CHAPTER XXXIV-(Continued)

RALPH'S APPEAL.

As for Ralph, he lay breathing stertorously, but quite motionless and unconscious. His mighty chest rose and fell, but by no means equatably; his large brown hairy hands lay outstretched before him on the white coverlet; his face washed clean indeed from the recent blood-stains, but with the tangled beard still clotted with gore. It seemed strange that that powerful English

frame of his should lie there so helplessly, while Madame, with her snow-white hair and delicate fragile hands, was ministering to him with such patient care; she that must have been his senior, one would have thought to look at them, by at least twenty thought to look at them, by at least twenty years. Perhaps it was the the sense of this contrast which caused the doctor to glance from the one to the other so earnestly, even the wounded man.

"Will he live?" asked Madame in English. "God knows," added she with trembeling accents, "that I have no other wish within my heart but to hear you say

"Of course, Madsme," returned the other with meaning. "I do not pay you so ill a compliment as to suppose you to wish him dead, because he inconveniences you by his presence here; but I cannot say 'Yes' or He is terribly burt. His spine is injured; and there are ribs broken, which I cannot even took to now. But it is here" -he pointed to the forehead-" where the

"Does he know, doctor"

"He knows nothing, Madame: perhaps he may never know. You must not speak so much, however; or, if so, pray use your native tongue, It is better, if consciousness your room, Madame, and leave myself and fess I knew it also." Racbel to manage.

"Yes, ves, we can do very well, lady." Ralph. "You assented old Rachel. "This is not a place unexposed!" for such as Madame, is it, sir? If we could only get Mistress Forest, now: she is first-rate at nursing; she nursed me for three whole nights last winter, when I was most uncommon bad with the shivers, caught acoming from Dalwyrch in the spring-cartand the cover on it when it don't rain, is worse than nothing, for there's such a draught drives right through it"

"Yes, yes," returned the doctor impa-We'll send for Mistress Forest the first thing | grateful puppy, Master Walter," in the morning: she can easily be spared from the Abbey, now my Lady's away."

Rachel. "And this looks almost like a friendless." judgment, don't it, sir, that this poor man, was so tude to my dear mistress-or wanted to be as I have heard-should have been carried in under her own roof here, fect

"Be, silent woman!" broke in Madame de Castellan with severity. "We have pity." nothing to do with Lady Lisgard's affairs This house is my house for the present; this wounded man is my guest." "Speak French, speak French, Madame."

"No, no," returned Madame, in her native tougue; "I cannot do it. I will be prudent, I will be careful for the future; Mary Forest comes. O send her—send her, and let this woman go, whose presence is gntolerable to me."

Let her stand forth, that I may band and his wife were left to hold their last interview alone.

"What I have been telling you Ralph, as Mary Forest comes. O send her-send her,

Forest over with him, who was at once installed as Ralph Derrick's sick-nurse; old Rachel being sent home to the lodge. change had as yet taken place in the sufferer; but the doctor's practised eye perceived that one was impending. This time, he made a long and earnest examination of his

"Will he live?" asked Madame again, when he had finished, with the same earnestness, nay, even anguish as before.

"There is hope; yes, I think there is hope," returned the doctor cautiously. "Thank God for that; I thank Him for His great mercy !" ejaculated Madame with clasped hands and upturned eyes.

"Who is that?" inquired a hoarse voice from the bed. The words were indistinct. and uttered with difficulty, but on every ear within that room they smote with the most keen significance. The two women turned deadly pale; and even the doctor's finger shook as he placed it to his lips, in sign that they should keep silent.

" Hush, my good friend, said he to the wounded man, whose eyes were now open wide, and staring straight before him; "you must not talk just now; speaking is very bad for you."

"Who was that who was thanking God because there was hope of my life ?" reiterated Ralph. "Neither man nor woman has any cause to do that, I'm sure; while some have cause enough to pray that I were dead already, or at least had lost my wits. Doctor—for I suppose you are a doctor have I lost my wits or not? Am I a sane man, or one not in my right mind?"

"Hush, hush; you are sane enough of I tell you that to speak is to do yourself the most serious harm."

"You hear him—all you in the room ere," continued the sick man in a voice which, low and feeble, had a sort of maligmant triumph in it which grated on the ear. "This doctor says I am quite sane. He says also that there is hope of my life-just a shadow of hope. He is wrong there, for I shall die. But, anyhow, I lie in peril of death—and yet in my right mind. There low but steadfast tones. fore, what I say is to be credited—that, I believe is the law; and even the law is to me, God knows, though we did not right sometimes. What I am about to say live long together." is Truth-every word of it. I wish to make a statement .- No, I will take no medicines ; pen and ink, if I could only write, would be more welcome than the Elixir of Life, but I cannot." Here a groan was wrung from this parched and bloodless lips. "O that you could love the the pain I suffer, it is the fore- at once, I suppose." taste of the hell from which I am bound!"

"O sir," ejaculated Mistress Forest, moving to the bedfoot, so as to shew herself to his staring eyes, "think of heaven. not of hell. Ask for pardon of God, and

"not of revenge upon man."

me an ill turn, although you did not mean inexpressibly dear; and when I lost their fat- for are they not my Lucy's dear ones me an ill turn, although you did not mean inexpression dear; and when I loss their latter to do so, when you let me out of the Cage her who loved me, though I could only give last night. Was it last night, or a week, or him grateful duty in return, I had something

Those were the last words of wild Ralph

"It was only last night," interposed the you that with every word you speak your life is ebbing away."

"Then there is the less time to lose," answered Derrick obstinately. "As for answering me, I do not want that. All I ask of you is, that you shall listen; and what I say, I charge you all, as a dying man, to remember—to repeat—to proclaim..' Here he paused from weakness.—"Doctor," gasped he, "a glass of brandy-a large glass, for I am used to it. I must have it. - Good. I feel stronger now. Do you think, if you took down my words in writing, that I could manage"—here a shudder seemed to like him, with only my own feelings to conshake his poor bruised and broken frame, sult. I might, indeed, have so behaved; for as though with the anticipation of tortureto set down my name at the bottom of it?"

"No, my poor fellow-no. You could

"I do-I do," groaned Ralph. "It is before he commenced his examination of the more necessary then, that you should listen. My real name is not that one by which I have been known at Mirk. It is not Derrick but Gavestone; "the same name, good wench, by which your mistress went before she was married to Sir Robert Lisgard. But that was not her maiden name-no, no. Do you not wonder while I tell yor this? or did I speak of it last night, when I was mad with drink and rage?"

"You said something of the sort, sir; but I knew it all before that. You are my Lady's husband, and Sir Richard and the rest all her bastard children -- that is, in the eye of the law."

"You knew it, did you?" returned Ralph worst danger lies: unhappily, the mischief after a panse "You were in the plot with has been done when he was—in the worst her against me, then? I am glad of that. possible state to bear such a blow in such a I should be sorry to have left the world all the world else were liars. So, after all, you knew it, did you? Well, at all events, it is news to the doctor here."

"No, sir," returned the oid gentleman, does return, that the brain should be kept quietly applying some Eau de Cologne and quite quiet. I think you had better retire to

" And yet you told nobody I" ejaculated Ralph. "You suffered this imposture to go on

"I only heard of the facts you speak of "I only heard of the facts you speak of whom you have so well, and have so honestly --from Lady Lisgard's own lips--two days ago at furthest," returned Dr. Haldane; not need your tears to assure me that you think Lordinal to the contribution of t telling could do no good to any human being--not even to yourself, for instance-and would bring utter ruin and disgrace there) that there was hope for me. Those upon several worthy persons."

"Ha, ha!" chuckled the patient hoarseyes," returned the doctor impa- by; "you are right there. Disgrace upon "you are quite right, Rachel. that insolent Sir Richard, and on that un-

"True," continued the doctor gravely and upon Miss Letty, who is dear to all "Ah the more's the pity!" returned old | who know her, but dearest to the pour and

> "I am sorry for her," said Derrick; " but I am not sorry for my Lady--she that ould look me in the face, and hear me tell the story of our early love, and of her own the story of our early love, and of her own supposed death, to avert which I so gladly risked my life, and all without a touch of ask to see my patched and painted face

"No, sir," with much pity, broke forth Mistress Forest. "I myself know that her heart bled for you. She never loved Sir Robert as she did you, ungrateful man! She exclaimed the doctor imploringly. ''Did loved you dead and alive; she loves you ing man: "she owns herself my wife, thank you not here me say so, before? You had much better return to bed."

loved you dead and alive; she loves you ing man: "she owns herself my wife, thank you not here me say so, before? You had now although you pursue her with such cruel hate, and would bring shame upon all his cheeks, and over his rough and ghastly her innocent children."

"Ay, why not?" answered Ralph. "Have they not had their day, and is it not my turn out I cannot leave him until, at all events, at last? Who is the woman behind the Accordingly, in his visit to Belcomb about noon next day, the doctor brought Mistress and ready, for her sake, to hide the truth the history of another, is my own. I have never forgotten you. I have loved you all man stand forth, I say."

CHAPTER XXXV DYING WORDS.

ped forward to the same position which And yet I loved them so that I could not also Mary Forest had occupied at the foot of the bed; nowhere else could Ralph see her, for in another name, and under this disguise, in he was on his back just as they had first laid order to be near them. O lover, husband, him, and could not turn his face a hair- who saved my life at peril of his own, a breadth to left or right.

do not remember baving seen your face at "They call me Madame de Castellan."

replied the old lady in good English, "and Lucy!" In an instant she had plucked away I live here at Belcomb by favor of Sir so much of her disguise as was about her Richard Lisgard."

"Ah, you have reason, then, to be friends with him and his," returned the sick man "You will none of you see me righted. Curse you all !"

"I will not see you wronged, if I can help it, sir," replied the Frenchwoman solemnly, but keeping her eyes fixed always upon the

"Will you not. Well, you have an honest face, I own; but faces are so deceptive! Mistress Forest's face yonder, for instance, is pleasant enough to look upon, but still she plays me false. Master Walter's again---he seems to have robbed an angel of his smile, and yet he is base-hearted like the rest; and, lastly, there was my Lucy--not mine now---no, no; but what a sweet look was hers! And there was guile and untruth for you! But that is what J have to tell you. You have said that you will not see me wronged and I must believe you. Ah me ! I wonder, in the world to come, if since there is none else to trust here. course, except to keep on talking thus when sides, you are to old lie; you will be called to your own account too soon to dare to palter with a dying man. Yes, I am dying fast. - More brandy doctor --- brandy. Ah, that's life itself I --- And yet, although you are so old, Madame, I dane say, you remem- you thought me dead. For certain, I am You were not without your lover, I war- thus found my own, to have left her straight-

rant." "I was loved, sir," returned Madame, in

"I did sir. My husband was very dear

"He died young, did he."

"Alas, yes, and I was left alone in the world without a friend or home." "His memory did not fade so quickly

"His memory never faded," replied the

"And loved him like the other."

"No sir; there is only one true love-"Ah, it is you, is it, good wench? I at least for a woman. But I was a dutiful Letty! That's what I said on Christmas

to live for still."

Whether the grief-laden tone of Madame doctor gravely. "Now, do not ask any touched him, or the sad story she was telling, more questions, or I shall have to forbid Ralph's accents seemed to lose something of touched him, or the sad story she was telling, them being answered. It is my duty to tell their bitterness when he again broke silence.

" But if, lady, your first husbaud and true lover, had, by some wonderous chance, returned, as it might be, from the very grave, and you were satisfied that it was he indeed, and knew him, although he knew you not, and he was living a bad life among bad company, with nc one to call him a friend, would you not then have held out your arms out to him, and cried: 'Come back, come back! and told him how you had loved him all along."

"No sir; not so. If I had been alone, my heart would have yearned towards him, as it does, Heaven knows, even now. But, sir, in such a case there would be not only have been Love to be obeyed, but Duty. If this man were living the wild life you speak of, would he not have made a bad father to my poor children (!eft in my sole charge and guardianship by a just and noble man, an evil ruler of a well-ordered house, a bad example to all whom I would have had respect him. Nay, worse, would not my acknowledgment---which I should otherwise be easer to make, and willing to take upon myself the shame that might accrue to me therefrom, would not that, I say, have brought disgrace on those who had earned it not --- have made my own children, law fully begotten, as I had thought, all Bastards, and soiled the memory of an honest man, their father."

A long silence here ensued, broke only by the sick man's painful breathing, and the sobs of Mistress Forest, who strove in vain to restrain her tears.

"I thank you, Madame." said Ralph very feebly: "you have been pleading it without fooled to the last; for I thought that you knowing it for one who—Do you see at least were a an honest wench, although these tears. I did not think to ever weep again. Either your gentle voice -- reminding me of the very woman of whom 1 had meant to speak of so harshly----or perhaps it is the near approach of death which numbs these fingers, that would else be clutching for their revenge- I know not; but I now wish no one harm .- Doctor, you must feed this flame once more; let me but speak a very few words, and then I shall have no more use for Life --- Mary, good wench, come here. You will shortly see again that mistress "and I certainly told nobody, since the feel for poor Ralph Gavestone---castaway telling could do no good to any human be- though he he. I heard your 'Thank God' when the doctor said (though he was wrong were very honest words, Mary."

"I did not say them!" ejaculated the waiting-maid earnest'y. "O Madame, tell him who it was that said them."

"It was I," murmured Madame. de Castellan, coming close to the bedside, and kneeling down there.

"You, lady! Why should you pray so earnestly that I might live, whose death would profit many, but whose recovery noae.

again, because it is not mine, but listen to my voice, which you remember. I am your own wife, Lucy, and I love you, husband

"She loves me still," murmured the dyface a mellow softness stole, like the last gleam of sunset upon a rocky hill. Dr. Haldane rose and noiselessly left the room, beckening Mary to follow. The dying husband and his wife were left to hold their last

along. Forgive me, if I seem to have sacrificed you to---to those it was my duty to shield from shame. I could not bear to see disgrace fall upon my children, and so I fled Thus adjured, Madame de Castellan step- | from them, in hopes to save them from it. mother's heart was my excuse-be generous "Who are you; asked he bluntly. "I and noble as of old-forgive me!"

"Forgive you!" gasped the sick man: "nay, forgive me! How could I ever have sought to do you wrong! My own dear face and head, and was leaning over him with loving eyes.

"How many years ago, wife, is it since you kissed me last; murmured the dying man. "My outward sight is growing very dim; I do not recognise my Lucy's face, although I know 'tis she; but I see her quite clearly sitting in the cottage-porch beside the shining river. How it roars among the rounded stones, and how swiftly it is running to the sea! Round my neck, love, you will presently find the little locket with that dead sprig of fuchsia in it which you gave me when plighted we troth. Let that be buried with me; I have had no love or care for sacred things, but perhapssay that God is very merciful; and since He sees into our inmost thoughts. He will know with what reverence I held that simple gift, because it was your own, and you were His. I loved you most, I swear, because you were so pure and good, Lucy.

A piercing cry broke from my Lady's lips. "Spare me, Ra!ph---spare me t"

"Yes, yes. It was done for the best, I know. Don't fret, dear heart. Of course dying now--- fast, fast. Thank God for that/ way, and taken my lone way through the world again, knowing the thing I know. But I would have done it, never fear. Are you sure of those two., Lucy -- that were here a while ago--quite sure. My dwing curse upon them, if they breath to human ear our sacred secret! They love you? That is well. I would have all the world to love you; and may all those you love repay that priceless gift with tender duty. Here he paused, as if to gather together his "O that you could love and marry another man little remaining strength; and when he spoke again, it was with a voice so low that my Lady had to place her ear quite close to his pale lips to catch his words. But she old lady gravely, "for it has not faded now; but after an interval of three years, I married another man." did hear them, every one, "The prayers of a man like me may avail nothing, Lucy, but at least, they can do no harm. God bless at least, they can do no harm. God bless Sir Richard---yes, yes! God bless Master Walter's handsome face! God bless Miss thought that no one else could have wished wife for the second time; and there were eve with Steve and the rest of them, not me well so piously a while ago. You did children born to me—three children—knowing whom I spoke of, and I say it now,

Those were the last words of wild Ralph Gavestone. When the doctor and Mistress Forest re-entered that silent room, my Lady was upon her knees beside the pillow; she had closed the dead man's eyes, and folded his palms together, and taken from his neck the locket, but to be returned to him by a trusty hand when the time came.

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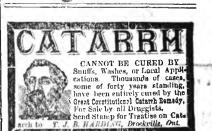
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And all morbid conditions of the system arising from whntever cause. The action of the Phospho dyne is twofold—on the one hand increasing the principle which constitutes nervous energy, and on the other the most powerful blood and fisch generating agent known; therefore, a marvellous medicine for renovating impaired and brokendown constitutions. It quickly improves the functions of assimilation to such a degree, that where for years an emuciated, anxious, cadaverous, and semi-vital condition has existed, the flesh will rapidly increase in quantity and firmness, and the whole system return to a state of robust health. The Phosphodyne acts electrically upon the organization; for instance, it assists nature to generate that human electricity which renews and rebuilds the osseous, nuscular, nervous, amembraous and organic systems. It operates

the organization; for instance, it assists nature to generate that human electricity which renews and rebuilds the osseous, muscular, nervous, and rebuilds the osseous, muscular, nervous, anembranous and organic systems. It operates on the system without exciting care or thought upon the individual as to the process. It moves the lungs, liver, heart, kidneys, stomach and intestines with a harmony, vigor, yet mildness unparalleled in medicine.

The Phosphodyne gives back to the human structure, in a suitable form, the pkosphoric or animating element of life, which has been wasted, and exerts an important influence directly on the spinal marrow and nervous system, of a nutritive, tonic and invigorating character, maintaining that buoyant energy of the brain and muscular system which renders the mind cheerful; brilliant, and energetic, entirely overcoming that dull, inactive, and sluggish disposition which many persons experience in all their actions.

The beneficial effects of the Phosphodyne are frequently shown from the first day of its administration, by a remarkable increase of nervous power, with a feeling of vigor and comfort, to which the patient has long been unaccustomed. Digestion is improved; the appetite increases wonderfully; the bowels become regular; the eyes brighter; the skin clear and healthy, and the hair acquires strength, showing the importance of the action of the Phosphodyne maintains a certain decreas of certifity in the conventionals.

action of the Phosphodyne on the organs of nutrition

Finally, the Phosphodyne maintains a certain degree of activity in the previously debilitated nervous system; its use enables all debilitated organs to return to their sound state and perform their natural functions. Persons suffering from Nervous Debility, or any of the hundred symptoms which this distressing disease sesumes, may rest assured of an effectual and even speedy cure by the judicious use of this most invaluable remedy.

Dr. Bright's Phosphodyne IS SOLD ONLY
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Full Directions for Use, in the English, French, German, Italian, Dutch, Spanish, Postuguese, Danish, Russian, Turkish, Persian, Hindostani, Madrasse, Bengalee, Chipese and Japanese Languages, accompany each case.

Lest CAUTION.—The large and increasing demand for Dr. Bright's Phosphodyne has led to several imitations under similar names; purchasers of this medicine should therefore be careful to observe that each case bears the British Government Stamp, with the words Dr. Bright's Phosphodyne engraved thereon (white letters on red ground), and that the same words are also blown in the bottle. Every case bears the trade mark and signature of Psychote. The public are also particularly cautioned against purchasing spurious imitations imported from the United States, and are requested to note the directions for use are printed in all the languages as above, without which none can possibly be genuine.

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