BY MONSIEUR DEMOULIN. The light here was almost equal to that without, for the sky-light was very wide. The floor was sunken in like the deck of the ship He looked around to see where he might first gold and clambered to the deck. Bearch for the treasure. Suddenly his eye waist, which he also fastened to the line, and caught sight of something which drove away let it go. every other thought.

At one end was a seat, and there, propped up against the wall, was a skeleton in a sitting posture. Around it was a belt with a took him in. As he removed his helmet he saw Frank's eyes fixed on his in mute in saw Frank's eyes were ashen, his lips bloodso propped up against the wall that it could

Brandon advanced, filled with a thousand emotions One hand was lying down in front. He lifted it. There was a gold ring on the bony finger. He took it off. In the dim light he saw, cut in bold relief on this seal ring, the crest of his family—a Phœnix. It was his ancestor himself who was before

Here he had calmly taken his seat when the ship was setting slowly down into the embrace of the waters. Here he had taken his seat, calmly and sternly, awaiting his death - perhaps with a feeling of grim triumph that he could thus elude his foes. This was the man, and this the hand, which had written the mesage that had drawn the

descendant here. Such were the thoughts that passed through Brandon's mind. He put the ring on his own finger and turned away. His ancestor had summoned him hither, and here he was. Where was the treasure that was Brandon's impatience now rose to a fever.

Only one thought filled his mind. All around the cabins were little rooms, into each of The doors had all fallen away. Yet he saw nothing in any of them. He stood for a moment in deep thought Where could he look? Could he venture down into the dark hold and explore? How could be hope to find anything there, amidst the runs of that interior where guns and chains lay, perhaps all mingled together where they had fallen? It would need a longer time to find it than he had at first supposed. Yet would he falter? No! Rather than give up he would pass years here, till he had dismembered the whole ship and strown every particle of her piecemeal over the bottom of the sea. Yet he had hoped to solve the whole mystery at the first visit; and now, since he saw no sign of any thing like treasure, he was for a while at a loss what to

His ancestor had summoned him, and he had come. Where was the treasure? Where? Why could not that figure arise and show

Such were his thoughts. Yet these thoughts, the result of excitement that was now a frenzy, soon gave rise to others that

were calmer.

He reflected that perhaps some other feeling than what he had at first imagined might have inspired that grim old Englishman when he took his seat there and chose to drown on that seat rather than move away. Some other feeling, and what feeling? Some feeling which must have been the etrongest of his heart. What was that? The one high had inspired the message, the desire to secure still more that treasure for which he had toiled and fought. His last act was to send the message, why should he not have still borne that thought in his mind and car-

ried it till he died? The skeleton was at one end, supported by the wall. Two posts projected on each side. A heavy oaken chair stood there, which had once perhaps been fastened to the floor. Brandon thought that he would first examine that wall. Perhaps there might to some open ing there.

He took the skeleton in his arms reverently, and proceeded to lift it from the chair. He uld not. He looked more narrowly, and saw a chain which had been fastened around it

and bound it to the chair.

What was the meaning of this? Had the crew mutinied, bound the captain, and run? Had the Spaniards seized the ship after all? Had they recovered the spoil, and punished in this way the plunderer of their galleons, by binding him here to the chair, scuttling the ship and sending him down to the bottom of

idea of the possibility of this made Brandon sick with anxiety. He pulled the chair away, put it on one side, and began to examine the wooden wall by running his whatever perceptible. The wall was on the side farthest from the stern, and almost smidships. He pounded it, and. by the feeling, knew that it was hollow behind He walked to the door which was on one side, and passed in behind this very wall. There was nothing there. It had once perhaps been used as part of the cabin. He came back disconsolately, and stood on the very place

where the chair had been.

"Let me be calm," he said to himself.
"This enterprise is hopeless. Yes, the Spaniards captured the ship, recovered the treasure, and drowned my ancestor. Let me not be deceived. Let me cast away hone and search here without any idle expecta-

Suddenly as he thought he felt the floor gradually giving way beneath him. He started, but before he could move or even think in what direction to go the floor sank in, and he at once sank with it downward.

Had it not been that the tube was of ample extent, and had been carefully managed so as to guard against any abropt descent among rocks at the bottom of the sea, this sudden fall might of ended Brandon's career forever. As it was he only sank quickly, but without accident, until his breast was on a level with the cabin floor.

In a moment the truth flashed upon him. He had been standing on a trap door which opened from the cabin floor into the hold of the ship. Over this trap door old Ralph Brandon had seated and bound himself. it to guard the treasure? Was it that he might await his descendant, and thus silently indicate to him the place where he must

And now the fever of Brandon's conflicting hope and fear grew more intense than it had ever yet been through all this day of days. He stooped down to feel what it was that lay his feet. His hands grasped something, the very touch of which sent a thrill

sharp and sudden through every fibre of his They were metallic bars!

He rose up again overcome. He hardly dared to take one up so as to see what it might be. For the actual sight would realize hope or destroy it forever.

hope or destroy it forever.

Once more he stooped down. In a sort of

fury he grasped a bar in each hand and raised Down under the sea the action of water had not destroyed the color of those bars which

he held up in the dim light that came through the waters. The dull yellow of those rough ingots seemed to gleam with dazzling bright ness before his bewildered eyes, and filled his whole soul with a torrent of rapture and trihis emotions overcame him. The bars

of gold fell down from his trembling hands He sank back and leaned against the wall. But what was it that lay under his feet? What were all these bars? Were they all gold? Was this indeed all here—the plunder of the Spanish treasure ships—the wealth which might purchase a kingdom the treasure equal to an empire's revenue the gold and jewels in countless store.

A few moments of respite were needed in erder to overcome the tremendous conflict of feeling which raged within his breast. There once more he stooped down. His outstretched hand felt over all this space which thus was piled up with treasure.

It was about four feet square. The ingot-lay in the center. Around the sides w re boxes. One of these he took out. It was made of thick caken plank, and was about

nails gave but little resistance, and the iron during which time no notice was taken of deign to look at me; "but you were deter what I wanted. I told him bands which once bound them peeled off at a me. I heard my father and John walk down mined."

'You can't go out," said

Inside was a casket.

He tore of en the casket. It was fided with jewels! His work was ended. No more search, no the end of the signal line added to it a bar of

Freed from the weight he rose buoyantly

Louis smiled. " Heavens!" cried Frank, "can it be?" Pull up the signal-line and see for your

elf," was the answer.

And, as Frank pulled Louis uttered a cry which made him look up

Louis pointed to the sun. "Good God ! what a time I must have been down!"
"Time!" said Frank. "Don't say time

-it was eternity " CHAPTER XXIV.

BEATRICE'S JOURNAL.

BRANDON HALL. September 1, 1848 — Paolo Langhetti used to say that it was useful to keep a diary; not one from day to day for each duy's events are generally trivial, and therefore not worthy of record : but rather a statement in full of more important events in one's life which may be turned to in later years. I wish I had begun this sixteen months ago, when I first came here. How full would have been my melancholy record by this time !

Where shall I begin? Of course, with my arrival here, for this is he time when we separted. There is no need or me to put down in writing the events that took place when he was with me. Not a word that he ever spoke, not a look that he ever gave, has escaped my memory. This much I

nay set down here.

Alas! the shadow of the African forest fell deeply and darkly upon me. Am I stronger than other women, or weaker? I snow not. Yet I can be calm while my heart s breaking. Yes, I am at once stronger and weaker; so weak that my heart breaks, so strong that I can hide it.

I will begin from the time of my arrival I came knowing well who the man was and what he was whom I had for my father. I came with every word of that despairing voy-ager ringing in my ears that cry from the driting Vishnu, where Despard lay down to die. How it is that his very name thrills through me? I am nothing to him. I am one of the hateful brood of murderers. A Thug was my father - and my mother who?

And who am I, and what?

At least my soul is not his though I am his daughter. My soul is myself, and life on earth cannot last forever. Hereafter I may stand where that man can never approach. How can I ever forget the first sight which had of my father, who before I saw him had secome to me as abhorrent as a demon! I same up in the coach to the door of the Hall and looked out. On the broad piazza were two men; one was sitting, and the other

tanding.
The one who was standing was somewhat elderly, with a broad, fat face, which ex-pressed nothing in particular but vulgar goodsature. He was dressed in black, and looked ike a serious butler, or perhaps still more ike some of the Dissenting ministers whom I have seen. He stood with his hands in his pockets, looking at me with a vacant

The other man was younger, not over He was thin, and looked pale from dissipation. His face was covered with spots. nis eyes were gray, his eyelashes white. was smoking a very large pipe, and a tumbler of some kind of drink stood on the stone pavement at his feet. He stared at me bepavement at his feet. He stared at me between the puffs of his pipe, and neither

moved nor spoke.

If I had not already tasted the bitterness of despair I should have tasted it as I saw these men. Something told me that they were my father and brother. My very soul sickened at the sight the memory of Despard's words came back—and if it had been possible to have felt any tender natural affecion for them, this recollection would have

destroyed it. "I wish to see Mr. Potts," said I coldly. My father stared at me.

my lather stared at me.
"I'm Mr. Potts," he answered.
"I am Beatrice," said I; "I have just arrived from China."

By this time the driver had opened the door, and I got out and walked up on the

piazza.
"Johnnie," exclaimed my father, "what the devil is the meaning of this?"
"Gad, I don't know," returned John with

"Didn't you say she was drowned off the African coast?"
"I saw so in the newspapers."

" Didn't you tell me about the Falcon resuing her from the pirates, and then getting wrecked with all on board?"

Yes, but then there was a girl that escaped. 'Oh ho!" said my father, with a long

whistle, " I didn't know that ' lie turned and looked at me hastily, but in leep perplexity. So you're the girl, are you?" he said at ast.

"I am your daughter," I answered. I saw him look at John, who winked in re-

urn. He walked up and down for a few minutes. and at last stopped and looked at me again.
"Tnat's all very well," said he at last, "but how do I know that you are the party? Have you any proof of this?"

"You have nothing but your own statement?

" No " " And you may be an imposter. Mind you

I'm a magistrate—and you had better be careful." "You can do what you chose." said I coldly

" No I can't. In this country a man can't do what he choses.'

I was silent.
"Johnne," said my father, "I'll have to eave her to you. You arrange it." John looked at me lazily, still smoking, and

or some time said nothing.
"I suppose," said he at last, "you've got

"On, I dare say. It don't make any diff-trence any way. Nobody would take the trouble to come to you with a sham story.' "That's a fact," said my father.

So I don't see but you've got to take "Well," said my father, "if you think so,

why all right."
"I don't think anything of the kind," returned John, snappiehly. "I only think that sue's the party you sent for" "Oh. well. it's all the same," said my father,

ho then turned to me again. "If you're the girl," he said, "you can get in. Hunt up Mrs. Compton, and she'll take

harge of you." Compton! At the mention of that name a shudder passed through me. She had been in the family of the murdered man, and had ver since lived with his murderer. I went n without a word, prepared for the worst, and expecting to see some evil faced woman

fit companion for the pair outside.

A servant was passing along. "Where is Mrs. Compton ?" I asked. Somewhere or other, I suppose," growled

he man, and went on. I stood quietly. Had I not been prepared or some such thing as this I might perhaphe MS., and nothing could surprise or wound

ten inches long and eight wdie. The rusty I waited there for nearly half an hour, the piazza steps and go away. They had evidently forgotten all about me. At last a time. man came toward the door who did not look "S like a servant. He was dressed in oath. black. **He** was a slender, pale shamb. Joh more fear. He bound the casket tightly to ling man, with thin, light hair, and a furthe end of the signal line added to it a bar of tive eye and a weary face. He did not look like one who would insult me, so I asked him tered.

wonder, yet respectively.
"I have just come from China." said I, and my father told me to find Mrs. Comp-

speaking a word. I began to think that he maybe get knighted on the spot.' was imbecile.

he was expecting you—but heard you were lost at sea—Mrs. Compton—yes—oh yes—ill show you where you can find Mrs. Compdown. I'll try again," he continued, after

was because he found me so unlike my father He walked toward the great stairs, from time to time turning his head to look at me, and ascended them. I followed and after lord you'll be a lord too.' going to the third story we came to a room.
"That's the place," said he.

He then turned, without replying to my thanks, and left me. I knocked at the door.

After some delay it was opened, and I went I'll be Lord Brandon, and when I die you'll in. A thin, pale woman was there. Her hair was perfectly white. Her face was marked by the traces of great grief and suffering, yet overspread by an expression of I've got nothing to say, except—'Go it!'" surpassing gentleness and sweetness. She coxed like one of those women who live lives of devotion for others, who suffer out of the spirit of self sacrifice, and count their own comfort and happiness as nothing in com parison with that of those whom they love. My neart warmed toward her at the first glance ; I saw that this could not be altogether cor rupt since she was here.

"I am Mr. Potts' daughter,' said I; " are you Mrs. Crompton ? She stood mute. An expression of deadly ear overspread her countenance, which seemed to turned her white face to a gravish

nue, and the look that she gave me was a look as one may cast upon some object of mortal fear.
"You look alarmed," said I, in surprise;

and why? Am I then so frightful?"
She seized my hand and covered it with kisses. This new outburst surprised me as much as her former fear. I did not know what to do. "Ah! my sweet child, my " How did you dearest!" she murmured. come here, here of all places on earth?"

1 was touched by the tenderness and sympathy of her tone. It was full of the gentlest love. "How did you come here?" I asked. "How did you come here?" She started and turned on me her former

ook of fear.
"Do not look at me so," said I, "dear Mrs. Compton. You are timid. Do not be afraid of me. I am incapable of inspiring fear. I the other with Brandon. pressed her hand. Let us say nothing more now about the place. We each seem to know what it is. Since I find one like you living here it will not seem altogether a place of de-

"Ah, my dearest! you are too young and too beautiful to suffer." An agony of sorrous ame over her face. Then I saw upon it an xpression which I have often marked since, a strange struggling desire to say something. which that excessive and ever present terror of here made her incapable of uttering. Some

mystery about her.

tenderness. She arranged my room. She did everything that could be done to give it black a cloud over her life. an air of comfort. It was a very luxuriously furnished chamber. All the house was lordly in its style and arrangements.

The next day I spent in my room, occu pied with my own sad thoughts. At about pied with hij own sad thoughts. At about three in the afternoon I saw him come up the avenue. My heart throbbed violently. My eyes were riveted upon that well-known face, how loved! how dear! In vain I tried to conjecture the reason why he should come. Was it to strike the first blow in his just, his with him? My name is infamy, my blood is further punishment in spite of John's threats, implacable vengeance? I longed that I might receive that blow. Anything that came from

him would be sweet. He staid a long time and then left. What passed I can not conjecture. But it had evidently been an agreeable visit to my father, for I heard him laughing uproariously on the piazza about something not long after he had

I have not seen him since.

For several weeks I scarcely moved from my room. I ate with Mrs. Crompton. Her reserve was impenetrable. It was with pain, fear and trembling that she touched upon any thing connected with the affairs of the house or the family. I saw it and spared her. Poor hing, she has always been too timid for such

a life as this. At the end of a month I could live here in a state of obscurity without being molested. Strange that a daughter's feelings toward a father and mother should be those of horror. should me merely to keep out of their sight. memories were bitter, yet sweet. I took the weet, and tried to solace myself with them. The days are gone forever; no longer does the sea spread wide; no longer can I hear his voice; I can hold her in my arms no more;

" Das susseste Gluck für die trauernde Brust, Nach der sehonen Liebe verschwundener Lust, Sind der Liebe Schmerzen und Klagen."

nonths without seeing either my father or helped him to keep his accounts

At the end of that time my father sent for tinued. ne. He informed me that he intended to give a grand entertainment to the county saw that the subject distressed her, so lamillies, and wanted me to do the honors. He had ordered dressmakers for me: he yould be spared to render it the most spien-

did festival that could be imagined. My father informed me that he would not life at my feet, and I gave back that life to

hat I would adorn myself as well as possible

ng-room to receive the expected crowds
The hour came and passed, but no one ap-My father looked a little troubled the whole county.

The servants were laughing at my father's knew the anguish of my love.

(isgrace. The proud array in the different Then I was less despairing. The air disgrace. The proud array in the different comy was all a mockery. The elaborate fire around was filled with the echo of his voice:

They then sat drinking in silence for some "Sold!" said my father, suddenly, with an

John made no reply.
"I thought the county would take to her. She's one of their own sort," my father mut-

Where I could find Mrs. Compton.

"If it weren't for you they might," said

He started as I spoke and looked at me in John; "but they ain't overfond of her dear father." "But I sent out the invites in her name."

"No go anyhow."
"I thought I'd get in with them all right He looked at me for some time without away, hobnob with lords and baronets, and

John gave a loud scream of laughter "So you are Mr. Pott's daughter," said he at last, in a thin, weak voice. "I—I didn't you're up to, is it? Sir John—ha, ha, ha! know that you had come—I—I knew that You'll never be made Sir John by parties, I'm "Oh, don't you be too sure. I'm not pr

m."

pause. 'Next year I'll do it. Why, she'll
He was embarrassed, yet not unkind. marry a lord, and then won't I be a lord's There was wonder in his face, as though he was surprised at my appearance. Perhaps it "When did you get these notions in you "When did you get these notions in your blessed head ?" asked John. "Oh, I've had them -- It's not so much for

myself, Johnnie, but for you. For if I'm a "Lord Potts. Ha, ha, ha!" " No," said my father, with some appearance of vexation, "not that: we'll take our

"She's the one that'll give me a lift."

"Well, she ought to be able to do something." By this time I concluded that I had done my duty and prepared to retire. I did not wish to overhear any of their conversation. As I walked out of the room I still heard their "Blest if she don't look as if she thought

herself Queen," said John.
"It's the diamonds, Johnnie." "No it ain't, it's the girl herself. I don't

through me."
"Why, that's the way with that kind. It's what the lords like."

got to be took down!" of to be took down!"

This was the last I heard. Yet one thing back, and finging himself upon him, fixed was evident to me from their conversation. My father had some wild idea of effecting an entrance into society through me. He thought that after he was once recognized he might of the dog. Vijal did not move; but while get sufficient influence to gain a title and the dog's teeth were fixed in his arm, his own found a family. I also might marry a lord He thus dreamed of being Lord Brandon, and one of the great nobles of the land. Amidst ream; but yet John's words affected me strongly—"You've played such good little games in your life." Well I knew with whom they were played. One was with Despard, cursing. Vijal then raised his head.

This then was the reason why he had sent for me from China. The knowledge of this purpose made my life neither brighter nor darker. I still lived on as before. During these months Mrs. Compton's ten-

der devotion to me never ceased. I respected You speak as if you knew all." "I know her, and forbore to excite that painful fear to much," said I, "and I have suffered much." which she was subject. Once or twice I formuch the much and the much a

"Are you not afraid to be kind to me?" I asked. She looked at me piteously.

She looked at me precuesy.

'You are the only one that is kind to me,' on tinued. 'How have you the courage?' up as well as I could.

All this time John stood cursing, first me "I cannot help it," she murmured, "you

secret thought was in her whole lace, out to faltering tongue was paralyzed and could not are so dear 10 me."

She sighed and was silent. The mystery sighed and was silent. The mystery unchanged; her gentle coked at her with much interest. She was nature, ner terder love, and her ever-present nature, ner terder love, and her ever-present and voice won my heart. She was certainly fear. What was there in her past that so John hurled a torrent of impression after one to be trusted. But still there was this influenced her life? Had she too been mixed influenced her life? Had she too been mixed in her past that so John hurled a torrent of impression after one to be trusted. But still there was this influenced her lite? Browner how the per lite impossible. Yet surely something as dark as the impossible. Yet surely something as dark as that must have been required to throw so the head one required to throw so that must have been required to throw so the first that must have been required to the first that must have been required to throw so the first that m could that have been? In spite of myself I associate her secret with the tragedy of Des pard. She was in his family long. His wife

died. She must have been with her at the The possibilities that have suggested them-

pollution. I spoke to her once in a general way about

the past. Had she ever been out of England? "Yes," she answered dreamily.

"Where?" She looked at me and said not a word. At another time I spoke of China, and hinted that perhaps she too knew something about the East. The moment that I said this I repented. The poor creature was shaken from head to foot with a sudden con vulsion of fear. This convulsion was so terrible that it seemed to me as though another would be death. I tried to soothe her, but

she looked fearfully at me for a long time At another time I asked her directly whether her husband was alive. She looked at me with deep sadness and shook her head. do not know what position she holds here. She is not housekeever: none of the servants and that her desire with reference to them pay any attention to her whatever. There is an impudent head servant who manages the I had no occupation, and needed none, for I had my thoughts and my memores. These ferently from the rest. Once or twice I saw them talking in one of the halls. There was a deep respect in his manner. What he does I have not yet found out. He has always I have not yet found out, shown great respect to me, though why I can not imagine. He has the same timidity of and sound. manner which marks Mrs. Compton. His

name is Philips.
I once asked Mrs. Compton who Philips Sind der Liebe Schmerzen und Klagen."

Was, and what he did. She answered quickly
that he was a kind of clerk to Mr. Potts, and

Has he been with him long?" I con-"Yes, a considerable time," she said, but I

For more than the three months I remain. rished me to wear some jewels which he had ed in my room, but at last, through utter in the house, and informed me that it would despair, I longed to go out. The noble be the grandest thing of the kind that had ever grounds were there, high hills from which taken place. Fireworks were going to be let off; the grounds were to be illumin-be associated with his memory till I die. A ated, and nothing that money could effect great longing came over me to look upon its wide expanse, and feed my soul with old and dear memories. There it would lie, the same I did as he said. The dressmakers came, sea from which he so often saved me, over the shadow of the great trees around, and ind I allowed them to array me as they chose, which he sailed till he laid down his noble gargeous flowers everywhere, where the sultry father informed me that he would be sailed till he laid down his noble gargeous flowers everywhere, where the sultry

give me the jewels till the time came, hinting him again.

I used to ascend a hill which was half a At last the evening arrived. Invitations mile behind the Hall within the grounds, and had been sent everywhere. It was expected pass whole days there unmo ested. No one that the house would be crowd d. My father took the trouble to notice what I did, at least even ventured to make a personal request I thought so till afterward. There for months I used to go. I would sit and look fixedly I did the best I could, and went to the draw- upon the blue water, and my imagination would carry me far away to the South, to that island on the African shore, where he once reclined in my arms, before the day when I out he and John waited in the drawing-room. learned that my touch was pollution to him Servants were tent down to see if any one to that island where I afterward knelt by was approaching. An hour passed. Still no him as he lay senseless, slowly coming back one came. Three hours passed. I waited to life, when if I might but touch the hem of calmly, but my father and John, who had all his garment it was bliss enough for one day. "I came up to say to you," said he, after a little hesitation, "that I can't stand this in the time been drinking freely, became furious. Ah me, how often I have wet his feet with It was now midnight, and all hope had left my tears—poor, emaciated feet—and longed them. They had been treated with scorn by to be able to wipe them with my hair, but dared not. He lay unconscious. He never

works could not be used.

I could slut my eyes, and bring him before
My father turned his eyes, inflamed by use. His face was always visible to my soul. anger and strong drink, toward me.

"She's a d——d bad investment," I heard extend my ramble into the country outside, in order to get a wider view. I went come when one calls.

"I told you so," said John, who did not to the gate. The porter came out and asked

'You can't go out," said he rudely " Wny not?" "Oh, them's Pott's orders, that's enough,

I think." ' He never said so to me," I replied, mildly.

"That's no odds; he said to me, and he told me if you made any row to tell you that you were watched, and might just as well give

up at once.''
" Watched!" said I, wonderingly. "Yes-for fear you'd get skittish, and try and do something foolish. Old Potts is bound

to keep you under his thumb," I turned away. I did not care much. felt more surprise than anything else to think that he would take the trouble to watch me. Whether he did or not was of

little consequence. If I could only be where I had the sea before me it was enough. That day, on going back to the hall. I saw John sitting on the piazza. A huge bull dog which he used to take with him everywhere was lying at his feet. Just before I reached the steps a Malay servant came out of the

house. He was about the same age as John. I knew him to be a Malay when I first saw him and concluded that my father had picked him up in the East. He was slight but very little and muscular, with dark glittering eyes and glistening white teeth. He never looked at me when I met him, but always at the ground, without seeming to be aware of my

existence. The Malay was passing out when John

called out to him.
"Hi, there, Vijal!"
Vijal looked carelessly at him.

"Here!" cried John, in the tone with which he would have addressed his dog. Vijal stopped carelessly.
"Pick up my hat, and hand it to me."

His hat had fallen down behind him. Vijal tood without moving, and regarded him with an evil smile. "D-n you, do you hear?" cried John.
Pick up my hat."

But Vijal dil not move. "If you don't, I'll set the dog on you," cried John, starting to his feet in a rage. Still Vijal remained motionless.

' Nero!" cried John, furiously, pointing like the way she has of looking at me and to Vijal, " seize him, sir." The dog sprang up and at once leaped upon Vijil. Vijil warded off the assault with upon Vijil. Vijil warded off the assault with his arm. The dog seized it, and held on, as 'I don't like it, then, and I tell you she's was his nature. Vijal did not utter a cry,

his own teeth in the dog's throat. John burst into a torrent of the most frightful curses. He ordered Vijal to let go were still fixed as tenaciously in the throat of

the dog. John sprang forward and kicked him with my sadness I almost smiled at this vain frightful violence. He leaped on him and stamped on him. At last, Vijal drew a knife from his girdle and made a dash at John. This frightened John who fell back

The dog lay motionless. He was dead. Vijal sat down, his arm running blood, with the knife in his hand, still glaring at John. During the frightful scene I stood rooted to the spot in horror. At last the sight of Vijal's suffering roused me. I rushed forward, and, tearing the scarf from my neck, knelt down and reached out my hand to stanch the bleod. Vijal drew back. "Poor Vijal," said I, "let me stop the blood. I can dress wounds.

How you do suffer! " He looked at me in bewilderment. Surprise at hearing a kind word in this house of horror seemed to deprive him of speech.

and then Vijal. I said not a word, and Vijal did not seem to hear him, but sat regarding me with his fiery black eyes. When at last I had finished, he rose and still stood staring what was there in her past that so ead her life? Hed she to been mixed

> I told Mrs. Compton of what had happened As usual she was seized with terror. looked at me with a glance of fearful appre-

hension. At last she gasped out :
"They'll kill you." "Let them," said I carelessly; "it would

further punishment in spite of John's threats, and hinted that they were half afraid of him. The next day, on attempting to go out, Philips told me that I was not to ted to leave the house. I considered it the

result of John's threat, and yielded without a

After this I had to seek distraction from my thoughts within the house. Now there came over me a great longing for music. Once, when in the drawing room on that famous evening of the abortive fete, which was the only time I ever was there. I had noticed a magnificent grand piano of most costly work manship. The thought of this came to my mind, and an unconquerable desire to try it arese. So I went down and beggen to play. It was a little out of tune, but the tone was marvelously full and sweet. I threw myself with indescribable delight into the charm of the hour. All the eld joy which music once used to bring came back Imagination, stimulated by the swelling harmonies, transported me far away from this prison house and its hateful associates to that happier time of vonth when not a thought of sorrow came over me. I last my self therein. Then that passed, that life vanished, and the sea Then voyage began. The thoughts of my mind and the emotions of my heart passed down to the quivering chords and trembled into life

I do not know how long I had been playing when suddenly I heard a sob behind me. I started and turned. It was Philips. He was standing with tears in his eyes and a rapt expression on his emaciated face, his hands hanging listless, and his whole air that of one who had lost all senses save that of hearing. But as I turned and stopped, the spell that bound him was broken. He sighed and

looked at me earnestly. Can you sing ?" " Would you like me to do so ?" "Yes," he said, in a faint, imploring voice I began a low song—a strain associated with that same childhood of which I had just been thinking -a low, sad strain, sweet to my ears and to my soul; it spoke of peace and innocence, quiet home joys, and calm delight. My own mind brought before me the image of the house where I had lived, with

When I stopped I turned again. Philips had not changed his attitude. But as I turned he uttered an exclamation and tore out his 'Oh, Heavens, two hours!" he exclaimed.

all men sank to rest and slumber.

He'll kill me for this."

With these words he rushed out of the I kept up my music for about ten days, when one day it was stopped forever. I was in the middle of a piece when I heard heavy footsteps behind me. I turned and saw my father. I rose and looked at him with an effort to be respectful. It was lost on him, however. He did not glance at me.

fernal squall and clatter any longer. So in future you just shut up." He turned and left me. I closed the piano forever, and went to my room.

The year ended, and a new year began. January passed away. My melancholy began to affect my health. I scarcely ever slept at

I was going to die. Alas! death will not

night, and to eat was difficult.

you down stairs."

" Who?"

iy. "When do they want me?" whatever with Now," said Mrs. Compton, who by this what then?"

ime was crying.
"Why are you so agitated?" I asked.

"I am afraid of you."
"Why so? Can anything be worse?"

don't know."
I said nothing more, but went down. On sion."
Mrs. entering the room I saw my father and John seated at a table with brandy before them. A man of about the same height as my father, first to see if something could not be done. I but more muscular, with a strong, square jaw, thick neek, low brow, and stern face. My but without success. I was equally unsucfather did not show any actual ferocity in his cessful this time.

face whatever he felt; but this mans face ex-

distance and stood looking at them.

"There, Clark; what do you think of that?" said my father.

The name, Clark, at once made known to detestation upon the man who had supplanted The name, Clark, at once made known to the name, Clark, at once made known to them.

"I heard that a young lady went there is a counted to be his daughter. even than he.

for some time.
"So that's the gal," he said at last.

". That's the gal," said my father, Clark waved his hand to me. "Turn round sideways," sail he.
I looked at him quietly without moving.

He repeated the order, but I took no notice of it.
"D-n her," said he. "Is she deaf?" "Not a bit of it," said John; "but she's which made his story all the mere touching, plucky. She'd just as soon you'd kill her It is strange, I must say, that one like her as not. There isn't any way of moving

"Turn round!" cried my father angrily. I turned as he said. "You see," said he, with a laugh, "she's been piously brought up

-she honors her father. At this Clark burst into a laugh. Some conversation followed about me as I stood there. Clark then ordered me to turn there," round and face him. I took no notice: but on my father's ordering it, I obeyed as be fore. This appeared to amuse them all very greatly, just as the tricks of an intelligent noodle might have done. Clark gave me many commands on purpose to see my refus hall at different times say that they heard her al, and have my father's order which followed

obeyed.
"Well," said he, at last, leaning back in his chair, "she is a showy piece of furniture, Your idea isn't a bad one either." He rose from his chair and came toward

me. I stood looking at him with a gaze so

fized and intense that it seemed as if all my being were centred in my eyes.

He came up and reached out to take held of my arm. I stepped back. He looked up that everybody utterly despised him. They angrily. But, for some reason, the moment

face ! "

horror passed over his countenance. An awful thought came to me. As the men turned their faces away from me in A STRANGE COINCIDENCE, fear I felt my strength going. I turned and rushed from the room. I do not remember A Woman Leaves Her New-Born Babe anything more.

It was early in February when this occurred. Until the beginning of August I lay sense-less. For the first four months I hovered

faintly between life and death. Why did they not let me die? Why did I West Thirteenth street, was aroused from his not die? Alas! had I died I might now have slumbers by a loud ringing of the front doorbeen beyond this sorrow; I have waked to bell. He first apprehended some burglarious

I can now walk about the room. I know put by his deadly weapon and picked up the nothing of what is going on in the house, and child, the note attached reading somewhat as wish to know nothing. Mrs. Compton is as follows, in the German language:

kind of stupor. I had no fever or delirium.

stop till I am stronger.

devoted as ever.

CHAPTER XII. THE BYZANTINE HYMNISTS.

and had gone on frequent visits.

On his return from one of these he went to the Grange. Mrs. Thornton was sitting in husband." the drawing room, looking pensively out of the window, when she saw his well-known the window, when she saw his well-known Dankwardt's wife. According to the police, figure advancing up the avenue. His face was sad, and pervaded by a melancholy

walked along.

But when he came into the room that melancholy face suddenly lighted up with the spree, and when reason returned he found most radiant joy. Mrs. Thornton advanced to meet him, and he took her hand in both of ever, is not clearly defined in the memory of

you have been seeluding yourself in your newly born child of this shameful union was study instead of paying your respects in the left by a strange mistake at the door of the proper quarter."

Despard emiled. "I arrived home at the door of her seducer. Dankwardt, on eleven this morning. It is now three P M by have waited till three o'clock should come?"

visit ? and finding none."

"Have you been to London again?" "Where have I not been."
By this time they had seated themselves.
'My last journey," said Despard, "like my former ones, was, of course, about the Bran on affair. You know that I have had long conversations with Mr. Thornton about it, oner confined in the Tower of London and he insists that nothing whatever can be done. But you know, also, that I could not —Cincinnati h of intolerable wrong. Every day I have felt as if I had shared in the infamy of those who neglected that dying man. That was the reason why I wrote to Australia to see if the Brandon who was drowned was really the one supposed. I heard, you know, that he was the same man, and there is no doubt about that. Then you know, as I told you, that I went around among different lawyers to see if anything could be done. Nearly all asserted that no redress was possible. That is what

Mr. Thornton said. There was one who said that if I were rich enough I might begin a prosecution, but as I am not rich that did me grants of a high class from Scotland to Manno good. That man would have been glad, no itoba. doubt, to have undertaken such a task." "What is there in law that so hardens recent corporation of Liverpool loan for the heart?" said Mrs. Thoraton, after a \$7,500,000 at 3½ per cent were specially made.

pause. "Why should it kill all sentimen: and destroy so utterly all the more spiritual qualities? "I don't think that the law does this neces sarily. It depends after all on the man him If I were a lawyer, I should still love

"But did you ever know a lawyer who loved music?" "I have not known enough of them to answer that. But in England music is not they never will again. oved so devotedly as in other countries. Is

It seems to me a profession that kills the having drunk to the completion of the Para finer scntiments."

having drunk to the completion of the Para finer scntiments."

"I invite "Why so, more than medicine? The fact

music above all things.'

One day I was in my room lying on the At least this is so in England. After all couch when Mrs. Compton came. On enter- most depends on the man himself, and one ing she looked terrified about something. She who is born with a keen sensibility, to the

spoke in a very agitated voice: "They want charms of art will carry it through life, what ever his profession may be."
"But suppose the man himself has "Mr. Potts and John."
"Well." said I, and I prepared to get ciation of the beautiful, nor any sympathy

whatever with those who love such things Mrs. Thornton spoke earnestly as she asked

this. "Well," said Despard, "that question "Why so? Can anything be worse?" answers itself. As a man is born, so he is;
"Ah, my dearest! you don't know—you and if nature denies him taste or sensibility it makes no difference what is

Mrs. Thornton made no reply. "My last journey," said Despard, "was third man was there. He was a thick set about the Brandon case. I went to London

On entering the room I walked up a little that it was necessary to go to the villige of Brandon. I went there, and made inquiries. Without exception the people sympathized

Yet the name did not add one whit to the last year who was reputed to be his daughter abhorrence which I felt, my father was worse Every one said that she was extraordinarily beautiful, and looked like a lady. Sh The man Clark looked at me scrutinizingly stopped at the inn under a care of a gentleman who accompanied her, and went to the

hall. She has never come out of it since. "The landford told me that the gentleman was a pale, sad looking man, with dark hair and heard. He seemed very devoted to the young lady, and parted with choly silence. His account of this young lady moved me very strangely. He was not at all sentimental man, but a burly John Bull. which made his story all the more touching should go into that place and never be seen again. I do not know what to think of it,

nor did any of those whom I spoke to in the village." "Do you suppose that she really went there and never came back?

"That is what they say." "Then they must believe that she is kept Yes, so they do." "Why do they not take some steps in the matter?"

"What can they do? Sho is his daughter. Some of the villagers who have been to the playing and singing."

"That does not sound like imprisonment. "The caged bird sings."
"Then you think she is a prisoner?" "I think it odd that she has never come out, not even to go to church." " It is odd "

" This man Potts excited sufficient interest in my mind to lead me to make many inquiries. I found, throughout the country, all thought that poor Ralph Brandon had of fear passed over his.

"Heavens!" he groaned; "look at that the caught sight of my face, an expression of fear passed over his.

"Heavens!" he groaned; "look at that that Potts had somehow deceived him, but no one could tell how. They could not bring I saw my father look at me. The same any direct proof against him.

at Her Deserted Husband's Door. CHICAGO, May 9. - At 1 30 yesterday morning Mr. George W. Dankwardt, who is engineer of engine No. 29 at the corner of Thirty first and Halsted streets, and who lives at 88 meet it all again.

Mrs. Compton says she found me on the deadly wearon, descended the strirs, half floor of my own room, and that I was in a clothed, carefully opened the door and survesed his midnight visitor. Lying on the A doctor came who said it was a congestion of stone steps, scantily covered from the the brain. Thoughts like mine might destroy night air, was a tiny waif, with a note pinned For a month I have been slowly recovering.

follows, in the German language:
"Charles Gross, 86 West Thirteenth street I have got thus far, and will stop here. I This child belongs to you Charles Gross; you have been several days writing this. I must are the father of it, and you shall take care of it. The preacher says: Be humble before God and acknowledge all your sins, as you yourself pray: 'Almighty God, charitable Father, I, a poor human being, acknowledge More than a year had passed since that before Thee all my sins in thoughts, is to Thornton Grange which has already words and deeds, which have caused been mentioned. Despard had not forgotten Thy just displeasure, and for which I have or neglected the melancholy case of the Bran- deserved timely and eternal punishment. don family. He had written in all directions, This is my condition, and it is you, Gross, who have destroyed my happiness, and for your cake I have become unfaithful to my

This note was in the familiar handwriting of years ago married to a handsome but flighty expression, which was noticeable now as he German girl, with whom he lived happily for some time, till one ill fated night, about a year ago, Dankwardt went on a drunken the police. It was during this enforced ab-"I ought to say, welcome back again," said sence from home that Dankwardt's wife, she, with forced liviness, "but you may yielding to the solicitations of Gross, her next have been in Holby a week for all I know door neighbor, became, as so rathetically When did you come back? Confess now that Shall I say how impatiently I the desertion of his wife and the criminal complicity of Gross, and instituted suit for "Oh no! don't say anything of the sort. I divorce, which is now pending in the courts. can imagine all that you would say. But The abandoned little one, a girl but five days all me where you have been on this last society. The suffering mother has at the society?"

"Wandering like an evil spirit seeking rest house of her parents, a penitent Magdelen. The infant was grimly christened, by the tell me where you have been on this last old, was taken by Dankwardt to the Humane

-The total number of persons lately evicted by Lord Cloncurry was 400. His grandfather was almost the last political pris-

-Cincinnati has its first four in hand drag. sit down idly and calmiy under this convic-and describes it, of course, as the finest in tion. I bave felt most keenly the presence the world. Even the whip cost \$50, the harness once took a prize at a fair, and the monogram of the owner -a theater manager is most gorgeously multiplied. -Dresden has had an exhibition compris

ing more than 1,500 periodicals, printed in 55 different languages. There are 291 in German, 124 in English, 155 in the Latin languages (French, Italian, etc.), 34 in Slav dia-lects, 7 in Finnish, and 75 in Asiatic tongues and others. Among them are 99 illustrated periodicals, 60 comic papers, and 592 scientific and industrial journals. -There is a large movement of emis

-For a block of land comprising 4.917 quare miles in the north of South Australia nly \$4 75 a mile was lately offered; for an other of 5,058 square miles only \$3 75. -After sawing up a poor widow's wood pile, a lot of Harvard students discovered that

-Tenders for doub'e the amount of the

-There was a sound of revelry at the t inconceivable that an Italian lawyer should Palace of Versailles a few nights ago, the cocasion being a fete in honor of M. de Lersel s, 'I don't know. Law is abborrent to me. who was born in that city in 1805. A guest ma Canal, M. de Lesseps replied; "I invite "Why so, more than medicine? The fact you all to the opening of the canal. It will is, where ordinary men are concerned any take place in 1888 and I feel convinced that scientific profession renders Art distasteful. I shall be there too."

they had spoiled a lot of timber she had bought to build an addition to her costage. Phey never made such a mistake before and