

**Good-Night Song.**  
(From the German of Korner.)  
Good-night!  
Weary one, take sleep's delight;  
Now the day is gently closing,  
And each busy hand reposes.  
Till gay morning greets the sight,  
Good-night!

Go to rest!  
Let the tired eyelids fall!  
In the street where silence lieth  
Loud the hour the watchman crieth,  
And the soft night-voices call,  
"Go to rest."

Sleep sweetly!  
Dream, sad heart, of Paradise!  
Love thy holy calm hath shaken,  
May bright dreams thy joy awaken,  
Of thy loved one in the skies!  
Sleep sweetly.

Good-night!  
Sleep till breaks the coming day,  
Sleep until the new-born morning  
Brings new duties with its dawning,  
God will watch. Put fear away!  
Good-night!

## AVENGED AT LAST.

A Story of Love and Parings.

By the author of "What He Cost Her,"  
"Gwendoline's Harvest," and other  
popular novels.

### CHAPTER XXVI.

#### THE EMPTY HOME.

The road which the two ladies had taken from Sandby to the down above the Mermaid's Cavern, although a short cut in comparison with that along the cliff-top, was several miles in length, and as Mildred fled back along it now it seemed as though it never would end. Her eyes were blind to its beauties, or if they were observed, it was only as landmarks to calculate how much of the tedious way still stretched before her. She could not listen to aught that the affection of Mrs. Carey, or the honest sympathy of Robert Andrews, prompted each to say. Her thoughts had sped on with her heart, before her, to the cottage and its precious treasure she had left unguarded there, deeming that she herself was standing between it and him who coveted it. She felt like some out-maneuvred chieftain, who, having set forth his forces to offer battle, learns that the foe has got between him and the defenceless town where the woman and children have been left, and by forced marches, hastens back, fearing unutterable things; and as, to his anxious eyes, it is something to see the town yet standing yonder, and not a mere heap of smoking ruins, so, when she first caught sight of her little home, tranquil and fair as ever, with the blue smoke from the kitchen chimney streaming in the wind (the pennant that shows that Commodore Comfort is abroad), and all its windows open to the sun, her white lips moved, although they did not speak to mortal ear, and with one long sigh she dismissed half her sorrow.

"I suppose Milly is in the kitchen, begging for plums," said Mildred to her friend, like one whose thoughts need endorsement, "cook always spoils the darling. Why do you not speak, Marion?"

"I was looking at that white thing on the roof; at the little window of the attic; there is somebody waving a handkerchief."

"Yes, so there is. That is Jane's bedroom; she is dressing, and the child is with her, doubtless; she is making a sign of welcome to us—that is all."

The mother's tremulous voice sorted ill with her confident words, and Mrs. Carey did not reply. As they drew near they heard Jane calling "Let me out—let me out, ma'am; I have locked me in."

Without interrogating her further, the two women ran up-stairs and found the attic door locked against them. "He has taken the key away," sobbed the poor nursemaid from within, "and you must burst it in."

"Come up here, Robert Andrews," cried the lieutenant's wife. "Can you break this door open at once, without a crowbar?"

"Ees, ma'am, I rather think I can," returned the coast-guard's man, with a twinkle in his eyes. "Stand back, young ooman, within there, if you please."

Then raising his foot—that earliest battering-ram in the long roll of warlike instruments—he brought it down with accuracy upon the simple lock; away flew staple and screw heads, as though a petard had been applied to the spot, and behold little Jane, sitting on her own bed in tears, with twopenny-halfpenny tight clasped in one hand, and her pocket-handkerchief in the other!

"I couldn't 'elp it, ma'am," sobbed she; "indeed, indeed, I could not. Who would have thought of any harm in a horgin-grinder, with moving images all round and round, and one of 'em a-playing on the pianna! And poor dear little Milly so pleased—I felt quite obligated to give him what I could spare; and I ran up here for the money, leaving that precious darling dancing with delight, and he pretending to be so kind; and he must have followed me with his shoes off for I never heard nothin' till he locked the door upon me, and then went down and carried off that beautiful child! Oh! 'ave you seen anything of her, and can you forgive me, though it ain't my fault, ma'am, it ain't, it ain't indeed."

"When did the man take away my child, girl?" asked Mrs. Hepburn, hoarsely.

"Oh, nigh two hours ago, ma'am. You see, cook she went down to Sandby after some s'rimps—or leas'tways after George Brown, for it's no use telling fibs in a time like this—and I and little Milly, we was left quite alone; and while we was playing in the garden, who should come over the hill from Lucky Bay but this here man with the music, and little folks dancing in front of it—such a sight as I never before seed! And when he had inveigled me here, and locked me in, I watched him with the little darling on his shoulder, still so proud, and pleased, taking the road across the downs to Westportown; but though I screamed and hollered, and squose my head out at the little window, and very nearly never got it back again, not a soul heard me till I see you coming home to where there was no Milly."

The poor girl rocked herself in such an agony of distress as no reproaches could heighten. Mrs. Hepburn did not attempt to reproach her. "I was thanking God for this, Marion," whispered she, in hollow tones.

"God is never thanked in vain, Mildred," returned Mrs. Carey, gravely. "Now, do not cry, Jane," added she, addressing the still sobbing girl, "but answer my questions truthfully and sensibly;

thereby you will be doing what you can to repair the mischief which has happened. Did you ever, to your recollection, see this organ-man before?"

"Never, never, never!" answered the girl hysterically.

"You do not think it possible that it could even be anybody you have seen before, in disguise; not, for instance, the man who called here yesterday and spoke to me upon the lawn—that Mr. Stevens?"

"I did not see the gentleman, not, to remember him, ma'am; but this was a tall, big man, with a cruel face (though I didn't think so at the time), and he had gray eyes and grizzled hair."

"That is enough," said Mrs. Carey thoughtfully.

"Ay, and more than enough," groaned the wretched mother. "My Milly has been in his power these two hours."

"Yes, but he has the organ to carry, and the child as well," reasoned the lieutenant's wife. "Do you, Robert, take the road to Westportown, and try to come up with the villain. Pursue him, no matter whither he has gone. Give my husband's card to the chief constable, and tell him to spare no pains. Here is my purse. Ten precious minutes have been lost already."

She had scarcely ceased to speak ere the willing giant was upon his way.

Mildred had sunk down on the floor, and huddled together like some poor wretch who feels the teeth of the frost, there she sat shivering. She was neither weak nor witless; but she saw in what had happened the corroboration of her worst suspicions; and as the partridge cowers while the hawk is in the air, so she shrank beneath this unmistakable work of the relentless hand of her Aunt Grace. Mrs. Carey dared not leave her in such a plight (for the nurse girl was worse than useless), nor, had she done so, could help have been obtained nearer than Lucky Bay. Nobody at Sandby would have done the bidding of the lieutenant's wife, or even listened to her, so bitter was the feeling in the hamlet against the coast-guard and all connected with it. So the three sat where they were, only that ever and anon Mrs. Carey went to the little window, and looked forth in hopes of seeing the figure of Robert Andrews, or some messenger of his, upon the westward road; but she saw nothing but the line of silver birches, thin and bowed, and the wild waste of down, and beyond, the ebbing sea and broadening sand. Once only she whispered to the girl, "Did Milly go with this man willingly?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am, quite; and though of course it was the dancing figures which mainly pleased her, yet the poor dear child seemed to take a fancy to him from the first."

"That is very strange," mused Mrs. Carey.

After many a weary hour, the coast-guard's man returned. He had been unable to overtake the child-stealer; but the constables were on the alert, and the alarm had been given far and wide. The organ, with the figures in front of it, which had been so fatally attractive to the stolen girl, had been found in a ditch scarce half a mile away.

Mildred listened to what he had to say, without the blank despair upon her face taking any impress. She had expected no better news, and worse could scarce have been brought to her. Later in the evening, as they sat in the little parlor without lights, since Mrs. Carey averred that she could knit without them, and the gloom was dear to Mildred in her grief, there entered the truant cook. "Having a few hours leisure," explained she, "she had imprudently taking a sail with Mr. Brown in the *Good Intent*, and the wind, though favoring them in going out, had been so contrary when coming back, that they had been delayed thus long; also, when they did land, she had received such news as had quite 'turned her,' and she had been obliged to—"

"We know all that," interrupted Mrs. Carey, sharply, and making an imperious sign that she should leave the room. Then, after a few minutes, she herself arose, and going into the kitchen, said, "Your mistress thought you were about to speak just now of her poor child's being stolen; but if there is any new misfortune, tell me. Heaven forbid that you have any bad tidings about Mr. Hepburn."

"No, ma'am, not about him."

With a great sigh of relief, Mrs. Carey listened to the narration of this domestic, discursive, egotistical, didactic, as it is the manner of her class to be, and more especially when they are conscious of being in disgrace, as though they would hide their error in a very mist of words.

Having heard all, she returned to her childless friend.

"Am I not right, dear Mildred, in supposing that of this bitter draught you have to drain, the bitterest drop is this, that the man Stevens, against whom you have been warned, and against whom Nature herself has warned you, should be the—"

"Yes, that my Milly should be in his clutches, above all men, that seems worst of all," cried the helpless mother. "No other could be half so cruel; no other ever frightened my lost darling by his very looks before."

"Ay, so I thought, my love. Now, Milly was not frightened at this man, who seemed to have a kind way with him, according to Jane's story. I thought that that had in it some seeds of hope; and now I have just heard—"

"What? what?" cried Mildred, clasping her feverish hands.

"Something that makes it quite impossible that the man who stole your Milly could be Stevens."

### CHAPTER XXVII.

#### IN THE CUTTER.

Upon the same morning that the two ladies started on the expedition above described, Mr. Stevens took his departure for the same place in the coast-guard cutter, but several hours earlier. The cutter was on its return to Marmouth, and it was arranged by the lieutenant that his guest should be disembarked at Mermaid Bay, where the cavern was situated, as near the time of low tide as might be, there to remain until Mrs. Hepburn, or some other person in default of her, acquainted with the short cut homeward, should join him. To return to Lucky Bay, or even Sandby, by the cliff-top was a very long round (including the whole of the walk taken by Mr. Stevens and his victim the previous day); and the sea-passage, of course, was longer still. Moreover, the boat could seldom

come near the shore, in consequence of the reefs and rocks. The cutter, however, had a fair wind for her voyage, and sped along at a great pace, all on one side, as is the manner of such fast-sailing craft, and showing her very keel to the sun, as a flirt shows her ankle. Nor, I regret to say, was Mr. Stevens sea-sick. Upon that churning sea, with its patent double action of toss and roll, where most landmen would have lost both heart and stomach, this gentleman sat as unmoved as though he had possessed neither, and swept the land with a telescope lent him by the boatswain. Was it not well understood that he was there to see the beauties of nature, the conformation of the chalk-cliffs, and the interesting habits of the sea-fowl? The crew had orders to give him the fullest information, and to afford him the best opportunities of observing whatever was most curious. Under these circumstances, they were rather surprised, as they approached the cliffs beneath Marmouth Beacon, which are notoriously the finest on the south coast, that Mr. Stevens seemed to take but little interest in them, and, on the contrary, expressed a wish that the cutter should at that very point make a circuit round the Dutchwoman, an isolated rock of considerable size, but no great beauty.

True, it was peopled by legions of sea birds, whose proceedings were most varied and extraordinary; some of the whitest, like under-graduates in their supplees, just returned from chapel to an unfinished wine-party, seemed never to be able sufficiently to express their satisfaction, as Mr. Stevens and his friend drew near; others, on the contrary, with uplifted beak and wing, gave utterance to the most vigorous protests against such an infringement of the laws of trespass; the island was theirs, they contended, "theirs, theirs, theirs," and even the water within forty fathoms of the place was private property; "it was shameful, it was disgraceful, and no bird worthy of the name of *Larus Marinus* should put up with it for a moment." Some of these feathered sticklers for their rights so grievously exhausted themselves by their deprecatory statements, that they had to retire awhile apart into certain holes of the rock for rest, or to partake, perhaps, of some marine medicament for the recovery of the voice, and in the meantime confined themselves to scrutinizing the strangers with suspicion, and shaking their heads. The young people, who presented the appearance of solid thistle-down—little round balls of feathers—exhibited in their tremulous flappers, in their straining necks, and in their gaping mouths such astonishment as only the young are capable of. The solemn guillemots sat all of a row upon the ledges, coming to no decision upon the matter whatever, but like the *noblesse* in revolution time, gradually increased by new accessions to their conclave, until the space grew insufficient for them, and the original members were toppled off croaking feebly. As for the cormorants they never ceased to take their "sensation headers," one after the other, like patriots who, perceiving their native soil is about to be violated by the foot of the foe, determine that their is nothing for it but suicide.

The foot of no foe, however, not even that of a bird-catcher, had even been placed upon the brawny shoulders of the Dutchwoman: sheer and smooth she rose for many a yard from the deep blue sea, before the jutting ledges commenced which led like inverted stairs to the crown of the rock, upon which grew some scanty herbage. Ages ago, perhaps, ere the island had been divorced from the land, some four-footed creature might have pastured on it; but henceforth, while the world lasted, neither sheep nor kine would crop a mouthful there. The cliffs, too, were green with samphire, doomed to grow there unpickled to the end of time; otherwise, the mighty rock was without a trace of vegetation, and in its inaccessible isolation looked unspeakably stern and lone.

"There's just as many birds, sir, in those cliffs yonder, and they are as steep as this, and three times as high," observed the cockswain, who had had enough of the Dutchwoman, and did not much relish the voyage home being lengthened by any more detours to examine islands, of which there was quite an archipelago yet to come.

"I know it," replied Mr. Stevens quietly, "and we will keep in-shore for the future; but I can see the Beacon Cliffs very well from here, through your telescope."

"Do you see a very steep place, just under the Beacon, sir—for I can't myself without the glass—where the chalk projects all the way down so as to form a sort of shoot?"

Mr. Stevens, as it so happened, was attentively regarding the very spot thus indicated, but he replied carelessly that all the cliffs seemed much alike to him.

"Nay, but the place I mean is steeper than the most," persisted the cockswain, and, as it seems to me, who lost a friend there, like one great grave-stone. He was pushed over the top by a smuggler chap; a murdered man, sir. If you'll hand me my glass, I'll find the place out for you in a moment—Why, bless my soul, sir, you've dropped it in the water; it is one of Dolland's best—a fifteen guinea one; who the devil am I to look to for making it good?"

"To me," returned Mr. Stevens coolly, producing a well-stuffed leather purse. "It was exceedingly careless of me; but that porpoise came up so close to me from his long drive, that he startled me out of my senses. You shall be no loser, my man, and while I am paying my debt, let me add a couple of sovereigns, that my friend here may have the wherewithal to drink my health at Marmouth. I can scarcely make myself heard; what an infernal noise and clangor these birds do make!"

"Yes, sir; I am sure if we could have made them quiet, we should have done it for you, a most liberal gentleman, I'm sure; but they do say the laughing-gulls only give themselves one hour's rest in the twenty-four, and, for my part, I've never had the luck to hit it; and they're just as noisy yonder on the mainland as they are here."

"Well, then, let's give 'em a wide berth for the present, for they have fairly dazed me with their clamor," replied the stranger; "the colony does not extend much beyond the Beacon Head, I believe."

"No, sir; they're very partial in their breeding haunts. If I steer out to sea for the next five minutes, and keep well off the headland, you will be no more annoyed by their chattering. If it wasn't for their young ones, one would think that all gulls was females."

Whether the ear of Mr. Stevens was really so delicate as to suffer from the din of sea-fowl or not, it was clear that he was seriously annoyed by something. He lay back in the stern-sheets, frowning heavily, and without speaking, and ever and anon he shaded his eyes with his hand, and looked back through his fingers, as through a closed visor, at the long white line of cliffs the cutter was fast leaving behind it.

Thus he remained lost in his own meditations, and only dreamily conscious of where he was, or what people about him were saying, when suddenly the cockswain nudged him, "Do you see that speck of white, sir, yonder?"

"No, no!" cried Mr. Stevens, leaping to his feet as though he were on dry land, and therefore nearly falling overboard; "it's nothing. Keep her out, I say—I beg your pardon," added he, perceiving that they were by this time far out at sea; "you startled me from an ugly dream. What was it you were saying?"

"I merely wanted to draw your attention, sir, to that white thing yonder, gliding under the white cliff; you would scarcely think it to be a boat, I dare say, but it is one. That's Walter Dickson's craft, the cunning thief. It is almost impossible to see her, painted white as she is, when she's sailing between us and the chalk; and yet, since he caught sight of us, look you how she hugs the land! I'll wager she has been to Marmouth for no good. Nobody but a dare-devil chap like Dickson would venture so close in shore, with such a sea on; you may take your oath he has some contraband goods on board."

"Fire on her! sink her! run her down!" exclaimed Mr. Stevens excitedly. "Why do you let the villain escape?"

"Well, we must keep on the right side of the law, you see. Nobody ought to know that better than you, sir, I fancy—asking your pardon for the liberty—for it strikes me you have worn the anchor buttons; one of ourselves, sir, only a deal higher up the tree," added the cockswain, touching his cap.

"I will bear you harmless if you will stop that boat," replied the stranger passionately. "I will give you fifty pounds if you catch her before she rounds the headland. Put the helm about, I say, and cut her off."

But the cockswain showed no inclination to obey. "Lor' bless you, sir, we'd be glad to do it for half the money, and indeed for nothing at all, since you would take the risk; but it ain't no manner of use. The *Saucy Sall* runs three feet to our two. She'll be at Sandby, with the wind against her, a'most as quick as we were coming with the ebb and all. And, by the bye, the tide is on the turn by this, and you will have less time, since we have steered out so far, for seeing the Mermaid's Cavern, than you had calculated upon. However, we'll land you just beyond the point there, and we shall come in view of the bay in a very few minutes. 'Tis the prettiest sight to be seen in all these parts, to my mind."

### CHAPTER XXVIII.

#### WAITING FOR THE PREY.

The cockswain was right, although not particularly happy in his adjective. There is not a more glorious sight in all the coast scenery of Britain than Mermaid Bay. There are grander scenes, perhaps scenes more beautiful, but none to excel it for a combination of the beautiful and the grand. It cannot be viewed from above to any advantage, because the cliffs are sheer, except in one spot, where a zigzag path leads to the lofty down; but from the sea and from the beach it is beheld under circumstances equally favorable, though to-tally different in character. Approaching the bay from seaward, as in the present case, a crescent of chalk cliffs formed the background of a picture in which everything for that reason stood out as if in relief. Immense masses of outlying fragments still bid defiance to the waves, which furiously beat against them, and then, as if maddened by their resistance, thundered white-lipped on, and wore the cliff itself into a hundred caverns. At one point in particular it seemed as though the charging host of waves had used some strategy, whereby the precipice had been pierced in more than one place, and a junction of its watery foes had been effected far within it. Sooner or later, the tall cliff for many a yard was doomed, thus undermined, to fall; and on its face, the oblique layers and rows of flint—Nature's own hieroglyphic—showed like Belshazzar's warning. Small use it was to set those mighty wardens, clothed in white, to break the advancing columns, when with every tide the enemy forced its way into the very heart of the citadel, and snapped the lessening pillars at their base, and tore the weakened walls.

The outlook from the extremity of this natural excavation was exceeding beautiful. Left and right, the light streamed in under rugged archways, each making a framework for the picture of the sparkling bay. In the one, the waste of waters stretched unbroken till it met the sky; in the other, a line of jagged cliffs, about two furlongs from the land, rose sheer as an iceberg, and pierced, like it, in weird and fantastic forms. But what was to be seen within the cavern itself was even still more curious and beautiful, for the sun rays, broken and intersected by a thousand shadows, shone upon walls of rainbow hues, such as no colorist could rival; panels of the brown barnacle, "picked out" with scarlet and yellow sponges, and dotted as the firmament with stars by innumerable sea-anemones of richest tint.

"A curious illustration of the blindness of our forefathers to natural beauties is exhibited in the following account of the sea-anemone, extracted from an old English magazine, and headed 'Singular Animal Flower Found in 1764.'—The inhabitants of St. Lucia have discovered an animal flower. In a cavern of that island near the sea is a large basin, from 12 to 15 feet deep, the water of which is very blackish, and the bottom composed of rocks, from whence at all times proceed certain substances, which present at first sight beautiful flowers, of a bright shining color, and pretty nearly resembling our margolins, only that their tint is more lively. On examining this substance closely, there appears in the middle of the disc four brown filaments resembling spider's legs, which move round a kind of yellow petal with a pretty brisk spontaneous motion. These legs reunite pinners to seize their prey; and the yellow petals immediately close to shut up that prey, so that it cannot escape. Under this appearance of a flower is a brown stock, of the thickness of a raven's quill, and which appears to be the body of some animal. By the above, it would seem that only one hundred years ago was this creature discovered, while extraordinary beauties the eyes of ocean probably exhibited thousands of years ago as lavishly as now—but it was the pre-Gossean era.

Amethyst and ruby, garnet and emerald, all were there, standing out like *l'Es* on a shield; but instead of being a *l'Es*, each was a soft and yielding substance, fresh as a flower, and bright with a brightness that only life itself can yield. The ceiling of this treasure-house of nature was equally gorgeous; but the floor was of softest sand, and doubtless often painted by the twinkling feet of the sea fairies, after whom the place was named the Mermaid's Cavern.

A few times only in the year, at very low spring-tides, were mortals admitted within this exquisite chamber, and then only for a very little while. Summer and winter, day and night, its beauties were hidden beneath the unconscious wave, to which, nevertheless, they owed their brightness and their bloom, but gladdening who shall say what eyes?

Even on this occasion, the most opportune in all the year, there were but two hours between the time that the last reluctant wave left the silver fringe of the floor of the cave, and when the first notes of the great ocean organ should again begin to haunt its echoing walls; and as the keel of the cutter clove the yielding sand to land its passenger:

"If you stay with the mermaids, sir, beyond an hour and twenty minutes," was the cockswain's warning, "you will not leave their company without wet feet."

Then one leaped into the sea, and pushing the boat into deep water, climbed himself within it, and the sail filled once more, and lessened, and was lost, as the man Stevens watched it from the land.

With an evil glance up at the zigzag path, and a smothered oath at woman's tardiness, he sat down on the narrow beach, and drawing a letter from his pocket, read the contents slowly to himself. "She's wrong," he said, slapping the paper—"she's quite wrong there—When you have made sure of R.—Well, I have done that. It cannot be but that he is dead. I myself saw his dying look; an ugly sight, that haunts me still. I was a fool just now for showing—It must have been what folks call conscience, I suppose; but I did see it—saw it as plain as I see this letter. I must get rid of all such nonsense, for I have a worse job in hand than that of yesterday—When you have made sure of R., do not risk more at present. M., will be useful to us, and, indeed, almost indispensable. I can only calm R. C., by promising that she shall still be his, as indeed she may be, if all has gone well. He is obstinate as a mule and mad as the maddest, unless this lure is dangled before his eyes. Again I say, do not risk more with M.; as for the child, it will be invaluable. We will find means to bring it hither, and then its foolish mother will follow. I warrant, as a dam follows its lamb. Do not think me a milkop, nor that I forget my debts and yours; they will be paid in time. But again I say, when you have made sure of R., risk nothing more at present—I do risk nothing," solicited Gideon Carr impatiently. "This business I have now in hand is a certainty. Never again is it possible that such an opportunity will occur for killing both birds with one stone. Rupert Killyard will then be left without kith or kin—Mad as the Maddest, she says—I doubt it not; but I think I know a way to persuade even madmen to do what I will. If his fingers have joints in them, they shall write the words I dictate; or, at all events, sign his name in the right place on the parchment. How strange it seems that Grace and I, who have made so many sane folks appear mad, should now be striving to show this madman sane! I dare say Clement takes credit to himself for this, and calls it reparation. Poor superstitious fool! However, most of us have our hours of weakness, or at least our moments—as I had mine awhile ago. It must have been some touch of—that do they call it? Remorse! ay, some mawkishness which I myself knew not was within me, that caused me to think I saw through that man's glass—what?—pshaw! the thing must be a score of miles away by this time—half-way between the shingle and the foam; just as he said he would not have it to be; of all fates, that the worst, he said—to welter on, unburied, in the boundless seas. I am sorry that I dropped that telescope. If the man had looked, what then? There was nothing for him to see; nothing for that Dickson neither. I was a fool; and now am I a fool to stand here on the open beach, and let you fellows see that I care nothing for this Mermaid's Cavern, which I have come so far to explore."

He walked to the nearest opening and looked in. "A dainty place for any lady of the land, not being a mermaid," muttered he, with a grim smile, "to die in. What a soft silver couch! What splendid hangings, and how rich the roof! Somewhat low, I' faith, but else how could one see the jewels? Would they were precious stones indeed, and that I alone knew of this Aladdin's cave! Why, it would almost be worth while to adopt Clement's plan, who means, it seems, when he gets rich enough, to become pious, good—to make investments in the way of charity, which may repay him in the other world. Methinks the interest should be high indeed, where the security is so problematical—Why does not this woman come? She will come, I feel certain that fictitious message from her husband, reminding her not to fail, was an excellent thought; she is a good wife, and she will come." He paused a little, then broke forth, as if in a passion, "Why should she have thrust herself between my ends and me? Why have refused the man we chose for her? Why married him, of all men in the world most hateful to us? True, she is our niece, but for that very reason, she should have done our bidding. No, curse her; she shall die! Will she bring the child herself, I wonder, or will there be the nurse-maid? Or will that woman, the lieutenant's wife, who is now staying at her house, come with her?—that slow-speaking, demure hostess of mine, who, I can well see, entertains no favor for Mr. Stevens. I trust she may; there is room for all three to drown in here—the tide will choke a dozen as easily as one. It is a question of five minutes, more or less, with anybody; that is all. Mildred is tallest, and will be the survivor of her child and friend—Ah! what fine crabs are here! Why, there's not a stone but roofs its tenant. That's what they talked of in the cutter, as we came along; but I was thinking of—I mean I was playing the fool. Well, these sidelong gentry will have some pretty pickings ere the day is out. How

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