

# A MOONLIGHT ESCAPE.

## CHAPTER III.

Effie came down the next morning a little shamed; but, to her relief, no one else was in the breakfast-room. Her father had gone out early, and Mrs. Dering was often late.

"Mrs. Watson has been inquiring for you, miss," said the footman, as he brought in the toast. "She particularly wishes to see you when you have breakfasted."

"Tell her I will see her in five minutes," said Effie, wondering what could have brought the woman there at such an early hour.

She was the grandmother of Patience Yates and rather feeble, and Effie wondered why she did not send her grandchild to see her instead of coming so far herself. That was soon explained by the fact that Patience had broken her leg the day before by a fall from the loft.

"And, if you please, miss, she do want to see you awful bad," the old woman said. "Her cry all night has been, 'Ask Miss Effie to come and see me the first thing tomorrow,' and, seeing her so worried, I made so bold as to come, hoping you'll excuse me, miss."

"Oh, poor Patience! Of course I will come this very instant!" cried Effie, always impulsive and pitiful. "At least, I will run on before you; indeed, you shall be driven down, for the cart is going to the station."

And she caught up a hat in the hall as she passed through and was flying down the avenue in a moment.

Patience was lying in her uncomfortable-looking little bed, her cheeks feverish, her eyes unnaturally bright. She gave a glad cry when Effie entered alone.

"Oh, how good of you to come, miss!" she said bursting into tears. "I have been half mad with fear all night, and I could think of no one but you to tell. Is grandmother there?" she whispered, glancing towards the door.

"She won't be here just yet," said Effie, soothingly. "Don't excite yourself, Patience. If there is anything to tell, you have time to tell it me."

The girl's manner had impressed her. Instinctively she went to the door and shut it. She was shocked to find Patience sobbing when she returned to her bedside.

"Is the pain so great?" asked Effie sympathetically.

"It's not that, miss!" sobbed the girl. "Oh, I don't know what to do!"—and she hid her face in the pillow.

"Now, Patience, I can't help you unless you confide in me," said Effie, in low measured tones that soothed the excited girl in spite of herself. "I will help you in any way in my power, but you must tell me everything."

Then, little by little, Patience confessed, and her story nearly took Effie's breath away.

It appeared that, early that summer, Patience had been married at the registrar's office of a neighbouring town to Joe Davis, the man who was now being sought for as the murderer of the gamekeeper. The young couple had confided in no one, fearing that Patience's grandmother would turn the girl out of doors if she heard of the marriage, and Joe having no home for his wife at present. They were in the habit of meeting in a lonely spot in a pine-wood known only to themselves, had been there on the fatal night, and now Joe was hiding there from the pursuit of the police. He knew that a wife cannot give evidence for or against her husband, so that he could not prove an *alibi*; circumstances were completely against him, and he feared to move.

Patience had been in the habit of taking him food every other day; now she was in despair at his being left there friendless and destitute. Hunger must send him forth into the midst of his enemies, and he would certainly be convicted.

In this emergency she could think only of applying to Effie. She knew that the latter was in the habit of taking long walks, and that the task of taking a basket to the wood would not be too arduous for her. She knew the girl was brave, and there was no one else in whom she could trust. She hurried over her story, dreading that her old grandmother might come in and interrupt; and, when it was finished, she cast her pathetic eyes up to Effie's face in a way that the girl could not resist.

"This is very dreadful, Patience!" said Effie gravely. "I don't mean about your helping Joe now; it is the deceit to your grandmother that shocks me."

"What could I do, miss? She would not fear of my marrying, and I loved him so!" said the girl simply. "I thought, if I married him, I could keep him straight; and now I have brought this upon him!"

And her sobs broke out afresh.

"Don't cry, Patience," said Effie; "that will do no good now, and only make you worse. We must see what can be done. Of course I can't speak of this to my father as he is a magistrate; he would have to give Joe up to the police."

"And you promised, miss, to tell no one!"

"And of course I will keep my promise. Well, I suppose I must go to the pine-wood this afternoon. How am I to find the cave?"

to reach the place indicated by Patience, as she must go on foot if she wished to escape attention and questioning. Then finding the cave might take some time, and probably Joe would detain her, asking after his wife. She must allow nearly three hours for all this, especially as she intended to buy some provisions at the shop in the village as she passed. Hector was coming over that afternoon; he would be naturally impatient at finding she stayed away so long, and at least ask where she had been. It was altogether a difficult enterprise. But she had undertaken it and must carry it through.

The instant luncheon was over she slipped out into the park with a large basket, in which she had already placed great slices of cold beef and a loaf of bread. In the village she bought cheese and jam, and biscuits—for Effie was a young woman who never did things by halves—and started on her quest. The way was long and difficult, and the basket was heavy, but Effie trudged along, first through the wood, and then down a ravine at the foot of which a mill-stream ran. She had now and then to spring from one boulder to another as she pursued her way by the side of this stream, and once nearly slipped into it, basket and all; but she was rather enjoying her adventure.

Effie followed the stream for some time till she came to an old ruined mill; then she crossed a field or two, climbed a steep hill on which sheep were grazing, and reached the large pine forest that stretched along a mountainous range and lost itself in the distance.

She walked along the narrow path strewn with pine cones, till she came to the heap of stones of which Patience had told her. Now her difficulties began. It was very hard to struggle through the bushes with her heavy basket, harder still to find the way, though here and there she was aided by the sight of a rag of Patience's dress that had got caught by a bush, or a broken twig that showed that some one had brushed past it. Joy—the summit reached at last; there was the hedge, there were the furze-bushes on the other side! But no sign of a cave was there, and the stillness was overpowering. For a moment Effie felt nervous, or rather awestruck. Here she was alone, with a desperate man hiding perhaps almost under her feet. Why, when Joe saw that a magistrate's daughter had found out his hiding-place, he might strike her to the ground before she could explain why she had come.

But she had not come all this way to succumb to nervousness; she put the whistle to her lips and blew it three times as directed. There was a crashing of the branches near her, and a man appeared as if by magic before her.

"Hush!" said Effie, as he stepped back with a muttered imprecation. "Patience has sent me. She is ill, and I was the only person she could trust. I have brought you some food;" and she handed him the basket.

Joe's face cleared at once; it was a dark, handsome, gypsy-like one, and his smile was pleasant, showing white even teeth.

"It's Miss Derring!" he cried. "Well, it was bold of Patience to send the likes of you on such an errand. What is the matter with her miss?" he asked anxiously.

"She hurt her leg by falling from the loft yesterday," replied Effie not caring to increase his anxiety by saying it was broken, "and will not be able to come and see you just yet. She was very uneasy about you—afraid that you would have to go out to get food; and she could not think of any one else whom she could trust. You should not have persuaded her to marry you secretly, Joe; see the harm that comes of deceit! Had it not been for that, you would not have to hide now. But I ought not to scold you at such a moment; there is no help for it now, and we must do the best we can to get you safely out of this place."

"I will not stir till they find the real murderer," said Joe stolidly. "If I do, they will take me up."

"Have you any suspicion who it is?" asked Effie.

"Yes, miss, I have; but, asking your pardon, I would not like to say. All these people are wrong about me now, and I may be wrong about him."

"You are quite right," said Effie admiringly. "And I am only sorry that such a brave fellow should have to hide as you are doing. But you have sometimes—"

"Done a little poaching?" said Joe, as she hesitated. "Yes, miss; and that is just why I am afraid to stir out now."

"Well, Patience and I must consult together as to what is best to be done," said Effie, wishing to get away, but too kind-hearted to leave the poor fellow too abruptly. "I will come again in a day or two; you must make these things last till the day after to-morrow."

"You are very kind miss; but I hope that Patience will be able to get about by that time. She is not very bad is she?"

"To tell the truth, Joe, she won't be able to come here for a long time."

"Oh, miss, what is it?" he cried anxiously.

"It is really only her leg," said Effie; but I know it will take a long time to get well. But, if she does not feel too anxious about you, she will get on nicely. And now I must go; but I should like to see this wonderful cave first."

Joe led the way to a clump of brambles, pulled away a branch and disclosed a small opening in a rock over which the brambles grew.

"Will you come in, miss?" he asked.

Effie could not resist gratifying her curiosity, and followed him, bent nearly double into a sort of natural grotto about six or seven feet square. A ray of light came through a shaft at the farther end, and this opening served to let out the smoke when Joe dared light a fire. There was a bed of dried grass and leaves with a rug thrown over it in a corner, a few kitchen utensils were near the rude fireplace, and a heap of potatoes was in another corner. A dreary enough prison for a strong healthy man accustomed to live in the open air.

"And have you to stay here all the time?" she asked compassionately.

"Not in this cave exactly, miss," replied Joe. "You see these brambles grow in a circle and quite hide the stone; and I sit here, just outside, most of the day, where no one could see me."

They had come out into the space he spoke of in front of the cave, where he could certainly get air and sunshine, though not exercise.

"And don't you ever walk?"

"Oh, yes, miss; I walk out at night, up and down under the hedge! I am afraid to go far in the dark on account of losing the cave. Sometimes I get desperate, and go on to the moorland on the days when I don't expect Patience. I have never seen a soul there, nor has Patience met any one all this time that she has been coming to see me. The only other person that knows of this cave is in America; he and I found it out quite by accident, and have often come here when out poaching."

"Enough, Joe!" said Effie, smiling. "I must not hear any of your poaching stories. I will tell Patience that you are getting on very well, and I will come the day after to-morrow; I dare say you would like a book or two."

"Oh, miss, if you would be so kind!" said Joe.

"Very well! And now good-bye, Joe! And I will give you your love to Patience."

"And, if she can come, miss, she will, I know."

"You may be sure of that!" said Effie. Then she left Joe Davis and made the best of her way home, where she found that a hue-and-cry had been raised for her. Her father had been looking for her, so that she might see a horse that he thought of purchasing; her mother had sent for her to drive out to pay a formal visit to people recently come to the county; and Hector Lyndhurst had been waiting for her for three hours.

## CHAPTER IV.

The young man looked decidedly sulky as Effie came up the lawn, flushed and dishevelled-looking. Her pretty print dress had been torn in several places in her scramble through the bushes and had a large green stain on it. Her hair had been caught in a branch, and a loose tress had escaped from the thick coils in which she wore it and hung on her shoulder. Her large garden-hat had also suffered and presented a battered appearance. Altogether the girl looked as unlike herself as was possible.

"I think you might have stayed at home for me to-day," said Hector. "Mr. and Mrs. Dering could not imagine where you had gone."

"I have been for a long walk," said Effie, trying to speak carelessly and wondering if it were possible to get redder than she was at that moment.

"So I should imagine," laughed Hector; "and a long climb, too, to judge from the state of your dress! Why did you not wait for me and let me come with you?"

Effie was rather at a loss for an answer, for two or three reasons. Concealment was utterly foreign to her nature, and she saw that she would be put through her facings as to where she had been both by Hector and by her parents. She disliked interference, and did not care to be questioned by Hector, and the idea of his having a right over her coming and going was quite painful to her.

"The fancy seized me to start off when I did," she replied, after some slight hesitation. "Do you know if there is any tea in the drawing-room? I am dying of thirst!"—and she ran up the steps and into the house.

"Dear me, what an appalling object I am!" she cried, as she caught sight of herself in a glass. "I must run up-stairs and make myself tidy. Do ring the bell for tea, Hector, whilst I am gone!"

She was not long away, but she came down transformed. A fresh white frock had displaced the torn one, her hair was neatly arrayed, and nothing remained to show that she had been taking unworied exercise but the deepened bloom on her cheeks.

"I hope you have not had tea, Hector," she said, as she seated herself at the table; "for I mean to eat a good meal. Have you seen mother?"

"I have," he replied stiffly. "She drove off to make a call about an hour ago."

"Oh, the Parkinsons, of course! What an escape I have had! If I had been here, I should have been pressed into the service; and there is nothing I hate like calling on new people."

"Parkinson? That was the man whose keeper was killed, was it not?"

"Yes," said Effie, angry with herself at finding that a burning blush was covering face and neck.

She stooped down to pick up her handkerchief, which she had let fall on purpose; but she knew that Hector had observed her heightened colour, and this made her utterly speechless.

Hector had remarked it, and determined on finding out whom the family consisted of, and whether there were any young male Parkinsons addicted to country rambles. He and Effie passed a rather *mauvais quart d'heure*; and then he had to go, as he was engaged to dine at a house a long way off.

He was too proud to ask Effie to ride part of the way home with him, and she was too embarrassed to offer her company. So, when his horse was brought round, he started off alone, and with a sinking heart Effie watched him ride away. She felt that, though really she had had no other course to pursue, Hector had a right to feel himself badly treated, and she might have been a little more gracious at first.

She felt thoroughly disgusted with everything and everybody, too tired to go out and disinclined to practice her songs. She took up a book and tried to interest herself in its contents until her parents returned. But she could not concentrate her thoughts; they would wander back to Hector. He had not even suggested coming the next day; and she had to go to the pine-wood again the day after that; so it might be some time before she saw him. She was surprised at the pain that this thought gave her.

"You must really behave better now that you are an engaged young lady," said Mrs. Dering to her daughter, as they sat on the terrace drinking their coffee after dinner. "Hector did not seem at all pleased at your wandering off in that cavalier fashion."

"He can't expect me to be at his beck and call all day," said Effie, throwing up her head.

"Still, it was rather rude to run away just as he was coming. You were away so long, too; it must have looked as if you did it on purpose. I hope you did not go away to plague him, childie?"

"No, indeed, mother dear!" said Effie, thankful that for once she could speak the truth without any mental reservation.

"Well, you must be nice to him to-morrow to make up for it," said Mrs. Dering, who was one of the most easy-going women in existence.

So he was coming to-morrow! Effie's heart gave a glad bound. Nice to him! She would be that if he gave her the chance; and she went happy and tired to bed.

She went down early to see Patience the next morning, and found her craving for news. Effie told her all that had passed, and the girl thanked her with tears in her eyes for the trouble she had taken. But she had no idea of the weight of the burden that she had laid upon Miss Dering's shoulders, or of the consequences that would arise from it.

Hector Lyndhurst came over that afternoon. He seemed rather inclined to stand on his dignity at first, but thawed rapidly under Effie's sweet influence; and they spent a very happy time together, building castles and making plans for the future, which stretched so smilingly before them. Only Effie would not hear of a nasty marriage. She was "lower young to marry yet," she said, and had not even got accustomed to the fact of her engagement. Hector must not mention the word "wedding" until next year. And with this Hector was fain to be content.

"But, at the same time, I see nothing to wait for," he said gloomily. "Many girls marry long before they are your age; and what difference would a few months make?"

"Now, Hector," laughed Effie, "it is of no use to argue with me; I mean to have my way in everything as long as I am Effie Dering!"

"And when you are Effie Lyndhurst?"

"*Nous verrons*," she said, laughing. "But I must not waste my time any more with you here," she cried. "We must both go and dress for dinner; Mr. and Miss Parkinson are coming to dine."

"Why, I thought your mother paid her first visit there yesterday!"

"Yes; but mother is not ceremonious. She took a fancy to the girl—whom we have met two or three times at the houses of common friends—and asked her to come over and dine and bring her brother."

Hector was not too well pleased; he wanted a stroll with Effie after dinner, and of course that would now be impossible. However, he could not dictate to his future mother-in-law as to the invitations she might choose to give, so he followed his beloved into the house—they had been sitting out on the lawn—and determined to make himself generally agreeable at dinner.

It was not difficult to be agreeable to the Parkinsons; they were both charming—Mabel was a most fascinating girl, though not strikingly pretty, and her brother Harold was far too good-looking, in Hector's opinion, to sit on the other side of the table with Effie. In fact, these two got on so well together that the young man opposite felt inclined to be jealous. Mrs. Dering monopolised him, while her husband talked to Miss Parkinson, so Effie and Harold Parkinson had a long tete-a-tete.

Effie found him delightful. The Parkinsons were nouveaux riches; but these young people showed no trace of that fact in appearance, conversation, or manner, unless it might be that they were easier in manner than is usual among young men and maidens in these days. Parkinson pere had bought a mansion called Fairleigh House, with very large preserves; Harold seemed devoted to field sports and looked forward to the hunting season with rapture. This was at once a bond of friendship between him and Effie, and they discussed the relative merits of their different horses during at least three courses.

At last, to Hector's relief, the conversation became general. It turned eventually on the murder of the Parkinsons' gamekeeper. Mr. Parkinson had offered a very large reward to the discoverer of the murderer; and detectives, both professional and amateur, were on the lookout at all the seaport towns, as well as in London, for this very Joe Davis who was in hiding so near the scene of the crime.

"How he has not been found is a mystery to me," said Harold Parkinson, "as he has distinctive marks, it appears. I never saw the fellow, but I hear that he is particularly good-looking and dark—swarthy as a gypsy, they say—taller than the usual run, and holding himself like a soldier, with very white teeth and a deep scar near the left temple. There are not many Englishmen of his class to whom that description could apply."

"When was he seen here last?" asked Mrs. Dering.

"The day after the poaching affray," replied Harold. "He pretended to have known nothing about it; then one of his friends warned him that he was suspected and he disappeared from that day."

"I think he must be hiding somewhere near," said Mabel.

Effie felt her cheeks beginning to burn. Just at that moment she caught Hector's eyes fixed upon her. This had not the effect of lessening her color, and her lover was left to imagine the reason of the vivid blush. He did not connect it with the poacher, and in his jealous mind put it down to a glance of admiration from Harold Parkinson, who was helping her to strawberries at the time. Hector became noticeably silent for the remainder of the repast, and Effie was glad when the ladies rose from the table.

She wandered out upon the terrace with Mabel, while Mrs. Dering sat by the open window, interchanging a word with the girls now and then as they passed her. Then the two young men came out, and the young people paired off in the inevitable fashion. It was a relief to Effie to be obliged to walk with Harold. She had an idea that Hector would question her as to her confusion at dinner; but he had apparently forgotten it for the moment, though it served as a link in the chain of future events. He was now racked with jealousy at the sound of Effie's light laugh as she and Parkinson strolled along together, and could hardly frame replies to Mabel Parkinson's attempts at conversation.

The young lady—who, being moderately good-looking, more than moderately clever, and exceedingly well off, was not accustomed to being treated in this off-hand fashion—found her companion so extremely uninteresting that she left him abruptly for the more congenial society of Mrs. Dering; and Hector, not liking to join the other couple—or rather wander in search of them, for they had disappeared into the shrubbery, as Harold had expressed a wish to see the tennis-court—sat gloomily nursing his jealous thoughts till the trunks returned, and Mrs. Dering suggested music.

When the Parkinsons had gone, and Effie made an opportunity of conversing with her sulky young lover, those two had the usual little tiff that accompanied what Hector was pleased to call Miss Effie's flirtations; but they made it up in a few minutes, Hector vowing that he was a brute, and that he would never be such a fool again etcetera.

"Don't say that," said Effie, raising her charming head from his shoulder, where it had been contentedly reposing for a moment.

"You know, Hector, if we were never to quarrel, we could never make it up." This speech sent him home more infatuated about her than ever.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Effect of Music on Animals.

The horse can distinguish between musical notes. "There was a work horse of my own," says Mr. Stephens in his "Book of the Farm," "that even at his corn would desist eating and listen attentively, with pricked and moving ears and steady eyes, the instant he heard the note low G sounded, and would continue to listen so long as it was sustained; and another that was similarly affected by a particularly high note." The recognition of the sound of the bugle by a trooper, and the excitement occasioned in the hunter when the pack give tongue, are familiar instances of the power of horses to discriminate between different sounds; they never mistake one call from another.

Recognizing the love of horses for music, a wealthy enthusiast in the latter part of the seventeenth century had regular concerts provided for the benefit of his stud. Jacques Bonnet, when in Holland in 1688, visited the stable, and saw there the raised orchestra from which, once a week, a selection of favorite airs was played to cheer up the spirits of the listening animals.

On sheep and cattle, music, both vocal and instrumental, has a highly beneficial effect. There is a poetic saying among the Arabs that the song of the shepherd fattens the sheep more than the richest pastures of the plains, and the saying rests, no doubt, on a foundation of fact. Eastern shepherds are in the habit of singing and piping to quicken the action of the flocks under their charge. Alamb which had a discriminating ear mentioned by Mr. J. G. Wood. It delighted in the brisk and lively tunes, such as are set for polkas and quadrilles, but abhorred all slow and solemn compositions. This frivolous lamb had the deepest detestation for the national anthem, and would set up such a continuous baa-baa as soon as its ears were struck with the unwelcome sounds that the musician was fain to close the performance, being silenced by mirth if not by pity.

When cows are sulky, milkmaids in the Highlands of Scotland often sing to them to restore them to good humor. In France the oxen that work in the fields are regularly sung to as an encouragement to exertion, and no peasant has the slightest doubt but that the animals listen to him with pleasure.

Deer are delighted with the sound of music. A traveler in England speaks of meeting a herd of stags upon the road, following a bagpipe and violin. When the music played, they went forward; when it ceased, they all stood still, and in this manner they were brought up out of Yorkshire to Hampton Court.

The cheering influence of music is seen in the case of camels. During their long and painful marches the conductors of caravans often comfort their animals by playing on instruments. The music has such an effect that, however fatigued they may be by their heavy loads, the animals step out with renewed vigor.

Seals are very fond of music, and have been known to follow a boat for a long distance in which some one was playing. According to some authorities, the seal prefers the sound of the bagpipe to that of any other instrument.

Sir John Hawkins says that one evening a friend of his was playing by himself in a house. He had not played a quarter of an hour when he saw several spiders descend from the ceiling, which came and ranged themselves about the table to hear him play, at which he was greatly surprised; but this did not interrupt him, being willing to see the end of such an occurrence. They remained on the table till somebody came to tell him that supper was ready, when, having ceased to play, he told me these insects mounted to their webs, to which he would suffer no injury to be done. It was a diversion with which he often entertained himself out of curiosity. —[The Leisure Hour.

## French Love Songs.

The love songs of France may be traced back to the time of the Crusaders and chivalry, when the influence of women began to be felt in society, and they were no longer treated as inferior beings, but set upon a pedestal to be worshipped. The troubadours and trouveres singing from one end of France to the other mingled with this new cult all the beauty and romance of nature, all the love of Spring, the delight in trees and flowers and nightingales, the rapture of sunset and sunrise, the music of running water. Thus the eleventh century seemed to bring a new world into being, but it was only what men learned to see, and that feelings which had always existed found their way into words and melody. Songs as old as this still exist and are popular, and by adding an accompaniment to the old simple airs, M. Tiersot justifies his claim for them to be placed higher in the scale of art than their more modern successors.

In this old world of sentimental song the most remarkable cycle is that of the pastorals. One is at first apt to connect this name with all manner of unreality, and to see the shepherds and shepherdesses in court dress, or at least from a country point of view. And truly, the pastoral songs and poems which owed their existence to troubadours and trouveres did at last find their way to town and court, and the original "Robin et Marion," itself popular in the right sense even to this day, was the forerunner of "Tircis," "Aminie," "Philis," "Lisidas"—all the dancing throng with ribbons and crooks which made M. Jourdain ask, "Pourquoi toujours ces bergers?"

These mock pastorals, as everybody knows, are a study in themselves. They have not interfered with the old peasant pastorals, any more than the ordinary popular love songs of the Middle Ages have disappeared because so many of them, losing their way, strayed also into the artificial air of courts, and thus lost too their own special character. Yet they have lived a double life, like other songs, and linger on in their old forms among their old companions in the peasant world to which they really belong, and of which, on its sentimental side—which exists in spite of the esprit gaulois—they give a true picture. —[The Contemporary Review.

A Rochester physician who has been experimenting on the subject avers that the mosquito can readily be exterminated by the use of petroleum.