



new I can see the light upon his proud, handsome face, and see also my dear father, concerned at having touched upon so terrible a memory, shooting little anxious glances at me...

masterful ways, should be my own blood relation, and I could see from my mother's eyes that she turned to me with the same thought in her mind. All this time Ambrose had been standing like a dark-clad, bronze-faced image by the door, with the big silver-bound box under his arm...

CHAPTER V.—Continued. He pointed at the speaker, and there was a high crimson carriage coming down the London road, with two lay ladies harnessed tandem fashion before it...

He pointed at the speaker, and there was a high crimson carriage coming down the London road, with two lay ladies harnessed tandem fashion before it. The reins and fittings were of a light fawn color and the gentleman had a driving coat to match...

"You number yourself in an illustrious company by dipping your finger and thumb into it," said he. "Indeed, sir," said my father. "You are free of my box as being a relative by marriage. You are free also, nephew, and I pray you to take a pinch. It is the most intimate sign of my good will...



My mind would dwell upon the fall of the cards, and I was tossing and turning in my bed, when suddenly a cry fell upon my ears, and then a second louder one coming from the direction of Captain Barrington's room. Five minutes later I heard steps passing down the passage, and, without striking a light, I opened my door and peeped out, thinking that some one was coming unwell...

And those twinkling eyes, it was hard to know to take him. "A woman, sir, my love to bestow," said my uncle. "A man has his snuff box. Neither is to be lightly offered. It is a lapse of taste; nay more, it is a breach of morals. Only the other day, as was seated in Walter's, my box of mine Macouba open upon the table beside me, an Irish bishop thrust in his intrusive fingers..."

"You won't forget us, Roddy? You won't forget us," said my mother. "Why, mother, I'm going to take you away from us. I'm not, mother."

"You will excuse my apparent grossness, Mary, in venturing to bring by own larder with me. Abertrey has me under his orders and I must chew of the prime Macouba dainties. A little white wine and a cold quality—it is as much as the nigardly Scotchman will allow me to have upon a blockading service when the levanters are blowing," said my father. "Salt junk and weevily biscuits, with a rib of a tough Barbary ox when the tenders glazing eyes. But the rest, you spare diet, there, sir."

My uncle had turned quite pale with the vividness of the memory, and he passed his hand over his eyes. "It was crimson," said he, with a shudder. "Captains, with him crack, crack, crack, but I will give you dreams, sister Mary. Suffice it that we rushed up the stair which led to the captain's room, and there we found him lying, with the benedictum gleaming white through his throat. A hunting knife lay in the room—and the knife was Lord Avon's. A lace ruffe was found in the dog man's grasp, and the ruffe was Lord Avon's. Some papers were found charred in the grate—and the papers were Lord Avon's. Oh, my poor friend, in what a moment of madness did you come to do such a deed?"

"It is pleasant to hear you say so," said my uncle. "One has to come into the countenance to hear honest loyalty, for a sneer and a jibe are the most common of offenses in the line of my profession. The king is grateful to me for the interest which I have ever shown in his son. He likes to think that the prince has a man of taste in his circle."

"You will find it here upon your table," said my mother. "You look older. You look 18—at least, I find him very passable. Mary is very pretty indeed. He has not the best air, the countenance—in our uncouth English we have no word for it. But he is as healthy as a May hedge in bloom."

"I know that he spoke of his visit to Cliffe Royal at the time of the murder, and I saw by her face that my mother knew it also. My father, however, had either never heard of it, or had forgotten the circumstance. "Was it at the inn you stayed?" he asked. "I stayed with the unfortunate Lord Avon. It was the time when he was accused of slaying his younger brother and fled from the country."

"I know not how things are at Cliffe Royal now," said she, thoughtfully. "It was not a cheery house even before this shadow fell upon it. A fitter stage was never set for such a tragedy. But seventeen years have passed and perhaps even that horrible ceiling—" "It still bears the stain," said I. "I know not which of the three was the more astonished for my father had not heard of my adventures of the night. They have looked their wondering eyes of me as I told my story, and my heart swelled with pride when my uncle said that he had carried ourselves well, and that he did not care that many of our age would have stood to it as stoutly."

"There is truth in that," said he, thoughtfully. "You saw no features, you say?" "It was too dark." "The dark outline of one." "And it retreated up the stairs?" "Yes." "And vanished into the wall?" "At what part of the wall?" cried a voice from behind us. "My mother screamed, and down came my father, pipe under the beard. I had sprung round with a catch of my breath, and there was the valet Ambrose, his body in the shadow of the doorway, his dark face protruded like a light, and two burning eyes fixed upon mine.

"I never knew you to forget yourself before," said my uncle. "You are forgiven, my dear Charles, if you will call to mind the relation in which I stood to Lord Avon. He spoke with some dignity of manner, and, with a bow, he left the room. "We must make some little allowance," said my uncle, with a sudden return to his jaunty manner. "When a man can brew a dish of chocolate or take a cravat an Ambrose is a useful piece of furniture."

"The Iowa supreme court decides that when before marriage a woman incurs debt on her own credit, the husband cannot be held responsible therefor." "A belated romance has just come to an end directed to whoever should find it, put in a blue satin bag, and shut it in the secret drawer of a writing desk. The writing desk was bought at an auction by a colonel on the retired list, who found the letter and spent some time in hunting up the writer. It was found that she was a Gray sister and was now over 70 years of age. The engagement has been recently announced in New York of Miss Corcoran, a Briskie, daughter of Mr. Augustus Zabriskie, to William Temple Emmet, the son of a loyal descendant of Robert Emmet, the Irish patriot, whose name the monument stands in Trinity churchyard, and whose descendants have spread and increased in so many different directions that it is difficult to distinguish the branches.

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There is another small piece of business which has to perform, and he believes that by reason of the support of his services it is probable that at one time might have held the championship. In those days poor Avon and I were his principal backers. I should like to have a word with him on the subject. (To Be Continued.)

THE RIVER PLATE. Written for The Sunday Bee. The broad old Platte, with shifting isles of yellow sand, and silver ribbon, blotched with spots of gold, Throughout the grass-paved floors of the busy and the quiet, has been driving along he suddenly seized me by the arm, exclaiming: "Stop! Hold on a minute!" "I pulled up the horse and saw Billy-Bee. Darn! turning a whiffet just below the road. As usual, he had no crown on his hat, and the hot July sun was beating down on his shiny pate in a way that threatened mustard on his nostrils and hair on his chin. "My good man," said the bishop, "don't you know your unrepentant lead will take your brain? You'll fall, do you suppose? I had any brain I'd be turning this waddler!"

CONSUALITIES. Edward Green and his wife of Shuteauville were celebrated on the sixth anniversary of their marriage last week. Some fathers stand up with the bride at the wedding, and others are content to put up. When the debt-battered young king of Serbia came to America to pick up a millionaire bride the tuff-hunters may give him the "blind hand," but it's a 16 to 1 bet the heiress will give him the "marble heart."

THE THRESHOLD. My father sent me to bed early that night, though I was very eager to stay up, for every word which this man said held my captivation. I was a girl of 12 years of age, and my father was to be about myself and my own prospects, so I was dispatched to my room, whence for the night I could hear the deep growl of my father's tones of my uncle, with an occasional gentle murmur from my mother, as they talked in the room beneath.

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Wanted: A man who is generally known by the sobriquet of Billy-be-Dunn, who earned it by reason of the support of his services it is probable that at one time might have held the championship. In those days poor Avon and I were his principal backers. I should like to have a word with him on the subject.