PITCHERY-BIDGERY.

The Turning of the Long, Long

BY MONSIEUR DEMOULIN.

CHAPTER XXXII.

FLIGHT.

The last entry in Beatrice's journal was made by her in the hope that it might be the

In her life at Brandon Hall her soul had grown stronger and more resolute. Besides, it had now come to this, that henceforth she must either stay and accept the punishment which they might contrive or fly instantly. For the had dared them to their faces : sh she had told them of their crimes; she threatened punishment. She had said that she was the avenger of Despard. If she had desired instant death she could have said no more than that. Would they pass it by She knew their secret -the secret of secrets: she had proctaimed it to their faces. She had called Posts a Thug and disowned him as he father; what now remained?

But one thing flight. And this she was fully resolved to try. She prepared nothing To gain the outside world was all she wished The need of money was not thought of; nor if had been would it have made any difference

She could have not obtained it.

The one idea in her mind was therefore flight. She had concealed her journal under a loose piece of the flooring in one of the closet of her room, being unwilling to encumbe herself with it, and dreading the result of search in case she was captured.

She made no other preparations whatever A light hat and thin jacket were all that she took to resist the chill air of March. Ther was a fever in her veins which was height ened by excitement and suspense.

evening. Bestrice said but little. Mrs

Crompton talked drearily about a few topic on which she generally spoke. She never dared talk about the affairs of the house. Beatrice was not impatient, for she had I idea of trying to escape before midnight. She sat silently while Mrs. Crompton talked or prosed, absorbed in her own thoughts and plans. The hours seemed to her interminable. Slowly and heavily they dragged on Beatrice's su-pense and excitement grew stronger every moment, yet by a violent effort she preserved so perfect an outward calm that a closer observer than Mrs. Crompto

would have failed to detect any emotion. At last, about ten o'clock, Mrs. Crompton retired, with many kind wishes to Beatrice and many anxious counsels as to her health Beatrice listened patiently, and made som general remarks, after which Mrs. Crompton

She was now left to herself, and two hours still remained before she could dare to ven-ture. She paced the room fretfully and anxiously, wondering why it was that the time seemed so long, and looking from time to time at her watch in the hope of finding that half an hour had passed, but seeing to her disappointment that only two or three minutes had gone:
At last eleven c'clock came. She stole ou

quietly into the hall and went to the top of the grand stairway. There she stood and

The sound of voices came up from the dining room, which was near the hall door She knew to whom these voices belouged Evidently it was not yet the time for her venture.

She went back, controlling her excitemen as best she might. At last, after a long, long suspense, midnight sounded.

Again she went to the head of the stairway

The voices were still heard. They kept late the voices were still heard. They kept late hours down there. Could she try now, while they were still up? Not yet.

Not yet. The suspense become agonizing.

How could she wait? But she went back again

to her room, and smothered her feelings unti one o'clock came. Again she went to the head of the stairway

She heard nothing. She could see a light streaming from the door of the dining hall Lights, also, were burning in the hall itself; but she heard no voices.

Softly and quietly she went down stairs.

The lights flashed out through the door of the dining room into the hall : and as she arrived at the foot of the stairs she heard subdued voices in conversation. Her heart beat took down." They were all there! What if they now discovered her! What mercy would

most afraid to breathe for fear they might hear her. She stole on quie ly and noiselessly at tast reached it.

All was dark there. At this and there we a door. On each side was a kind of recess formed by the pillars of the doorway. The door was generally used by the servants, and also by the inmates of the house for conven-

ience.
The key was in it. There was no light in the immediate vicinity. Around it all was gloom. Near by was a stairway, which led to the

mervante' hall. She took the key in her hands, which trembled violently with excitement, and turned

it in the lock. Scarcely had she done so when she heard footsteps and voices behind her. She looked hastily back, and to her sorrow, saw two servants approaching with a lamp. Conceal ment was her only plan. But how? There was no time for hesita-

tion. Without stopping to think she slipped into one of the niches for the projecting pillars, and gathered her skirts close about so as to be as little conspicuous as possible, There she stood awaiting the result. She half were now discovered in evident concealment what excuse could she give? She could not hope to bribe them for she had no money. And, what was worse, these servants were the two who had been the most isolent to her from the first.

She could do nothing, therefore, but wait They came nearer, and at last reached the

door.
"Hallo!" said one, as he turned the key. " It hain't been locked yet," said the other.

Yes, it has. I looked it myself, an hour ago. Who could have been here?" ago. Who could have been here?"
"Anyone," said the other, quietly, "Our

blessed young master has, no doubt, been out "No, he hasn't. He hasn't stirred from

his whiskey since eight o'clock."

"Nonsense! You're making a fuse about nothing. Lock the door and come along."

"Anyhow, I'm responsible, and I'll get a

precious overhauling if this thing goes on. I'll take the key with me this time."

And saying this, the man locked the door and took out the key. Both of them then descended to the servants' hall. The noise of that key as it grated in the lock sent a thrill through the heart of the trembling listener. It seemed to take all

hope from her. The servants departed. She had not been discovered. But what was to be dene? She had not been prepared for this. She stood for some time in despair. She thought of other ways of escape. There was the hall-door, which she did not dare to try, for she would have to pass directly in front o the dining-room. Then there was the south

door at the other end of the building, which was seldom used. She knew of no others. She determined to try the south door. Quietly and swiftly she stole away, and glided, like a ghost, along the entire length of the building It was quite dark at the south

end as it had been at the north. She reached the door without accident.

There was no key in it. It was locked. Escape by that way was impossible. She stood despairing. Only one way was now left and that lay through the hall-door

Suddenly, as she stood there, she heard footsteps. A figure came down the long hall slightest chance of concealment here. There were no pillars behind which she might crouch. She must stand, then, and take the

nsequences. Or, rather, would it not le better to walk forward and meet the new comer? Yes; that would be best. Sh

determined to do so. So, with a quiet, slow step she walked back through the long condidor, About half-way she met the other. He stopped and started " Miss Potts ! " he exclaimed in surprise.

It was the voice of Philips.

"Ah, Philips," she said, quietly, "I am valking about for exercise and amusement. I cannot sleep. Don't be startled. It's only Philips stood like one paralyzed.

"Don't be cast down," he said at last in a trembling voice. "You have friends, power-ful friends. They will save you." "What do you mean?" asked Beatrice, in

" Never mind." said Philips mysteriously. It will be all right. I dare not tell. But

cheer up. "What do you mean by friends?"

"You have friends who are more powerful than your enemies, that's all," said Philips, hurriedly. "Cheer up." Beatrice wondered. A vague thought of Brandon came over her mind, but she dismissed it at once. Yet the thought gave her a delicious joy, and at once dispelled the extreme agitation which had thus far disturbed her. Could Philips be connected with him? Was he in reality considerate about her while shaping the course of his gloomy vengeance? These were the

she stood.
"I don't understand," said she, at last

"but I hope it may be as you say. God knows, I need friends!" She walked away, and Philips also went nward. She walked slowly, until at last his steps died out in the distance. Then a door banged. Evidently she had nothing to fear from him. At last she reached the main hall, and stopped for a moment. The lights from the diving-room were still flashing out through the door. The grand entrance lay before her. There was the door of the hall, the only way of escape that now remained Dare she try it?
She deliberated long. Two alternatives lay

before her—to go back to her own room, or to try to pass that door. To go back was as repulsive as death, in tact more so. If the choice had been placed full before her then, to die on the spot or to go back to her room, she would have deliberately chosen death. The though of returning, therefore, was the last walked swiftly. upon which she could dwell, and that of going forward was the only one left. To this she

gave her attention.

At last she made up her mind, and advanced cautiously, close by the wall, toward the hall-door. After a time she reached the door of the dining room. Could she venture to pass it, and how? She paused. She listened. There were low voices in the room. Then they were still awake, still able to

detect her if she passed the door.

She looked all around. The hall was wide. On the opposite side the wall was but feebly lighted. The hall lights had been put out, and those which shope from the room ex tended forward but a short distance. It was just possible therefore to escape observation by crossing the doorway along the wall that was most distant from it.

Yet before she tried this she ventured to

The three were there at the farthest end of the room. Buttles and glasses stood before them, and they were conversing in low tones Those tones, however, were not so low but that they reached her ears. They were speaking about her.

' How could she have found it out?" said "Mrs. Compton only knows one thing," said Potts, "and that is the secret about her. She knows nothing more. How could

Then how could that cursed girl have found out about the Thug business?" exclaimed John.

There was no reply. "She's a deep one," said John, "d—d lyzed. Her cry came to his ears. He leaped dep—deeper than I ever thought. I always said she was plucky—cursed plucky—but now I see she's deep too—and I begin to have "Oh, Bice! Alas, my Bicina!" he

"I never could make her out." said Potts.

She's the only ner.

look her in the face." Beatrice retreated and passed across to the

"We'll have to begin to-morrow and take her down-that's a fact." This was followed

knob. opened

Noiselessly she passed through : noiselessly she shut it behind her. She was outside. She was free.

The moon shone brightly. It silluminated the lawn in front and the tops of the clumps of trees whose dark foliage rose before her She saw all this; yet, in her eagerness to escape, she saw nothing more, but sped away

swiftly down the steps, across the lawn, and under the shade of the trees.

Which way should she go? There was the main avenue which led in a winding wished that she had turned back. For if she direction toward the gate and the porter's lodge. There was also another path which the servants generally took. This led to the gate also. Beatrice thought that by going down this path she might come near the gate and then turn off to the wall and try and

> A few moments of thought were sufficient for her decision. She took the path and hurried along, keeping on the side where the shadow was the thickest.
> She walked swiftly, until at length she

came to a place where the path ended. It was close to the porter's lodge. Here she paused to consider. Late as it was there were lights in the lodge

and voices at the door. Some one was talk-ing with the porter. Suddenly the voices ceased, a man came walking toward the place where she stood.

To dart into the thick trees where the shadow lay deepest was the work of a moment She stood and watched. But the underhrus was dense, and the crackling which she made attracted the man's attention. He stopped for a moment, and then rushed straight to-

ward the place where she was.

Beatrice gave herself up for lost. She rushed on wildly, not knowing where she went. Behind her was the sound of her pur-He followed resolutely and relentlessly There was no refuge for her but continued

flight.
Onward she sped, and still onward, through the dense underbrush, which at every step gave notice of the direction which she had taken. Perhaps if she had been wiser she would have plunged into some thick growth of trees into the midst of absolute darkness and there remained still. As it was she did not think of this. Escape was her only thought, and the only way to this seemed to

So she fled : and after her came her remorse less, her unpitying pursuer. Fear lent wings to her feet. She fled on through the underbrush that crackled as she passed and gave otice of her track through the dark, dense groves; yet still amidst darkness and glosm er pursuer followed

At last, through utter weakness and weariess, she sank down. Despair came over he

She could do no more. The pursuer came up. So dense was the sloom in that thick grove that for some time he could not find her. Beatrice heard the crackling of the underbrush all around. He was searching for her.

Beatrice thought that he had gone. Yet in her fear she waited for what seemed to her an interminable period. At last she ventured to make a movement. Slowly and cautiously she rose to her feet and advanced. She did not know what direction to take; but she walked on, not caring where she went so long as she

could escape pursuit. Scarcely had she taken twenty steps when she heard a noise. Some one was moving. She stood still, breathless. Then she thought she had been mistaken. After waiting a long time she went on as before. She walked faster. The noise came again. It was close

by. She stood still for many minutes.
Suddenly she bounded up, and ran as one runs for life. Her long rest had refreshed her. Despair gave her strength. But the pursuer was on her track. Swiftly, and still more swiftly, his footsteps came up behind her. He was gaining on her. Still she rushed on. At last a strong hand seized her by the

shoulder, and she sank down upon the mos that lay under the forest trees. "Who are you?" cried a familiar voice. "Vijal !" cried Beatrice.
The other let go his hold.

Will you betray me?" cried Beatrice, in mournful and despairing voice. Vijil was silent. "What do you want?" said he, at last. Whatever you want to do I will help you. I thoughts which flashed across her mind as

will be your slave." "I wish to escape." Come then-you shall escape," said V.jal.
Without uttering another word he walked

on and Beatrice followed. Hope rose once more within her. Hope gave strength. Despair and its weakness had left her. bout half an hour's walk they reached the park wall. "I thought it was a poacher," said Vijal, sadly; "yet I am glad it was you, for I can help you. I will help you over the wall."
He raised her up. She clambered to the

top. where she rested for a moment.

"God bless you, Vijal, and good-bye !" said face she.
Vijal said nothing. The next moment she was on the other side. The road lay there. It ran north away from the village. Along this road Beatrice

CHAPTER XXXIII.

" PICKED UP ADBIFT." On the morning following two travelers left ten miles north of Brandon. It was about eight o'clock when they took their departure driving in their own carriage at a moderate pace along the road.

" Look, Langhetti," said the one who was driving, pointing with his whip to an object in the road directly in front of them.

Langhetti raised his head, which had been

bowed down in deep abstraction, to look in the direction indicated. A figure was ap proaching them. It looked like a woman She walked very slowly, and appeared rathe to stagger than to walk.

"She appears to be drunk, Despard," said Langhetti.

"Poor wretch, and on this bleak

put forward her head so as to peep into the March morning too! Let us stop and see if room. She stooped low and looked cautious we can do anything for her." They drove on, and as they met the woman

Despard stopped.

She was young and extraordinarily beautiful. Her face was thin and white. Her clothing was of fine materials but scanty and torn to shreds. As they stopped she turned her large eyes up despairingly and stood still. with a face which seemed to express every conceivable emotion of anguish and of hope. Yet as her eyes rested on Laughetti a change came over her. The deep and unutterable sadness of her face passed away, and was succeeded by a radiant flash of joy. She threw out her arms toward him with a cry of

The moment that Langhetti saw her he started up and stood for an instant as if para-lyzed. Her cry came to his ears. He leaped

my doubts about the way she ought to be cried, and a thousand fond words came to his Beatrice looked up with eyes filled with And now I don't even begin to understand grateful tears; her lips murmured some in-

they show her, even if they were capable of how she could know that which only we have audible sentences; and then, in the full as known. Do you think, Clark, that the devil surance of safety, the resolution that had sus Fear lent wings to her feet. She was alloudd have told her of it?"

The state of th

is usually done in such emergencies. But Both Langhetti and Despard knew more opposite wall. She did not wish to see or here the case was different -it was more than bear more. She glided by. She was not a common faint, and the animation now susnoticed. She heard John's voice—sharp and clear—efforts

Langhetti bowed over her as he chafed her hands. "Ah, my Bioina," he cried, "is it thus I find you! Ah, poor thin hand! Beatrice reached the door. She turned the Alas, white wan face! What suffering has

Oh, joy! it was not locked. It been yours, pure angel, among those fiends of hell I He paused, and turned a face of agony to ward Despard. But as he looked at him h saw a grief in his countenance that was only second to his own. Something in Beatrice's annearance had struck him with a deeper feeling than that merely human

which the generous heart feels in the suffer ings of others.
"Langhetti," said he, "let us not leave this sweet angel exposed to this bleak wind. We must take her back to the inn. We have gained our object. Alas! the gain is worse

than a failure. " What can we do ?" " Let us put her in the carriage between us, and drive back instantly."

Despard stooped as he spoke, raised her everently in his arms, and lifted her upon the seat. He sprang in and put his arms your around her senseless form, so as to support me."

her against himself. Langhetti looked on with eyes that were moist with a sad ye mysterious feeling.

Then he resumed his place in the carriage

"Oh, Langhetti!" said Despard, "what is Brandon Hall on the following day. The that I saw in the face of this poor child that so wrings my heart? What is this mys found her absent from her room, and no one found her absent from her room, an tery of yours that you will not tell?"
"I cannot solve it," said Langhetti, "and therefore I will not tell it."

" Tell it, whatever it is." "No, it is only conjecture as yet and I will not utter it.' "And it affects me?" "Deeply."
"Therefore tell it."

now. The time may come, but it has not o'clock. Beatrice's head leaned against Despard's shoulder as she reclined against him, susained by his arm. Her face was upturned a face as white as marble, her pure Grecian features showing now their faultless lines like the sculptured face of some goddess. Her

oung. "Look," said Langhetti in a mournful voice *Saw you ever in all your life any one so fits and starts.

"I don't think she's killed herself," said and soon reached an inn. perfectly and so faultlessly beautful? Oh, if you could but have seen her, as I have done. in her moods of inspiration, when she sang!

her eyes were closed, and her wan white

ould I ever have imagined such a fate as this don't believe she has. She's playing a deeper game. I only wish we could fish up her dead body out of some pond; it would quiet mat-"Oh, Despard!" he continued after a pause in which the other had turned his ters down very considerable." tern face to him without a word-"Oh. Despard! you ask me to tell you this secret. I dare not. It is so wide-spread. If my John.
fancy be true, then all your life must at once be unsettled, and all your soul turned to one know how much she does know. She must

which I hardly dare acknowles to my self." "Do not acknowledge it, then, implore

you. Forget it. Do not open up to more. that old and now almost forgon sorrow

Think not of is even to yourself. Lighetti spoke with a wild anvehement argency which was wonderful. "Do you not see," said Despi," "that you rouse my curiosity to adutolerable degree? Be it so; at any rate it is ber to suffer

from curiosity than to feel why you must feel if I told you what I suspect.

Had it been any other man th Langhetti Despard would have been offend. As it was he said nothing, but began to coecture as to the best course for them to foll'.

"It is evident, said he to Lighetti," that she has escaped from Brando Hall during the past night. She will, no abt, be pur this inn they will wonder at orbringing her There is another inn a mile fuher on.

'I have been thinking othat," replied Langhetti. "It will be bettesto go to the ther inn. But what shall way about her? Let us say she is an invalid gng home."
"And am I her medical ardant?" asked

Despard. No, that is not necessary You are her guardian-the Rector of Hoy, of courseyour name is sufficient guaritee."
"Oh," said Despard, aft a pause, "I'll

tell you something betterret. I am her rother and she is my sister Miss Despard, As he spoke he looked dog upon her man ble face. He did not see Lighetti's counte-nance. Had he done sohe would have nance. Had he done sohe would have wondered. For Langhetti'eyes seemed to seek to pierce the very soulf Despard. His face became transformed, is usual serenity that girl did."

And she is only twenty years old," resummented of the control of the face became transformed, is usual serenity vanished, and there was east wonder, intense and anxious curiosity—an indeavor to see if there was not some deep maning underlying Despard's words. But Depard showed no emotion. He was consous of no deep meaning. He merely min a ed to himself as he looked down upor the unconscious

"My sick sister-my ster Beatrice." Langhetti said not sword, but sat in silence, absorbed in one htensa and wondering gaze. Despard seemd to dwell upon this idea, fondly and tenderly

"She is not one of tat brood," said he,

"It is irname only that she belongs to them." "They are fiends and she is an angel," said Langhetti. "Heaven has sent he to us; we must pre-

never has sent he to us; we must preserve her forever.

"If she lives," sail langhetti, "she must never go back."

"Go back!" cried lespard. "Better far

for her to die."
"I myself would dierather than give her "And I too. But she vill not die. I will adopt her. Yes, she shall est away the link that binds her to these acursed ones—her vile name. I will adopt her. She shall have my

ame—she shall be my sister. She shall be "And surely," continued Despard, looking tenderly down, "aurly, of the Despard race there was never one to beautiful and so pure

Langhetti did not say a word, but looked at Despard and the one whom he thus called his adopted sister with an emotion which he could not control. Tears started to his eyes, yet over his brow there came something which is not generally associated with tears— "Your sister." said Despard, "shall nurse

her back to health. She will do so for your sake, Langhetti—er rather from her own noble and general instincts. In Thornton Grange she will perhaps, find some alleviation for the sorrows which she may have endured. Our care shall be around her, and we can all labor together for her future welfare."

They at length reached the inn of which they had spoken, and Beatrice was tenderly lifted out and lifted out and carried up stairs. She was pentioned as the sister of the Rev. Mr. Despard, of Holby, who was bringing her back from the sea side, whither she had gone for Unfortunately, she had been too weak for the journey.

The people of the inn showed the kindest

attention and warmest sympathy. A doctor was sent for, who lived at a village two miles further on. Beatrice recovered from her faint, but re- to the grove.

that her brain was affected. He shook his them down the path toward the about her case than he did.

close carriage was procured without much difficulty, and the patient was deposited there. Then he led them along through the woods A slow journey brought them by easy stages to Holby. Beatrice remained uncon- up his head, gave a long deep howl.

sious. A nurse was procured, who traveled with her. The condition of Beatrice was the same which she inscribed in her dairy. Great grief and extraordinary suffering and excitement had overtasked the brain, and it had given way. So Despard and Langhetti con-

At last they reached Holby. They drove at once to Thornton Grange.
"What is this?" cried Mrs. Thornton, sho had heard nothing from them, and ran out upon the piazza to meet them as she saw

" I have found Bice." said Langhetti. "and have brought her here."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

ON THE TRACK. Beatrice's disappearance was known at had seen her about the house. It was an unusual thing for her to be out of the house early in the day, and of late for many months she had scarcely ever left her room, so that now her absence at once excited suspicion. The news was communicated from one to another among the servants. Afraid of Potts, "Therefore tell it."

"Therefore I must not tell it; for if it prove to find her by themselves. They called Mrs. baseless I shall only excite your feeling in Compton, and the fear which perpetually ossessed the mind of this poor, tim "At any rate let me know. For I have the ture now rose to a positive frenzy of anxiety wildest fancies, and I wish to know if it is and dread. She told all that she know, and possible that they are like your own." that was that she had seen her the evening that was that she had seen her the evening "No, Despard," said Langhetti. "Not before as usual, and had left her at ten

No satisfaction therefore could be gained from her. The servants tried to find traces of her, but were unable. At length toward low. It may have been the coach, and she may have not a lift to the percet railway to the coach. of her, but were unable. At length toward may have got a surface evening, on Pott's return from the bank, the tion."

"Well," said John, "I'll tell you what we "Well," said John, "I'll tell you what we

The rage of Potts need not be described can do. Let one of us go to the inns that are neere. That one who had twice defied him nearest, and ask if there was a girl in the beauty was perfect in its classic outline. But should now escape filled him with fury. He ber eyes were closed, and her wan white organized all his servants into bands, and lips parted; and there was sorrow on her they scoured the grounds till darkness out an

end to these operations.

That evening Potts and his two companions dined in moody silence, only conversing by they all determined to go on, and to were Potts, in reply to an observation of Clark

"If she's got off she has taken with her some secrets that won't do us any good,' remarked

She crouded down low and scarce; dared dark purpose. Rever will I turn you then the dared to say what she did."

to breathe. She took refuge in the deep purpose till I know the truth the dared to say what she did."

darkness, and determined to wait till her purpose be suffered by the possibility of a doubt."

"But how could she get out of the park?"

"But how could she get out of the park?"

saillespard. saillespard.

over, and the gates are all locked." "It's my opinion," exclaimed John, " that she's in the grounds yet."

Potts shook his head. " After what she told me it's my belief she can do any thing. Why, didn't she tell us all says he is her brother." of crimes that were committed before she was born? I begin to feel shaky, and it is the

girl that has made me so.' Potts rose to his feet, plunged his hands deep into his pockets, and walked up and derment. down. The others sat in gloomy silence.
Could that Hong Kong nurse of her have told her anything?" asked John. She didn't know anything to tell."

Mrs. Crompton must have blown, then. knows what she told us besides ourselves and her. How the devil she picked it up I don't

ing that made me feel uneasy, as though there silent. was something in her that would some day be dangerous. I didn't want you to send for her."
"Well, the mischief's done now."

"You're not going to give up the search are you?" asked Clark. "Give it up! Not I."

We must get her back." "Yes, our only safety now is in catching ber again at all hazards." There was a long silence.

Twenty years ago," said Potts, moodily, the Vishnu drifted away, and since the time f the trial no one has mentioned it to me till that girl did.

with when you tackle her," remarked Clark;
but if she is the devil we must fight it out ond crush her."

"Twenty three years," continued Potts, in the same gloomy tone—"twenty-three rather like ideal beauty than real life. The in the same gloomy tone—" twenty-three years have passed since I was captured with my followers. No one has mentioned that since. No one in all the world knows that I am the only English.

girl."
"She must know every thing that we have done," said Clark.

" Of course she must." " Including our Brandon enterprise," said John. "And including your penmanship," said Clark; " enough, lad, to stretch a neck."

"Come," said Potts, "don't let us talk of

this, any how." Again they relapsed into silence.
"Well!" exclaimed John, at last, "what are you going to do to morrow?" Chase her till I find her," replied Petts, savagely.

But where ?"

" I've been thinking of a plan which seems to me to be about the thing. " What ?" "A good old plan," said Potts. "Your pup, Johnnie, can help us." John pounded his fist on the table with

savage exultation.
"My blood hound. Good, old dad, what a trump you are to think of that !"

"He'll do it !"
"Yes," said John, "if he gets on track and comes up with her I'm a livile afraid that we'll arrive at the spot just too late to save her. It's the best way that I know of for getting rid of the difficulty hand.

"We must wait on here, dear friend, till it be His will to call us."

"And who are you?" asked Beatrice, after somely. Of course we are going after her a long and anxious look at the face of the which is not generally associated with tears—

a lofty, exultant expression, en air of joy and
through anxiety, and the dog is an innocent
pup who comes with us; and if any disaster

"My

stoken to the soul at the thought of the stern, relentless girl carrying out into the which she had just spoken.

The stranger smiled with the same melan-

three themselves went forth to try what they self, dearest." cculd do. With them was the pup to which allusion had been made on the previous even ing. This animal was a buge blood hound, who which John had purchased to take the place you." of his bull dog, and of which he was extravagantly proud. True to his instinct, the hound understood from smelling an article of Beatrice's apparel what it was that he was required

mained unconscious. The doctor considered | The others followed after. The dog led them round and round wherever Beatrice had have those who love you. For the one They saw that rest was the one thing needed. But rest could be better attained in Holby than here; and besides, there was the had lost her way or at the rest way the live for yours, dearest—he is Paolo Langh. Holby than here; and besides, there was the danger of pursuit. It was necessary to remove her; and that, too, without delay. A their disappointment, the dog turned away out of the wood and into the path again.

"Langhetti! said Beatrice. "Oh, God be thanked!"

"And she who has taken you to her heart Then he led them along through the woods and home is his sister."

until he reached the park wall. Here the "His sister Teresa, of whom he used to animal squatted on his

" What's this ?'besid Potts. "Why, don't you see? She's got over the nut the dog over and follow on " The others at once understood that this time you can ask what you please. The others at once understood that this must be the case. In a short time they were no the other side of the wall, where the dog

on the other side of the wall, where the dog found the trail again, and led on while they upon the sea. followed as before.

They did not, however, wish to seem like rapidly. Langhetti's sister seemed to her pursuers. That would hardly be the thing in a sociated with some of the most pleasant associated with some of the most pleasant memories. An atmosphere of love was pursuers. That would hardly be the thing in almost like an old friend since she had been a country of law and order. They chose to associated with some of the most pleasant walk rather slowly, and John held the dog by memories. An atmosphere of love was a strap which he had brought with him. around her; the poor sufferer inhaled the They soon found the walk much longer than pure and life living air, and strength came

what a walker she is!"

"She's the devil " growled Clark, savhim anxiously for a long time. The dog ran sympathy seemed at once to rise between

purpose. tried to recover it. But his blood thirsty in affectionate, almost paternal. stinct was completely at fault. The trail had gone, and at last the animal came up to his heart toward this man? With the one for master and crouched down at his feet with a

"Sold !" cried John, with a curse.
"What can have become of her?" said

she's got took up in some wagon. Yes, that's it. That's the reason why the trail has What shall we do now? We can't fol-

"I don't know." said John. "I dare say

coach that looked like her, or make any in quiries that may be needed. out that much at any rate." John swore he was The others assented.

and soon reached an inn. She's got stuff enough in her to do it, but I don't believe she has. She's playing a deeper game. I only wish we could fish up her dead and drove off to the next inn, leaving the Here they made inquiries, but could learn others behind. He returned in about two hours. His face bore an expression of deep

too tired. At length, after some conversation.

perplexity.
"Well, what luck, dad?" asked John "There's the devil to pay," growled Potts. "Did you find her." "There is a girl at the next inn, and it's

She crouched down low and scarce y dared dark purpose. Never will I turn y to that know a precious let, or she never would have her. Now what name do you think they call however, was beyond her comprehension her by?

"What ?" " Miss Despard."

Clark turned pale and looked at John, who gave a long, low whistle.
"Is she alone?" asked John. " No - that's the worst of it. A reverend gent is with her, who has coarge of her, and

" His name is Courtenay Despard, son of Colenel Lionel Despard," said Potts.

The others returned his look in utter bewil-"I've been thinking and thinking," said Potts, "but I haven't got the bottom of it yet. We can't do anything just now, that's evi-

dent. I found out that this reverent gent is on his way to Holby, where he is rector. "Mrs. Crompton didn't know. I tell you only thing left for us to do is to go quietly that there is not one human being living that hems and look about us." hems and look about us."
"It seems to me that this is like the beginning of one of those monsoon storms,"

said Clark, gloomily.

Said Clark, gloomily.

I didn't like the cut of her from the first," said John.

She had a way of look-they were on their way back, moody and

CHAPTER XXXV.

BEATRICE'S RECOVERY. Ir was not easy for the overtasked and overworn powers of Beatrice to rally. passed before she opened her eyes to a recognition of the world around her. It was March when she sank down by the roadside. It was June when she began to recover from the shock of the terrible excitement through

which she had passed. Loving hearts sympathized with her, ten der hands cared for her, vigilanteyes watched her, and all that love and care could do were unremittingly exerted for her benefit.

As Beatrice opened her eyes after her long

equal wonder upon one who stood by her bed

eyes were large, dark, lustrous, and filled with a wonderful but mournful beauty. Yet all the features so exquisite in their loveliness were transcended by the expression man that ever joined the Thugs except that that dwelt upon them. It was pure, it was epiritual, it was holy. It was the face of a saint, such a face as appears to the rapt de-votee when fasting has done its work, and the quickened imagination grasps at ideal forms till the dwellers in heaven seem to become

visible. In her confused mind Beatrice at first had a faint fancy that she was in another state of existence, and that the form before her was one of those pure intelligences who had been appointed to welcome her there. Peruaps there was some such thought visible upon her face, for the stranger came up to her noiselessly, and, stooping down, kissed

"You are among friends," said she, in a low, sweet voice. You have been sick

long."
"Where am I?" "Among loving friends," said the other, far away from the place where you suff ered.'

Beatrice sighed.

she murmured.
"Not yet, not yet," said the stranger, in voice of tender yet mournful sweetness, which

" I hoped that I had passed away forever,

"My name is Edith Brandon," said the Potts shook his head moodily. He had no very hopeful feeling about this. He was shoken to the soul at the thought of this strangely with the scarce-audible words with

world his terrible secret.

Early on the following morning they restimed their search after the lost girl. This time the servants were not employed, but the limit the servants were not employed, but the

"And you have nursed me?"
"Partly. But you are in the house of one who is like an angel in her loving care of ou."
"But you— you?" persisted Beatrice;
you did not perish, then, as they said?" 'No," replied the stranger; "it was not

"Thank God!" murmured Beatrice, ferthrough the front door, down the steps and up vently. "He has one sorrow less. Did he save you?' "He," said Edith, " of whom you speak on I ever felt afraid of. D-n it, I can't then gently laid her down to try and restore bead solemnly over it, as doctors always do ook her in the face."

Languetti supported her bead solemnly was anected. He should be solemnly over it, as doctors always do thence into the thick grove and through the where he is. Yet some day we will perhaps ook her. He chafed her hands, and did all that when they have nothing in particular to say underbrush. Scraps of her dress still clung meet. And now you must not speak. You in places to the brushwood. The dog led will agitate yourself too much. Here you

> "Langhetti! said Beatrice. "Oh. God haunches, and, lifting speak so lovingly? Ah! God is kinder to me deep howl. speak so lovingly? Ah! God is kinder to me than I feared. Ah, me i it is as though I had

died and have awaked in heaven."

"But now I will speak no more, and wall somehow. All that we've got to do is to must speak no more, for you will only increase your agitation. Rest, and another

"Where is she?"

"There," said Langhetti. "I give her to your care—it is for you to give her back to me."

"Where is she?"

"There," said Langhetti. "I give her to gone too far, however, to remedy this now, so they resolved to continue on their way as they was so striking a characteristic of his im-"Gad!" said John, who felt fatigued first, pulsive and affectionate nature. Then she saw Despard.

There was something about this man which all around sniffing at the ground, but to no the two. The stern face of Despard asurpose.

Sumed a softer and more genial expression

He had lost the trail. Again and again he when he saw her. His tone was gentle and

> her father who had inflicted on his father so terrible a fate how did she dare to lo k him in the face or exchange words with him? Should she not rather shrink away as once she shrank from Brandon? Yet she did not shrink. His presence brought a strange peace and calm over her

What was the feeling that arose within oer

soul. His influence was more potent over her than that of Langhetti. In this strange company he seemed to her to be the centre and the chief. To Beatrice Edith was an impenetrable mystery. Her whole manner excited her deep est reverence and at the same time her stongest curiosity. The fact that she was his sister would of itself have won her heart; but there

were other things about her which affected her strangely.

Edith moved among the others with a strange far off air, an air at once full of gen tle affection, yet preoccupied. Her manner indicated love, yet the love of one who was far above then. She was like some grown person associating with young children whom she loved. "Her soul was like a star and dwel

apart.' Paolo seemed more like an equal : but Paolo himself approached equality only because he could understand her best. He alone could noticed a profound and unalterable reverence in his manner towards Edith, which was like that which a son might pay a mother, yet more delicate and more chivalrous. All this,

She once questioned Mrs. Thornton, but received no satisfaction. Mrs. Thornton looked mysterious, but shock her head.

"Your brother treats her like a divinity."
"I suppose he thinks she is something

more than mortal." "Do you have that awe of her which I feel ?'

Yes; and so does every one. I feel to-ward her as though she belonged to another world. She takes no interest in this." " She nursea me."

"She nursed me."
"Oh yes! Every act of love or kindness which she can perform she seeks out and does, but now as you grow better she falls back upon herself."

Surrounded by such friends as these Bea-

nt is trice rapidly regained her strength. Weeks he went on, and at length she began to move about, to take long rides and drives, and to stroll through the Park.

During these weeks Paolo made known to her his plans. She embraced them eagerly. "You have a mission." said he. "It was not for nothing that your divine voice was iven to you. I have written my opera under the most extraordinary circumstances. You know what it is Never have I been able to

gether. Beatrice grasped eagerly at this idea. To be a singer, to interpret the thoughts of Lang-hetti, seemed delightful to her. She would then be dependent on no friend. She would be her own mistress. She would not be forced to lead a life of idleness, with her heart preying upon itself. Music would come to her aid. It would be at once the purpose, the employment, and the delight of her life. If there was one thing to her which could al-

fore had delights to which commun mortals were strangers. To the soul which is endowed with the capacity for understanding the de-

pure and enduring, which nothing else this world gives can equal.
In the church where Mrs. Thornton and
Despard had so often met there was now a new performance. Here Langhetti played. Beatrice sang, Edith smiled as she h expressions of heavenly ideas, and Despard and Mrs. Thornton found themselves borne away from all common thoughts by the

As time passed and Beatrice grew stronger Laughetti became more impatient about his opera. The voice of Beatrice, always marvelous, had not suffered during her sickness. Nay, if anything, it had grown better; her soul had gained new susceptibilities since. Langhetti last saw her, and since she could understand more and feel more, her expression itself had become more subtle and refined. So that voice which Langhetti had always called divine had put forth new powers, and he, if he believed himself the High Priest and Beatrice the Pythian, saw that her inspiration had grown more deligate

"Our revelations are not new. We but give fresh and extraordinary emphasis to old and eternal truths." In preparing for the great work before them it was necessary to get a name for Beatrice. Her own name was doubly abhorrent—first, from her own life-long hate of it, which later

in this. I adopted her. She is my sister. Her name is Despard. If she takes any other name I shall consider it as an intolerable elight. He expressed himself so strongly that Beatrice could not refuse. Formerly she would have considered that it was infamous for her to take that noble name: but now this idea had become weak, and it was with a exultation that she yielded to the solitations of Despard. Langhetti himself yielded at once. His face bore an expression of delight which seemed inexplicable to Beatrice. She

might have. up his old, fond, fraternal manner toward her. It has no connection with art. I ao not

"Other things."
"What other things?" "Not connected with Art," continued Langhetti, evasively. "I will tell you some day when the time comes."

'Now you are exciting my curiosity," said

ideas, or if you do, it is your duty to satisfy

". That is a secret." " Of course; you make it one; but if it is one connected with me, then surely I ought

" I cannot tell. "And you will therefore keep it a secret "I hope, my Bicina, that the time will come before long."
"Yet why do you wait, if you know or

"I wish to spare you." "That is not necessary. Am I so weak that I cannot bear to bear anything which you may have to tell? You forget what a mights well prepare me for anything." "If it were merely something which might create sorrow I would tell it. I believe that

you have a self-reliant nature, which has

and fill you with hopes and feelings that "Yet even that I could bear. Do you not see that by your very vagueness you are exciting my thoughts and hopes? You do

not know what I know

Beatrice hesitated. No; she could not tell. That would be to tell all the holiest se-crets of her heart. For she must then tell about Brandon, and the African island, and he manuscript which he carried and which and been taken from his bosom. Of this abs lared not speak.

She was silent. "You can not know anything," said Langhetti. "You may suspect much. I only have suspicions. Yet it would not be wire to communicate these to you since they would cove idle and without result." So the conversation ended, and Langhetti still maintained his secret, though Beatrice

At length she was sufficiently recovered to se able to begin the work to which Langhetti wished to lead her. It was August, and Languetti was impatient to be gone. So when August began he made preparations to depart, and in a few days they were in Lon-don. Edith was left with Mrs. Thornton. Beatrice had an attendant who went with her, half chaperon half; lady's maid.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

decide how it should be represented. I have

prayed for a voice. At my time of need you were thrown in my way. My Bice, God has sent you. Let us labor to

leviate sorrow and grief it was the exultant

joy which was created within her by the Di-

earth and heaven. And for Beatrice there

vine art -- that art which alone is common to

tures which was so sensitive to music that ander its power heaven itself appeared to open before her.

All these were lovers of music, and therelights of tone there are joys peculiar, at once

ower of that sublime rehearsal.

and more profound.
"We will not set up a new Delphi," said

circumstances had intensified; and, secondly, from the damning effect which such a name would have on any artists. Langhetti wished her to take his name, but Despard showed an extraordinary pertinacity on this point.
"No," said he, "Ism personally concerned

not an Italian name better for a singer? Lespard was an English name, and though ari-tocratic, was not one which a great singer "I am thinking of other things, my Bicina," said Langhetti, who had never given

consider the mere effect of the name for one What is it then, that you do consider?"

Beatrice, in a loud and earnest tone. "You do not know what thoughts you excite within me. Either you ought not to excite such

them. "It is not time vet." "What do you mean by that?"

" It is not time yet for you to know." " When will it be time?"

even suspect anything in which I am con-cerned?"

grown stronger through affliction. But that which, I have to tell is different. It is of such a character that it would of necessity destroy any peace of mind which you have,

"What do you know?" asked Langhetti,