### Neddy.

There once was a small dog called Neddy,
Who slept in the street 'neath a stall,
His food was whatever he picked up
And often he had none at all;
But he never was sad or unhappy,
And he had the most comical way
Of looking on pet dogs with pity
When led by a string round to play.

Rough Neddy, though homeless, was happy,
As happy as small dog could be,
For though often he wanted a dinner
He had all the delights of the free.
Two friends Neddy had he loved dearly—
One a sweet little girl in his street,
The other a great big policeman
That he oft followed round on his beat.

Why he liked the policeman I know not,
Perhaps he felt safe 'neath his club,
But the dear little girl often fed him
And to her he gave all his love.
He would watch near her house till he saw her,
When she came out his heart gave deep moans,
And there he would stay, though the bad boys
Would beat him and throw at him stones.

When she came out, then Neddy was happy;
At her side he would be without fain,
Looking up in her face, running round her,
Barking and wagging his tail.
One day as the child played quite near him,
Much quicker than I can it tell,
'Neath the feet of a horse rushing by her
Bleeding and wounded she fell.

Men carried her home, while poor Neddy
Was kicked when he tried to go in,
But he would not go off, tho' they beat him,
For he knew she lay suffering within.
Every night the policeman there found him
Lying, whining across her front door,
And tho' this man tried to console him,
Neddy's cries were as loud as before.

One night he stole in thro' the basement,
Slipped in past the maid's blow and broom,
Then he ran thro' the house till he found her
And noiselessly entered her room.
Neddy jumped on a chair to look over
To see her dear face in the bed,
He looked, gave a howl full of anguish,
Fell back—dog and child were both dead.

IRENE ACKERMAN.

# ESTELLE'S INFATUATION:

## A NOVEL.

Hidden in the wood from all eyes but those of the Great Mother, poor Estelle was breaking her heart, yet doing her best not to be too selfish in her sorrow. It was for Charlie's good in every way that he should have this splendid commission; and she knew as well as he that it was for her good too in the end. Were not their lives essentially one, although to all appearance as yet divided? Still, the moment was bitter, and Estelle was not ashamed to suffer. Those two young creatures in the wood went through the old familiar tragedy; and then the moment came when they must absolutely part—his face turned to the mighty world of London, where he should find the grand anodyne of work and the noble stimulus of active endeavor; she to the restricted life of home, where her mother would not be her friend, and her father might not. But so it is. The weak one is ever singled to "endure what it once possessed"; and while the men dare and die, the women live and weep.

Spring and summer, and even autumn itself, had fled now for Estelle. It was the winter of her soul, the winter of her discontent, which yet had in it something divine. Her lover was away, and the sun had gone out of her sky. She gave up society, and found the vicarage parties the very haunts of dulness and the homes of ennui. She suddenly became miserly of time, and her diligence at home was really edifying to the whole household. Mrs. Clanricarde was far too clever to spoil the whole brew for want of a little sugar. She looked narrowly after the post, and let her daughter receive all Charlie's letters uninterrupted, knowing that to have prevented their first deliveries would have simply created an underground post-office, where she would have had no supervision. What she would do in the future was another matter altogether. Meanwhile Charlie Osborne found his place in London one after his own heart. The Smythe Smiths were charming people—for parvenus. Of course they were pretentious. That is the very essence of the condition. For being afraid to show ignorance, and not knowing into what circles of knowledge high bred people are in a manner born, the parvenu assumes to know everything, and makes bad shots in consequence. But they were substantially sensible people, and amenable. To yield apparently was in reality to direct, as Charlie soon found out, and safely acted on. When Mrs. Smythe Smith made her suggestions, which were blemishes, and Mr. Smythe Smith made his, which were suicidal, the young artist accepted them as though they were absolutely worth considering. He began by praising them *en bloc*, and ended by deftly whittling them away to nothing. But he made the renunciation come from them as their own spontaneous decision, and so saved their self love, his own credit, and the harmony of his ideas unbroken. Then they were generous people, and spared no expense in any direction. And next to the pleasure of spending their own money is that of manipulating other people's—a pleasure of which Charlie was keenly conscious, and by no means shy in its use. Mrs. Smythe Smith, too, a showy, well-preserved woman on the right side of forty, had taken an immense fancy for this handsome artist, guest, and friend. She called herself his mother, and treated him with as much affection as she treated her own son, Lawrence—a tall, well built young athlete of twenty, who looked more like her younger brother than her son. She petted him greatly, and made much of him in all ways. Not Estelle herself touched that irritable self love of his with a softer hand than did this wealthy parvenue, whom Charlie himself was not ashamed to own as his patroness.

On his side Mr. Smythe Smith was just as kind, just as satisfactory.

To do Charlie justice, nothing of all this touched his fidelity to Estelle. He never forgot her, and wrote to her at the first frantically and frequently; as time went on with the most lovely and consoling regularity, but not so often, and with less of the poison of despair and more of the honey of hope in his letters. This voluntary confidence and strict association made her very happy—so far as a girl separated for an indefinite time from the man she passionately loves, and with whom her engagement is in secret and against her mother's permission, can be said to be happy in any sense.

So time passed, and the autumn and the winter flowed once more into the spring, and still things were exactly where they were. The grand house in Piccadilly was almost finished, and the Smythe Smiths would soon move into it. Charlie had made a good "hatful" of money, as he phrased it, and he had been careful—for a young artist—and not extravagant. But a thunder bolt fell out of the blue; and a cloud at first no bigger than a man's hand soon swept over the whole sunny south. Charlie's health, which had long given Mrs. Smythe Smith uneasiness, though he himself made light of her fears, suddenly gave way with a run, and a broken blood-vessel brought him to the brink of the grave and kept him there for some time.

As no one knew of his engagement to Estelle Clanricarde, there was no one to write and tell her what had happened, nor what was the reason of this sudden cessation of letters. The poor girl fretted herself ill in sympathy with her absent lover, feeling sure that it was illness with him, and in no wise treachery nor desertion. At her instance Lady Elizabeth took it on herself to write to Mrs. Smythe Smith, making general inquiries as to the work, and whether they were not pleased with their artist, and when would it be finished, etc., etc. All meaning the one simple little question, "Why has not Charlie Osborne written for so long to Estelle Clanricarde?"

Then Mrs. Smythe Smith answered, and the sorrowful truth came out. As soon as he was able to bear it they were going to put him on board their steam yacht and send him round the world with their son.

There was no help for it. Nor tears nor prayers can stay the tide, put back the hand of time, nor make that broken blood-vessel as good as new without absence, care, and long delay. As things were, it was a merciful ordering of Providence that Charlie had such good friends—people both able and willing to help him in his day of need.

So Lady Elizabeth argued, doing her best to comfort poor Estelle, who, unselfish and unexacting as she might be, yet felt as if this voyage were the doom of her eternal separation, and that she would nevermore see her beloved. Hope lay dead at her feet, and happiness was but a broken bubble. Her life was widowed; her soul was sunk into eternal mourning. Henceforth she had only memory and her own eternal faith. For she would die as she was now—devoted to Charlie and to Charlie only.

Charlie going away for perhaps a year, perhaps two—ill, unseen, unkissed, bearing with him only her heart and all her joy what solace could she have? Not even her mother's increased tenderness made amends for this supreme loss; and so the blackness came, and what had been only the twilight of hope unfulfilled was now the midnight of despair, and a darkness which no star melted, and not even a meteor illumined.

### BOOK SECOND.

### CHAPTER I.

THE NEW TRUSTEE.

In the country where they lived, the Harfords had that character for eccentricity which belongs to all people of originality of thought or marked individuality of character. Strong, energetic, undisciplined, as lads they ran away from school; as men they shot big game and sought adventure in the wilds. All sorts of wild traditions floated through the family annals. A white man had been heard of as a medicine-man of power among the Blackfeet Indians, and he was a Harford. The most daring pirate in the Chinese seas was said to be an Englishman, and if so, who could he be but a Harford? The mysterious Europeans always turning up as Mohammedans, in turbans and baggy breeches, were Harfords to a man; and there was never a time when there was not a Harford, under another name, in the workinghouse or in prison, driving a cab, or sweeping a crossing. In short they were the modern representatives of the Vikings, the knight errant, the Crusaders, the Uscoques, the free lances of all times and nations. But they made good members of society when they did settle down; and as owners of the estate were as hard on poachers as if they were not of the same kidney themselves.

The Jack Harford who had just died had been in his youth quite up to the family traditions for wildness, which had not prevented his marrying a well conditioned lady, who gave him two children, and then no more. She died when young Anthony was about twelve years old and his sister Constance two years his junior, and next year the widower married again. Which second marriage, adding fuel to the fire of wild Harford blood, sent Anthony off on his unauthorized travels when he was eighteen, whence he did not return till brought back by his father's death and his own inheritance.

For the first months more pressing business than that Aspline trusteeship took up his time and absorbed his attention. There was his father's widow to deal with; all his half-brothers and sisters to see; their claims to look into—to dispute when he could, and to settle with as good a grace as might be when he could not. Not that he was close fisted, nor yet selfish; but he had ever cherished that old resentment against the marriage which had landed him in the Wild West of America so soon as he had got his head; and he was reconciled to his step-mother no more now than before. No man who had ever crossed Anthony Harford's path, or inflicted on him any kind of loss or wrong, had lived long to celebrate his victory. But with all his fiery passions he had kept his masculine integrity without a flaw, and the man did not live who could say that Anthony Harford had "ever funked or ever lied," had hurt the defenceless, injured the innocent, or lured wife or maid to the undoing of her fair fame.

His return to old scenes and the consciousness of responsibility, together with that invisible but omnipotent influence of public opinion, wrought, as might be expected, on Anthony. At first he did not like the change. By degrees, however, the returned wanderer learnt the lesson of proportion, and narrowed the wide generosity of his first sweep to dimensions better fitted to home life. He no longer thought it a shame to accept little rents of a few pounds a year from laborers whose children went barefooted and whose cupboard often wanted bread. He held it as part of the obligations of his state as landlord and proprietor to higgle over every little improvement or repair needed by his tenants; and to force them, for the sake of the principle, to contribute so many shillings, on their own side—representing empty stomachs and shivering bodies, where he felt neither the outlay nor the saving more than he felt the weight of a fly on his shoulder. He was never a grasping landlord nor a greedy, and his name stood high in the country for largeness of generosity; but he learnt to curb his natural instincts into exacter conformity with the public feeling and general action of his class, and something of the scent of the wild sage bushes passed off him.

Brave as a lion, and as strong as he was brave; handsome as a Greek bronze; with the eyes of a scout and the port of a king; supple as a panther and stately as a stag—Anthony Harford was one to move all women's hearts to love, all men's eyes to admiration.

After he had got all his own affairs in smooth working order, Anthony Harford bethought himself of that trusteeship which he had to take up. He wrote to Mrs Aspline a cold letter of business details. He began "Dear madam," and he ended "Truly yours." But at the end he infused a little dash of humanity, well iced, by hoping that her daughter, Miss Aspline, was well, and desiring to be recalled to her memory. The letter was purposely made incomplete and somewhat disappointing. He thought it would probably bring a request for a personal interview, which was what he desired, and was too proud to propose.

His little ruse had the desired effect. His letter piqued and annoyed Mrs Aspline: it piqued and disappointed Anne.

"This man is going to give worlds of trouble, I can see that!" said the mother, her face flushing seriously. "He is as stupid as boiled owl!" she added. And then she wished she had left out the boiled.

"He seems rather confused," said Anne, following her mother's lead at discreet distance, echoing her thought as faintly as the second rain-bow repeats the first.

"I shall have to go to London to consult Mr. Niemand," said Mrs Aspline, peevishly. "I should so much like to have another trustee! This savage will never do any good. I dare say he has forgotten his own language by now."

"He writes correctly," said Anne, with an air of deliberation.

"Oh! his bailiff wrote for him," said Mrs. Aspline, with an air of conviction.

"If I were not afraid of his habits I would ask him to come here, and we could talk matters over," said Mrs. Aspline, who hated trouble and dreaded travelling.

"I dare say he would be bearable," returned Anne, who secretly wanted him to come, and privately intended that he should be asked.

"It will scarcely do for us to present a savage to our friends,' said Mrs. Aspline, dubiously.

"No," said Anne; "unless he amused them. And Kingshouse is so dull, perhaps it would brighten up a little."

"But if he is horrid in his habits, Anne?" objected her mother.

"We must tell him," said Anne.

"I am sure I would not!" said Mrs. Aspline, warmly.

"I would if you like," said Anne, calmly.

"Well, Anne, if you like to take the responsibility of the creature, I am sure I do not mind," Mrs. Aspline returned, after a moment's pause. "Bad as he very likely is, Thrift is a lovely place, and the old family name is worth something, though the Harfords are such a queer lot. We are not responsible for him, after all. He stands on his own feet. He is not like a nobody whom we introduced and vouched for. He is a Harford when all is said and done. So perhaps I may venture."

"I think you may," said Anne, in her usual languid, dreamy manner, though she could scarcely repress the glad smile and frank exclamation which rose naturally to her lips.

"I think you may," she said, languidly; "and as you say, he is a Harford not an Aspline. Thrift condones a great many faults."

Hence it came about that Anthony's wish was fulfilled, and that a letter of invitation was sent to him at Thrift—a letter almost as coldly worded as his own and written in Mrs. Aspline's scratchy, fugitive kind of hand, which gave top loops to all her consonants and lower twists to all her vowels, and took four times as much space as any one else would have taken.

"Good!" said Anthony Harford, when he received the letter. "I will go next week. I wonder what I shall find? Whether little Anne has grown into a bright girl or is a little cuss, and whether Cookey is as fat as she used to be when she gave me cakes and sweeties, and I thought her the prettiest lady in the country, who could beat whole lots—hands down?"

### CHAPTER II.

THE UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

Was it from ignorance or design that Anthony Harford dispensed with the formalities usual among civilized people, as touching the relations between guest and host, and set out for Hindfleet without notice given or time appointed? Even proud folk sometimes condescend to small ruses; and Anthony, though prouder than most, had thus condescended.

He wanted to take his old friends unawares, so that he might test them by that most trustworthy of all personal litmus—papers surprise. It was the old parable of the Virgins—had the Asplines preserved their oil of affection for him, or had they wasted it?

In truth he was in the mood which makes what is called a "marrying man" ready to fall in love with the first likely girl who presented herself. Hence it was that shortly after the interchange of those formal business letters he packed up his portmanteau—so far as he had gone yet he disdained a man for his personal service—and he took the train to Kingshouse, driving up to Hindfleet unheralded, uninvited, and unexpected.

It was a dull winter's day, and the brief twilight was stealing on like a dusky web woven between sky and earth.

The whole scene, like the atmosphere, was so unutterably dispiriting that Anthony mentally wondered if the game were worth the candle, while he muttered into his damp beard a few objurgations of an American complexion, and drew his fur-lined coat more closely over his broad chest.

At last they made the lane which was so picturesque in summer, but which to-day was a mere way of slush and wreck, and turning sharply to the right, came to the lodge gates of a well-kept place, which the driver said briefly was Hindfleet.

"At last?" said Anthony, with a certain grim humor.

The servants were just beginning to close the shutters and light up the house as Anthony entered. Already the hall was aglow with light and warmth.

While he was taking off his coat, paying the man, and giving curt directions about his portmanteau—which he called a valise—his mind went back in parallel lines, and the past and present were equally distinct. He was sincerely moved, and prepared for an unwonted amount of enthusiasm. Hindfleet would be to him what the old Hall had been—his home; and the Asplines would be as his own. But while this rush of friendly sentiment was sweeping through his heart, Mrs. Aspline, in the drawing-room, looked at her daughter with dismay, and whispered in a voice of conventional horror: "Anne, I do verily believe that creature has come unannounced. Who on earth else would call on such a horrid evening as this, and be such a long time in the hall? What a fool he must be! My word!"

"Surely not," said Anne, with a slight flutter at her heart.

And then conjecture was ended by the servant opening the door, and "Mr. Harford" coming from the light of the hall into the semi-darkness of the room.

"You see, I took you at your word, and came right away without further notice," said a richly toned voice, with an unmistakable American accent.

Both ladies rose from their chairs, and went forward to meet their visitor. How stout dear old cookey had grown! She was like one of her own butter tubs set on feet.

And how slender that round little puff ball looked, outlined against the fire, which touched the edges of her dress and figure with a kind of fiery glow—half flame, half color.

"Why, here you both are, just as in old times, and I am right glad to see you again," he added, meeting them with both hands held out.

Mrs. Aspline had intended to be properly dignified, as became a lady a little offended by a liberty and stiffened by long absence; but hospitality conquered temper, and she greeted Anthony as warmly as if he had been the old friend expected and desired of his dreams. She was so completely taken aback by this sudden shifting of the wind, she was so embarrassed and discomfited, that she lost all vital hold over herself, and could only save herself from open confusion by this air of wooden hardness—the appearance of icy insensibility.

"Only a little cuss," thought Anthony, in his adopted vernacular.

Only a cuss, but how pretty! And where lives the man for whom a woman's beauty does not count as a moral grace, excusing any amount of cussedness?

He shook hands with her as warmly as good breeding allowed. He would have made his hand press warmer had he dared.

Then he said, in the tone of one making a discovery, "Why, you have grown right tall, that's a fact!"

"Yes, I suppose I am taller than when you saw me last," said Anne, not knowing whether to most dislike the American intonation of that rich voice, or most admire the personality of the handsome speaker.

"She was only a tiny mite when you went away—just a baby," said Mrs. Aspline, as her contribution to the inventory of reminiscences.

"Yes, just a baby," said Anthony, still holding Anne's hands and looking into her pretty face with his searching eyes, a little deep set in the orbid, and overshadowed by the straight, keen brows above. "Why! you were just a ball in my arms. I remember how I used to toss you about!—up to the skies and down again—as you used to say. And how you used to kick and scream, and pretend you didn't like it, and then ask for more. Funny little thing you were! But you were a cunning little thing too; and now you are a young lady."

Anne put on a dignified little look and air. It seemed somehow to rasp the fine edge of her modesties to remind her of those inconsiderate times. She was still the same actual creature as the humanized puff ball who had been tossed up in the air by those two large hands which held her own, and grasped them with such a fervent pressure—who had been carried in those strong arms and set as a little queen on her throne on those broad shoulders—and who had even been carried pig-a-back, and kissed by those now bearded lips scores of times past counting.

"I do not remember," she said, coldly.

"I do," said Anthony, dryly.

He dropped her hands, and Anne no longer felt as if his eyes looked straight into her heart.

"Why did you not give us word of your arrival?" asked Mrs. Aspline, hospitably reproachful. "I would have sent to the station to meet you."

"It was not worth while," returned Anthony.

"It would have been pleasntaer," Mrs. Aspline insisted.

"I found a buggy," he returned.

"That horrid fly with a broken-kneed horse!" said Anne, with a smile that was intended to neutralize the flavor of her slightly acidulated prudery.

"They mostly are in this old country," said Anthony, with a very pronounced drawl; and again Anne hated him for his voice; but how handsome he was! how well he bore himself! like a king for patent dignity and that superb air of self-respect which is as indescribable as an aroma but as visible as light.

"Why, Anthony!" cried Mrs. Aspline, startled into familiarity. "Our English horses are superior to any in the world!"

"Fact?" queried Anthony. "I reckon one of our mustangs would give the pick of your old three legs as many points as you asked for, and beat you at a hand-gallop after. Have you a Maud S. in any of your stables? No, Mrs. Aspline; America takes the shine out of you for horseflesh just as for most else. So I tell you.'

"Why, you have come back more an American than an Englishman," cried Anne, with quite a nice little smile.

"You bet!" said Anthony, briefly; and mother and daughter exchanged glances, which Anthony smiled internally to see.

"I will fool them to the top of their bent," he said to himself; "and if they see my game, they are cuter than they look."

But now the scene shifted altogether, and the ordinary routine of hospitality had to be gone through—the room assigned, the luggage, that one black shiny valise, taken up, and the domestic programme arranged so as to include Anthony Harford as a guest for as many days as he would care to stay, or until the terms of the trusteeship should be satisfactorily settled.

"I wish she were franker, with more go in her, more substance," thought Anthony, as he dressed for dinner, and took more than ordinary pains with himself.

"What a pity he is so Americanized! He is not like an English gentleman," thought Anne, as she sat, her hands folded in her lap, and her opaque, white, square-shaped nails horribly conspicuous, while the maid arranged her hair, put in her ear-rings, and dressed her as if she had been a doll or a child. "But he is very handsome," she thought again; "and perhaps that bad manner will wear off in time. At any rate, he is our trustee, and I am bound to make the best of him."

But when they met a curious coldness had set in between them.

### CHAPTER III.

UNDER THE MICROSCOPE.

The days passed, as these first days of meeting between old friends long separated always do pass, in noting the changes wrought by time, and feeling for the ground still left common. His central point was the passionless stoicism of an Indian. He would not praise, and he was never angry. He nearly caused Mrs. Aspline to topple off her chair in an apoplectic fit by his strictures on the House of Lords, primogeniture, the Three Estates, and an Established Church claiming to be National in the face of all the other sects; and he produced a silence like that of death when, to cap his audacious idea of a great English-speaking federation, he said that he would give the old country fifty years, and then she would be on her knees to the States, begging to be incorporated in the Union. And when Anthony said this, Mrs. Aspline, who had the passionate patriotism of one who knows no other country but her own, and who therefore despises all foreign nations as inferior and comparatively barbarous, forgot that he had ever been a favorite with her when a boy and Anne no longer thought him handsome.

Anne was as little given to hysterics as was her mother; but she, like that mother felt the want of outlow in their new friend with olden memories, and thought him horribly cold and "shut up." Yet he had something in his eyes and face that was by no means cold or restricted; and though they were so often irritated with him, they were forced to respect him even when most annoyed, and acknowledge his superiority. Deferential and full of thought for them as he was, he was yet their master, and they felt it.

To Anne this sense of power, of superiority, was a new sensation, which had both its pleasure and its discomfort. This old friend with a new face seemed to her almost the only real man she had ever seen—as different from the "curled darlings" she had hitherto known as shadows thrown on the screen are different from real things. What did the various young curates who had ministered this way, fresh from college and the cricket-field, know of life as such a man as Anthony Harford knew it? What was their experience of "sets" and "dons" compared to his of gamblers and miners, cow-boys and prospectors? What learning got out of musty old tomes equalled this studied from the living page of nature and humanity? Was Charlie Osborne's artistic perception of form and color equal to this, the very highest reach to which observation can go? Was Lord Eustace Inchbold's soldiering at the Horse-Guards to be spoken of in the same breath as this other's deadly encounters with the bush-rangers and Indians, whose treachery he divined, and, divining, frustrated?

What Anthony thought of his fair friends and hostesses was his own secret only. He never made eyes at her, never said anything in a softer voice for no one else to hear, nor used phrases capable of bearing a second meaning. In all this he was as straight and as uninteresting—as a die. He criticised her freely, and he laughed at her in a good humored but always rather earnest manner.

She could do nothing with him. She had to acknowledge that to herself—that inner self to whom we never lie.

If only he would have spoken and be confidential—though to blame—she would have been more content. Would have liked it less had she known that Anthony Harford had come in the mood which makes a marrying man—that mood which looks for causes of content and admiration rather than the reverse—and that had she fed his nascent fire with but a sprinkling of brushwood, and not deadened it down with ashes, the whole run of his thoughts and his estimate of her would have been different. He would not have criticised so much, and he would have admired more. For minds have facets which reflect according to the angle, and tender growths of feeling are killed by coldness, as flowers in the garden when the frost comes.

We all know how in a country place small events swell into importance, like those Black Crows of immortal memory. The fact of Anthony Harford's arrival at Hindfleet went the round of the restricted society at Kingshouse like the tearing of a piece of paper in the Ear of Dionysius. Rumor turned her magnifying glass chiefly on his fortune. That Thrift was a fine property as well as a pretty place, every one knew; but the rent as settled by the assessor of taxes was one thing, and Anthony's private pile made in America was another. How the private pile had been made was the great Proteus of conjecture, which changed its shape in each mouth whence it issued. By gambling, said some; by mining, said others—he, Anthony Harford, the English gentleman, working like and with those ruffians spoken of by Bret Harte—by "striking ile"; by shoddy; by slave-dealing; by political corruption; by a ring in cotton, railroads, stocks—what not. In any case, there was; and how heavy it lay on its owner's conscience, and whence it had sprung—in what slough of sin and crime its roots were planted—all these were his affair and no other person's. The one thing certain was that pile, which made the income of the owner of Thrift of more value than a Scotch duke's, and worthy the consideration of a German princess.

Naturally the Asplines were "in society" in Kingshouse, but they were not among the more cherished members. They were received, as of course, in this plutocratic age, but no one made much account of them—no one forged with them such strong links of friendship, for instance, as those which bound Lady Elizabeth and Estelle. They were slightly in a false position—social coffins of Mohammed, suspended between two spheres and belonging to neither. They were above the need of such patronage and instruction as Caleb Stag required to make him in any way passable, and they were just a line below the high water-mark of even a country place.

(To be Continued).