B. H. STODDAED

The world is full of mystery Which no one understands What is before our eyes we se The work of unseen hands, But whence and when and, why they wrought, seespes the grasp of human thought.

There was a time when we were not, And there will be again— When we must cease and be forgot, With all our joy and pain Gone like the wind, or like the snow That fell a thousand years ago.

We live as if we should not die, Blindly, but wisely, too.
For if we know Death always nigh,
What would we say or do,
But fold our hands, and close our eyes,
And care no more who lives or dies.

If death to each man in his turn is coming soon or late.

Be ours the soldier's unconcern
And his courageous fate;

Better to perish in the strife;

Than to preserve the coward's life.

fore my heart's fire pendering long, As twere a bivonec, heard last night the solemn song. Which I have summoned back. I means my sombre mood to cheer, and is my greating to the Year.

Now Year, if you are bringing Youth As you are bringing Age, would have it back, in secth; I have no streng h to wage tost hattles over. Let them be. Bury your head, O Memory.

You can bring nothing but surprise And nothing will dismay, No tears again in those old eyes,
No darkness in my day,
You might bring light and smiles instead
If you can give me back my dead.

I bave beheld your kim, New Year, Fully fifty times, and none That was so happy and so dear, I wept when I was done, Why should we weep when years depart; and leave their ashes in the heart?

Good by, since you have gone, Old Year, And my past life, good-by, I shed no tear upon your bier For it is well to die. Now Year, your worst will be my best, What can an old man want but rest?

## TIMOTHY.

He came along, leaning heavily on a crutch. He managed to climb upon the tform of the car just as the driver With an effort he the horses. his way inside. From a grimy o of paper which he unfolded, he a nickle and dropped it into the He then sat down in the only vacant place. There were no women in car at that time. The men on the where the cripple had located himself moved along so as not to soil their overcoats from his thin threadbare ocket. They noticed that he had no ockings on his feet; that upon the well foot there was an old shoe, and upon the lame foot there were several old cloths wound around, which made it look like a bundle of rags. Who was he? He was no more or less than a "street Arab," called because they spend the majority of their lives upon the street. He no more or less than a pauper boy, who great city, now and then finding an "odd obliged to live upon the streets of do, and thus he managed to together enough to cover his body with ragged garments and food enough so that he managed to live. He was a ragged boy, about twelve years flowers clean; His hands and face were clean; his hair was combed; but notwithstand ing this, his more fortunate fellow pasgers considered him an intruder in the street car.

After they had gone a few blocks the car stopped, and an old lady-in fact, to all appearances, a very old lady-got on. She appeared weak; her steps were irregular as she went to the box to drop in her nickle. An old, black and much worn veil concealed her face from view All the attention that that the "well to engers paid to the old lady was to draw in their feet, so that their clothing would not be soiled by coming in tact with the much worn dress of the old woman.

The old lady dropped her five-cent nickel into the box, and slowly turned around facing the rear of the car. She looked down one side and up another, but not a man offered to give her a seat; not one. They let her stand there, leaning beavily upon a club-like stick, which she had picked up some where and used as a cane.

The street arab, whom the better dressed were avoiding, got hold of his crutch. With that to assist him, he got up from his seat, touched the old lady on e arm. She looked around; he pointed

to the place vacated by him.

"Keep your seat, lad, keep your seat;
an are lame," said the old lady in a are lame "No, no; I am younger than you, and my foot don't pain me now.

besides, my The lady looked at him. cast a keen glance at her fellow passens, as much as to say: "Though poor,

o is a gentleman, and the only true entleman in this car." The old lady sat down. "Thank you,

"You are welcome, ma'am," replied

Soo 1 a passenger got out. Then there was a general moving to get as far away from the old woman as possible. Then we or three more got out. The boy ad treated so kindly. In a little while

What is your name, lad?" asked the "Timothy, ma'am."

"Timothy; that is a good name; that is me we read about in the Bible. Tim-

othy Burns, ma'am." "Where do you live?"
"Number 116 Cleaver street, way up

the top." "Live alone, lad?"

"No, my little sister lives with me. "What ails your foot?" "A horse stepped on it. I was taking tre of Mr. Dodge's horse. You know fr. Dodge, don't you?"

Mr. Dodge, don't your

Before the old woman had time to an
awer the car stopped and a tall, nervouse has been discovered by workmen en
looking man got out and hastened toward gaged in making a railroad entting near

Good day, lad." The old woman hobbled out, climbed down from the plate is carefully removed to the Belgrade orm, and slowly went along in the dis National Museum.

The car went along, taking our little hero with it. A few blocks further and he got out. He went into a wood yard near by and busied himself all day splitting short boards and slabs in thin pieces.

These he put up in small bunches, then they were ready for market, and sold all over the city as kindling wood. He could do this work, because he could sit on a block, and with a little hatchet be could earn something to support himself

and his sister.

When his day's work was done he went home. He earned from twentyfive to thirty-five cents a day; owing to his lameness he had to pay ten cents a day car fare; but this would not last long; his wounded foot was fast healing. Before he went to the top of number 116 he paid five cents for a loaf of bread, three cents for some apples, and three cents for some cooked beans. This would make his little sister and himself a nice supper and breakfast, and then there would be some left for her dinner. He had a few pennies left. All but five he must put in a little bag to pay rent; the five was for car fare the next morning. In a few days he hoped to be able to walk to his work and return, then he could save ten cents more. He, in that way, could earn enough to get his sister new frock which she needed very badly. Such were his thoughts as he mounted the rickerty stairs to his

"O, good," said a pretty little bare footed girl about ten years of age, as he opened the door. She jumped out of the chair and met him with a kiss before he had got half way across the room.

"What's good, Bess?" said he, returning the kiss. "You have got home; how is your foot

"Better." "Say, Tim, I did not eat all of my din-

"You ought to, Bess," replied the brother, placing his purchases upon a rickety stand, which was the best piece of furniture in the room. She undid the packages; got from a box a couple of plates and two tin cups. Supper was ready

"Good supper to-night, Tim," said Bess a few moments after, looking up from her eating. "Why, who's that?" she exclaimed, pointing toward the

Tim looked around and saw standing the center of the room a small man of mild appearance. He had come in so quietly that noticed him. that neither of the children

"So, my boy, this is your home?" said

the gentleman.
"Yes, sir," answered Tim.
"Is this the little sister you told me about?" asked the man, coming to where they were and stroking Bessie's hair. "That's Bessie; she's my sister," said

Tim, opening his eyes in amazement. "1 never saw you before, sir.' 'You never did?" said the man, laugh-

"Not that I know of." "Do you remember an old woman that you gave up your seat to in the car this

"Yes, sir." "I am that old woman."

morning?

"What?" exclaimed Tim, jumping up so quickly that he hurt his lame foot and had to sit down again. "I said I was that old woman," repeat-

ed the gentleman. "I don't understand," said Tim. Of course not, but I will explain. My name is Benson, and I am a detective.

"What, are you Benson, the great detective?" asked the boy, interrupting Mr.

Benson. "I am Mr. Benson, the detective. I was shadowing a thief this morning. I dressed up like an old woman and got on the same car with you, and that's the

way I came to make your acquaintance. Do you understand?" "Yes, sir, I think I do. Did you catch the thief?

"He is in jail now," replied Mr. Ben son smiling at the boy's question.
"I am glad of that," said Tim. "I am glad of something else,"

the detective.

"What is that?" asked Bessie. "I am glad that I found your brother, Timothy, you are just the boy I have been looking for. The boy with a lame foot that will get up and give an old lady a seat though her garments are poor, is too much of a gentleman to live in a garret and eat dry bread, cold beaus and apples for his supper.'

"But you were a man," said Tim. "You did not know that; the principle is the same. Do you know what I want you to do?"

"No, sir." "I have a good home. I want you and Bessie to go home with me and be my boy and girl. What do you say?"

The children were so astonished at first that they did not know what to say. But when Mr. Benson went away the children were with him. On the street they found the great detective's carriage, in which they were taken directly to his house.

Their days of suffering from poverty, cold and hunger were over. This was several years ago. Timothy has become a large man. Bessie is a beautiful woman; married, rich, charitable and respected. As for Mr. Benson he is yet in the detective business, but he has a partner, and that partner is Timothy

Burns. Boys, it pays to be polite, especially to old people.

Rome's Fortipications.-The fifteen forts that now surround the city of Rome have an extent of about twentyfive miles, so that the vanguard of a be sieging party would have to occupy no less a circuit than thirty-two miles, and the main force a circuit of thirty-eight miles. On the most modest computation the besieging army would therefore employ six or seven army corps—that is, from 150,000 to 180,000 men. The forts of Rome, if furnished with heavy artillery are now capable of a tenscious, resistance, without reckoning that a garrison even inferior to the enemy in numbers would be able to embarrass and retard his movements from the very first.

Belgrade. After photographs are taken of the remains "in situ," the bones will

## rection that had been taken by the tall, THE ENFIELD COURT ROB-

CHAPTER L.

"When are you going to return Lady Das-ent's visit. Aunt Frances?" asked my nicce Amy one lovely morning in August. "It is quite a fortnight since she called."

fortnight since she called."

"In a day or so," I replied, knowing the duty must be performed, particularly as Lady Dasent's had, since she called, sent us an invitation to a ball which was about to take place at Enfeld Court. In my inmost heart I should have been pleased had Lady Dasent's visit never been paid. We had lived in seclusion for so long that I almost dreaded any interruption to the even tenor of our quiet existence. But Amy was eighteen, and just at the age to But Amy was eighteen, and just at the age to appreciate a little gayety, and I felt it my duty to set my own feelings aside and allow her to enjoy the present to the utmost. We lived just on the outskirts of one of the

principal southern provincial towns, in a little paradise which some one had aptly designated the "Wren's Nest." I thought it perfect, and would not have exchanged its peaceful beauty for Enfield itself, which was considered one of the finest places in the county.

Owing to Lord Dasent's very delicate health the family had been absent for some years, but directly they returned Lady Dasent had called The Court was barely a mile distant by road, and we were really their nearest neighbors. It behooved me, therefore, for Amy's sake, to make an effort and return her

What do you think of our going to Enfield this afternoon, Amy?" I said presently.
"I think it would be delightful," she replied.

Shall we walk or drive?" "Drive, decidedly," I rejoined. The day was lovely, and I inwardly heped that Lady Dasent might be enjoying its beauties herself, and that we might thus continue our drive. having done our duty by leaving cards only.

But my hopes were disappointed. Lady Dasent was at home, and we were ushered with
due ceremony into her beautiful drawing-room,
where we found her most graciously inclined

Her daughters were playing lawn-tennis, she told us. Would we like to join them on the terrace? Very gladly would I have declined, but a glance toward Amy decided me otherwise. Very probably my diminutive groom and ponies would be entertained hospitally during any detailed. toward us both. groom and ponies would be entertained hos-pitably during our detention, and I could fancy, after the splendors of Enfeld, that Joseph would return home signally dissatisfied with the humble ways at the Wren's Nest.

with the humble ways at the Wren's Nest.

Accompanying Lady Dasent, we found ourselves in the midst of quite a large party of young people, some playing tennis, but the greater number merely looking on. Amy was swept from my side immediately, but my anxious eyes followed her, and with pleasure I observed the cordiality with which the Misses Dasept welcomed her. Dasent welcomed her.

By and by I saw her standing under a lime

tree at some little distance from where I was seated. She was dressed in white; and as she stood in the half-shade, half-sunshine, there was a look of othereal beauty about her. "How very pretty your niece is, Miss Cour-tenay," Lady Dasent observed.

Yes; I think she is rather pretty." I re plied.

Some one else thought so too. Just as Lady Dasent spoke, I saw a gentleman introduced to Amy; and while we remained, he determinedly maintained a close proximity to her side. He was young, good-looking, and evidently bent upon making himself very agreeable to

Hitherto Amy had lived a life of complete retirement. I had guarded her with a joalous care from all contact with any outward influence that might prejudice the future of my darling. She had been consigned to my care by her mother on her death-bed, when an infant of a few months old; and I accepted the charge, vowing to be faithful to the utmost of

my ability.

I had loved her mother; but I had adored her father-my youngest brother-who had gone out to India with the fairest prospects, and come home, after being there for only a few years, to die. Out of a large family I the only one left who could possibly have un-dertaken the absolute charge of Amy.

sorrows became dim in the distance as my charge grew; every day and hour adding to my levotion to her, and, thank God! to her love and affection for me. We were not rich, but we had enough; and I was enabled to have a governess for Amy, so that not even for part of her education had she to leave me. Sometimes I wished she had some companions of her own age; but when I mentioned it she always rejected the idea of such a necessity. She was perfectly happy. What more did I want? Nothing, except to insure her continuing to be happy all the days of her life.

Lady Dasent's desire to cultivate our ac-

quaintance presented at least one advantage for Amy: the Misses Dasent were about her own age, and judging by outward appearances, nice lady like girls, who seemed anxious to be friendly with her. Still, I shrank from giving encouragement to the intimacy between them; ugh Amy's birth was that of a lady still the Misses Dasent were undeniably her in rank, and-perhaps from an old-fashioned idea on my part of possible patronage— I rather threw obstacles in the way of any sud-

den friendship between them. But I am anticipating, and must revert to the introduction I had witnessed in the dis-tance between Amy and Mr. Alfred Mauleverer, which was the name of the individual I before alluded to. I did not make his acquaintance that afternoon; that was an honor reserved for the following day, when he, accompanied by two of the Missen Dasent, came over to the Wren's Nest to invite Amy and myself to a

small afternoon party. small afternoon party.

It was the beginning of many visits both on their part and our own; in fact, bardly a day passed without our seeing at least Mr. Mauleverer, who invariably found some pretext for coming over to us, if we were not to be at Enfield. And then came the ball at Enfield-Amy's first, destined to be a most eventful one, and to which she went arrayed in simple

I was not altogether comfortable on score of her growing intimacy with Mr. Mauleverer. Perhaps be was trifling with her; perhaps he was not in every way desirable himelf. A thousand disturbing possibilities kept shooting through my old heart, as I sat water ing my darling at her first ball, looking ra-diantly protty, while Mr. Mauleverer re-doubled his devotion, and immolated himself so thoroughly at her shrine as to insist on tak-ing me in to supper—a piece of civility which

I duly appreciated.

Never before had I seen the Dasent's celebrated gold plate, which was on this occasion fully displayed. It was magnificent. Such tankards and salvers of solid gold, to say notbing of plates, spoons, and forks, all apparently precious metal. Our conversation naturally turned upon this display; and just as we were admitting it, Florence Dasent happened to join us.

Miss Conrtenay has been admiring the plate," remarked Mr. Mauleverer.
"Yes; isn't it beautiful?" she replied. "But really. I think pretty china would be almost nicer. I believe papa would prefer it; but we

can't get rid of our plate, simply because it is intailed; so are mamma's diamonds. Lady Dasent was wearing her diamonds that evening. From my quiet corner in the ball-room I had specially noticed the necklace, which was rather a tight circlet round her throat, set in squares of a formal, but of course

magnificent description.

A few triffing remarks followed; and ther Mr. Manleverer conducted me back to my seat, in the vicinity of which we found Amy, to whom Mr. Mauleverer was engaged for the next dance.

I must say they looked a charming couple as they moved away. I suppose my eyes were xpressive of my thoughts, for Lady Basent's
voice close beside me seemed to echo them.

"They make a good pair, don't they? she
said. "Ah, Miss Courtenay," she continued.
"I am afraid you must not expect to keep your."

niece always; some one is sure to carry her off

"I am in no hurry for that time to come," I replied. "But, Lady Dasent, do you mind telling me one thing; who is Mr. Mauleverer?" "Who is Mr. Mauleverer?" "Pho is Mr. Mauleverer?" repeated Lady Dasent, with a shade of sarcasm in her voice. "Well, my dear Miss Courtenay, I believe he is of very good family, very well off, and I know he is very charming, and moves in the very best society. You may be quite sure, had he not been very desirable in every way he would not have been our guest."

Some one else just then claimed Lady Dasent's attention, and she moved off, leaving me to digest at my leisure the satisfactory remarks she had made relative to Amy's admirer.

to digest at my leisure the samacoup marks she had made relative to Amy's admirer. Very good family—very well off—very charming, and so forth. I was glad to hear it, and could scarcely avoid a feeling of exultation when, on our return home, Amy told me that he had asked her to be his wife, and she had ac-

Tired as I was after my unwonted dissiption, sleep seemed to have forsaken me; Amy's engagement was all I could think of until day light began to struggle into existence; then I suppose I fell askeep, and might have slept for hours had not my old house-maid, Margaret, burst into my room without any ceremony, and wakened me with the startling tidings that he would be a possible to the startling tidings that Enfield had been on fire, and that the gold plate, also nearly all Lady Dasent's diamonds had been stolen!

It seemed altogether too dreadful to be true but very shortly afterward Mr. Mauleverer himself appeared, and fully confirmed the tid-ings. He had distinguished himself greatly by his bravery in endeavoring to extinguish the flames, and in doing so had burned his cient had eather way role. right hand rather severely.

"I thought you might hear an exaggerated

account of it, so I came over at once," he ob-served, with a glance toward Amy.

"Who discovered it?" I asked. "What can have originated the fire? and above all, who

can have taken the plate?"
"And the diamonds?" added Amy "That remains to be seen," replied Mr. Manleverer. "On my way here I telegraphed to Scotland yard, and no doubt a sharp detec-

tive will unravel the mystery." Partly in order to make it more convenient for guests at a distance, partly because Lord Dasent himelf objected to late kours, the ball had begun at the unfashionably early hour of nine o'clock; by half-past two it was over, and by three o'clock comparative silence had reigned over Enfield. The butler had judged it safe—never dreaming of danger—to lock up the supper room, the shutters of all the windows being strongly barred as well. With an easy mind, and the key in his coat pocket, that functionary retired to bed, while the rest of the

servants gladly followed his example.

Neither bolts nor bars, however, defended the diamonds. Lady Dasent replaced them with her own hands in their cases, which with-out any anxiety whatever, she laid upon her toilet table. To-morrow they would, as usual, be deposited in the safe, where they were ordinarily kept. She had dismissed her maid di-rectly she came to her room; one of her daughters unclasped the circlet from her throat, and shortly afterward-as it came out in evidence-Miss Dasent lelt her mother m, crossed the corridor, and was just about to enter her own room, when in the darkness me one brushed past her. The circumstance did not alarm her; it was no doubt one of

servants, so she thought no more of it. Lady Dasent's dressing-room adjoined bedroom, and her account of the affair wa that a few minutes after she had got in bed she distinctly heard the handle of her dressing room door turn, and she fancied she heard very quiet step in the dressing-room, which, i a sleepy way, she fancied was her maid.

Lord Dasent heard nothing—had nothing to

tell; he wished he had. If any one had brushed past him in the corridor, or he had heard steps in the dressing-room, there would have been neither robbery nor fire. As it was, the stealthy footsteps must have approached the dressing table, and with a deliberation almost incredible, some one must have opened the cases and abstracted the contents. The circlet, the bracelets, and a pair of magnificent ear rings—all were gone. The gold plate had was also been eleverly carried off; only a few minor

articles baving been spared. At first all the charge of Amy.

And here was I, with my youth far behind me, an unloved old maid, until the child came evidently had its origin near the supper-roc which chanced to be directly below Lady which chanced to be directly below Lady At first all the energies of the household were directed toward subduing the fire. It her being wakened by a strong smell of fire, that the alarm was given in time to save not only the house, but some of the inmates who might otherwise have perished in the And from this fate it appeared Mr. Mauleverer had a narrow escape. He had behaved "splen-didly," so the Dasents said; and as my nephew elect I was proud to hear it.

Upon further investigation, it was found that, while the robbery at Enfield Court had been most carefully planned and premeditated, the fire had evidently been an accidental part of the thieves' progamme, as a hastily done-up bundle, containing some valuable articles, was discovered jut outside the supper-room win dow, as if dropped in a hasty exit. Happily, the fire had been subdued in time to save the greater portion of the house, but the damage done, to say nothing of the immense loss cause by the robbery, was very considerable.

In due time two detectives came down from London, and the excitement continued unabat ed in the neighborhood while they remained but nothing transpired. They maintained ar amount of stolid reticence which to the curious was most provoking, and finally they de-parted without having apparently done any-thing toward solving the mystery, far less se-

curing the thieves.

Gradually things seemed to settle down, and the robbery at Enfield was replaced in my mind by my entire absorption in Amy's engagement, to which I had given a qualified consent, on the condition that Mr. Mauleverer's family were satisfied with the connection, and that pecuniary matters were properly adjusted. he had actually declared himself, I felt emboldened to ask questions and ascertain everything I possibly could as to the antecedents of the man who was to be my darling'

He was well connected. His mother was dead, but his father was alive, and lived in great seclusion at his own property, which was situated in Yorkshire. He was reputed to be rich, but on this point I could gain no definite information. Still, remembering Lady Das ent's "very well off," I was not much troubled on the score of money matters. I had felt it incumbent upon me to invite him to spend a few days with us before he left for Yorkshire and it seemed natural that he should come to us. I told him frankly that Amy had very lit tle money of her own-something less than two thousand pounds; but at my death I intended to leave her everything, which I felt sure be would approve of being tied up and strictly settled upon berself.

ught his expression changed a little when I mentioned this, and still more so when I casually asked him in a friendly way if he always meant to be an idle man, for he had left the army, it appeared, and I was anxious, for Amy's sake, to see some symptom of his wish-ing to get an appointment or occupation of

Meanwhile, Amy seemed satisfied, but my doubts born of my extreme affection for her began to arise and refused to be silenced. Mr. Manleverer had written to his father

announceing his engagement, but as vet neither line nor message from the old gentleman had reached us. It was not treating Amy properly, and though Amy's entreaties to me to be patient and off-repeated assurances that Alfred said everything would be all right si-lenced me for a time. I was fully resolved to see matters either ended or placed on a satis factory footing before much longer time elapsed.

In the meantime Mr. Mauleverer received one morning a telegram, which, he informed us, contained the news of the illness of an old friend of his in Lordon. He must start im mediately if he wished to see him alive. If did not mind be would leave his heavy luggage behind him and only take a small port-manteau. Unless something very special hap-

pened to detain him he would be with us again in a couple of days. His adieus were hurried, but impressive. He seemed really sorry to leave Amy, who was, however, enabled to hid him a cheerful goodbye on the strength of his speeds return.

On the morning of the second day after he had taken his denarture. Amy was evidently

had takes his departure, Amy was evidently expecting a letter from him—not unreasonably, as I thought, as it was natural she should wish to hear that he had reached his destination She was rather restless and fidgety. Perhaps that was the cause of my own alm nervous feelings as post-time approached.

"Amy, darling." I said presently, "suppose you take the garden scissors and snip these ge-

raniums for me; they want it badly. so Amy stepped out on to the little lawn with its still brightly filled parterres, and I watched her from the drawing-room window wifn feelings of mingled love, anxiety and apprehension, for do what I might I could not get over the sense of some impending calamity something sorrowful for her. Soon afterward she joined me, radiant with her letter. the first she had ever received from him; a very ardent, gentlemanly epistle, I was obliged to own; satisfactory, too, as it contained the in-formation that he had heard from his father, formation that he had heard from his father, who, on certain conditions, which he saw his way to comply with had promised to consent to the marriage. A letter for me from old Mr. Mauleverer had been onclosed in his letter to his son; but the latter preferred delivering it to me personally, consequently I would not receive it until his return to us.

Amy had an engagement that afternoon to visit the Dasents, who were now installed in a small house they had at some distance from the court, while the latter was being repaired. She was to drive over, taking our small groom with her, and I was not to expect her back until after nine o'clock at the earliest; so I was to spend a solitary evening. After she left me I wrote a few letters; then I tried to read; but my attention wandered. A slight drowsiness came over me, and I suppose I fell asleep. All at once I woke up with a consciousness of some one standing just outside the closed window, gazing into the room, and I discerned distinctly the features of a man's face pressed closely against the window-pane. I was not generally nervous, but I confess a thrill of fear shot through me then, and for a moment I was al-most too terrified to stir. The next instant I got up, and simultaneously with my doing so the face vanished. But the eyes I had so clearby seen might be watching me still. I con-trolled all outward symptoms of alarm or con-sciousness of what I had seen, and after a few minutes-to me each seemed an hour-I moved toward the deor and summoned one of the servants. I mentioned the circumstance to her and enjoined extra care that night as to our bolts and bars. Though we had neither gold plate nor diamonds to attract thieves, still there was enough silver to satisfy moderate cupidity, and it was wonderful how such facts got abroad. After the Enfield court robbery got abroad one could not be too careful.

Very soon Margaret, my servant, bad secured all the shutters, drawn the curtains, and I sat down to my solitary toa, wishing most fervent-ly that Amy were safely within doors again.

A sudden storm had come ou; the wind had risen to a burricane, and bade fair to continue during the night. About eight o clock a mes sage arrived for me from Lady Dasent telling me that as the storm was so severe they had ventured to detain Amy for the night; in the morning she would be with me early

I was both glad and sorry-glad that Amy would not run the risk of encountering any lurking individuals in the darkness; that she was safely at Enfield; but sorry for my own sake, I felt so solitary and, truth to tell, so

strangely nervous. The evening wore on slowly, and as ten 'elock struck I went to my room. It was directly over the drawing room. Next to mine was Amy's; and on the other side of the landing was the spare room, which had so recently been occupied by Alfred Mauleverer. Above slept the servants. I heard them go up to bed, and while I could hear them moving about overhead I was tolerably comfortable; but soon stillness reigned over the Wren's Nest, My domestics were asleep. The best thing I could do was to follow their example, which after a time I suppose I did, for I was wakened by a noise, a distant sound from the hall below. I scarcely breathed. I could hear my heart beating as I lay listening with strained ears, and recalling with horrified terror the face I and recalling with horrified terror the face I had seen at the window,

I need hardly say that I was thoroughly awake. Every nerve was strung to such a pitch of tension that if a pin had been dropped are I should have heard it. It came
the sound from below—dull, this time,
stinet; and presently I heard stealthy
eps coming rapidly and quietly up stairs,
ally shoeless feet, but none the less audimy exposure since I had lived at the
my ears. Never since I had lived at the
"a Next had I locked my beligner up on doors I." feel sure I should have heard it. It c but distinct; and presently I heard stealthy footsteps coming rapidly and quietly up stairs, evidently shocless feet, but none the ! ble to my ears. Never since I had lived at the Wren's Nest had I locked my bed-room door; I had a dread of doing it; and despite my ne vousness on this occasion, I had not departed from my rule. It was too late to attempt to accomplish it now. Besides, looking back. I think a sort of temporary paralysis had come over me. I heard a hand laid upon the handle; it was turned cautiously, and the next moment, from my curtained bed. I distinguished a man bearing some sort of small lamp-his

face concealed by a mask-enter.

It was a matter of life or death remain quiet. Through my mind flashed a resolve to doliver up everything I was possessed of—family plate, my mother s amethists, all my small valuables to this ruffian in exchange for my life, should be demand them. But no such intention appeared to be his. He approached the bed, raised his lamp, flashed it for a second upon my closed eyes, and then withdrew it, apparently satisfied that I slept. It must have been a cursory glance, for I could not have sustained the deception for more than moment. He gave a keen look round the room. only the lower part of his face was covered, so I could see his eyes, small, black, and piercing, with something familiar to me in them, even then. My watch—a legacy from my mother—lay on the toilet table, but he overlooked it. Evidently, mine was not the room he meant to rifle. Almost noislessly he vanished out of it, and I heard him proceed into Anny's room next-thank God, it was empty - hen into the spare room, where he

All at once it flashed across me that by little courage I might save everything and secure the thief. In former days, my spare room had been a nursery; and the were barred, so as to make all exit from them impossible. If I could slip out of bed, get across the passage, in one second I could lock the door, and, secure from any attack, raise an

alarm. The agony of fear I was in was such that I felt equal to any effort. Without losing a moment, I glided out of bed; a moment pause acquainted me with the fact that the iscreant was busy; I heard him throwing out things allover the floor. He was searching Mr. Manieverer's portmanteaus; they were quite at the far end of the bedroom; so I calcuinted that I could safely close and lock the door before he could possibly prevent me. Like a ghost, I moved out of my room on my perilous errand. Through a chink in the half-open door I beheld the man kneeling in front of the larger portmantean, rifling it with a rapidity and intentness which secured my b ing for the present discovered. I had intended to seize the door the instant I reached it, but something made me pause in the darkness and peer with terrified eyes into the bedroom. He bad his back to me, and I could see the quick movements of his arms as one thing after an-

other was harriedly thrown apon the ground. Imagine my feelings as I stood within a few paces of him, to see him with the utmost celerity tear open the lining of the portmanteau and draw from it a glittering mass of diamonds, which I instantly recognized as Lady Dasent's famous circlet, the one she had worn on the night of the eventful ball, and which, other things, had so mysteriously dis-

appeared!
Horror, anguish, and fear well nigh caused me to fall to the ground. I made an involun-tary movement; I thought I was fainting; and the noise reached him. Looking up, our eyes met. With the strength born of desperation. I seized the handle of the door, and in a moment the key was safely turned in the lock.

polly for the lives of myself and my poly for the lives of myself and my set, the sour was an old-fashioned one, of a cularly strong description, and having a gouter molding, it was almost a physimposis illy to break it open from the injuries of the toom. The exigency of the situation is me for the moment and enabled cultures at the contract of the cont me to rous any three servants, who must at first have thought I had gone temporarily out of my mind when I tried to make them com-prehend out position.

of my mine when I tried to make them comprehend our position.

It was two o'clock in the morning, still blowing a gale, and dark as Erebus. But assistance must be got. The man within our spare room bright have accomplices without; our danger tried have accomplices without; our danger tried he but beginning. We had an alarm-berl; that must be rang. Four trembling women, we proceeded in a group to the outer back court, where the bell hung, only to find the rope severed. I snatched up a clock and arrayed my self in my slippers and a skirt. The servants were as little dressed as myself. But it was no time to hesitate; immediate action must be taken. We must rouse the gardener, who lived a considerable way from the bones. Through the dark dripping shrubberies we flee, at every step expecting to be dragged back by some lurker; but no one stopped us. In safety we reached the cottage; and in a few minutes Arkwright, my gardener and general factotum, was in our midst.

His cottage was within a short distance of several others; and though he wished to go straight to the house, fearing lest the man should have semped, or been liberated by accomplices. I would not hear of it. I insisted upon his getting a couple of men to accompany him, a precaution for which I saw Arkwright's nice little wife was grateful. This caused delay, but it had not allowed my captive to escape. The half door was found open, and everything just as we had left it, the spare room door still closed. By my orders, it was not to be unlooked until the police arrived. Several volunteers had hastened to summon them; and while we were awaiting their arrival, and I had time to think a little of the horror of the position. How had Lady Dasent's diamond nechace found its way into Alfred

rival, and I had time to think a little of the horror of the position. How had Lady Dasent's diamond nechace found its way into Alfred Mauleverer's portmanteau? Could he be some imposter, some villain in the guise of a gentleman, whom I had barbored in my house, and to whom I had meditated giving my niece? The shock would almost kill Amy. Even I felt as if I should never get over it.

Who was the man? A dreadful tightness came, over my heart when this question presented itself, a suspicion to horrible.

It made the suspense almost too terrible. I

It made the suspense almost too terrible. It heard the policemen arrive, and while they were according the stairs to the spare bedroom I felt almost choked with an apprehension for what I should next hear. The door was un-locked and there was the thief. He made no resistance; the game was up. Thanks to "the old woman," as I heard him style me, he had missed the best chance of clearing a fortune he had ever had. Who was he? I seen him.

The mystery was soon explained. He was the Dasent's magnificent head butler-one of a gang, as it afterward was discovered -and who had, with the connivance of his comrades, cleared off the plate, but hoped to secure for his own private benefit the famous diamonds. The fire had so far upset their plans, that he had found himself left in possession of the diamonds, when his services came to be required in aiding to extinguish the fire. In place of flight, therefore, as he had at first in-tended, the wary butler judged it best to let his confederates make off with the plate, while he remained with the diamonds in his possession, one of the most active in subduing the flames, and anggesting the most feasible schemes for discovering the thieves,

When the detectives came down to Enfield it became imperative upon him to hit upon some safe place for the diamonds. Mr. Mauleverer was blessed with an over-abundant wardrobe, and during his visit to Enfield this butler had chosen to consider him under his particular care, laying out his clothes, arranging and settling things generally for him. The idea of temporarily depositing the precious gems within the lining of one of that gentleman's portmanteque struck him as a brilliant one. His intention, of course, was to withdraw them directly Mr. Manleverer's departure was

Mr. Mauleverer's temporary absence from our house afforded too good an opportunity to be missed; hence the visit to the Wren's Nest,

ulars of the robbery, in the sequel to which I had been called on to play so prominent a

Happily for both our sakes, she never knew of the terrible suspicions I had for a brief time entertained regarding Mr. Mauleverer. That gentleman made his appearance in due time at the Wren's Nest, bearing his father's letter. which informed me not only of his willingness to welcome Amy as his daughter, but to settle an income upon the young couple of the most satisfactory description.

Shortly afterward the butler was placed upon his trial, and I was called on, despite my weakened condition, to give evidence against him. This, however, I was happily spared, as the prisoner, acting on the advice of his counsel, pleaded guilty. Indeed, I was doubly relieved, a Mauleverer's character was thus vindicated. As the wretched prisoner was being removed he vowed he would "pay Miss Courtenay a visit again when his term of imprisonment ex-pired." However ten years' penal servitude may bring about a change in his intentions.

not trouble your lead, my dear Miss Courte-nay, about anything the wretch may have said; in the course of nature you will be beyoud his reach long before then. "Quite true," I replied, with a smile. "At all events, I am gad I have lived long enough to be the means of your recovering your dia-monds."-Chambers' Journal.

Lady Dasent anneed me very much by the

comforting view ale took of the matter.

Chicken Pie with Oysters .- Boil the chicken-a year old is best-until tender; drain off the liquor from a quart of oysters, boil, sum, line the sides of a dish with a rich crust; put in a layer of chicken, then a layer of raw oysters, and repeat until the cish is filled, seasoning each layer with papper, salt, and bits of butter, and adding the oyster liquor and part of the chicken liquor until the liquid is even with the top layer; now cover loosely with a crust, leaving an opening in the centre to allow steam to escape. If the iquor cooks away, add chicken gravy or hot water. Bake forty minutes in a moderate oven. Make gravy by adding to chicken liquor left in the pot, one quart of more, two tablespoonfuls of flour, rubled smooth with two tablespoonfuls of butter, and seasoned highly with pepper; let cook until there is no raw taste offlour; salt to taste and

serve. Fritters.-Here is an excellent recipe for the foundator of all kinds of fruit fritters: Make a batter of half a pint of weet milk, ten ounces of flour and two ounces of butter; sweeten and flavor to suit your taste. The whites of two eggs well beaten are to be stirred in last, or to make variety, jou can sometimes tree both the yolls and whites. Stir the chopped fruit in this batter and fry in but land, dropping it by spoonfuls or you can dip the fruit in the batter and Tae first time you try this weigh the ingredients; after that it will not be necessary if you are, like most cooks, "good at guessing.