IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of East Lynne. The Channings, Roland Yorke, etc., etc.

CHAPTER XI.

IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT. "I say, Dering, it ain't twelve o'clock yet You'll ye me half an hour in the billiard room before

IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT. " I say, Dering, it an't tweys o'clock vet You'll give and half an hour in the billiard room before gioing to roost. Porcy Osmoul was the speaker. Ho was get fuc out of the brougnour which had brough till three gontidennan back from Pincota, where the giat unsteady. It was o'ident that he had been indulging rather too freely in Squire Culpepter's o'dl port. " You've surely had enough billiards for om-ingift" sand. Lionel, good humordly. " i should have thought that the charleshing you gave young Cope would have statisted you till to-nours. " This is what they call country hospitably '' " The sind. I though all threash me as nuch as you like in " The rural districts themselves are all very rice and proper. Two said nothing against theor, and Mr Osmond, as he set down deliberatoly on the staris, for they were all in the bouxe by one stud Lonel. " I toll you that you would, soon grow tired of the rural districts themselves are all very ing and they call invertist, mean all the bouxe by and balf were brough the starts and a set once he dires what and how the districts themselves are all very " This is what they call country hospitably '' said Mr Osmond, as he set down deliberatoly on the starts, for they were all in the bouxe by our side though the starts. The rural districts themselves are all very " The rural districts themselves are all very and the observe thirty like by our mind is set on the rural the bouxe by the stand Lionel. " That no cheal your g

which he wasstill holding in his hand. Ho dropped it with a shudder, and strode forwards the door. They all sbrank fram him as though he were stricken with the plague. "Great Heaven! they cannot suspect that I have done the deed!" he whipered to himself. "We must see to this at once," he said aloud. No one spoke. There was a dead, ominous silence. The crimson stains on his shirt were visible, ant every eye was now fixed on them. Lionei paused for a moment at the threshold to gather Berre. As he stood thus, Pierre Janvard came quickly out of Osmond's room carrying some small artis he stood thus, Pierre durvard came quees, of Osmond's room, carrying some small arti-belween the thumb and finger of his right nd. His face was paler than usual, and his

hand. His face was paler than usual, and his half closed eyes had a sort of feline expression in them which was not pleasant to look upon. "If you please, sr, is this your property?" he said, addressing hinself to Llonel, and displaying i Lionel's thgers went up instinctively to his shirt front in search of the missing stud. "Yes, that is my property," he said, "Where did you find it?" "I found it just now, sir, clutched in the hand of Mr. Percy Osmond, who lies murdered in the next room."

"Well you must come and dine with methin evening. Can't stay now. I'm due at the jail in fifteen minutes." "That's the very place to which I want to go

"You called me a line, did you "" he said. "Then, it kas to hair." and as he spoke, he fungu faremain-ing contents office glass into Lionel's face, and its and ther instant and Dering's terrible fingers bent the glass itself ensible to the other side of the room. Another instant and Dering's terrible fingers and the glass itself ensible that his arguments t, and on his wristbands there were other streaks that do his wristbands there were other streaks there norm. He had picked up the handkerchief and was been the glass itself ensible that his arguments t, and on his wristbands there were other streaks there norm. He had picked up the handkerchief and were other instant and Dering's terrible fingers strong man's grasp. He was as poweres to help bringef far any child would have been. His eyes ing to turn livit, when Koster started for ware y the had, lard his face begin-""On H you place, in the power of the starte or on the started at room in blank famazement. "Why goodness grancious, you don't mean to be was as power beens. His to perside that his arguments to was any child would have been. His eyes ing to turn livit, when Koster started for ing to brank his different with M commond "" "Don't on head, and his race begin-""On H you place in the low streaks and his voice ing for breach, and hardy knowing for the matter with M commond "" "He has been invirted in the deal of his ter, as he loosened his grasp and a king of the matter ing to brank his waistcoat, and inter the observant. "Whit is the matter with M commond "" the work abagered dant delift to tiggering the work grade the with a was abagering and hard with the east of the saw of a the of the saw of the saw of the started at form his head were for a this in the the started of the the work at the deal or his for breach, and hardy knowing for the matter ing for breach, and hardy knowing for the matter ing for breach, and hardy knowing for the matter ing the based with on or a based the work at the deal or the work at the deal of the saw oth at ind the wow

A DINNER AT PINCOTE. Lionel Dering was blessed with one of those i equable dispositions which predispose their ewner to look always at the sumy side of every thing; and even now, in prison, and with such a terrible accusation hanging over him, no one over saw him downhearted or in any way distoressed. There was about him a serenity, a quict cheer-fulness, which nothing seemed able to disturb; and when in the company of others he was usually as gay and animated as if the four walls of his cell had been those of his own study at Park Newton. The ordeal was, in any case a very trying one; but it would have been in-fluinesh, which he other to his fired lither Edith or Tom suw him overy day But when all his visitors had gone, and night and silence had sottled how on the grinn old prison-allelice so profound that but to the recurring voice of a distant clock, as it conned the homes slow that both distants in the world-then it was that ho fold his so mately a funcied himsoil the last man left alives in the world that been so used to an active, out-door iffe that he could not now tire himsoil sufficient of day light in the such in more than anything gets. At such times, when the rest of the world was abed, and the long, long hours of aylight in the such in so, when the rest of the world was abed, and the long, long hours of aylight in the such in more than anything but he had, and think. The mornings before it was yet awake, which tired him more than anything but he head, and think. The nornings were balany, so it and bright. Through the cell casement, which he could one nat will, he could do nothing but he head, and think. The nornings inch by inch down the grey store walls of the prison yard, as the sum rose higher in the sky. Now and then the sweet weet wind brought him faint wafts of fragrance from the any down, or the due to bring a do on some times he could hear the barking of a dog on some once been jet black, būt was now thekly sprinkled with grey. The nam's features were wanting neither in power n.r. intellect, but they were marred by an air of habitaal dissipation—of sottishness, even—which he made no effort to contend.
Jabez Creede is still with you, I see,' said Tom, as he and the lawyer walked down the street.
"Yee, I still keep him on," answered Hoskyns.
"though if I have threattened once to turn him away, I have a hundred times. With his dirty, drunken ways, the man, as a man, is unbearable to me, but, as a clerk, I don't know what I should do without him. For engrossing or copying he is useless, his hand is far too shaky. But in one other respect he is invaluable to me; his mennor, and he presumes on that knowled to to do thing that I would submit to from no other clerk is momene's notice. He know how useful he is to me, and he presumes on that knowled to to do thing that I would submit to from no other clerk is not submit in the kays of a prisoner of such distinction as Mr Dering, some of the more strugent of the prison regulations were to a certain extent relaxed. Besides which Mr Hoskyns and the governor were bosom friends, playing whist together two or three evenings a week the winter through, and after he had been introduced to Mr Dux, the aforeasid governor, he might be said to be daily possessed of the Open Sesame of the grim old building.
" This is kind of you, Bristow, verp kind !" exclaimed Licorel, as he stred forward to greet his friend. "You muss bear up like a brick. Please heaven, well soon have you out of this hole, and the over yill down who sestend drive up for a dismultend to the start. He had been nearly a mouth it prison: Confinence to a man of his active, out ( dowr hirde we specially its more dual not track him. If the was especially its more dual not track him. If the was especially its more and Tom inside the mage dual and the presed Tom inside the mage dual mere if no the dual dow the he had is of induced to specek. " prison yard, as the sur rose higher in the sky. Now and then the sweet west wind brought him faint wafts of fragrance from the may slopes just outside the prison gates. Some-far off farm, or the dull lowing of cattle; sounds which reminided him that the great world, with its life, a...d hopes, and fears, lay close around him, thongh he himself might have no part therein At such moments he often felt that he would give half of all he was possessed of for an hour's freedom outside these tomb like wills-for one hour's blessed freedom, with Edith by his slde, to wander at their own sweet will through lab himself might brin, with the tree air of heaven b owing around them, and nothing to bound their eyes but the dim horizon, lying like a purple ring on woods and meadows ar away. Little wonder that during these long, soltary hours a sense of depression, of melanchely even, would now and then take possession of him for a little while; that his mind was oppressed with ywage forebodings of what that future, which ywage forebodings of what that future, which the hai yus world had in its power to offer him, and his very soul shrank within him when he thonght he had won it only, perhaps, to less it for year in a few short weeks. Bitter, yeary biter -despairing almost-grew his thoughts at snels the elock struck six, and the tramp of heavy iter and cheerful voice said, "Good morning excellent night, thank you." And Jeavons would in a cheerful voice said, "Good morning excellent night, thank you." And Jeavons would in due little wische the surgeded bravely against them, and havery see would ring out, clear had alwys be same Newr out o' sorts. Later on would come Hoskyps and Edith, and to hus the has word would fing on the ary ited and the little wisches him to row a deving oback to him mates and say. "Ar Dering's won-derful, Always the same Newr out o' sorts. Later on would come Hoskyps and Edith, and tom. It was inpossible for Falith to visit the prison, and the hawyer would often make a pro-tence of having business with

Farm: "Dux is very good to me," he explained. "He

"Dux is very good to me," he explained: "He comes'to see me for an hour mostlevenings. He and I have had several games together. The turnkey will fetch his board and men in five minutes." Mr Hoskyns was somewhat scandalized. "H

air noskyns was somewnat scanidalized. "[4] cannot get my client," he explained to Tonn, "to evince that interest in his trial and the arrange-ments for his defence that the importance of the occasion domands. It really almost seems as if Mr Doring looked upon the whole business as referring, not to himself, but to some stranger in whose affairs he took only the faintest possible interest."

All Dering toked upon the whole Districts as
referring, not to limeelf, but to some stranger in whose affairs he took only the faintest possible (interest."
"My dear Hoskyns"; said Lionel, "you pumped me dry long ago of every morsel of information that I could give you respecting this wretched business. You can get nothing nore out of me tand may as well leave me in peace. Europoy whom you will to defend me-if defence I need.
That is your business, not nine."
So Tom and Lionel had there game of chess, and a long talk together atterwards, and when Tom at last left no prison, it was with a promise to be there again at an early hour next morning.
Lionel Dering's first care after his arrest was to write to E lith West, in order that she might learn the news direct from himself, and not through a nawspaper or any other source."
"My during Edith," he wrote, "a terrible misfortune has befallen me. A gentleman, Mr Percy Osmond by name, one of my guests at Park Newson, has been foully murdered, and I am accused of the crime. That my innocence will be made clear to the world at my trial, I do not doubt. Thil that day comes I must submit, with whout any fear whatever as to the result. My greatest toolle in the matter is my enforced derivation of your dear society for a little while. I will write you fuller particulars to-morow. I am afraid that it will be necessary to fix the date of our marriage a month later than the time tare of the you will not free triw of marriellars to morrow. I are that fittle while will write you will not free triw who you account. This is but a little trial which will some be over, and years hence it will some toor has a those those that the every on bus account. This is but a little trial which will some be over, and years hence it will some toor than a the particulars thun was for too stromytop. Later on would come Hoekyps and Edith, and Tom. It was impossible for Edith to visit the prison, and the lawyer would often nucke a pro-tence of having business with bis client when he had none in reality, rather than withstand the pitcous, pleading look whice would spring to Edith's eyes the moment he told hor that there would be no occasion for him to visit the juil that day. While he lives Hoskyns will never forget the protiv pictures of the lover husband and his bride, as they sat together. hand in hand, in the grinrold cell, comforting each other, strengthening each othor, and drawing pictures of the happy future in store for them; deceiving each other with a make believe guiety; and hid ing, with desperate encourse, she to crifte each other with a make believe guety; and nd ing, with desperute encostness, the tcrnible (dread which lay lurking, like a foul witch in a cavern, low down in the heart of each-that, for them, the coming months might bring. rot surshine, flowers, and the joys of mutual love but life long sopration and the unspeakable darkness that broods beneath the awful wings of Teach

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The discribing factor, the first will suit our young friend."
Pardon mo, Mr Culpenper," said Ton quietly, 'but I'm affaid there's a slight mistake some was drunk and frolizeome and shot out all the lights. He also shot an old man who was where. I am not aware that lever expressed in weat for a some in that lever expressed in the occasion required, and I was drung to the pressought to be fearless and outspoken if the occasion required, and I wrote it ap carefully, and, as I thought, but the some."
" A misunderstanding I assure you, sir Many thanks to you all the same."
" An what the deuce is your business, if I may make bold to ask?" said the squire, training the same."
" Annow he stated for a moment. "I believo, sir, if an and I thought it was rather eccentric for a moment. "I believo, sir, if a such so when I got up again I for a box is a chair."

may make bold to ask r said the squite, easily and I thought it was rather eccentric further the state of the state of the squire, with ill-concealed with him.

" I'm not so sure on that point," answered Tom " I know for a fact that Bloggs and Hayling, the great engineers, are very much interested in get-ting the scheme pushed forward, and they are genorally crediced with knowing pretty well what they are about." 'A syou seem, sir, to be on such intimate terms "As you seem, sir, to be on such intimate terms with Lord Tynedale," said the banker with a smeer, "you can, perhans, tell us the real insand outs of that strange gainbing transaction with which his lordship's youngest-on was so recently mixed up." 'I cannot tell you the real facts of the case," answered Ton.; " I presume that they are

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[TO BE CONTINUED] A CHANCE TO WORK "INGOG,' By Bill Nye

Yesterday a man came into the office with he air of a man who is tired of this earth

and wants to wing his way to a land of for-getfulness and plungo into the lethean depths of oblivion. After he had taken a seat on the tete-a-tete and hung his hat on the escritoire,

be said : "I'm a newspaper man myself. Didn't

"I'm a newspaper man myself. Didn't know but you might want a good man on the staff, somebody to write up the sad features of life and furnish the tearful wail, as it were. Life is full of woe, and in my estimation every paper should have a woe editor. I am well fitted for that position, as you will see if I may be allowed to go on and detail my own a experience to you.

experience to you. "I went down into Kansas and started a

paper in a small town on the Sante Fo Road, with the assurance that I would meet with the cordial aid and sympathy of the people there. I didn't expect to do a big business, but I just

wanted to run a little modest paper with patent telegraph news and electrotype edito-

a back of circle and left to the circle of th

and it saved the wear and tear of display type. Still the paper looked meagre and did

not attract the attention that I had hoped for it. It did not influence the administration nor boom up the town as I had anticipated. "The next week I wrote up a little social party and gave the name of a young man who

mpulsive at times, as I daresay you know, and

Impulsive at times, as I deresay you know, and judges everyone from his own peculiar stand-point." "Which means, in my case, I suppose, that be cause I was boru in Duxley. Tought to have earned my bread there, died there, and been buried there." "Something of the kind, doubtless. Old fash-ioned prejudices, you would call them, Mr Bris-tow."

"I dare say I should. But they are worthy of

"I dare say I should. But they are worthy c respect for all that." "Is not that somewhat of a paradox ?" "Hardly so, I think. Men like Mr Culpepten with their conservativism, and their traditions o a past—which, it should not be forgotten, was no a past, but a present, when they were young peo plant is, consequently, lot so very anticenter which the second second

a bast, but a present, when they were young peo-ple, and is, consequently, lot so very antiquated -with their faith in old institutions, old in des of thought, old friendshins, and-and old wine, are simply invaluable in this shifty, restless, out of breath era in which we live. They are like the roots of grass and taugle which bind to-gether the saudhills on a win ty shore. They e inserve for us the essence of an experience which dates from years before we were born; which will sweeten our lives, if we know how to use it is youder pot pourir of faded rose leaves sweetens this room, and whispers to us that, in summers long age, flowers as sweet bioomed and faded, as those which blossom for us to-day and will fade and leave us to-mor-row.

bioomed and taded, as those which blossom for us to-iday and will fade and leave us to-mor-row." "When you are as old as papa, Mr Bristow," said Jane, with a langh, "I believe you will be just as conservative and full of prejudices as he is." "I hope so, I m sure," said Tom carnestly. "Only my prejudices will differ in some degree from those of his father. because I happen to have been born some thirty years later in the world's history." At this nument the servant ushered in Mr Cope the bunker, and Mr Fdward Cope the bankor's son, Jane rose and introduced Tom to them as "Mr Bristow, a friend of papa's." The hankor's son stared at Tom for a moment, and then modeled his bull head, and then drawing a chair up to the piano, proceeded to take posses-sion of Jane with an air of proprietorship which brought the color for a moment into that young lady's face. The banker himself was more affable in the pompous way blat was hubitanl with him. He

The banker hinself was more affable in the pompous way that was hubitand with him. He never remembered to have heard the name of Bristow before, but being a friend of the squire, he young man was probably worth cultivating, and, in any case, there was nothing lost by a little policeness. So Mr Cope cleared his throat, and planting himself like a colosens before the vacant grate, entered with becoming seriousness upon the state of the weath-r and the prospects of the crops. When the squire cume in here min tess later. Tom and the bankor were chatting together as if they had known each other for years.

years. They all went in to dinner. Over the soup

years.
They all went in to dinner. Over the soup, said the Squire to Mr Cope: "You were tolling me, the other day, that one of your fellows at the bank died a week or two ago?"
"Yes; young Musgrave. Clever young man. Great loss to the firm."
"Wel, if you have not filled up the place, it might, penhaps, suit our young friend here." in-dicating Ton, "if you like to take him on my recommendation. I don't know whether Jonny introduced him properly, but he's the son of Dr Bristow, who attended my wife in hor last illness. Trespected his father and I like the lad, and would gladly do something for him."
The banker was scandulized. It up balmost be said that be was horrified. To think that he had been invited to meet, and, worse than that, had talked on torms of perfect equality with a young man who was in want of an ordinary clerkship—who would duabtless be glad of a stool in the back office of his bank! It was just the sort of from a man like Culpepper. His meaner towards from you? Why allow and you do anything for him?"

"Bristow," said the squire. "Bristow,--thank you--but you see-ah--young Musgrave's berth was filled up a week ago and 1'm sorry that I've nothing else just now ai all likely to suit the requirements of your -ah--protege. I'll take another spoonful of clear sour i' you pleave "

protege. I'll take another spoonner of dear stor, if you please." Tom's face was a study all this time. "Thi in for it now," he said to himself. "The banker will never speak to me again." "Ah, well," said the squire, "Till see McKenna, the electioncering agent, to-morrow. I dare say hell know of something that will suit our young friend."

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