

Literature. THE LADY OF ABERFORTHON HALL. OR— THE MILLNER'S FORTUNE. CHAPTER XI. (Continued.) 'Madam is one tromper; I no shall have no tricks played on me!'

not fatal injury to the former. It is thought by the attending physicians that Mr. Winthrop will not survive his wounds though he may possibly live for some weeks longer. He has been removed from his hotel to a private house in Alexandria where he will be carefully attended to. It is said that the meeting between the two gentlemen was caused by some family affairs, which have not yet transpired, and with which we, at present, are not conversant.

travel. He visited the principal points of interest in Europe, returned a gay, dissolute, young aristocrat, to the States, and set off on a Southern tour. At college he had become very intimate with a young Virginian, named Brandon Lawrence, and by invitation of his friend, his visit South was made. Lawrence resided in the western part of the Old Dominion, on a fine swell of land, which rose higher and higher at the north until it joined the Blue Ridge. It was a capital place for hunting and fishing, and Lawrence being an orphan, with no relative in the house, save a maiden aunt who had the supervision of the servants, there was nothing to hinder the young men from enjoying themselves continually in out-of-door sports.

Occasionally he visited Virginia to see that his wretched victim was not yet lost. With the lapse of years, Melicent's malady increased, and she became periodically insane in reality. Still, she had lucid intervals, in which her cries for release were heard.

When Mrs. Winthrop had wished to leave Washington for some country retreat, and by a singular coincidence, had fixed on Rappahannock county—the scene of her husband's villainy—he had opposed her plan, because she would be brought into the vicinity of his first wife's prison house. But, on second thought, he feared to persist in objections, lest Winthrop should suspect him of some hidden motive, and institute investigations which might lead to an exposure of the whole affair.

CHAPTER XII. AN UNEXPECTED JOURNEY AND UNEXPECTED EVENTS. Our heroine had been at Castle Hill fifteen months, and never a word of Mr. Winthrop had reached her, save occasional allusions in the newspapers to his career at Washington.

CHAPTER XIII. CONFESSION. Mr. Winthrop's greeting to his wife-partook of shame, surprise and pleasure. His intense suffering required the constant care of a nurse, and there was no hand so soft as Winthrop's; no voice so sweet and soothing.

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