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INVOCATION. O gods that from the marble steed, And mingle with the upper air, Sweep low across your rear-vetted eyes, And wear a soft, smiling smile. The man shuddered at the last word. "Hush for heaven's sake, don't talk of those folks now," he said. "But, Marguerite, come to me just as you are, and tell me again exactly what you know of the captain's going to-morrow." "Why I heard him tell madame that he would be early in the arms in Liburn, at the Downshire Arms; that he was to get up in the morning, and he would be at the house of Mrs. Montserrat near Hillsborough; that he had an appointment there with tenants, and was to receive rents; and that he would pick up the evening mail-car, Banbridge, that was to be there at the crossing; and that he would know where, but it would drop him, he said, as it passed, at Common Cross. And now mind: 'Let Marks, he said, 'or one of the men, meet you at the top of the hill, just as you go up by the bridge, and tell me what you know, Maria, what way I am coming'—'If I didn't laugh in my sleeve at this'—for the country is not over-quiet, and I shall have a large sum of money for my own use, and with me, as I should not be in time to lodge it in the bank."

RUTH MORRISON. CHAPTER VIII. With a sudden, uneasy shiver, Ruth Morrison awoke. She felt chilled and unrefreshed from not having undressed and gone to bed. "Dear me, I must be near morning," she thought; "I seem to have slept so long." She got up quickly, and staggered to the window; it was still pitch dark. "Bridget might easily have been here," she thought, "and I might have heard her coughing and sneezing." She recollected from the idea of daylight overtaking her again at Oaklands. Wreathing reality the guilty thing that she tried to make her out, she could not see the door. She unlocked it with a key that he took from his pocket, and then there was a sound of different drawers being opened. "Ah, here it is," and in a second or two the apparition of a pistol was heard clinking in the chest, and a suppressed laugh broke from the man's lips. "Loaded and all, by jimmie! Faith, the fellow little dreamed, when he was last loading this, of the night he was to die in the bed, behind the clock on the mantel-piece, in the dining-room." "I can creep down without being heard, I could light my candle, and find out the hour."

processing her journey, if he knew whether she was home. "I had never, ever, was a matter of too much importance just then; and feeling that no more could be wasted with safety, she resolved to risk everything else, and set out for Liburn as soon as possible. She was in the hall and inquired, on the waiter's appearance, if she could see the landlord himself. "He's out," was the laconic reply. "Well, the landlady?" "The man was inclined to be offensively rude and familiar with me," she answered, "and of the conversation between him and the car driver, he muttered something scarcely intelligible, and holding the door half open, he looked out into the passage. 'I say, Peggy, is Missis here?' 'She's at the washing'." "Tell her that a young woman here must see her, she says—her name is a while ago on the cars from Oaklands; and a few words inaudible to Ruth, accompanied with a sneering laugh, followed."