbert; 'and now you have fin- the sky, now nearly dark with the clouds

> Through the open door came the voice "All right," said Guy; then, as he of Guy, singing a herdsman's song—not urged his horse forward, he said, as if the one which so moved Cuthbert, but a the thought had just struck him: "By cheery air with a ringing chorus. Outthe way, who was the fellow who made side, the wail of a night-bird and the rustle of the underwood ar some animal "Eh? Oh, I don't remember. Stop, stole through. Everywhere an air of though, I do. It was a man named Lewis, grand solitude, that filled the spirit of the wanderer with a sad, moody feeling, "Ah!" said Guy, 'couldn't have on which the jolting song, floating out borne you much love to tempt you to into the air, jarred discordantly.

"You are merry to-night," he said, turning his head.

"Aye! aye!" said Guy, breaking his song in two to answer, and looking up at him with a strange smile.

'Men should sing at their work, they say, and I have work to do to night!"
"Work?" repeated Cuthbert, care-

lessly; 'I had thought we had finished for to-day.'

Gay leaped to his feet-he had been kneeling down beside the fire.

"Bread, meat, salt, pepper-black as gunpowder, and twice as strong-a soupson of brandy—all here but water—now for the lake;" and he caught up the drinking basin.

"Let me get the water," said Cuth-

bert, holding out his hand for the cup,
"No, no, I'll go," replied Guy.
"Not so, let me," said Cuthbert, adding, with a smile, 'It is only fair that I "For heaven's sake, man, cease that should do something; you have set the horrible song, it chills me to the marrow!" tab'e, opened my bags, and the rest of it. animal, a gray, spirited mare, dashed 'Hah! hah!" laughed Guy. 'Well, Give me the cup.'

Well, if you will, you will," said Guy. 'Mind the path, it's steep, and the light's pented Guy. 'Here's some mutton, flush upon bis check, almost gone. For God's sake be careful!' and here's some bened, and here's some "You have been he exclaimed, so earnestly that Cuthbert | braudy-royal fare, ch?' looked at him in amazement.

"You look astonished at my anxiety!" cried Guy, going up to him and laying his hand on his shoulder, his eyes fixed on Cuthbert's, with a cold light in them that Cuthbert had never seen before. "Do you know I wouldn't have you fall for my Lord of Edgecombe?" "You look astonished at my anxiety!" ' Do you know I wouldn't have you fall and break your neck down the ravine there for a thousand pounds !'

Cuthbert took up the cup; 'You are in a strange humor to-night,' he said, 'I cannot make you out,' and then walked

away for the water.

Guy watched him as he strode away towards the take, and as he did so his were being wrung with some fierce a sardonic smile, he lifted emotion. His dark eyes flashed with a his lips and drank deeply. glauce of hatred, and his teeth clenched with suppressed passion. 'There he goer! he muttered, folding his arms and leaning against the door-post, his hairless brows lowered menacingly. 'There he goes, Roderick Edgecombe, heir to Edgecombe." with sixty thousand a year, wandering about an Australian cattle-run. And the day. I-here am I-his elder brother -by right. "What is by God's natural right, the heir to all, claimed Cuthbert, rising, with a look dogging his footsteps, an outcast, a thief, of astonishment. a felon, a-bah! what matters it? shrink at the word-turn quailing at the ent and calmer tone, nothing, say I've name, but do I turn quailing and milk-been at this too much! and he touched sop at the deca. No, my mother's—the flask lightly; 'say—oh, say auymy wronged, injured mother's—tying thing you like, but cat—you don't cat" story is ringing in my cars; and when I remember how she loved and was betrayed, lived and was starved, and died. cake. I feel my heart turned to stone, and my Guy watched him for a moment, arm nerved to do anything, so that it eating fast and voraciously himself, and who took her place—to he man who stands between me and mine!

beneath his breath, his face grew white, and his eyes lit up ferociously,

For a moment he was silent, then his head dropped on his bosom with a shudder, as he continued, "Murder, most companion," he said; 'for, though I foul and unnatural!' Bahl I am turning don't whine much, yet I don't bark, a woman, but, my God, how the words and it's poor society a dumb man is. They rob me of my right, because the world and its unjust laws are stronger; I seize the moment when the world's laws are powerless to reach me, and snatch from them that which is, by Nature's law, already mine! But—but! nothing to complain of, least of all to—why didn't I let him die with the old you, who have been a friend indeed, because a friend in need; but—Tush! Why should I analyze my feelings on trapper? Curse him I let him live to tempt me!"

before the door, still with his arms too closely, are too regardful of my folded, and his eyes bent upon the feelings, my friend by giving us the likeress, and throwing him across my path. Fate! But there is no such thing as chance. What is to be will be, and what has been was to be! Yet, O God! how can I bring it tion, and leaning his chir, on his hand, about? If he would but give me cause so that his eyes to strike him down! If I could but the face of the other get into the devilish rage I have never "Look ye here; suppose we felt since—'here he paused and shook leave it?" his head, as if he would throw the "With all my heart," assented Cuthagonizing thought of the past—of a bert, wearily. I tell you, as I told you time when a woman's love moved him, before, that my future is yours, or any and a woman's voice turned him-from man's who likes to take it. Go where Lis brain. Then the sound of Cuthbert's you will. Do what you like. tootsteps was heard coming slowly up the glen, and, composing his face, the fully still eyeing the moody face with cattree son of Sir Harry Edge-like attention. 'We can't be many days upon the silence, and Roderick Edge-like attention. 'We can't be many days upon the silence, and Roderick Edge-like attention.' He is asleep at last, the silence and Roderick Edge-like attention and the next instant a yell broke out "It's the crisis, my dear young lady," he said, cheerfully. 'He is asleep at last, and the silence, and Roderick Edge-like attention are the silence and Roderick Edge-like attention.

over the fire. the di Have I been long?" said Cuthbert. horses. If so, put it down to the water, for it looked so tempting that I must needs

"Aye! aye! now for supper," reand here's some bread, and here's some

"Too royal for such vagabonds as

Cuthbert started, and looked up curiously. He had never heard Guy

speak like this before.

"My Lord of Edgecombe!" continued Guy, suatching up the flask, and above his head; 'what a raising it grand old title, what a royal-sounding the mask on well. You have saved my life name! and to think that I am sitting what you are, and have been my comtowards the take, and as he did so his opposite such a mighty personnge! My face darkered and worked, as if his soul lord, I drink to you, and bowing with some fierce a sardonic smile, he lifted the flask to

· You Cuthbert's face darkened. I begged you to help me to forget that

Hall and Edgecombe money. A fool forward, and speaking in a whisper, with sixty thousand a year, wandering 'I can't' I think of it every moment of

"What is the matter with you!" ex-

" Nothing !" replied Guy, in a differ-

Cuthbert pushed the meat away from him, and took up a piece of wheater

brings harm to the son of the woman at every mouthful raising the brandy to his lips. It seemed as if he were As he mattered the last savage words.

As he mattered the last savage words. Suddenly he said—

"You don't seem to get any fonder of this life?"

Cuthbert shook his head.

"I'm afraid I'm but a miserable

"Moody, tacitura, morose-should I be far wrong in saying you are unhappy?

Why should I analyze my feelings on Then he fell to pacing up and down purpose to bore you. You watch me Let me indulge ground. 'So like! so like! It's fate my silent whim and gloomy bearing to who does the wrong, if there be wrong, the top of my bent. It is too late to by giving we the liberary in the libera

were on a level with

"It is easily done," said Guy, thoughtcomice stepped into the hut, and bent now from one of the towns, or, at least, combe felt the steel penetrate his flesh.

The diggings. Why not? We have

Cuthbert looked up.

"Yes, Van Oester's, our employer's,

Cuthbert rose to his fect, a scarlet a slit in its shirt, the other bending over

"You have been drinking," he exclaimed, significantly pointing to the and has no eyebrows flask.

"As sober as yourself," retorted Guy, not moving an inch. 'Where's the offence? At the idea of taking a couple of the old Dutchman's bays? Why, man, a dozen horses shouldn't stick in your throat; a hundred wouldn't stick in mine!'

Cuthbert eyed him indignantly, but his voice was calm and cold.

"You ask me to steal my master's horse!" he said. 'Well, you have kept the mask on well. Now I know you for panion for many months. I owe you much; but—Ah, well! how should you understand?' he broke off to mutter.

" I understand as well as you!" hissed cuthbert's face darkened. 'You Guy, leaping to his feet, and striding upto the upright figure of Cuthbert. • I understand as well as you! he repeated. You! Lord of Edgecombe, and I-"But I can't!" said Guy, bending Guy, the nameless outcast There is a difference, ch? A difference, Roderick Edgerombe, believe me, and that makes Bertie Lennox lay unconscious, that the it no strange thing for me to steal a horse roses faded from the check of the beautiand you to refuse to do so! You think, ful girl who had constituted herself---that I-I, Guy-the thief and felon, by her own appointment ... chief and only can't understand these fine shades of nurse, and the eyes that never looked feeling! You-curse you!" he hissed, upon the flushed face and tossing form his face close to the still, fixed one upon the bed without growing lovingly opposite him; 'you look at me! You wistful, grew anxious.
look! look! Itell you. Do you Tom, who regarded his master as the villain than I am !'

Cuthbert flushed a hot crimson, and noiseless merino.

Guy's eager hands were round his throat in a second, and clasped in a mad turning sick nurse to a dragoon captain.

embrace, the two m:n. after swaving I doubt, indeed, if things would have embrace, the two min, after swaying for a moment like a huge tree bent by the wind, fell to the ground, with Guy's white face gleaming above the startled one of the heir to Edgecombe.

"You---are mad." gasped, Cuthbert,

struggling to rise.

No---not mad--save with joy !" hissed Guy, pressing his hand heavier ucross his throat. 'Roderick Edgecombe, I have waited months and months for this. I hate you! I have rowed to-

" What " gasped the fallen man.

" To kill you!" hissed the white lips, and the cry seemed to be taken up by the waving trees and to be echoed throughout the wild solitude, as if a million throats had screamed it instead of onc.

"Kill me!" repeated Cuthbert, with mighty effort regaining his feet, and room—and looked at his master. determined to sell his life dearly.

"Aye, kill you!" screamed Guy, frem waving his long, shining blade in the air.

body swung together for one effort. He must overpower this madman, he thought. practice. at one blow.

Catching up his rifle, which lay beside him, he hurled it with all his force at the distorted face, but Guy seemed possessed of the quickness of a demon, for he stooped and avoided the missile.

\* \* \* \* ×

bothe my face. Here is some from the he said.

open door of the solitary hut, and upon pour out his gratitude to the lady who very top of the rill, and now for sup
"Well," retorted Guy, 'what matters two figures, one lying stark and motionhas—yes, madam—saved his life!" and,
per, and he threw himself down beside it whose they are, so that we have them? less upon the ground, with a pool of blood astonished at his sudden cloquence, the
the are

it with a razor in its hand

The dead man's face is livid and set,

The face of the figure bending over it is white and stern, hairless even to the lip, and likewise browless. The two faces are ex ctly alike, it would be difficult for the woman who bore Roderick Edge combe were she standing in the doorway, to choose from the two her son.

Still shining softly and peacefully, the moon pours down her light upon the living figure as it emerges fr m the hut -still with hardened face and set lipsand mounts the horse tied on the other side of the hat.

The clothes the figure wears, and the horse it mounts, are those of Roderick Edgecombe, but their owner lies stiff and bleeding within the hut.

#### CHAPTER XXXVII.

" NURSE GRACE."

"With footfalls light as angel's, And Zephyr- breathing touch, From death she snatched her loved one."

So many were the nights on which

see much difference in the two faces? first gentleman of England and the great-In our cycs—in our mouths—in our est here that ever lived, began to doubt hearts! You tount me! I tell you, Rod- Miss Grace's humanity, and was gradually erick Edgecombe, that your father was instilling into himself the belief that the a greater secundrel, a more dampable beautiful woman who scarcely ever left his master's side was an angel in soft,

sprang at him.

"Silence!" he cried sternly. 'I owe accompanied by the squire—but they you much, but I cannot, will not hear were both puzzled and over-awed by Grace's calm self-possession; and beyond Mrs. Wilson came often-sometimes you blacken my father without telling gentle daily remonstrances for the first gentle daily remonstrances for the first week, said nothing against their daughter been altered very much if they had

At last the ceaseless watching was re warded, for, one evening, as Tom was sitting at the table pouring out some milk-and-watery compound. Grace, who was standing at the bedside, with her eyes fixed, as usual, wistfully upon the sick man's face, noticed a sudden change come over the wrinkled brow. The puzzled, pained expression took sudden flight, and left the face calm and peaceful.

For a moment, although the doctor had warned her of the change, she thought he was worse, and her heart seemed to stand still; but, recovering herself, she whis-pered, "Tom," and bent down closer over the captain.

Tom stole up-of course with a creak of the boots, the manner of men in a sick-

"Is-is he worse, Tom?" asked Grace, tremblingly, a fearful anxiety upon her

Cuthbert's eyes flashed fire, and his got pretty well perfect by constant Tom shook his head, a gesture he had

"I dunno, miss. An' sure an' I'll go for the dhoctor?" and he started off to the surgeon's.

Dr. Rawbourne hurried back with him, and smiled reassuringly when he saw the alteration in the face of his

when he awakes he will be conscious, and already on the road to recovery. And I'm An hour afterwards the rays of the quite sure that the first thing he does Australian moon poured through the when he is in his right senses, will be to peracly, and then blew his nose in- promised to procure some employment.

audibly Grace looked up with a flush that matchon his arm eagerly, said excitedly, impleringly---

"Do you think I've done him any good, taking care of him? I know you will say so, but do you think so?

"You've saved his life, my dear young lady," said the surgeon, curtly A man who ha---has gone the pace, as we call it, like Capt in Lennox, finds it a hard matyou have saved his life '

"Then I deserve a little reward?" she mid, eagerly.

The doctor nodded, with a puzzled look.

"I will take it," she said. ' Promise me, doctor, that you will never tell him to say that the family had r or any one that I have ever been in this I reland only two days before. coom, and I shall be more than repaid for any intile trouble-

Here she broke off, and turned aside. Trouble! Had it not been the sweet est joy her young life had known?

The doctor promised, of course, and enjoining Tom to quefully guard the secret, Grace watched the thin face as long as she dared, and then stole home. So that when Captain Lennox awoke, he found his faithful servant, Tom, by the bedside, and when, further on, he became sufficiently in possession of his series to discover that he had been lying there three wocks, he pressed Tom's hand, and, in accents that trembled, for the first time in his life, stammered out his gratitude to his supposed nurse, thereby putting Tom to so much misery and impatience that he telt inclined to cry, and would have given three years' salary to be able to tell the facts of the case.

A week afterwards, as Tom was dress ing him for his first ride since his illness he said, as calmly as possible-

"Lots of people called, I suppose, Tour? Give me the vinegar,"

"Yes, sir, lots; most of the sergeants and all the captains. I was obliged to tell Captain Derry as the doctor had ordered no one to see yer, and that it was torturing to death to call so often, as you may soy, sor, Lord save us, and he was here three times a-day askin' for ye, and once or twice swore at me hard and fast, bocos I wouldn't let him in, the blaggard -1 beg yer pardon, captain.

"Poor Derry," muttered Bertie. You sept word that I was better."

"Sure and I did, sir, and mightily delighted he was to hear it, for he gave the bluy half a sovereign."
"Any one else, Tom?" said Bertie,

flushing slightly.

" W -- oll," hesitated Tom. 'there was the squire, and madam, and of course, Miss Grace. God bless her heart-shure! They come every day, sor, to ask afther you, and moightier sorried they were."

" Miss Grace came, did you say, Tom!"

might, God bless her," replied Tom. Shure and there's more of the lily than the rose about her, but she'll pick up, sor, sho'll pick up.'

Bertie looked troubled

When the brougham comes round. drive to the squire's first, Tom, will you?" he said, then falling back languildy, he Hampshire. asked if there were any others.

" Another bushel, if ye place, but no one of any particular consequence. There was the man who worrited your honor's loife out of its moind, to get a place in the city for his bhoy. He called every wishing himself back in the carriage day, and said it was a matter of loife and death," he repeated. 'He didn't care a brass image for your honor's hife and death. But I think I've packed him off, shure, for good...

It was some man, pretty well down in

'You shouldn't have sent him away, pame.'

Tom, so sharply," he said, wearily; 'I'll' ed and outdid his, and, laying her hand go down to Pilcher, in the city and ask appearance of interest. him to make room for the lad. Drive there after you have been to Mr. Wilson's '

> be too much for you, as one may say? Lemember, it's the first dhay yer honor has been out!"

"All right, Tom, my good fellow," said Bertie, languidly, we won't overdo ter to pull through such a fever, as, rest it. Confound it, I can't be too weak to assured, he has now pulled through Yes, drive down into the city; besides, the poor devit is anxious about his boy.

When the carriage drew up at the door that the blinds were closed, and, a minute after, Tom came to the carriage door ; to say that the family had returned to that is a very risky thing, is it not?

Bertie merely lifted his evebrows but the pany of pain was as intense as the Valor's money, you say " said Bertie. man suffers who starts and winces.

"Ireland " he said, quietly; 'drive, his head and elevating his cycbrows. then, to the city, Tom.

Bertie leaned back with that pang of disappointment which every man feels when he expects to see the woman he old stoical, cui bono creed was fighting loves, and finds her not; and the bitter reflection-" If it had been poor Rod who had been seedy, she would have died rather han start for Ireland without seeing him. Somebody says ther's a divinity that shades our ends rough hew them fere?' But his true, good natured heart as we will.' Confound it! I must be got the better of his false philosophy, as that shades our ends, rough hew them fere?" rough hewing mine to some extent, or the shaping can't be going on very satis-Lictorily

And he felt very miserable and weak How was he to know that the woman he was thinking of was feeling just as miserable, becau e she had not dared to see him, les her tell-tale face should proclaim the love that had grown into a passion during the days she had sat watching his face?

the carriage stopped, and Bertie, alighting, entered the office.

"Good morning, sir," said Mr. Pilcher, coming forward, as usual, with his hands passing over one another slowly.

"Good morning, Mr. Pilcher," said Bertie, dropping into a chair languidly; and, without percration, he commenced ed in. He had known Mr. Pilcher for some years, and had employed him in to bring over to the Vale. various business matters; indeed, besides his solicitor, he was the only man of business he knew sufficiently to ask a favor of.

now," said Mr. Pilcher: 'but still I will make room for him.'

"Thanks," said Bertie, 'you are very kind.

"Oh, don't mention it, sir " said Mr. repeated Bertie, 'is she looking well?' Pilcher, 'I am only glad to be of any 'Well, not so hale and hearty as she service to you, have you been ill, you are looking so extremely unwell."

"Yes," said Bertie, 'I have been

" May I suggest a run in the country?" said Mr. Pilcher.

"I have not long returned from

"Hampshire?" said Mr. Pilcher. Oh, yes, I remember, I heard you were staying at Sir Robert Valor's.

"Did you?" said Bertie, carelessly 'Whom from?' not caring a bit, and

" Mr. Arthur Thussington," said Mr. Pilcher.

" Oh, do you do business with him?" said B rtic

so: he buys and sells in Sir Robert's

"Yes," said Mr. Pilcher, 'I don't quite understand the arrangements, but Vilson's.' he certainly has the command of a toler"Very good, yer honor; bu' won't it ably large sum of Sir Robert's money.

He has bought and shippe 1 several thousand pounds' worth of goods to a foreign market, and, here Mr. Pilcher lowered his voice, and bent forward confidentially, the hasn't ensured them.

Bertie sank into the chair again. Together with the old dislike which had sprung up afresh at the mention of the man's name, there came a hazy feeling of of the house which the Wilsons had taken, distrust, and his mind was filled with a

and for what he could not say,
"Hasn't ensured them," he said;

"Well, it is, very," said Mr. Pilcher.
"And he is trading with Sir Robert

Mr. Piloher confined himself to nodding

There was a minute's silence.

Bertie felt assure as that he was sitting there, that something was wrong, and his against the impulse to see farther into the matter. 'What the deuce,' he asked himself, 'has this to do with me? If Sir Rosert chooses to play fool to Arthur read, heading the dread catalogue, the Thussington's knave, why should I inter-name "Annie." usual, and, looking up, he said -

" Let us go into your private room for

a few minutes."
"Certainly," said Mr. Pilcher, and he

#### CHAPTER XXXVIII.

TOO GREAT A JOY.

This sudden good doth move me more Than half a hundred too familiar alls."

Arthur Thussington's sry lost no time "Mr. Pilcher's, sir," said Tom, as in communicating with his master; so that almost before the village of Edgecombe had recovered from the shock of the news of Sir Harry Edgecombe's death, Arthur Thussington was dashing down by express

At the Hall, however, Ida, who was taying with her aunt, Lady Mary, refused to see him, and Startel, the steward. his errand by asking the shipping agent insulted him by declining, most em-to make room for the lad he was interest phatically, to give up the keys, which Sir

meditate upon fresh plans not, however, before he had payed a visit to the postmaster and re-bribed him to intercept any letters that might arrive, and admon ishing his spy in the village to fresh vigitance. Immediately he got to London | my back a little while, but have pulled be set about tracing the footsteps of the round now. lost heir, and filled with a spirit of unrest, that at one moment tormented him with the hope that Roderick was dead, and at another maddened him by a fancy picture of the lost man turning up and crick Edgecombe night still be living. anatching the title and estate which he almost fancied he had got trom his grasp, he hunted night and day for some clue to the wanderer.

passenger in the brig "Annie," bound like whips upon the glandered horse. for Melbourne.

Not for one instant did the thought occur to him that something might have "Indeed." said Bertie, with a slight happened to the ship, for the very magnitude of such good fortune prevented him from thinking of it, and he sat down for two or three weeks, consumed with impatience, and not knowing what to do next.

In the sudden turn affairs had taken, he was so absorbed that he neglected the web he was weaving round the fortunes of Sir Robert, and, consequently, was not aware of the sudden turn in the affairs of the Wheal Bang Mining shares which Mr. Piloher, by the judicious use of a large sum of money, had brought about; and, believing that all was going w 11-or, rather, bully-he give him-Bertie saw, with a sudden twinge of pain, thousand forcbodings, though for whom self for the time to the feverish watching and writing for news of the man that stood between him and sixty thousand a year.

One morning, as he sat at breakfast in his silent chambers, with his eyes fixed upon the fire and his thoughts busy with his plots and schemes, his eye fell upon a pile of old papers, and half in hopes that be might for a time distract his thoughts, he threw them on the table and commenced turning them over, reading a line here and a line there.

As he did so, his eye caught, in one of them, a list of lost vessels, and with the leaf raised in his hand to turn over, he

His heart gave a sudden leap, and his eyes closed. He dared not hope. There were hundreds of " Annies;" this could not-could not-be the right one.

He looked again.

And he felt very miserable and weak! "Certainly," said Mr. Pilcher, and he "Annie," bound for Melbourne, as the carriage rolled on. Poor man! led the way into his sanctum sanctorum. August, 18—, wrecked, and all hands lost.

With a cry of suffocation he leaped from his chair, to fall, face downwards, upon the paper.

One hour-two hours passed before he moved; then, when he did so, his face was hucless and set, and his lips wid

The sudden shock had nearly killed him.

He went to the cupboard, and, with trembling hands, poured out some brandy into a tumbler, spilling it over the floor.

He felt stunned and bewildered.

He dared not even yet attempt to grasp the stupendous fact that he was phatically, to give up the keys, which Sir Lord of Edgecombe! Lord of Edge-Robert had asked Arthur Thussington combe! Sir Arthur Thussington! Sir Atthur Thussington! The words rang Maddened by the steward's insult and in his cars, beat at the doors of his Ida Valor's cold refusal to see him, heart, and swam before his eyes in Arthur Thussington returned to the blood red capitals! Standing before the Vale, and mustering his passion as best fire, he saw them glittering amongst the "Well, we are rather full in the office he could, told Sir Robert what had red coals; garing vacantly at the passed at the Hall, and hinting that shadowed pair of the room, he saw Startel had been playing the secondrel them starting from the dimness. In with the estate, hurried back to town to the fading of the cinders, in the sough of the wind, in the chirping of the London sparrows on the window-sill, he heard the refrain that was gradually sending him mad with joy-that numbed him with its intensity.

Lord of Edgecombe! Sir Arthur Thussington! Suddenly his face blauched. A fear had stricken his heart cold. The newspaper was old; the ship might have been found! Rod-

the stairs.

"Drive to Lloyds', for your life!" he said, hoarsely, jumping into a cab, At last he found one. Amongst the that was passing at the moment, and shipping list at Lleyds' he found Rod-thon crouched down into the back, with erick Edgecombe's name entered as his units at his teeth, and his eyes fixed

Arrived at Lloyds', his old calmness Instantly he inserted an advertisement, somewhat returned, and with a less "Well, yes and no," was the reply. in a small Melbourne paper, through the hasty step he stole, still swittly, but 'He was transacting business for his agent in London, and telegraphed down noiselessly, up the hall, and wetting in a small Melbourne paper, through the hasty step he stole, still swittly, but the world, for whose son Bertie had uncle, Sir Robert Valor, at least I suppose to the Valo the news of his discovery. his lips with feverish tougue, he in

quired of the clerk if the "Annie." reported lost with all hands on board, had been heard of, or any of the crew or passengers picked up.

The man referred to a huge volume, which had struck terror to many a widow and orphan's heart, and, in tones that seemed to the maddened man cruelly indifferent, replied, that neither the ship nor the living souls on board thing else. of her had been heard of.

"All perished sir, every man of thom."

#### CHAPTER XXXIX.

DEAD!

" Aye, that's all that can be said-

That though his faults were great and many, He that loved thee well is dead "

The family at the Vale Seated in the drawing-room. Dinner had been over fully. Poor Lady Mary was always an hour, and Sir Robert was sitting in made unhappy with Sir Harry, through his easy chair, with his eyes fixed some freak of his; and when he went, I thoughtfully upon the coals, thinking of judged from his look-the old Edgemany things past and present; and, judging from his grave face thinking sadly Opposite him sat Lady Edith, "And now Sir Harry is dead," said serene as ever, now that the storm Lady Edith, "surely he will write or of sorrow had swept by, working the everlasting wool work; and standing apart, by the window, looking somewhat pale, but ethereally beautiful in her black dress, was Ida. She had only returned two days before from nursing Lady Mary, who still lay silent and stricken down upon the sick of the doctor, who prevailed upon white, hollow face and pale lips. her to take at least a little rest, if only to enable her to resume her loving care.

With her soft face resting upon her white hand, and her eyes fixed dreamily have seen. upon the dark night, her thoughts were sadly tricing the events of the pist. How sweet the opening of her life had been—how promising the prospect! health, wealth, a circle of loving friends and relations, and the heart of the man and he faltered and walked to the fire-

Now where was he? And how sadly the circle had broken! Her life, once so fair and bright, seemed now as cheerless and joyless as the night she was gazing on.

"Ida, my darling, why do you not come to the fire?" said Ludy Edith. 'You must be frozen out there in the

" No, mamma," said Ida, but still complying with her request, and setting herself at her side.

" How pile you look, Ida!" said her father, as she did so, looking at her with tones, 'I will stay.' affectionate eyes. 'You are a good girl, He put his arm r but you must not overdo it at the Hall. How did Parker say Lady Mary was this morning?"

"Still the same," said Ida. ' Do you would be uscless. know, papa, although I do not fear anything very dangerous now for poor Lady Mary, I am afraid she will never be well again. She seems to have received a very severe shock, a shock-' and she paused " here, thoughtfully.

"A shock-what, my dear?" said expression.

Lady Edith.

"I sear ely know," said Ida. 'If I were asked to state my opinion of the mainspring of dear Lady Mary's illness,

Her fither looked up curiously, you heard? "What do you mean, Ida?" he said. Arthur hid his face in his hands, and "I don't know, papa," she said, leaving in a low, broken voice, that deceived her chair and kneeling beside his, so that them all—save one—said—

it an expression of sudden mental pain The 'Annie' was wreeked, and—and all and agony, totally distinct from her hands were lost !" bodily suffering, and with it a look of

surprise and te-ror, as one has when Lady Edith shrank and cowered into who he felt mistrusted him. Yet he

hearing some harrowing, to rible news."
"I understand you," said 2'ir Robert, slowly, looking at the fire with shaded

"I don't," said Lady Edith, in no cently. 'I wish Roderick were at home'; I believe his presence would do more towards poor Mary's recovery than any-

"So do I," said Sir Robert, with a sigh, his hand stroking the fair head whose face was now hidden against his

"What can have kept him from writing, I cannot think," continued Lady ful of her, at least.'

The girl's face shrank closer.

"That is just what has kept him from writing,', said Sir Robert, thoughtcombe look - that we should hear nothing more of him until Sir Harry died.

come home, unless-

Fortunately for the hidden face, the door opened, and the servant announced. Mr. Thussington.

Sir Robert rose to meet him and started back, with his outstretched arm fallen to his side, with astonishment.

"Good God! Arthur, are you ill?" purpose only at the distinct command Ida gazed with speechless alarm at his

He came forward, and clutching Sir Robert's hand for a moment, sank into a chair. The ladies he did not seem to

Sir Robert went up to him and laid his hand upon his shoulder.

"My poor fellow, you are ill."
Arthur shook his head.

"Then-then you have bad news!" whose image still remained enshrined place, resting his head for a moment on in hers, set in a trame of thorus. his hand. Then he said, without moving,

" Edith, take Ida away."

Lady Edith. ever obedient, took Ida's hand, which had grown stone cold, and tried to draw her towards her, but the girl would not move.

"Come, Ida, my darling," whispered Lady Edith, sadly.

For a moment sho withdrew her eyes slowly from the best figure of Arthur Thussington, then walked to her father's the breast.

" Father," she said, in slow, distinct

He put his arm round her.

"Better go, my darling," he said.
She shook her head, and he perhaps knew instructively that all resistance

Lady Edith sank into her chair again, and waited, with a frightened face.

" Now, Arthur, what is it ?" said Sir Robert, in an unneturally resigned tone. Has the mine gone?'

Arthur looked up with a puzzled

" No!" he said, hoarsely.

Sir Robert breathed a sigh of relief, but suddenly paled and trembled.

"Then-then," he said, in a low, fear I should say that something besides poor ful voice, 'you have heard of Roderick. Sir Harry's sudden and dreadful death Good God! man, speak out; don't you had occasioned it.'

see this is worse than all? What have

she could le in her face against his heart. "I have poor l'oderick (ah! that "I don't know, but as I have sat word 'poor,' it belongs to the dead) watching her face I have seen flush over sailed in the 'Annie,' for Melbourne.

the chair, but the figure of the girl remained stone-like from hend to foot. Turning her eves on him, she opened her lips, as if with pain, and uttered the

" You lie!"

He turned his face towards her, with comforting the steward. a look that told her he spoke the truth , and, in an instant, she sprong towards him, and clutched his arm, crying in a miles away, wounded, ill dying! but not dead! Oh, God, not dead!"

He shook has head, and hid his eyes;

Edith; 'he was always so fond of his and she fell into her father's arms, wall-mother, and so considerate and thought ing; 'And I loved him so! I loved him so'

Then, staring, with burning, tearless eyes, she started from Sir Robert's arms,

and threw up ber own, wildly.
"His blood be upon your heads! You drove him from home! You killed him! What had he ever done to merit death? Why did God let him die, when I loved him so, and there were so many wicked men to kill? Rod-my Rod-was al ways good to all, even to me, who treated him so cruelly! De id! dead! dead! and I scorned him and hurt him with hard words! He, the noblest, gentlest mon that ever woman loved. Oh! God has punished me for my pride—punished me fearfully. You don't know all—none of you how I cut him with hard, cold looks, and froze him with bitter words. And he stood so calm and stern, hearing bed at Edgecombe, and had left her he exclaimed, while Lady Edith and every word I said, and did nothing-not even strike me-said not a word when he should have felled me to the ground for daring to speak so to him—my darling!
my god! And now you tell me had my god! And now you tell me he is dead—dead, and I, sinful wretch, am left to live. Oh, Rod! Rod! pray God, if you are near Him, to let me die and come to you. Dead! dead!" Pouring out the words in quick, spasmodic cries, ever dwelling on the sad refrain, 'I loved him so. Dead! dead!' she at last fell, before they could catch her, full length upon the floor-her white bands clenched above her hea , like a woman martyr

## CHAPTER XL.

SIR ARTHUR THUSSINGTON.

'Revenge is sweet."

"The weakest coes to the wall."

'Though this may be play to you, 'tis death

Leaving the sorrowing family at the side and caught the edge of his coat at Vale, Sir Arthur Thussington, as we will now call him, walked through the avenue in the direction of the Hall, his head lowered upon his breast, and his hands folded behind him. Every step he took, and every stick and stone his eyes rested on, he kept repeating to himself, were his. His! Three days had pussed since the discovery of the wreck of the 'Annie,' and the sudden shock had been succeeded by a dead numbness, born of his great joy, that had whitened his face and threatened to unseat his reason. He was feverish and ill, confused and bewildered, but he could not wait another day for a certain revenge, the picture of which he had been painting in his mind's eye for three long days.

He would have liked, nay, he thirsted to proclaim his title and wealth to all the world as once-that moment-but he dured not.

Appearances must be attended to. Lady Mary lay ill, and though he cared nothing for the effect the news of her son's death might have on her, he dreaded the censure of the world on his heartlessness, and, most of all, feared to create a further bad opinion on Ida Valor's mind.

Sir Robert tottered and grouned; title paled before his love for the woman humble.

hoped, even against hope, that the Hall -his Hall-might have for its mistress, Roderick's tover-beautiful Ida Valor. But though he determined to bridle his impatience for a few days longer, he could not resist the savage joy of dis-

So, passing up the silent avenue, ho tried to devise some plan by which he could oust Startel from his position, withvoice of agony: " Not dead! not dead! out compromising his character of Anything else, but not dead! A thousand generosity. The door was opened by the old servant, who greeted him respectfully, and to whom Arthur nodded graciously, replying to his enquiries, Thank you,

very well, James.'
"Ludy Mary, I hope, is better; is she well enough for me to see her?

"I think so, sir," said the man. 'I will go and see,' and he opened the drawing-room door to show Arthur in, but Arthur said, quietly-

"I will go into the library," and walking across the hall, he entered the old room. James looked surprised at the unusual tone, and turned off to inquire if Lady Mary was well enough to see him.

Meanwhile Arthur had walked to the table, and commenced turning over one or two of the papers lying on it. They were mostly accounts and business letters, some of them in rtel's handwriting, and others in Sir Harry s.

As he handled them one by one, a sardonic smile upon his face, his eye fell upon a document, headed, 'Isaac Levy's account against Roderick, which, it will be remembered, was paid and receipted, and he laid his hand upon it, but before he had scarcely opened it, the door opened, and he put down that, which, if he had seen, would have been a powerful weapon in his hands in future years, and Startel entered. A look of savage hatred crossed his face, as he saw the tall figure standing by the table, and advancing in his crooked way, he sail-

"Good morning, Mr. Thussington, glud to see you've honored the Hall again; do you intend making a long stay?"

Arthur Thursington walked to the fireplace and stood before the fire, the keen, glittering little eyes of the steward following him.

"Have you come from Lady Mary?"

said Arthur Thussington,
"No. Mr. Thussington," replied Startel; 'but I met James and brought her ladyship's message; she is not well enough. to see you.'

"Is that the truth, or a lie?" said Arthur Thussington, leaning his arms in an easy attitude on the mantel-shelf.

The steward's face whitened with passion, and he said between his clenched teeth, with an evil smile-

"People in glass houses should'us throw stones, Mr. Thussington "

Arthur I hussington quietly, without moving his position, reached the bell-rope, and as James entered, said in a tone of command-

"Mr. Startel tells me, James, that Lady Mary is too unwell to see me; is that the truth?"

The man stared first at him, and then at the mocking face of the steward.

" Is that the truth?" repeated Arthur.

"Yes, sir," said James.
"Thank you," said Arthur; then turning towards the steward, he said, in

a measured tone-" When I was here last, Mr. Startel,

in addition to refusing me the kers of the various papers of the late Sir Harry, you rolunteered the information that you had been in my uncle's service for a great number of years."

The man stood astounded and speech. less, sharp-witted as he was, he had not a glimmering of the real state of the case, and could not understand the For there the man's hope was fixed, altered tone and manner of the man Even the new glory of his wealth and whom he had always seen so plizat and altered tone and manner of the man many years you have been in Sir over examined them.

Horry's service?"

Then, biting his lift, he turned

Stirtel struggled for breath.

" By what right, Mr. Thussington, he hissed, 'Do you ask these questions?'

" We will waive that for the present," said Arthur . Please answer my question For a moment the steward remained silent , then he said, with a sneer-

" I don't see how it can concern you. Mr. Thussington, but, if you must collected and examined by my solicitor.' know, say over forty years."

Startel turned round sharply, and

A good and futhful sersaid Arthur Thussii gton: ' and during the whole of that time you have kept the books and managed the money matters of the estates?

"I have," was the reply.

and papers relating to the estate during that te m of years, and deliver them to me.

Startel clutched the table.

' you are mad!

"You will deliver them to me, that I may send them to a London a count- list, he hobbled from the room pausing ant, and if I and that you have, as 1 account, rest assured I will hold you master of Edgecombe, accountable for them."

Breathless, livid, and bursting with passion, Startel hobbled up to him.

"You are mad!" he hissed; 'how my keys! Be accountable to you! face of the rising sun, and left the Luey; far from it, indeed I only want heavens vanquished and outshone, the one thing'—here his voice faltered and and nlay the master harm. and play the master here. I ask you hut, rendered ten thousand times more

the chair, and crossed his legs.

manding his own."

Startel staggered, and clutched at

the mantel-piece for support.
"Ilis own-yours!" he e in a low hiss; 'it is not yours, it is Sir Roderick Edgecombe's.

"My cousin, Mr. Roderick Edge-combe," said Arthur, slowly, pausing and eyeing the distorted face with flendish enjoyment, ' is dead.'

"You lie!" almost shricked the quivering lips: 'you lie'

' You must mederate your language, or I must refuse to talk any further with you, and must teach you respect by flinging you out of doors," said Arthur, his voice for one moment losing its calmness.

" You fling me out of doors!" said Startel, 'it's a vile plot-a plot. You are an impostor Sir Roderick Edgecombe is not dead.'

" You will be sorry to hear," said Arthur, rising and standing before the fire in his old position, that Mr. Roderick Edgecombe is indeed dead; he was drowned in the Annie, which sailed for Melbourne in August last."

Startel stood staring at him with bewildered eves for one moment, then staggered towards the table, and dropping into a chair, leaned his head upon his hands

Arthur Thussington stood looking at him with eyes that devoured every expression and attitude eagerly. Suddeply the huddled form started up

'The proofs—the proofs, he asked,

huskily.

'I do not recognize your right to ask for them, said Arthur; but as you are an old servant of the family, I will show them to you. 'There is an official account of the loss of the ship, and the solicitors, acknowleging my right to the ! title and estates of Edgecombe, and he papers.

The old man seized them with change.

" Have the goodness to tell me how shaking hands, and with almost blinded

round and tried to speak, but could not, and instead turned again to the table, and with an absent air commenced collecting the scattered accounts.

Arthur held up his hand.

Leave those papers alone,' he said ; 'I think it better, perhaps, under the the pet of Gordon's Acting Troupe, circumstances, that they should be who never soil your hands, except to

with a wolfish scowl hobbled up to him.

Sir Arthur Tussington, you have not get it all your own way yet, though you think you have; as I told you, I have been over forty years in the service and the secrets--hark ye, the secrets Thus sington, to produce all the books that you'd give your fox-head to learn; I know something that—but no matter, I am going. I won't wait to be turned out of the place where I have spent my life and learned my secrets-my secrets, "Deliver them to you!" he said, mind ye; and I warn you, if you try to touch me, I'll turn and bite!

And half clutching, half shaking his at the door, to cast a malignant glare upon the triumphant face of the new

#### CHAPTER XLI.

LUCY.

" There are the players "

again, by what right you claim these?' dreary by its awful, silent tenant, was Arthur Thussington sank easily into disturbed and awakened by the distant hum of human voices and the regular " By the right every man has of de- trend of a number of horses, and the rattle of wheels.

Had the closed eyes of the still, silent figure had any sight in them, and he exclaimed, been looking out to the east, they would have seen a lengthy caravan, the human members of which were straggling along beside, behind, or in front of it, in irregular procedure

It was approaching at a slow pace ing buildings, very similar to the show cars of the English fairs, but of a larger size; two or three small ministure dwelling-houses on wheels, and a line of horses of good breed and in capital condition, some of them ridden by strong well-built countrymen, others plodding impatiently behind the string of strange-looking vehicles

In front of the whole two figures were walking-man and woman; and as they plodded on, in the step required only by persons accustomed to much pedestrian exercise, they exchanged remarks, looking back occasionally, or forward towards the destination which they could not as yet see.
"Where are we, Mark" asked the

woman, looking round at the waste

"Pon my soul, Lucy, I don't know," said the man, with a theatrical shrug of the shoulders, adding, as he struck an attitude, and waved his hand with a domestic flourish above his head-

" My foot is not upon my native heath, and my name is not Mac-

The woman smiled a smile, that with all its sweetness had something sad and subdued in it.

"Don't be absurd, Mark, but answer my question. How many days are we off Melbourne?"

"Seven, about—" replied Mark necessary documents drawn up by the Douglas, after a moment's reflection; seven, I should say, althe u's only guess work. For my part, I don't very his love stopped him.) laid open upon the table a number of much care if it's seventy, for I'm a bit sick of work, and should be glad of a silence upon them both until the cara-know I'm not. I'm very good—very change."

van reached them, and a hale, hearty 'passable—at your Bar ells and your

The woman smiled again.

"Work? Mark. You don't know what it is Playing Macbeth and George Barnwell four nights a-week, and clown the other two, isn't work, man Now, if you dug in the fields for twelve hours a-day, or drove a team of oxen for nine. or-or-anything of that sort, I could sympathize with you; but when youcount the takings-complain of overwork, I only smile."

The man laughed good-humoredly. replying, with an affectation of pique-

"Oh! so you don't call coaching a gang of blockheads into ' Mercutios' and Poloniuses,' Charles his Friend and Randolf the Innkeeper, building up a stage, painting the scenery, writing the bill, dressing the entire company, and touting for special patronage, praiseorthy and madam?" work, ch laboricus

"No, I don't," replied the woman, smiling more determinedly than ever; because you don't do it as work, you do it for amusement. You know if you hadn't the blockheads, as you call them,

"Well, perhaps I should," he said, with a light laugh and a sigh Por-heps I should. I am not unhappy, - only one thing to make me the happiest man alive

She hung her head, and her eyes filled sadly

"Let us go back, or wait for them.

she said, in a low voice. 'Gordon will wonder where we have gone-see, they are out of sight.

He dropped his head, and turned from he-.

"You never will let me speak, Lucy," he said.

"Never, dear, dear, Mar'." the woman replied, in her turn touching his and consisted of three huge square-look- arm. 'Never, dear Mark, for it pains not only me, but you. Why will you harp upon the string that has broken long ago? Why will you ask for that which I have no longer to give?

"I don't ask you to love me, Lucy," he cried, his eyes wet and glistening, and his manly voice trembling. only want you to give me the right to protect and watch over you! I will be satisfied with loving you, and will not expect you to give me all your heart, if you cannot. Oh, Lucy-! he stopped suddenly, as she turned and shook her

" Is it always to be so-always the same answer?" he said bitterly.

"Always, dear Mark," she said. laying her hand upon his shoulder. "Why? why?" he asked.

" Mark, would you love me if you thought me dishonest and dishonor she asked, looking up into his able? face with a grave earnestness.

"You cannot be," he said, sadly, but decidedly.

"You are right, Mark," she said; but I should be if I gave you my hand without my heart. I cannot give you that, for I gave it to him who left me one winter's dawn and took it with him. God help him and me! but I cannot take it back.

. You will never forget him, the man who left you to-'('starve and die.' he had almost said in his bitterness, but

Never, she said; and there fell a

man, whose gray hair hinted at many years, though his youthful bearing and keen blue eyes denied them, approached, smacking his whip, and crying in a clear but theatrical voice-

Ar! ar! my children in the wood. I thought that ye were lost ! Remember, whithersoever ye flee-Gordon followeth after yo.

Mark Douglas laughed, as he always did, at his old friend and manager's jokes and tales, and said-

' Don't be afre i, you won't lose your walking gentleman and leading lady in a hurry-until there's a rival house, any We're going very slow, are we

' Very,' said Joe Gordon, well known in England and Australia as a fast goer, not only in matters theatrical. in affairs of the heart. 'Slow cattle, but the women are tired, and the children want to sleep-which they can't if they are jolted."

Then looking round he smacked his whip again, and cried to the strag-Whereupon a couple of pretty glers. girls and two rather lusty-looking men mended their pace. 'Seven days to dresses to touch up, you would be the he said to the first. 'No more tagging, unhappiest moral clive; now, wouldn't: Reynolds: wake that old cob up; and the laid hir hand upon his teil Jackson to hurry on,' and, adding to the girls a piece of advice, to the effect that they had better retire to rest -meaning the eligible family mansion on wheels behind-he started on-with sixty summers on his shoulders-as steadily as if he had not seen twenty.

The woman addressed to as Lucy joined the two girls, and, calling them respectively as Adelaide and Mary, entered the last van with them to follow the advice of the manager, while Mark Douglas strode on at the side, talking of the prospects of the dramatic season which they were to open at the town

they were approaching.

'Yes, I think we're all right, the clder man was saying. 'The theatre,' jerking his whip in the direction of the huge boxes, 'is in prime condition, and the scenery's all first rate. As for the cast, there's you for the heavy business and the broad comic; Lucy for the pathetic and leading lady; nothing better could be wished for Adelaide does the chambermaid and second bit very nicely, and Mary and the rest are useful. Reynolds is very clever with the Mercutio and lead up, and so is Montmorency. As for the others they ain't much use, except for crowds and processions, and now and then the tipsy servant dodge. Altogether, we muster pretty strong, ch, Mark?

'Yes,' replied the younger man; very decent company. Not all that could be wished for, though. Lucy is your strong card. Poor girl she's lost in these wilds here. She should be in England-in London-to do her credit.'

' Humph! I don't know so much about that,' said Gordon. ' Mind, Lucy s a fine actress-she's a geniusbut they don't particularly mind a genius in London. Mark. I've seen many a Mrs. Siddons and Macready die of hunger, mind you."

' Aye, aye, that's true,' assented the other, sadly. Perhaps you're right. But to go on. I'm not so sure about my being such a good card. I'm about played out.

Nonsense, interrupted the manager warmly.

'Yes, but I am,' rejoined Mark. They re pretty well tired of me, I think, They we seen my face too often. Besides which, I'm not up to the mark, Gordon. Ah, you may shake your head; but I every-day sensation characters, where a shrug and a clap-trap will get the rounds; but in the heavy lines-Hamlet-ah, Gordon, if we could get a good, mind, I say a good—Romeo, a good Hamlet, Macbeth, and Claude Melnotte, well you'd make your fortune and your last journey pretty

' You're right, Mark,' he said ; ' but the real Hamilets and Romeos are scarce nowadays, and I'm satisfied with you, who, with all your modesty-which, by the living Jingo, sir! I believe is half

mock / make a very passable one.'
'I know better'—commenced the but suddenly broke off to actor, oxclaim-

By Jove, look, Gordon! There's a hut. Who the devil would have expected to find a human being in this deserted wilderness?

'You haven't found one,' retorted the other. 'It's only an empty hut built for the cattle runners. See, there's no smoke.

' No,' said Mark, and they passed ou. Suddenly he stopped, and, looking curiously at Gordon, said, in a halfapologetic tone, as if ashamed of his

' I say, old fellow, I'm possessed with a strange impulse to go and look at that old place behind, I can't understand the feeling, or why the devil I should have it, but I'm dashed if I do not seem as if I must go.'

The manager laughed.
'Nonsense, man,' he said. 'You'll be tired enough before we pull up, without running after fancies.

'Fancy or no fancy,' I must go re-plied the actor 'You go ou, don't wait for me,' and leaping into the bush, he ran towards the hut.

Scarcely ten minutes had passedjust time enough for the living, robust figure to have reached the still one lying on the threshold of the solitary building -- when a loud, startled cry of horror rang through the woods, and instantly the troop of men were dashing to the spot whence it came.

#### CHAPTER XLII.

THE DISCOVERY IN THE WOOD.

A love that took an early root, And had an early doom."-HERVEY.

Bursting through the bush, the men came upon the hut, at the door of which Mark Douglas was beuding over some-

"Good heaven!" exclaimed Gordon, as, followed by the others, he saw the you got there, Mark? Is he dead?"

"Don't know," replied the actor; "if he isn't, he is very nearly. Here, Montmorency," he added, looking up at the good-looking fellow, who was noted for his rough knowledge of medicine, "you are the best hand for this Come here."

Montmorency bent down, and rais 1 the i.cad gently, then scrutinizing the still, stained face with critical eyes, said, suddeuly, "Lend me a knife, some one."

Mark handed him a long-bladed knife, and Montmorency opening the blade, held it close to the mouth of the prostrate figure.

The blade was dimmed slightly.

"He's alive, and that's about all," said Montmorency,
"Thank Heaven!" muttered Gordon.

" Here, Starbury, lend a hand. Montmorency, you tell them what to do now to lift him, and so on. Markbut Mark had already gone.

Directly he had heard the man was alive, he looked round to see that there were enough men to move him, and then ran off towards the caravan.

Reaching the end van, he tapped at the little painted door, and, in response to, "Whose's there?" said-

"Lucy, it is I Dress quickly, and come out, will you?"

In a few minutes the door opened, and the woman stood upon the steps, looking down upon him.

"What is the matter, Mark?" she

" A great deal, Lucy," he answered, holding out his hand to help her down. "I want you to help us, but you caunot do it unless you are cool and calm. Will you be so?"

She smiled confidently, then sadly. "I have had a long experience of restraint," she said, quietly; " what is

"Come to me," he said "An accident—" he paused at the word, and a man lies, dead or dying, in the hut you see there."

She paled a little, but said only Let us hurry," and quickened her steps.

Soon they came upon the silent group, and Mark, pushing Starbury gently aside, revealed the figure lying on two or three coats spread on the ground.

Lucy bent down to look at the face. but her eyes had no sooner rested on it than she uttered a piercing shrick, and started back

Mark, faucying that its ghastly appearance had horrified her, hastly stepped in front of it, as if to shut it from her gaze, but she pushed him aside with a feverish, trembling eagerness, and looked again.

This time the agonized expression of her face gave place to a puzzled one, and after looking earnestly at the face for the space of a minute, she rose silently, and covered her eyes with her hands.

Something more than the sight of blood had moved her thus. Some stronger emotion than horror had wring her heart and paralysed her limbs. What was it? In the dim daylight, the group of lookers-on did not see the sudden, strange light that lit up her eyes at sight of the death-like face, and looked for no other reason for her emotion than the bare facts.

Then suddenly, and evidently with a great effort, for her voice was dry and strained, she said-

"Bring me some water in one of Mark, have you any your cups. brandy?"

"Here is some," said Gordon, pointing to a figure running through the wood; "I sent for it."

She took the flask from the man' hand and put it to the pale lips, the men noticing that her eyes quivered, and her own lips trembled, as she did

Then, when the water was brought in the cup, she washed the blood away from the face, and turning to Mark, who was silently kindling a fire, whisper-

ed to him to send the rest away.
"He must not be moved," said Montmorency. "Better get some rugs and blankets down from the van; I'll go and fetch them," and taking the rest with him, he walked quickly off.

Mark and Lucy were alone with the motionless form.

With weder fingers the woman undid the clotted clothes, and shudderingly displayed the gaping wound the steel had made.

"Good God!" she exclaimed, "what fiend can have done it? This is no It meant murderchance blow. murder, and nothing clse."

Tremblingly the woman wiped the

blood away, and bound the wound up; then she raised the head upon her lap down, and whispered in frezen syllables. and sheep!

and moistened the lips again, Mark "Do you understand me when I watching with an intense interest, so speak?" intense, indeed, that he had not cast a glance at the girl's face until she held out the linen bandage for him to moisten; and then, as he caught sight of it -all drawn and livid as if with some physical pain-and saw the eyes lit up | if you value your life!" with a horror and dread totally distinct from his, he started with concern

what's necessary."

She tried to speak, but could not, but shook her head.

Sceing all persuasion was useless, he accident—" he paused at the word, it up, and, taking it to the firelight, day to ask how he was, or to stand at which he knew was a false on—" at read the word "Guy," printed on it in his impromptu bed-side, was listened to least, there has been some foul play, read letters; and, holding it out to her auxiously and jealously by his nurse. said.

found; perhaps that may help-

the name with a suppressed shudder, hid it in her bosom, clutching his arm discarded blood-stained suit. as soon as she had done so with a grasp of entreaty.

He looked up in astonishment, the bandage in his hand

"Mark!" she whispered, hoarsely, her voice discordant and harsh: "Mark, where did you find this?

He pointed silently to the spot beside the fire where he had picked it up.

She bid her face in her hands and

" Do-do-you think it belongs to him?" she whispered brokenly, dropping her eyes to the figure in her lap.

He shook his head.
"N-0," he whispered back; "I should think not-more likely to the devil who has done it."

She stretched over and laid her fingers—icely cold—upon his lips.

you found this kni-

"Why?" he asked, almost forgetting the presence of the wounded man in his astonishment of her manner and words.

" Swear, swear!" she repeated, her face working with a mixture of fear and horror-" sweat!"

"I swear!" he said, almost mechanically.

She threw up her hands before he face, and fell to rocking herself, the man staring at her in amazement next moment, as the steps of the men with the blankets and rugs were heard, she seemed to recover herself, and with a face calm—though still deadly pale even to the lips-she directed them were to lay the clothes, and helped to place the wounded man upon them.

Then the two-Lucy and Mark, sat down and watched the man, every now and then stirring the red wood fire, the girl moistening the white lips with the hrandy, and never taking her eyes—still wild with the same look of horrified dread-from the still face.

The caravan had halted at the bend of the road, and the men were standing and sitting about in groups, talking quietly of the discovery and hazarding conjectures as to the assassin.

Suddenly, the girl saw the lips move and the cyclids quer, and the next instant, bending don words—" Ida—Guy!" bending down, caught the

With a suppressed eagerness, she turned to Mark, and told him to hurry off for some brandy, and rose, after he had gone, to close the door.

His cylids opened and shut in reply. A sudden light flashed over her face, and a look of determination shone on her lips, as she continued-

"Do not speak a word-not a word,

From the inoment in which the cord of life rang faintly out in the wounded "Lucy, this is no work for you!" man's whisper, until he gained strength he exclaimed. "You are frightened, enough to rise and look at the strange Go, and leave him to me; I can do caravan, where it sood encamped amougst the trees, the woman called " Lucy" kept strict watch and ward over him.

No one had been permitted to see turned aside and moistened the band- him alone, and every word he had ago; as he did so, his eyes fell upon a spoken to the good, simple-hearted men, small leather knife-case. He picked who had looked in at all hours of the

When he had gained strength enough "Here is something I have just to be moved, they had changed his rough suit of bush clothes for some soft Before he could finish she had snatch- linen ones, Lucy having urged the exed the case from his hand, and, reading change with somewhat unnecessary anxiety, and taking possession of the

> Mark, who gave them into her hands, noticed the strange eagerness with which she grasped them, repressing a shudder as her hands came in contact whth the stiff blood stains, and said-

> "What are you going to do with them, Lucy? They ought to be kept, I think; who knows?—some small thing about them might lead to the discovery of the ruffian who nearly killed him."

She looked up with a sudden twitch of the mouth, and half unconsciourly put the bundle a little way behind

"No, no; I will take them," she said, with a forced calm.

'Very well,' he said. 'I'm afraid it's not much use keeping them in this outlandish place,' and he left the hut.

The same night she stole through "Hush! hush! For Heaven's sake the darkness into the wood, and with hush?" she said "Mark—you said white, fearful face, tied the tell-tale you loved me—you—oh, God!—Mark, clothes round a piece of rock, and flung swear you will not tell a living soul the bundle with a shudder into the lake, making her way back into the hut, trembling like a leaf, and looking about her as if she feared some evil thing.

So that when the wounded man was sufficiently recovered to take an interest in things living and breathing, and after asking a few questions with a dazed look, said abruptly, with a sharp lock upon his thinned face-

Where are the clothes in which I was found?

The girl said, with a cool indifference--

· Somewhere about. I took charge of them, but they were so spoilt that I am afraid they have been thrown away.

## To be Continued.

The difference between a talebearer and scaling-wax is, that sealing-wax burns to keep a secret and the tale-bearer burns to tell one.

If a lady in a red cloak were to cross a field in which was a goat, what wonderful transformation would probably take place? The goat would turn to but-ter and the lady into a scarlet runner.

gentleman who recently travelled over a certain railroad, which it might excite jenlousy to mention by name, declared his opinion that it is the safest read in the country, as the superintendad gone, to close the door.

Returning to the sick man, she knolt the trains to keep off the calves

## COMMERCIAL COLLEGE!!!

WELSH & OWEN'S Building, O' deen Street, Charlottetown.

EATON, FRAZEE &, REAGH, Proprietors.

Designed to Edv. ato Young Men for Business.

BOOK-KEEPING in all its Branches, both by Single and Double Entry, and Collateral Subjects, thoroughly taught and practically a pplied, by means of a complete course of Actual Business, engaged in by all the Students.

Particular attention giv en to Banking, Arithmetic, Business Correspondence, Spelling, &c.

Having obtained the necessary Instruments,

# TBL AGRAPHY WILL BE TAUGHT HERRAFTER, IN ADDITION

To the other Branche Eaton & Frazee's ARITHMETIC (revised edition,) Eaton & Frazee's BOOK-REPING and BLA NKS to accompany the same, constantly on hand—a liberal discount to the Trade.

HOURS—9' a. m., to 12, noon; and from 2 to 4; and 7½ to 9½, p. m.

Circulars containing full particulars will be sent free to any address, on application to

T. B. REAGH, PRINCIPAL.

Charlotteto wr, May 15, 1875.

# UNION B'ANK OF P. E. ISLAND. SAL'E of NEW STOCK.

and of the Directors of the Union as k of P. E. Island, the subscriber will at PUBLIC AUCTION, at his Salesrooms, or see Square, on Wedndsday, 16th day of sun ent, at 11 o'clock, a.m., Nive Hundred Shares of Ten Pounds each, late currency of this Island, being new or increased Stock of the Union Bank of P. E. Island—to be offered in lots of Five Shares each, as provided by the Act of Incorporation. The premium or advance over par value of said shares, along with half the principal to be paid in cash on day of Sale, and the balance on or before the 16th day of November next, at the office of the said Bank in Charlottetown, 6th May, 1875.

WM. DODD.

WM. DODD.

May 15, 1875. till day of sale.

MONTREAL & ACADIAN



S.S. Venezia, 813 tons, Com. McMasters S.S. Valetta, 813 tons, Com. Anderson, S.S.Roma, 813 tons, Com.Desjardines.

The above Steamships will form a

#### WEEKLY LINE BETWEEN

Montreal, Shediac, Charlottetown and Picton,

Leaving Montreal Thursday in each week For Freight or Passage apply to
HYNDMAN BRCS.,

Charlottetown. DAVID SHAW, Esq.,

May 15, 1875.

Montreal. till 1st Nov.

# AUCTION SALES!

THE Subscriber has large and commodious a Salesrooms, and is prepared to receive all kinds of Goods, Furniture &c., which he will dispose of at best terms, and make prompt returns for. Sales of Furniture, Land Sales, &c., solicited.

Microhants wishing to work off unseasonable goods, we will assist you. Send them along to the Auction Booms and we will convert than into cash.

WM. D. STEWART,

Auctioneer.
Quoen Street, May 15, 1875.—1m

# ITALIAN WAHEHOUSE!

QUEEN STREET.

MER S. S. Prince Edward, from Glasgow, Finest Old Scotch WHISKIES

Finest Old Jamaica RUM, Warranted the best extant.

MACEACHERN & Co.

May 15, 1875.—1m

# A PROCLAMATION!!

BROADWAY. BROADWAY.



YENTLEMEN: - Be it known to the Inhabitants of Prince T EDWARD ISLAND, that the

NEW YORK CLOTHING EMPORIUM, BROADWAY, Still exists, and is this Season prepared to furnish

# All Kinds of Clothing Cheap.

STEAMSHIP COMPANY, GENTLEMEN, this is the TENTH TIME that I have addressed you, respecting the advantage you all receive by patronizing my

# CLOTHING EMPORIUM,

And would inform you, that I am better prepared this Season, to give you the

,edood vees daa veedov

AND THE MOST FASHIONABLE GARMENTS,

And the Handsomest FITTING Clothing on the Island. My Stock of

# FURNISHING

Are all of the Latest and Most Improved Styles.

MY HATS, CAPS, COLLARS, NECKTIES, GLOVES, BRACES, FANCY SHIRTS, WHITE SHIRTS & UNDERGLOTHING, &C.

Are the Latest and Best in CHARLOTTETOWN. Just have a LOOK at them, and You will buy. My

are of all colors, shades and textures, made up Fashionable. My **Wyercoats** are really beautiful.

Hy Pants are Cut in Magnificent Style, Sultable for the Season,

And Cheap. They were all very good before, but they Eclipse everything now. My Stock of

Cloths, Beavers, Doeskins, Buckskins,

Devious, Bedford Cords, Tweed Trowserings,

Diagonals, Checks, Diamond Worsteds, &c., &c.

Surpass in Neatness and Durability any STOCK ever brought into Charlottetown. Give us a Call before purchasing elsewhere. I can suit you.

# D. H. MACKINNON,

No. 21 Broadway, Charlottetown, P. E. Island. May 15, 1875.—tf



Passangers taken from the Steamboats Railway Station to any part of the City, for-cents, each.

ROCKLIN HOUSE. 53 KENT STREET.

# SIMON D. FRASER,

Proprietor.

Permanent and Transient Boarders sommodated at reasonable rates.

Ch'town, May 15, 1875.

## FREEHOLD FARM. ON LOT 44.

#### ETCDER ES ALLES.

THE subscriber offers for Sale all the right, it itle and interest in the Farm lately owned by John Kickham, situate on Township No. Forty-four, at the head of Souris River, consisting of Fifty acros. The said farm is conveniently situate to School House, Grist and Saw Mills, and is worthy the attention of those who require a nice Farm. Title good and terms easy.

WM. D. STEWART.

Ch'town, May 15, 1875.

Ch'town, May 15, 1875. Ħ

## FOR LADIES!!

KID GLOVES ENOWN  $B_{\rm EST}$ ROULLONS

First Choice Seamless Josephine

# KID GLOVES.

SINGLE BUTTON, \$1.00. DOUBLE BUTTON, \$1.10. FRENCH PERRON, Kid Gloves.

ROBERT ORR & CO.

Ch'town, Oct. 15, 1874.

## MACEACHERN & CO.

AVE just received from London, Liver-pool, Glasgow, and elsewhere, their usual Spring supplies of first-class

Wines, Liquors and Groceries.

which they offer at the lowest prices.

## Italian Warehouse. June 1, 1875.

# Mew

JUST RECEIVED.

100 chests TEA, very choice, 20 bags RICE,

25 cases STARCH,

20 do. PICKLES,

10 bla.

25 cases TABLE SALT, in bottles, 10 do. PEPPER.

10 kegs WHITING,

20 kegs P. SODA,

5 cases GINGER

5 do. CREAM TARTAR,

10 bags NUTS,

2 kogs PUTTY,

10 bbls. CURBANTS,

50 doz. BROOMS, 100 doz. BUCKETS.

2 cases BLACK LEAD,

2 do. MUSTARD,

100 boxes SOAP in F, 2, and 8 Crown;

25 cases fancy ditto; 10 pune best Cienfugues MOLAESES,

Uşusl Torms. W. D. STEWART.

Ch'town, June 1, 1875.