RE-APPEARANCE OF MICK M'QUAID.

At the earnest solicitation of numerous readers of the Shamrock, Captain WM. LYNAM has been induced to present the redoubtable Mick M'Quaid in an entirely new and original character. Having made so distinguished a figure in the world of politics, of law, of logic, and divinity, what more natural that now, when his hot youth has nearly passed, he should set about making provision for that time when competence becomes not only desirable, but necessary. Accordingly, our next acquaintance with our hero will be as a financier.

MICK M'QUAID, SPECULATOR,

will advance from small beginnings in the world of finance to a very exalted position, and we can promise our readers that his humour shall be as racy and his adventures as exciting as when he last appeared before them. The first chapter of

MICK M'QUAID, SPECULATOR,
appears on

THIS DAY (SATURDAY, 1st MAY, 1875),

and we trust that he will still further extend the circle of his already extensive acquaintance, for as the Proprietor of the Shamrock spares no expense to cater for the amusement of his readers, he trusts that they shall, in return, endeavour to extend its circulation as much as possible, in order that his increased outlay may be remunerative.

"Mick M'Quaid, Speculator," will be illustrated by appropriate Engravings.

In addition to "Mick M'Quaid" another original Serial Story is commenced, entitled—

THE CHAIN OF DESTINY,

By A. STOKES, Esq.

We also give

A PAGE OF ORIGINAL MUSIC,
Specially Arranged for the Shamrock by T. J. Jackson, Esq., Musical Director of the Gaiety Theatre. With the following complete Tales, Poems, &c.:

The May Charm. A Summer Idyl. By Tiria (Illustrated).
Tom Kearney's Visit to the Lower Regions.
A Remarkable Dream.
"'Them Grasshoppers."
Random Sketches—No. II.: The Poor-law Guardian.
The Legend of the Black Friar.
Irish Gallantry.
Genealogy of Irish Names, Cookery Lessons, Diamond Dust, Conversazione, &c., &c.

Agents are requested to order early to ensure their receiving their full supply

THE MAY CHARM.

A SUMMER IDYL.

BY TIRIA.

With blush like that of morning
When coldly through the grey
She eyes young fiery Phoebus
Light up the rose day,
Hied Laura to the arbour
Beyond the orchard gate,
To learn by elves' enchantment
The secret of her fate.

To seek that one revealing
By mystic fairy lore
That gilds or glorifies maiden
Her life, her evermore.
If he or scorned or prized her
The youth whose glance is bright
Had set her poor heart throbbing
With all of love's delight.

For though his voice like music
Fall softly as he spoke,
To her no words of loving
His plaintive accents broke.
Though with her he danced only
Her hand he ne'er had pressed,
Though sad sighs rack'd his bosom
Their source he ne'er confest.

And so the maid half fearful
The fairy wish'd had sought,
To learn by elf enchantment
Young Colin's hidden thought.
If for her were his sighings,
His sudden paling cheek,
The glow that lit his comely face
When'er her name he'd speak.

The boldsame heard her story
And took the proffer'd foe.
"Now an' ye w't, my bonnie maid,
Ye'll listen aye to me:
Go take, while April's dying
A budding hawthorn spray,
And hide it mid some garden flowers
Ere breaks the dawn of May.
""One tiny slip peel from it
And let it closely cling
Around that taper finger,
Named of the wedding ring.
Your lover then thrice calling,
You'll hide the spray from view.
And if it blooms at morning
He holds his heart for you."
Young Laura sought the hedgerows,
While the eve fell calm and bright,
And the singing birds were silent
In the dying April's light,
And she took a budding thornlet
And she stripp'd it a shive to wear,
Then hid it in a garden vase
While naming thrice her dear.
O blissful was her dreaming
That night upon her head;
O radiant broke the morn
In a glory o'er her head;
And the linnets troll'd their wood-notes
As she blithely stole away
Out to the shadowy arbour
To read the Charm of May.
The May-day sun was shining,
The May-day skies were blue,
The May flowers peep'd in gladness
With many a rainbow'd hue.
But rival'd she the splendour
Of flowers, and sun, and skies—
Ah, who could hazard their beauty
That looked in Laura's eyes?
THE SHAMROCK

IN FOUR PARTS.

L-A WARNING.

It was so late in the evening when I arrived at Scarp that I had but little opportunity of observing the exterior appearance of the house; but, as far as I could judge in the dim twilight, it was a very stately edifice of seemingly great age, built of white stone. When I passed the porch, however, I could observe its internal beauties much more closely, for a large wood fire burned in the hall, and all the rooms and passages were lighted. The hall was almost baronial in size, and opened on to a staircase of dark oak so wide and so generous in its slope that a carriage might almost have been driven up it. The rooms were large and lofty, with their walls, like those of the porch quite level with the floor and almost to the ceiling. The fireplaces were quite in the old style, large and surrounded with massive oak carvings, representing on each some scene from Biblical history, and at the side of each fireplace rose a pair of massive carved iron fire-dogs. It was altogether just such a house as would have delighted the heart of Washington Irving or Nathaniel Hawthorne.

The house had been lately restored; but in effecting the restoration comfort had not been forgotten, and any modern improvements which tended to increase the homelike appearance of the rooms had been thrown out of the way. The passages, which had remained probably from the Elizabethan times, had new paper, more useful plate glass, and, in a like manner, many other changes had taken place. But so judiciously had every change been effected that nothing of the new clashed with the old, but the harmony of all the parts quite level with the floor and almost to the ceiling. I thought it no wonder that Mrs. Trevor had fallen in love with Scarp the first time she had seen it. Mrs. Trevor telling the place was tantamount to her husband's buying it; for he was so wealthy that he could get almost anything money could purchase. He was himself a man of good taste, but still he felt his inferiority to his wife in this respect so much that he never wanted to differ in opinion from her on any matter of choice or judgment. Mrs. Trevor had, without exception, the best taste of any one whom I ever knew, and, strange to say, her taste was not confined to any branch of art.

She would be seen, or song; but still she held in judgment in writing, painting, or music, was unique in all. She had never seen as if it were not to her power to execute in any separate branch of art, in order to make her perfect in her appreciation of what was beautiful and true in all. She was perfect in the art of harmony in its varied life. Her husband used to say, with a far-fetching joke, that her star must have been burned out in the House of Lords because everything which she said and did showed such a nicety of balance.

Mr. and Mrs. Trevor were the most model couple I ever knew; they usually seemed not to care, but one. They appeared to have adopted some of the French ideas of man and wife—friendship should be the less like friends because they were linked together by indissoluble bonds—that they should share their pleasures as well as their sorrows. The former outweighed the latter, for both husband and wife were of that happy temperament which can take pleasure from everything, and find consolation even in the chas-}

There was something simple and holy in their patient endurance of their lonely life—for lonely a house it was, never had without children to those who love truly. Theirs was not the eager, disapproving longing of those whose union had proved fruitless. It was the simple, patient, hopeless resignation of those who find that a common sorrow draws them more closely together that many common joys. I myself could not doubt the warmth with which their strong phi-lopogressive feeling in their manner towards me.
"Well, I am vain enough to think that your saying that you knew I would fall in love with her was a sort of indirect praise."

"Dear me, Frank, how modest you have grown. A sort of indirect praise! Your humility is quite touching."

"May I ask who the lady is, as I am supposed to be an interested party?"

"I do not know that I ought to tell you on account of your having expressed any doubts as to her merits. Besides, I might weaken the effect of the introduction. If I stimulate your curiosity it will be a point in my favour."

"Oh, very well, I suppose I must only wait?"

"Ah, well, Frank, I will tell you. It is not fair to keep you waiting. She is a Miss Pithering."

"Pithering? Pithering? I think I know that name. I remember hearing it somewhere, a long time ago, if I do not mistake. What does she come from?"

"Her father is a clergyman in Norfolk, but he belongs to the Warwickshire family. I met her at Winthrop, Sir Harry Blount’s place, a few months ago, and took a great liking for her, which she returned, and so we became fast friends. I had promised her to pay her a visit this summer, so she and her sister were coming here on Thursday to stay for some time."

"And, may I be bold enough to inquire what she is like?"

"You may inquire if you like, Frank; but you won’t get an answer. I shall not try to describe her. You must wait and judge for yourself."

"Well, said I, “three whole days! How can I do that? Do tell me.”"

She remained firm in her determination. I tried several times in the course of the evening to find out something more about Miss Pithering, for my curiosity was roused; but all the answer I could get on the subject was—"Wait, Frank; wait, and judge for yourself."

When I was bidding her good night, Mrs. Trevor said to me—

"By-the-bye, Frank, you will have to give up the room which you will sleep in to-night, after to-morrow. I will have such a full house that I cannot let you have a doubled-bedded room all to yourself; so I will give that room to the Miss Pitherings, and above you up to the second floor. I just want you to see the room, as it has a romantic look about it, and has an old furnishing that was in it when we came here. There are several pictures in it worth looking at."

My bedroom was a large chamber—immense for a bedroom—with two windows opening level with the floor, like those of the parlour and drawing-rooms. The furniture was of old-fashioned, but not old enough to be curious, and on the walls hung many pictures—portraits—the house was full of portraits—and landscapes. I just glanced at them, intending to examine them in the morning, and went down to the long drawing-room, and I lay awake for some time looking dreamily at the shadows of the furniture flitting over the walls and ceiling, as the flames of the wood fire leaped and fell, and the red embers dropped whitening on the hearth. I tried to give the reins to my thoughts, but they kept constant recurrence on the subject of that woman whom I was to fall in love. I was sure that I had heard her name somewhere, and I had at times lazy recollections of a child’s face. At such times I would start awake from my growing drowsiness, but before I could collect my scattered thoughts the idea had eluded me. I could remember neither when nor where I had heard the name, nor could I recall even the expression of the child’s face. It must have been long, long ago, when I was young. When I was young my mother was alive. My mother—mother—mother. I found myself half awakening, and repeating the word over and over again. At last I fell asleep.

I awoke with a start, as it were, from a peculiar feeling which we sometimes have on starting from sleep, as if some one had been speaking in the room, and the voice is still echoing through it. "All was quite silent, and the fire had gone out. I looked out of the window that lay straight opposite the foot of the bed, and observed a lighted room on the other side of the house, where the window was now brighter till the room was almost as light as by day. The window looked like a picture in the framework formed by the cornice over the foot of the bed, and the massive pillars shrouded in curtains which supported it.

With the new ascension of light I looked round the room, but nothing was changed. The furniture and ornaments were in the same relative position, and the objects of furniture and ornament were shown in stronger relief than hitherto. Amongst these, those most in relief were the other bed, which was placed across the room, and an old picture that hung on the wall at its foot. I mused, the counterpart of the other bed. When I lay, my attention was fixed on the picture; I observed it closely and with great interest. It seemed old, and was a portrait of a young girl, whose face, though kindly and merry, bore signs of thought and a capacity for deep feeling—almost for passion. At some moments, as I looked at it, it called up before me a vision of Shakespeare’s Beatrice, and once I thought of Beatrice Cenci. But this was probably caused by the association of ideas suggested by the similarity of names.

The light in the room seemed to grow even brighter, so I looked again out of the window to see its source, and saw there a lovely sight. It seemed as if there were windows without the window three lovely children, who seemed to float in mid-air. The light seemed to spring from a point far behind them, and by their side was something dark and shadowy, which served to set off their fair rays.

The children seemed to be smiling in something in the room, and, following their glances, I saw that their eyes rested upon the other bed. There, strange to say, the head which I had lately seen in the picture rested upon the pillow. I looked at it, and it was not the same. It was, however, the same individual. Then I looked at the bed again, and saw the young girl asleep, with the expression of her face constantly changing, as though she was dreaming.

As I was observing her, a sudden look of terror spread over her face, and she sat up like a sleep-walker, with her eyes wide open, staring out of the window.

Again turning to the window, my gaze became fixed, for a great and weird change had taken place. The figures were still there, but their features and expressions had become woefully different. Instead of the happy innocent look of childhood was one of malignity. With the change of the children, I had grown old, and now the hags, decrepit and deformed, like typical witches, were before me.

But a thousand times worse than this transformation was the change in the dark mass that was near them. From a cloud, misty and undefined, it became the form of a body. This mass grew darker and fuller, till at length it made me shudder. There stood before me the phantom of the Fiend. There was a long period of dead silence, in which I could hear the beating of my heart; but at length the phantom spoke to the others. His words seemed to issue from his lips mechanically, and were expression—"To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow. The fairest and the best." He looked so awful that the question arose in my mind—"Would I dare to face him without the window—would one dare to go amongst those fiends?" A harsh, strident, diabolical laugh from without seemed to answer my unasked question in the affirmative.

But as well as the laugh I heard another sound—the tones of a sweet and voice in despair coming across the room.

"Oh, alone, alone! Is there no human tinge near me? No hope—no hope. I shall go mad—or die."

The last words were spoken with a gasp.

I tried to jump out of bed, but could not stir, my limbs were bound in sleep. The young girl’s head fell suddenly back upon the pillow, and the limp-hanging jaw and wide-open, purposeless mouth spoke but too plainly of what had happened.

Again I heard from without the diabolical laughter, which grew louder and louder, till at last it grew so strong that in very horror I shook amidst my sleep and sat up in bed. I listened and heard a knocking at the door, but in another moment I became more awake, and knew that the sound came from the hall. It was, no doubt, Mr. Trevor returning from his party.

The hall-door was opened and shut, and then came a subdued sound of tramping and voices, but this sound died away, and there was silence throughout the house.

I lay awake for long thinking, and looking across the room at the picture and at the empty bed; for the moon now shone brightly, and the night was regenerated by the entire absence of noise and of lightning. At times the silence was broken by an owl screeching outside.

"As I lay awake, pondering. I was very much troubled by what I had seen; but at length, putting several things together, I came to the conclusion that I had had a dream of a kind that might have been expected. The light at the hall-door, the screeching of the owl, the empty bed, and the face in the picture, when grouped together, supplied materials for the main facts of the vision. The rest was, of course, the offering of pure fancy, and the natural consequence of the component elements mentioned and the others with which each other was associated."

I got up and looked out of the window, but saw nothing but the broad belt of moonlight glittering on the bosom of the lake, which extended miles and miles away, till its farther shores was lost in the night haze, and the great length of it was shrouded in bushes and tall growths. This broke the view, and the length of the lake was lost in the background."

The vision had utterly faded. However, this does not say—so I suppose, I should call it—was very powerful, and I slept, no more till the sunight was streaming broadly in at the window, and then I fell into a deep (TO BE CONTINUED)
THE CHAIN OF DESTINY.

IN FOUR PARTS.

BY A. STOKER, ESQ.

II.—MORE LINKS.

Late in the morning I was awakened by Parks, Mr. Trevor's man, who always used to attend on me when I visited friends. He brought me hot water and the local news; and, chatting with him, I forgot for a time my alarm of the night.

Parks was staid and elderly, and a type of the class now rapidly disappearing—the class of old family servants who are as proud of their masters' home as their masters are of name and rank. Like all old servants, he had a great loving for all sorts of traditions. He believed them, and feared them, and had the profound reverence for anything which had a story.

I asked him if he knew anything of the legendary history of Scarp. He answered with an air of doubt and hesitation, as if of course delivering an opinion which was still incomplete.

"Well, sir, Master Frank, that Scarp is so old that it must have any number of legends; but it is so long since it was inhabited that no one in the village remembers them. The place seems to have become in a kind of way forgotten, and died out of people's thoughts, and so I am very much afraid, sir, that all the genuine history is lost."

"What do you mean by the genuine history?" I inquired.

"Well, sir, I mean the true tradition, and not the inventions of the village folk. I heard the sexton tell some stories, but I am quite sure that they were not true, for I asked, Master Frank, that he did not believe them himself, but was only trying to frighten us."

"And could you not hear of any story that appeared to you to be true?"

"No, sir, and I tried very hard. You see, Master Frank, that there is a sort of club held every week in the tavern down in the village, composed of very respectable men, sir,—men with a sort of social influence, and they asked me to be their chairman. I spoke to the master about it, and he gave me leave to accept their proposal. I accepted it at their point of it; and from my position I have of course a fine opportunity of making inquiries. It was at the club, sir, that I was, last night, so that I was not here to attend on you, which I hope that you will excuse."

Parks's air of mingled pride and condescension, as he made the announcement of the club, was very fine, and the effect was heightened by the composure with which he almost made his address. He answered with a very slight relapse.

"Well, sir, there was one woman in the village who was awfully old and doting, and she evidently knew something about Scarp, for when she heard the name she mumbled out something about "swine stories," and "times of horror," and such like things, but I couldn't make her understand what I was wanted to know, or keep her up to point of it."

"And have you tried often, Parks? Why do you not try again?"

"She is dead, sir!"

I had felt inclined to laugh at Parks when he was telling me of the old woman. The way in which he gloated over the words "awful stories," and "times of horror," was beyond the power of description; it should have been heard and seen, if it had not been properly appreciated. His voice became deep and mysterious, and he almost smacked his lips at the thought of so much加倍for nightmares. But when he calmly told me that the woman was dead, a sense of blankness, mingled with, came upon me. Here, the last link between myself and the mysterious past was broken, never to be mended. All the rich stores of legend and tradition that had arisen from strange conjunctures of circumstances, and from the belief and imagination of long lines of villagers, loyal to their ancestral lord, were lost forever. I felt quite sad and disappointed; and no attempt was made either by Parks or I to continue the conversation.

Mr. Trevor came presently into my room, and having greeted each other warmly we went together to breakfast.

At breakfast Mr. Trevor asked me what I thought of the girl's portrait in my bedroom. We had often had discussions into characters in faces for we were both physiognomists, and he had asked the question as if she were really curious to hear my opinion. I told him that I had only seen it for a short time, and so would rather not attempt to give a final opinion without a more careful study; but from what I had seen of it I had been favourably impressed.

"Well, Frank, after breakfast go and look at it again carefully, and then tell me exactly what you think about it."

After breakfast I did as directed and returned to the breakfast room, where Mrs. Trevor was still sitting.

"Well, Frank, what is your opinion—mind, correctly. I want it for a particular reason?"

I told her what I thought of the girl's character; which, if there be any truth in physiognomy, must have been a very fine one.

"You like the face?"

I answered—

"It is a great pity that we have none such not-a-days. They seem to have died out with Sir Johnna and Grouze. If I could meet such a girl as I believe the prototype of that portrait to have been I would be never happy till I had made her my wife."

To my intense astonishment my hostess jumped up and clapped her hands. I asked her what she did it for, and she laughed as she replied in a mocking tone mimicking my voice—

"But suppose for a moment that your kind intentions should be frustrated. 'One man may lead a horse to the pond's brink.' The best laid schemes o' m/men an' women. Eh?"

"Well," said I, "I think maybe some point in the observation. I suppose there must be since you made it. But for my part I don't see it."

"Oh, I forgot to tell you, Frank, that that portrait might have been painted for Diana Fothering." I felt a blush steals over my face. She observed it and took my hand between hers as she sat down on the sofa, and said to me tenderly—

"Frank, my dear boy, I intend to jest with you no more on the subject. I have a conviction that you will like Diana, which has been strengthened by your admiration for her portrait, and from what I know of him. I suppose you are not afraid that she will like you. Charlie and I both wish to see you married, and we would not think of a wife for you who was not in every way eligible. I have never met a girl like Di; and if you and she fancy each other it will be Charlie's pleasure and my own to enable you to marry as far as means are concerned. Now, don't speak. You must know perfectly well how much we both love you. We have always regarded you as our son, and we intend to treat you as such only when it pleases God to separate us. There, now, think the matter over, after you have seen Diana. But, I am sure that you love each other very well and truly, we would far rather not see you involved in any events, whatever may happen you have our best wishes and prayers for your happiness."

God bless you, Frank, my dear, dear boy."

There were tears in her eyes as she spoke. When she had finished she leaned over, drew down my head and kissed my forehead very, very tenderly, and then got up softly and left the room. I felt inclined to cry myself. Her words to me were tender, affectionate, and womanly, but I cannot attempt to describe the infinite tenderness and beauty of her voice and manner. I prayed for every blessing on every secret heart, and the swelling of my throat did not prevent my praying. I almost felt sure that I have been bewitched in the world like Mrs. Trevor, but if there had been I had never met any of them, except herself.

As may be imagined, I was most anxious to see Miss Fothering, and for the remainder of the day I was constantly in my thoughts. That evening a letter came from the younger Miss Fothering apologising for her not being able to keep her promise with reference to her visit, on account of the unexpected arrival of her aunt, with whom she was obliged to go to Paris for some months. That night I slept in my own room, and had neither dream nor vision. I awoke in the morning half ashamed of having ever paid any attention to such a silly circumstance as a strange dream in my first night in an old house.

After breakfast next morning, as I was going along the corridor, I saw the door of my old bedroom, and went in to have another look at the portrait. Whilst I was looking around it I began to wonder if it could be that it was so like Miss Fothering. I felt a little uneasy at it, as I began to wonder if it could be that it was so like Miss Fothering. The more I thought of this the more it puzzled me, as the figure in the bed, the phantasms out in the night, and the ominous words—"The fairest and the best"—all the possibilities of the lost legends of the old house through so quickly into my mind that I began to feel a buzzing in my ears and my head began to swim, so that I was obliged to sit down.

"Could it be possible," I asked myself, "that some old curse hangs over the race that once dwelt within these walls, and can also be of that race? Such things have been before now!"

The idea was a terrible one, and it made me a reality that which I had come to look upon as merely the dream of a disordered imagination. If the thought had come to me in the dark, it might have been awful. How happy I was that it had come by daylight, when the sun was shining.
bly, and the air was cheerful with the trilling of the song birds, 
and the lively, strident cawing from the old rookery.

I stayed in the room for some little time longer, thinking over
the scene, and, as is natural, when I had got over the remnants of my 
feast, my reason began to question the genuineness — vrai—semblance 
of the facts. I looked for some internal evidence of the un-
truth to facts; but, after thinking earnestly for some time, I 
found the fact that seemed to me of any importance was the confirmatory one 
of the younger Miss Fothering's apologue. In the dream the 
maid had been alone and the mere fact of two girls coming 
on at once struck me as a sort of disproof of its truth. But, just 
as if things were conspiring against me, the maid was not to be 
seen, and the other was she who resembled the portrait whose 
prototype I had seen asleep in a vision. I could hardly imagine that I had only 
dreamt.

I determined to ask Mrs. Trevor if she could explain in any way Miss 
Fothering's resemblance to the portrait, and so went at once 
to seek her.

I found her in the large drawing-room alone, and, after a few 
causal remarks, I broached the subject on which I had come to seek 
she had not said anything further to me about marrying 
with Miss Fothering, but on the previous day, but when I 
mentioned Miss Fothering's name I could see a glad look on her 
face which gave me great pleasure. She made none of those vulgar 
compliments which women find it necessary to make 
when talking to a man about a girl for whom he is supposed to have 
a connection, but by her manner she put me entirely at my ease, as I 
sat idly gazing at the lovely picture on the truth of the dream, one 
of the sisters was not to come, and she was she who resembled 
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dreamt.
I groped on my hands and knees, and soon came into contact with a man's prostrate form.

"Here they are," I shouted as loud as I could, at the same time throwing myself forward on him.

He wriggled from under, threw out his foot, stripping me with great force on my face, and, as I fell, he dealt me a terrific blow behind the ear from some blunt instrument (probably a hammer) which stunned me.

After I recovered consciousness I found that I was being rolled towards the edge of the ladder; with the instinct of preservation I tried to raise myself up, but the weight of a lot of hands on several parts of my body prevented this.

The sound of footsteps running up the ladder now became audible, and, with a muttered curse, they gave me one great push which sent me over the edge.

I gave one piercing scream and threw out my hands wildly when I found I was falling, and as I thought of the iron grating around the bottom. Luckily I caught the small ledge which ran round the top, and held on by it shouting lustily for help, as my strength was failing, and I know if assistance did not arrive I would soon be impaled on the iron below.

At last I had the gratification of finding myself being hauled up by the shoulders.

"Pat," said I to the herculean foreman stoker, who was the first to arrive on the top, and who had pulled me up, "are they taken?"

He appeared surprised at my question and replied—"Oh, yes, sir; an' it is after lavin' the spades go we'd, either we heard yourself huzza'n' for help up here. Fait I believe the backguard Williams won't come playin' his tricks here again after this tip I gave him when he rit the hammer to strike Dan Malone. Faith it reminded me of the old days in New Pallars."

I smiled at this sally from the usually reluctant Irishman, and tried to raise myself in order to descend, but found myself too weak from loss of blood, which was thickly clotted over my face and chest.

The honest fellow ground his teeth and muttered something about "doin' for um" when he saw my condition. He then took me in his arms and walked carefully towards the ladder. As soon as we were seen by those below, a wild cheer rang out, and, after a wash and the application of sticking-plaster to an ugly cut in my head, I found myself none the worse of my adventures.

On the next morning I proceeded with my secretaries and directors to examine the top, and we found that a large hole which had been beaten in on the first night was plugged up, but on the night in question we found that they had nearly taken one of the iron plates, and if they had succeeded all the gas would escape in an instant, and perhaps lead to frightful consequences.

Our rival knew nothing of this transaction, yet it was really surprising the rapidity with which their contract was broken off, the work soon ceased, and things speedily returned to their original course.

Williams was handed over to the authorities, from whom he obtained the reward of his villainy, while I was awarded a few exortions on the holder-top by the addition of £50 a year to my salary.

One must be gentle and courteous towards everyone, at all times, and in all places. — St. Liguori.

You irritate yourself at the slightest offence which is offered you? Have you not offended the Lord, and how often, and how grievously? — Gregory of Nyssa.

Para. 67.—Waste nothing—neither time, money nor talent. Always tell the truth, you will find it easier than lying. He who gives a trifle meanly is far less than the thief. A heart full of grace is better than a heart full of money. In appxology it is swollen, turgid and fairly livid. If a man is asleep, let him alone; nature has to do as she will. SLEEP, Fainting, etc. —

When a man is asleep, his pulse beats and his lungs play, but he is without sense, and you can easily wake him up. If a person faints, he too is without sense, but he has no pulse and does not breathe. Apoplexy is between the two; the one is asleep as in sleep, and there is no sense as in fainting, but you can't shake the man back to life. In sleep the face is natural. In a fainting fit it has the power of death. In apoplexy it is swollen, turgid, and fairly livid. If a man is asleep, let him alone; nature has to do as she will. If, then, a man has fainted, lay him flat on his back, for his face is deadly pale. If a man is apoplectic, set him in a chair, because the face is turgid, swollen and livid with the excess of blood.
THE CHAIN OF DESTINY.

IN FOUR PARTS.

BY A. STOKES, Esq.

III.—THE THIRD MORROW.

That morning I was out in the garden lying in the shade of an immense beech, when I saw Mrs. Trevor in company with a lady. I had been reading Shelley's "Stanzas Written in Dejection," and my heart was full of melancholy and a vague yearning after human sympathy. I had thought of Mrs. Trevor's love for me, but even that did not seem sufficient. I wanted a love of some one more nearly of my own level, some equal spirit, for I looked on her, of course, as I would have regarded my mother. Somehow my thoughts kept returning to Miss Fothering till I could almost see her before me in my memory of the portrait. I had begun to ask myself the question: "Are you in love?" when I heard the voice of my hostess as she drew near.

"Has Frank, I thought I would find you here. I want you to come to luncheon, but I will not stay long."

"What for?" I inquired, as I rose from the grass and picked up my volume of Shelley.

"It has come over so long ago; and I want to introduce you and have a chat before dinner," said she, as we went towards the house.

"But won't you let me change my dress? I am not in correct costume for the afternoon?"

I felt somewhat afraid of the unknown beauty when the introduction was imminent. Perhaps it was because I had come to believe too firmly in Mrs. Trevor's prediction.

"No, no, not yet if any woman worth thinking about cares how a man is dressed."

We entered the boudoir and found a young lady seated by a window that overlooked the croquet-ground. She turned round as we came in, so Mrs. Trevor introduced us, and we were soon engaged in a lively conversation. I observed her, as may be supposed, with more than curiosity, and shortly found that she was well worth looking at. She was very beautiful, and her bearing and manner were, not only in her features but in her expression. At first her appearance did not seem to me so perfect as it afterwards did, on account of her wonderful resemblance to the portrait with whose beauty I was already acquainted. But it was not long before I came to experience the difference between the portrait and the reality. No matter how well it may be painted a picture falls far short of its prototype. There is something in a real face which cannot exist on canvas, and something greater than that contained in the contrast between the two expressions, however beautiful of the picture, and the moving features and varying expression of the reality. There is something living and lovable in a real face that no art can reproduce.

When we had been talking for a while in the usual congenial style, Mrs. Trevor said, "Di, my love, I want to tell you of a discovery Frank and I have made. You must know that I always call Mr. Stanford, Frank—he is more like my own son than my friend, and that I am very fond of him.

She then put her arm round Miss Fothering's waist, as they sat on the sofa together, and kissed her, and then, turning towards me, said, "I don't approve of kissing girls in the presence of gentlemen, but you know that Frank is not supposed to be here. This is my sanctuary, and who invades it must take the consequences. But I must tell you about this last chapter.

She then proceeded to tell the legend, and about her finding the name of Margaret Kirk on the back of the picture.

Miss Fothering laughed glibly as she heard the story, and then said, suddenly, "Oh, I had forgotten to tell you, Mr. Trevor, that I had a fright the other day. I thought I was going to be prevented from coming here. Aunt Deborah came to us last week for a visit, and when she heard that I was about to go on a visit to Scarp she seemed quite frightened, and went straight off to papa and asked him to forbid me. Papa asked her why she made the request, so she told a long family history of the events leading up to Scarp—just the same story that you have been telling me. And I was sure that some misfortune would happen if I came; so you see that the tradition exists in the branches of the family too. Oh, you can't fancy the scenes there was between papa and Aunt Deborah. I must laugh whenever I think of it, although I must admit, for I was greatly afraid that aunty would protest against it. Papa

I got very grave, and aunty thought she had carried her point when she said, in his dear, old, pompous manner, "Deborah, Diana has promised to pay Mrs. Trevor, of Scarp, a visit, and, of course, must keep her engagement. And if it were for no other reason than the one you have just alleged, I would start an article of convenience to have her go to Scarp. I have always educated my children in such a manner that they ought not to be influenced by such vain superstitions; and with my will their practice shall never be at variance with the precepts which I have instilled into them."

Poor aunty was quite overcome. She seemed almost speechless for a moment at the thought that her wishes had been neglected, for you know that Aunt Deborah's wishes are commands to all our family.

Mrs. Trevor said—

"I hope Mrs. Howard was not offended?"

"No, no. Papa talked to her seriously, and as long—"

I cut him short—"Miss Fothering finished her story by saying—"Aunt ended by hoping that I might enjoy myself, which I am sure, my dear Mrs. Trevor, that I will do."

"I hope you will, my love."

I had been struck about any of us turning to this subject, and after a while I asked her name, Deborah Howard, when suddenly it all came back to me. Mrs. Howard had been Miss Fothering, and was an old friend of my mother's. It was then that I had been accustomed to her name when she was a child. I remembered now that once she had brought a nice little girl, almost of my age, with her to visit. The child was her niece, and it was thus that I now accounted for my semi-recollection of the name and the circumstance on the first night of my arrival at Scarp. The thought of my dream here recalled me to the present subject in bringing Miss Fothering to her boudoir, so I said to the latter—"

"Do you believe these legends?"

"Indeed I do not, Mr. Stanford; I do not believe in anything half so silly."

"Do you not believe in ghosts or visions?"

"Most certainly not."

"How could I tell my dream to a girl who had such profound disbelief? And yet I felt something whispering to me that I ought to tell it to her. It was, no doubt, foolish of me to have this fear of her, but I could not help it. I was just going to risk being laughed at, and was on the point of doing it, when Mrs. Trevor started up, after looking at her, saying—"

"Dear me, I never thought it was so late. I must go and see if any other has come. It will not do for me to neglect my guests."

We all left the boudoir, and as we did so the gong sounded for dinner, and so we each sought our short distance either before or behind me. I looked up and saw a yellowish luminous sky, with heavy clouds passing sluggishly across it. The moon had not yet risen, and the general gloom reminded me forcibly of some
of the weird pictures which William Blake so loved to paint. There was a sort of vague melancholy and ghostliness in the place that made me shiver, and I hurried on.

At length the walk opened and I came out on a large sloping lawn, dotted here and there with yew trees and tufts of pampas grass of immense height, whose stalks were bowed with large flowers. To the right lay the house, grim and gigantic in the gloom, and to the left the lake which stretched away so far that it was lost in the evening shadow. The lawn sloped from the terrace round the house down to the water's edge, and was only broken by the walk which continued to wind round in a wide sweep.

As I came near the house a light gleamed from one of the windows which lay before me, and as I looked into the room I saw that it was the chamber of my dream.

Unconsciously I approached nearer and ascended the terrace from the top of which I could see across the deep trench which surrounded the house, and looked earnestly into the room. I shivered as I looked. My spirits had been damped by the gloom and desolation of the yew walk, and now the dream and all the subsequent revelations came before my mind with such vividness that the horror of the thing again seized me, but more forcibly than before. I looked at the sleeping arrangements, and groaned as I saw that the bed by the window which had seemed to lie was alone prepared, while the other, which I had slept in, was bare and the curtains drawn all round. This was but another link in the chain of doom. Whilst I stood looking, the servant who was in the room and pulled down one of the blinds, but, as she was about to do the same with the other, Miss Fothering entered the room, and, seeing me, she was about evidently to give her correct directions, for she let go the window string, and then went and pulled up again the blind which she had let down. Having done so she followed her mistress out of the room. So wrapped up was I in all that took place with reference to that chamber, that it never occurred to me that I was guilty of any improwrity in watching what took place.

I stayed there for some little time longer purposelessly and listlessly. The horror grew so great to me as I thought of the events on the last few days, that I determined to tell Miss Fothering of my dream, in order that she might not be frightened in case she should see anything like it, or at least that she might be prepared for anything that might happen. I had made up my mind to this determination as I had made up my mind to the inevitable question "when?" presented itself. The means of making the communication was a subject most disagreeable to contemplate, but as I had made up my mind to do it, I thought that there was no time like the present. Accordingly I was determined to seek Miss Fothering in the drawing-room, where I knew I should find Miss Fothering and Mrs. Trevor, for, of course, I had determined to take the letter into our confidence. As I was really afraid to go through the awful yawl walk again, I completed the half circuit of the house and entered the backdoor, from which I easily found my way to the drawing-room.

When I entered Mrs. Trevor, who was sitting near the door, said to me, "Good gracious, Frank, where have you been to make you look so pale? One would think you had seen a ghost!"

I answered that I had been strolling in the garden, but made no other remark, as I did not wish to say anything about my dream before the persons to whom she was talking, as they were strangers to me. I waited for some time for an opportunity of speaking to her alone, but her duties, as hostess, kept her so constantly occupied that I waited in vain. Accordingly I determined to try to meet Miss Fothering at all events, at once, and then to tell Mrs. Trevor as soon as I could. I started off to reach the drawing-room, where I was expected. With a good deal of difficulty—for I did not wish to do anything marked—I succeeded in getting Miss Fothering away from the persons by whom she was surrounded, and took her to one of the embrasures, under the pretense of looking out at the night view. Here we were quite alone. As I had been already, as the heavy windowcurtains completely covered the recess, and almost isolated us from the rest of the company as perfectly as if we were in a separate chamber. I proceeded at once to broach the subject for which I had sought the interview; for I feared lest contact with the lively company of the drawing-room would upset my present fears, and so break down the only barrier that stood between her and Fate.

"Miss Fothering, do you ever dream?"

"Oh, yes, often. But I generally find that my dreams are most ridiculous."

"How so?"

"Well, you see, that no matter whether they are good or bad they appear real and coherent whilst I am dreaming; but when I wake I find them unreal and incoherent, when I remember them at all. They are, in fact, mere disconnected nonsense."

"Are you fond of dreams?"

"Of course I am. I delight in them, for whether they are serious or gibberish when you wake, they are real whilst you are asleep."

"Do you believe in dreams?"

"Indeed, Mr. Stanford, I do not."

"Do you like hearing them told?"

"I do, very much, when they are worth telling. Have you been dreaming anything? If you have, do tell it to me."

"I will be glad to do so. It is about a dream which I had that concerns you, that I came here to tell you."

"About me, oh, miss. Day or night?"

I told her all my dreams, after asking her attention to our conversation in the boudoir as a means of introducing the subject. I did not attempt to heighten the effect in any way or to draw any inferences. I tried to suppress my own emotion and merely to let the facts speak for themselves. She listened with great eagerness, but she could see that I was in a state of either fear or belief in the dream as a warning. When I had finished she laughed a quiet, soft laugh, and said—

"That is delicious. And was I really the girl you saw afraid of ghosts? I have heard of such a thing as that even in a dream which he would give me! I wish I could dream anything like that."

"Take care," said I, "you might find it too awful. It might indeed prove the fulfilling of the ban which we saw in the legend in the old book, and which you heard from your aunt."

She was laughed at again, and shook her head at me wisely and warningly.

"Oh, pray do not talk nonsense and try to frighten me—for I warn you that you will not succeed."

"I assure you on my honour, Miss Fothering, that I was never more earnest in my life."

"Do you not think that we had better go into the room?" said she, after a few moments' pause."

"Stay just a moment, I treat you," said I. "What I say is true. I am really in earnest."

"Oh, pray forgive me if what I said led you to believe that I doubted your word. I had merely your inferiors in which I disagreed with. I thought you had been just trying to frighten me."

"Miss Fothering, I would not presume to take such a liberty. But I am glad that you trust me. May I venture to ask you a favour? Will you promise me one thing?"

"Her answer was characteristically—

"No. What is it?"

"That you will not be frightened at anything which may take place to-night?"

She laughed softly again.

"I do not intend to be. But is that all?"

"Yes, Miss Fothering, that is all; but I want to be assured that you will not be alarmed—that you will be prepared for anything which may happen. I have a horrid foreboding of evil—some evil that I dread to think of—and I shall be very happy to take you to one thing or another."

"Oh, nonsense. Oh, well, if you really wish it I will tell you if I will do it when I hear what it is."

Her vanity was all gone when she saw how terribly in earnest I was. She looked at me boldly and fearlessly, but with a tender, half-givingly glance as if conscious of the possession of strength superior to mine. Her fearlessness was in her firm, independent, and not her pity was in her eyes. I went on—

"Miss Fothering, the worst part of my dream was seeing the look of agony on the face of the girl when she looked round and found herself alone. Will you take some time and keep it with you, as you said? It is not mine to reason with you, in case anything should happen, that you are not alone—that there is on thinking of you, and one human intelligence awake for you, though all the rest of the world should be asleep or dead?"

In my excitement I spoke with fervour, for the possibility of her enduring the horror which had seemed to be growing more and more such instant. At times since that awful night I had disbelieved the existence of the warning, but when I thought of it by night I could not but believe, for the very air in the darkness seemed to be peopled by phantoms to my fevered imagination. My dream had been performed to-night by the horror of the yawl walk, and all the sombre, ghastly thoughts that had arisen amid its gloom.

There was a short pause. Miss Fothering leaned on the edge of the window, looking out at the dark, moonless sky. At length she spoke and said to me: "I really, Mr. Stanford, do not like doing anything from fear of supernatural things, or from a belief in them: What you want me to do is so simple a thing in itself that I would not hesitate a moment to do it, but that papa has always taught me to believe that such occurrences as you seem to dread are quite impossible, and I know that he
would be very much displeased if any act of mine showed a belief in them."

"Miss Fothering, I honestly think that there is not a man living who would wish less than I would to see you or anyone else disobeying a father either in word or spirit, and more particularly when that father is absent, but I entreat you to gratify me on this one point. It cannot do you any harm, and I assure you that if you do not I will be inexpressibly miserable. I have endured the greatest torments of suspense for the last three days, and to-night I feel a nervous horror of which words can give you no conception. I know I am the smallest right to make the request, and no reason for doing it except that I was fortunate, and fortunate enough to get the warning. I apologize most sincerely for the great liberty which I have taken, but believe me that I act with the best intentions."

My excitement was so great that my knees were trembling, and the large drops of perspiration rolling down my face.

There was a long pause, and I had almost made up my mind for a refusal of my request when my companion spoke again.

"Mr. Stanford, on that plea alone I will grant your request. I can see that for some reason which I cannot quite comprehend you are deeply moved; and that I may be the means of saving pain to any one, I will do what you ask. Just please to state what you wish me to do."

I thought from her manner that she was offended with me; however I explained my purpose:

"I want to tell you, when you go to bed, some token which will remind you in an instant of what has passed between us, so that you may not feel lonely or frightened—no matter what may happen."

"I will do it. What shall I take?"

She reached her hand in her hand as she spoke. So I put my hand upon it and blessed it in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. I did this to fix its existence in her memory by swaying her slightly about it. "This," said I, "shall be a token that you are not alone. My object in blessing the handkerchief solemnly is, that she should seem somewhat abashed, but still she thanked me with a smile, and I felt that you act from your heart," said she, "and my heart thanks you." She gave me her hand as she spoke, in an honest, straightforward manner, with more the independence of a man than the timorousness of a woman, as if to grasp it I felt the blood rushing to my face, but before I let it I seized it and I went down and touched it with my lips. She drew it quickly away and said more coldly than she had yet spoken. "I did not mean you to do that."

"Believe me I did not mean to take liberties—it was merely the natural expression of my gratitude. I feel as if you had done me some great personal service. You do not know how much lighter my heart is now than it was an hour ago, or you would forgive me for having so offended."

With my apologetic excuse, I looked at her wistfully. She returned mine with so fearlessly, but with a bright, forgiving smile. She then shook her head slightly, as if to banish the subject.

There was a short pause, and then she said:

"I am glad to be of any service to you; but if there be any possibility of what you fear happening it is in me, who will be benefited. But mind, I will depend upon you not to say a word of this to anybody. I am afraid that we are both very foolish."

"No, no, Miss Fothering. I may be foolish, but you are acting nobly in doing what seems to you to be foolish in order that you may save me from pain. But I may tell you that I am not."

"No, not even her. I should be ashamed of myself if I thought that anyone except ourselves knew about it."

"You may depend upon me. I will keep it secret if you wish."

"Fair play, in the morning at all events. Mind, if I laugh at you then I will expect you to laugh in my laugh."

"I will," said I. "I will be only too glad to be able to laugh at it."

And we joined the rest of the company.

When I retired to my bedroom that night I was too much excited to sleep, and my promise not forbidden me to do so. I paced up and down, thinking of some thing, thinking to myself I could not believe completely in what I expected to happen, but my heart was filled with a vague dread. I thought over the events of the evening—particularly my stroll after dinner through that half-deserted hall—and my looking into the bedroom where I had dreamed. From these my thoughts wandered to the view of the window where I had given Miss Fothering the token. I could hardly realise that whole interview as a fact. I knew that it had taken place, but that was all. It was so strange to recall a scene that now that it was enacted, seemed half comedy and half tragedy, and to remember that it was played in this practical nineteenth century, in secret, within earshot of a room full of people, and on the night from them by a curtain, I felt myself blushing, half exultation, half remorse, thinking of how I had treated Miss Fothering, and my heart suddenly turned towards her, and then I felt how wretchedly I had offended her. But then my thoughts turned to the way in which Miss Fothering had received my request, strange as it was; and as I thought of her blushing shame changed to a deeper glow of hope. I remembered Mr. fothering's prediction—"from what I know of human nature I think that you will like young women."

I felt again the calling of terror—as if something was about to happen which was beyond all my imaginings. I thought of the time of the storm and so I looked at my watch. It was within a few minutes of twelve. I remembered that the clock had struck twelve and Trevor had come home on the night of my dream. There was a large clock at Scarp which tolled the hours so loudly that for a way round the estate the country people all regulated their saff by it. The next few minutes passed so slowly that each one seemed an age.

I was standing, with my watch in my hand, counting the minutes when suddenly a light came into the room that made the candle the table appear quite dim, and my shadow was reflected at wall by some brilliant light which streamed in through the window. My heart for an instant ceased to beat, and then the blood rushed vividly to my senses that my eyes grew dim and my brain to real. However, I quickly restored my own feelings, and then to the window expecting to see my dreamy apparition. The light was there as formerly, but there were no figures of children, or witches, or fiends. The moon had just risen, sunder its reflection upon the water shining the room was the light of my dream, or phantasm as I now understood it to be. Those three tufts of pampas grass green togethers were in turn the fair young children and the withered and the dark foliage of the rye beside them gave substance to semblance of the fiend. For the rest, the empty bed and the face the picture, my half recollection of the name of Fothering, and long-forgotten legend of the curse. Oh, fool! fool! that I had been so blind to the letter of circumstances, and of my own imagination! Then came the bitter realize that the moment in which Miss Fothering might be compelled to suffer did not the recital of my dream, and my strange request guarding the token, combined with the natural causes of and produce the very effect which I so dreaded? It only at that bitter, bitter moment that I can be seen. But what was my anguish of mind to her? Her instant I conceived the idea of rousing Mrs. Trevor and telling her the facts of the case so that she might go to Miss Fothering tell her not to be alarmed. But I had no time to act upon thought. As I was hastening to the door the clock struck o and a moment later I heard from the room below me a draw—a cry of surprise rather than fear. Miss Fothering no doubt been awakened by the striking of the clock, and I shout outside the window the very figures which I had described her.

I rushed madly down the stairs and arrived at the door of bedroom, which was directly under the one which I now occupant was about to rush in. It was instinctively restrained from doing by the thought of propriety; and so for a few moments stood silent, trembling, one hand upon the door-handle,

"Within I heard a voice—her voice—exclaiming, in tones of stupified surprise—"Mr. Fothering, is it some then? Am I alone?"

She still contemposly, "No, it was not alone. His token! Oh, thank that. Thank God for that!"

Through my heart at her words came a rush of wild delight fell my bosom swell and the tears of gladness spring to my eye. In that moment I knew that I had strength and courage for the world, alone, for her sake. But before the hope had well manifest themselves they were destroyed, for again the voice was heard from the room of blank despair that made him cold head to foot.
Ah-h-h! still there! Oh! God, preserve my reason. Oh! for some human thing near me." Then her voice changed slightly to a tone of exultation: "You will not leave me alone! Your token. Remember your token. Help me. Help me now." Then her voice became more wild, and rose to an inarticulate, wailing scream of horror.

As I heard that agonized cry, I realized the idea that it was madness to delay—that I had hesitated too long already—I must cast aside the shackles of conventionality if I wished to repair my fatal error. Nothing could save her from some serious injury—nothing could save her from despair; save a ship which would break the spell which was over her from fear and her excited imagination.

I flung open the door and rushed in, shouting loudly:

"Courage, courage. You are not alone. I am here. Remember the token."

She grasped the handkerchief instinctively, but she hardly comprehended my words, and did not seem to heed my presence. She was sitting up in bed, her face being distorted with terror, and was gazing upon the scene. I heard from without the howling of an owl as it flew across the border of the lake. She heard it also, and screamed:

"The laugh, too! Oh, there is no hope. Even he will not dare go amongst them."

Then she gave vent to a scream, so wild, so appalling that, as I heard it, I trembled, and the hair on the back of my head bristled up. Throughout the house I could hear screams of affright, and there was a ringing of bells, the clanging of doors, and the rush of hurried feet; but the poor sufferer comprehended not these sounds; he still continued gazing out of the window awaiting the consummation of the dream.

I saw that the time for action and self-sacrifice was come. There was but one way now to repair my fatal error. To burst through the window and try the shock to wake her from her trance of fear.

I said no word but rushed across the room and hurled myself, ever foremost, against the massive plate glass. As I turned I saw Mr. Trevor rushing into the room, her face wild with excitement, he was calling out:

"Diana, Diana, what is it?"

Then the glass crashed and shattered into a thousand pieces, and I could feel its sharp edges cutting me like so many knives. But I asked not the pain, for above the rushing of feet and cracking of glass and the howling, both within and without, I heard the voice ring forth in a joyous, fervent cry, "Saved. He has arced, as she sank down in the arms of Mrs. Trevor, who had thrown herself upon the bed.

Then I felt a mighty shock, and all the universe seemed filled with bright sparks of fire that whirled around me with lightning speed, till I seemed to be in the midst of a world of flame, and then came my ears the rushing of a mighty wind, swaying ever louder, and then came a blackness over all things and a deadness of sound as if the earth had passed away, and I remembered no more.

(Please continue.)

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

By H. W. LONGFELLOW.

[Once a hundred years ago, Paul Revere, in the dead of night, rode from Charlestown to Lexington and Concord, calling the Massachusetts men to arms to meet the British troops. Next day was fought the first battle of the war that made the American Republic. On the 19th of last month, Lexington celebrated the 100th anniversary of that fight, and 40,000,000 of free people looked back with full hearts the ride of Paul Revere.]

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;
Hardly a man was now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.
He said to his friend: "If the British march
By land or by sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light—
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
To the country-folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said, "Good-night!" and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay

The Somerset, British man-of-war;
A phantom-ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black bulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barracks door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed the tower of the Old North Church,
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead;
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade,—
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,
In their night encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And soomii to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay,—
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he paused his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and sometimes raised the sight;
But soonest bewitched with eager search
The belfry-tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light! He springs to the saddle, the bridles he turns,
But fingers and gales, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry barns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steel flying fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light
The fate of a nation was riding that night:
The spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides,
And under the alders, that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
In heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town,
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock
When he galloped into Lexington.
THE CHAIN OF DESTINY.

IN FOUR PARTS.

BY A. STOKER, ESQ.

IV.—AFTERWARD.

When I next became conscious, I was lying in bed in a dark room. I wondered what this was for, and tried to look around me, but could hardly stir my head. I attempted to speak, but my voice was without power—it was like a whisper from another world. The effort to speak made me feel faint, and again I felt a darkness gathering round me.

I became gradually conscious of something cool on my forehead. I wondered what it was. All sorts of things I conjectured, but could not fix my mind upon any of them. I lay thus for some time, with my length opening my eyes and seeing my mother bending over me. It was her hand which was so deliciously cool on my brow. I felt amazed somehow. I expected to see her; and yet I was surprised for I had not seen her for a long time—a long, long time. I knew that she was dead—could I be dead, too? I looked at her again more carefully, and as I looked, the old features died away, but the expression remained the same. And then the dear, well-known face of Mrs. Trevor grew slowly before me. She smiled as she saw the look of recognition in my eyes, and bending down, kissed me very tenderly. As she drew back her head something warm fell on my face. I wondered what this could be, and after thinking for a long time, I did which the visible world passed away, and the expression remained the same. I went to the conclusion that it was her. After some more thinking, I opened my eyes to see why she was crying; but she was gone, and I could see that although the window-blind was pulled up the room was almost dark. I felt much more awake and much stronger than I had been before, and tried to call Mrs. Trevor. A woman got up from a chair behind the bed-curtains and went to the door, said something, and came back and settled my pillow.

Where is Mrs. Trevor? I asked, feebly. She was here just now, I thought.

The woman smiled at me cheerfully, and answered:

"She will be here in a moment. Dear heart! but she will be glad to see you so strong and sensible."

After a few minutes she came into the room, and, bending over me, asked me how I felt. I said that I was all right—and then a thought struck me, so I asked:

"What was the matter with me?"

I was told that I had been ill, very ill, but that I was now much better. Something, I knew not what, suddenly recalled to my memory all the scene of the bedroom, and the fright which my folly had caused me. I am quite dizzy with the rush of blood to my head. But Mrs. Trevor a arm supported me, and after a time the faintness passed away, and my memory was completely restored. I started violently from the arm that held me up, and called out:

"Is she all right?" I heard her say, "saved! Is she all right?"

"Hush, dear boy, hush—she is all right. Do not excite yourself!"

"Are you deceiving me?" I inquired. "Tell me all—I can hear it. Is she well or no?"

"She has been very ill, but she is now getting strong and well, thank God."

I began to cry, half from weakness and half from joy, and Mrs. Trevor saying this, and knowing with the sweet instinct of womanhood that I would rather be alone, quickly left the room, after making a sign to the nurse, who sunk again to her old place behind the bed-curtain.

I thought for long, and all the time from my first coming to Scarp to the moment of unconsciousness after I sprang through the window came back to me as in a dream. Gradually the room became darker and darker, and my thoughts began to give semblance to the objects around me, till at length the visible world passed away, and I was left in darkness. I have a hazy recollection of seeing taking some food, and then lapsing into sleep; but remembrance no more distinctly until waking fully in the morning and found Mrs. Trevor again in the room. She came over to my bedside, and sitting down said gaily—

"Ah, Frank, you look bright and strong this morning, dear boy. You will soon be well now I trust."

Her cool deft fingers nestled my pillow and brushed back the hair from my forehead. I took her hand and kissed it, and the doing so made me very happy. By-and-by I asked her how was Miss Fothering.

"Better, much better this morning. She has been asking after you ever since she has been able; and to-day when I told her how much better you were she brightened up at once.

I felt a pleasurable strong rushing over my face as she spoke, but I went on—

"She has asked me to let her see you as soon as both of you are able. She wants to thank you for your conduct on that awful night. But there, I won't tell any more tales—let her tell you what she likes herself.

To thank me—for what? For having brought her to the verge of madness or perhaps death through my silly fears and imagination. Oh, Mrs. Trevor, I know that you never mock anyone—but to me that sounds like mockery."

She leaned over me as she sat on my bedside and smiled, oh, so sweetly, yet so firmly that a sense of the truth of her words came over me—

"If I had a son I would wish him to think as you have thought, and to act as you have acted. I would pray for it night and day, and if he suffered as you have done, I would lean on him as I lean on you now and feel glad, as I feel now, that he had thought and acted as a true-hearted man should think and act. I would rejoice that God had not made me such a woman, and if he had died as I feared at first that you should—I would be a prouder and happier woman in keeling by his dead body than I would in clasping a sinner in my arms."

I put up my arms—it took all my strength to do it—round her neck, and whispered softly in her ear one word, "mother."

She did not expect it, for it seemed to startle her; but her arms tightened about me convulsively. I could feel a perfect rain of tears falling on my upturned face as I looked into her eyes, full of love and sanguine hope. I felt strong and better; my sympathy for her joy did much to restore me.

For some time I was silent, and then she spoke as if to herself—"God has given me a son at last. I thank thee, O Father; forgive me if I have at any time repined. The son I prayed for may be different from what I would wish. Thou dost best in all things."

For some time after this she stayed quite silent, still supporting me in her arms. She felt inexpresseibly happy. There was an atmosphere of love around me, for which I had longed all my life. The love of a woman, for one which I had pined since my orphan childhood, I had got at last, and the love of a woman to become far dearer to me than a mother—I felt close at hand.

At length I began to feel tired, and Mrs. Trevor laid me back on my pillow. It pleased me inexpresseibly to observe her kind motherly care towards me now. The ice between us had at last been broken, we had declared our mutual love, and this coal-haired woman was as happy in the declaration as the young man.

The next day I felt a shade stronger, and a similar improvement was man testified on the next. Mrs. Trevor always attended me herself, and her good reports of Miss Fothering's progress helped to cheer me not a little. And so the days wore on, and many passed away before I was allowed to rise from bed.

One day Mrs. Trevor came into the room in a state of suppressed delight. By this time I had been allowed to sit up a little while every day, and was beginning to get strong, or rather less weak, for I was still very helpless.

"Frank, the doctor says that you may be moved into another room to-morrow for a change, and that you may see Di."

As may be supposed I was anxious to see Miss Fothering. Whilst I had been able to think during my illness, I had thought about her all day long, and sometimes all night long. I had been in love with her even before that fatal night. My last thoughts before I was sitting to hear the clock strike, and saw all my folly about the dream; but now I not only loved the woman but I almost worshipped my own bright ideal which was merged in her. The constant tears of joy that passed between us seemed not a little to increase my attachment, and now I eagerly looked forward to a meeting with her face to face.

I awoke earlier than usual next morning, and I grew rather feverish and was not fit for my intercourse approached. However, I soon cooled down upon a vague threat being held out, that if I did not become more composed I must defer my visit.

The expected time at length arrived, and I was wheeled in my chair into Mrs. Trevor's boudoir. As I entered the door I looked
THE SHAMROCK.

sagerly round and saw, seated in another chair near one of the windows, a girl, who, turning her head round languidly, disclosed the features of Miss Fothering. She was very pale and ethereal looking, and seemed extra-in delicately; but in my opinion this only heightened her natural beauty. As I caught sight of her a beautiful smile played upon her lips, and even tinged her alabaster forehead. This pleased quickly, and she became calm again, and paler than before. My chair was wheeled over to her, and Mrs. Trevor's said, as she bent over and kissed her, after soothing the pillow in her chair.

'Of course I have brought Frank to see you. You may talk together for a little while : but, mind, the doctor's orders are very strict, and if either of you exist yourselves about anything I must forbid you to meet again until you are both much stronger.'

She said the last words as she was leaving the room.

I felt red and pale, hot and cold by turns. I looked at Miss Fothering, and felt, however, in a moment or two I was numbed spurned to courage to address her.

'Miss Fothering, I hope you forgive me for the pain and danger I caused you by that foolish fear of mine. I assure you that nothing ever did so much to disturb me.

'Here she interrupted me.

'Mr. Stanford, I beg you will not talk like that. I must thank you for the care you thought me worthy of. I will not say how proud I feel of it, and for the generous and wisdom you displayed in rescuing me from the terror of that awful scene.

'She was paler than she had been before, as she spoke the last words, and trembled all over. I feared for her, and said as cheerfully as I could:

'Don't be alarmed. Don't calm yourself. That is all over now and past. Don't let its horror disturb you ever again.'

'My speaking, although it calmed her somewhat, was not sufficient to banish her fear, and, believing that she was really excited, called to Mrs. Trevor, who came in from the next room and talked to us for a little while. She gradually did away with Miss Fothering's fear by her pleasant cheerful conversation. She, poor girl, had received a sad shock, and the thought that I had seen a portion of it gave me great anguish. After a little while, however, she grew more cheerful, but presently feeling fatigued, was wheeled back to my own room and put to bed.

'For many long days I continued very weak, and hardly made any advance. I saw Miss Fothering every day, and each day I loved her more and more. She got stronger as the days advanced, and after a few weeks was comparatively in good health, but still I continued weak. Her illness had been merely the result of the fright she had sustained on that unhappy night; but mine was the nervous prostration consequent on the long period of anxiety between the dream and the seeming fulfilment, and with the physical weakness resulting from this caused by jumping through the window. During all this time of weakness, Mrs. Trevor was, in deed, a mother to me. She watched me day and night, and as far as a woman could, made my life a dream of happiness. But the glowing story of that time was the thought that I was loved and cared for.

'She continued to r-main at Scarp by Mrs. Trevor's request, as her father had gone to the Continent for the winter, and with my xcepted mother she sherd the attendance on me. Day after day her care for my very want grew greater, till I came to fancy her like a guardian angel keeping watch over me. With the peculiar delicate sense that accompanies extreme physical prostration I could see that the growth of her pity kept pace with the growth of her strength. My love kept pace with both. I often wondered if it could be sympathy and not pity that so far enfolded my wants and wishes; or if it could be love that answered my unspoken appeal. She only showed pity and tenderness in her acts and words, but still I hoped and longed for something more.

'These days of my long-continued weakness were to me sweet, sweeter days. I used to watch her for hours as she sat opposite me reading or writing, and my eyes would fill with tears as I thought how hard it was to die and leave her behind me. So strong was the flame of my love that I believed, in spite of my religious teaching, that, should I die, I would leave the better part of my being behind me. I used to think in a vague imaginative way, that when I was dead and out of the way, she would make to h-—if I were well. How I should talk to her in nobler language than that in which I would now allow my thoughts to mould themselves. How, as I talked, my passion, and honesty, and purity would make me so eloquent that she would be to hear me reading or writing, and every page of her Grecian wood burned away, and the sunken glazed woods that stretched away before me through the open window, and sit by her feet on a mossy bank beside some purifying brook that rippled gaily over the stones, gazing into the depths of her eyes, where my future life was picturized in one long sheet of light. How I would whisper in her ear sweet words that would make me tremble to speak them, and her tremble to hear. How she would lead to me and show me her love by letting me tell her mine without reproach. And then would come, like the shadow of the night, a moment of cloud over all. The bitter, bittering thought that all this longing was but a dream, and that when the time had come when such things might have been, I would, most likely, be sleeping under the green turf. And she might, perhaps, be weeping in the silence of her chamber, and tears for her blighted love, and the memory of all the days of her misfortunes, might dwell in her heart as a eternal faith in dreams. Still, I could not but feel that even if I had never frightened Miss Fothering by telling my vision, she might, nevertheless, have been terrified by the effect of the moonlight upon the flowers of the Pampas tufts, and that, under Providence, I was the instrument of saving her from a shock even greater than that which she did experience, for help might not have come to her so soon. This thought always gave me hope. Whenever I thought of her sorrows for my death, I would find eyes filled with a sudden rush of tears which would shut out from my waking vision the object of my love, and I would sink down, and the thought of her cool hand on my forehead, and white, sweet words of comfort and hope in my ears. As I would feel her warm breath upon my cheek and waiting my hair from my brow, I would lose all sense of pain and sorrow, and care, and live only in the brightness of the present.

'As I would think of her in my room when she was badly weak, and even trifling things touched me deeply. Many a stray memory of some tender word heard or some gentle deed done, or of some sorrow or distress, would set me thinking for hours and stir all the tender feelings of my nature.

'Slowly—very slowly—she began to get stronger, but for many days more I was almost completely helpless. With restoring strength came the strengthening of my passion—for passion my love for Diana had become. She had been so woven into my thoughts that I for her was a part of my being, and I felt that away from her my future life would be but a barren existence and my soul would be nothing to say of, with increasing familiarity I came to feel the pressure of that which I would not give up for anything—was doing me an injury; perhaps seriously retarding my recovery.

'One day I felt very sad. There had been a bitter sense of loneliness come over me which was unusual. It was a good sign of returning health, for it was like the waking from a dream to a world of fact, with all its troubles and cares. There was a sense of coldness and indifference in the world, and I felt that I had lost something without gaining anything in return—I had, in fact, lost somewhat of my sense of dependence, which is a consequence of prostration, but had not yet regained my strength. I sat opposite a window its if in shade, but looking over a garden that in the summer had been bright and beautiful, and the scene of my delights. The watch, now, was lit up only by palest moonlight, and brightened by a few stray flowers that had survived the first frosts.

'As I sat I could not help thinking of what my future would be. I felt that I was settling strong, and the possibilities of my life seemed very real to me. How I longed for courage to ask Diana to be my wife! Any certainty would be better than the suspense I now constantly endured. I had but little hope that she would accept me, for she seemed to care for me now than in the early days of our acquaintance, and that was all the more reason for me to make a great effort to win her. I thought of what a loss from me; and as my fears and doubts grew more and more, I could hardly bear to think of my joy should be given to me, or of my despair should she refuse. Either emotion seemed too great to be borne.

'Next day when she entered the room my fears were vastly increased.
Margaret Fullarton.
A Gentle Life Outlined.
By E. O.

Chapter I—Art Sympathies.

Of all things known to fame is the heroine of this
The schools of painting can count fewer self-taught as
than the schools of poetry. Perhaps after music
no art so difficult of attainment as painting in its
itself. We see why it can come from untutef
lips, why it can afford to disdain, so many a
words of the master. Poetry is nature liv
through the human soul, in all its freshness
beauty, forcing itself out from its flesh-prison,
though by well-ripped articulations it may reach
the world streams of liquid music, yet by speech of some kind it gets up
surface, and, as dew-drops at least, diffuses sweetness and vir
power. But painting, although resembling poetry in some trai
diverges far enough from it to make it marvellous that
considerable proficiency can be obtained by the self-taught student.
The "Woman Bathing" and "Christ Tempted" are but a few
from an unassisted intellect, but with how many years
grinding application did Rembrandt pursue his ideas?
"Child in the Water" is perhaps the best of our heroine's ache
ments, but no one can ever candidly estimate the hours of our
thought and painful labour which its production entailed.

Margaret was quite familiar with the allures of midnight; a
familiar too with the dreary noises which now and then surged
through that solemn time. The crying of the wind in the trees,
braking of the thin sea, and the rain pattering on the
owl calling to its mate—all these she had heard and seen again,
as she sat in that lonely attic with the oil-lamp burning be
her, and paint-pots, and brushes, and papers, and canvases,
need, in every direction round about.

Margaret was now in her eighteenth year. She was midd
size and delicate. Her clear fair skin was unmarred by
her pale cheeks and paling brow. She was amiable, the
retrieving; warmly affectionate, though undemonstrative.
In evening, when the sun would have reddened in the west, she
old at a window with an old man moving slowly along the bank of the Sw
Then she looked chamber, her happy, and her sweet voice caled
at intervals making music in the air.

The old man was her father. He could not be otherwise pleased
with the beautiful child that strove so much to solace h
his lot to him without her? He had just turned
fiftieth year, but in his youth he had suffered the grief
ten years beside. He held the same path forward with difficulty, affecting an interest in every word that
from Margaret's lips, but in reality hearing only an occasional
occa...

The sun was setting and the flowing river and the green grass she
turned back his soul, his mind, his eyes, his voice, the
by his abstraction, and, by her expression of her ideas, he
doubted. He turned up on his seat, turned his head to her
enough; once or twice he had
tried to sound its cause, but in vain. The curtain was
wound, the secret sealed up. For a year she had never alluded to
had forbidden even her own mind to meditate upon it. She had
balm, she felt sorrowfully, to pour upon his wound.

At times, however, the old man would warm up into active
pathy. The one yearning that possessed the girl's
was that she might obtain access to the master-performers
in the art she cherished, and at the times referred she
him to her, that she might be more; the "Assumption of T
the "Nativity," of Correggio; the "Crucifixion" of th
that universal spirit, Rubens. Tears would then flood her eye at
ureality of the spectacle, and while the grateful illusion was
laid upon the fullness of her desire.

But she never managed to work so that if she arose in the congrega
the house could not be further called
and though given to silence and reserve and secret sorrow, her
she felt ascended, comes out of his private griefs to meet her the
aims with fresh concern and pain.