into a chamber of the castle, and laid him on a bed; but when he was left alone a sense of drowsiness overcame him, and he sank to sleep. When he awoke out of this sleep it was broad daylight; and, as soon as he could collect his scattered senses, he arose. He was not in the same apartment that he had occupied before. This was larger and more airy, and had not so much the appearance of a prison; though, when he came to try the doors, he found them fast enough—all fast save one, which led to a closet, but from that there was no passage beyond.

It must have been near the middle of the forenoon when Oswald came. He brought with him a tray, upon which were bread and wine, and when he had set it down, he turned towards his prisoner. His face was very pale, and his fair features were most strangely worked upon; and when he spoke his voice was strained and unnatural.

"Sir," he said, "you need not fear that wine. It is as pure and true as the dew that falls from heaven. The bread is good, too. Eat and drink."

"But—Oswald——"

"Stop!" commanded the youth, turning as he reached the door—for he had gone thus far before Lester could speak. "I can say nothing now, only this:—Don't presume upon friendship more. I will not say that I am your enemy. Let it be from now as though we knew each other not!" And with these words, spoken in a husky, painful tone, he left the apartment.

Lester did not fear the wine, for he knew that Oswald had told him the truth, so he partook of it as he desired, and also ate of the bread as his appetite craved.

About noon the apartment grew dark, and ere long heavy peals of thunder began to shake the old walls. As Lester walked to and fro, he noticed that a strange light gleamed in upon him. There had been no thunder for some minutes when this came, and his first thought was of lightning; but when the strong rays had been darting into his room for some time, and he heard no following rumble, he wondered what it could be. Finally he stood upon the frame of his bed, and thus he could look out and solve the mystery. He knew that the embrasure through which he now gazed looked to the westward, as he had viewed the hills in that direction during the day. And, away off upon one of those hills, he saw a bright fire blazing up; and, as he stood and watched, he could see, by the red glare, men feeding the flames!

"Merciful heaven!" he ejaculated, as he stepped down upon the floor, "it is the Wrecker's Beacon! O God, grant that no poor mariner stray upon this wild coast to-night!"

Thus speaking, he sank down upon the edge of the couch, and buried his face in his hands, in which position he remained until he was roused by the opening of his door. He looked up and beheld Oswald, who had entered the apartment, and closed the door behind him. He carried a lantern in his hand, and in his broad belt he wore a brace of richly-mounted pistols and a cutlass.

"Be seated—be seated, sir," the youth said, "for I wish to speak with you calmly and plainly." His voice was very low, and its tone was cold and forced.

"Maurice Lester, I have once saved your life, even at much risk; and did afterwards put you upon the road to easy escape. Is it not so?"

"It is," answered Lester.

"I think I have shown you that my intent is not evil towards my fellows?" the youth resumed.

"You have," said Lester.

"And do you not believe that I have ambition, and purpose, and power, to break away from the evil associations of this place?"

"Yes."

"Then you must regard me as in every way equal with yourself in a moral point of view?"

"Certainly," said our hero, beginning to see whither these remarks were tending.

"Very well," added Oswald, moving his position, as though one branch of his subject had been disposed of. "I am glad you speak so freely, for now you cannot appeal to my unworthiness. And now," he added, while a deeper shadow passed over his face, "I come to the business there is between us. I have seen Carrie Thornton, and from her lips I have heard the whole story of your former love, as well as of the affair of last night. I did not bring the maiden here, nor did I seek her love. It was all forced upon me from beginning to end—it was forced upon me until my own heart was led captive; and since then I have been as the little child dazzled by a beautiful toy. You, sir—you lost her. She was as absolutely lost to you as though she had been at the bottom of the ocean. And had it not been for my interposing arm, you would never have lived to see her again. So, I have been the cause of all. But shall I work to my own desolation? I cannot! Maurice Lester, Carrie Thornton cannot be yours! I will not lie to her; I will not tell her that you have given her up when it is not so. As I once placed you upon the eve of safety, so I am willing to do again. But I must have a promise first. Remember all I have said, and answer me: *Will you go hence for ever, and give the maiden up to me?*"

And what could Lester answer? Could he relinquish sweet Carrie Thornton thus? After awhile he said—

"I think I comprehend you. You have said nothing which I can dispute; only you have not said enough. If *you* have been the creature of circumstances, so have *I*. I did not seek this coast. I was drawn hither by a most wicked device. I did not plan any of the remarkable things which have happened."

"Never mind that," broke in the youth, with a show of impatience. "I must demand an answer to my question. Will you give the maiden up to me?"

"Well," spoke the American, after a moment's pause, during which he was striving to control his emotions, "I can answer but one way, and that is the answer of my heart. I will not—I cannot—give her up thus. Let the request come from her, and I may consider further."

"Be calm, Captain Lester. Ponder well. I must carry back a reply to the lady. Think ere you speak, sir," he continued, looking steadily into the American's face. "Under all the circumstances that lie around this affair, will you not accept your liberty, and relinquish the maiden?"

"But wherefore do you demand an answer of me?"

"That I may carry it to the lady. I am frank with you, and tell you the truth."

"So will I be frank," cried Lester, starting up from his seat. "I may go from here, if you set me free; but never will I give up my claims upon Carrie Thornton's love—never give up my claims to her hand—until she, with her own lips, speaks my doom!"

"Enough!" spoke Oswald. He started across the room again, and when he came back he picked up the lantern, and then turned once more to our hero.

"Maurice Lester, follow me; and trust me in honour as I trust you!"

There was something noble in the youth's look and tone; and yet there was something terrible in it, too. Lester was startled, and yet he arose, and prepared to follow.

"I am ready," he said.

Oswald did not speak further. He simply went to the door—opened it—waved his hand—and then passed out. Lester followed close behind him. On they went, Oswald stern and severe, and Lester wondering what was to come—on, until they reached a point where the way was blocked up with bales and boxes and loose goods. Over these they clambered—then turned into a narrower way, and finally came out upon the sea-shore, where the mad waves were lashing and beating. Oswald led the way to a place where there was a pavement of white hard sand, and where the incoming seas could not reach with their fury; and here he stopped and turned.

"Captain Lester," the youth said, after he had set the lantern down, and had taken a hurried survey by the light of the flame which just then streamed through the heavens, "I have trusted you, because I believed you to be a brave and true man. I have not come here to explain motives, nor to argue any dubious points. I have come to ACT! Here, sir, take one of these pistols!"

The lantern just sent light enough struggling up to enable Lester to see that Oswald was holding both the richly-mounted pistols towards him. But he did not touch one of them then. He started back with horror, for he now read the young man's strange purpose.

"No, no!" he cried, "Oh, no—not that!"

"Take one of them!" And Oswald's foot came down upon the hard sand fiercely, as he thrust the butts of the weapons almost into the captain's face.

"But I must speak," urged Lester, as he took one of the pistols, and allowed it to hang by his side. "I do not comprehend you. You act like a man who is mad."

"Oh!" cried the youth impetuously, "you must be both cold and blind! Why, sir, I have spent four years in lady Carrie's company. During the first two years I shrank from her. During the last two years I learned to love her, and my whole hope of future joy is based upon union with her. Ere I will see her another's I will fall dead upon the cold sand, and this very storm may sing my requiem! Now one of us must die. Let us separate—twelve paces—we will stand face to face—and with the next flash of lightning we will fire!"

"But," interposed Lester, horrified at the thought, "you bid me do that which I cannot perform. If you would have my life, take it—I cannot take yours."

"Will you relinquish the maiden?"

"I cannot."

"Then we cannot both live and be honourable. No man shall long for my wife!—Move back. Ha! There is a flash wasted."

The flame of heaven burst forth, and Oswald Wolfsfang's features were revealed as though by the light of noonday. Maurice Lester had seen enough of the world—had dealt with men enough, and read character enough, to know that the man before him meant all that he said. His face, aforetime so handsome, now wore the look almost of a demon, and his dark eyes flashed a fearful fire.

"Come," he cried, impatiently, "move back—watch for the flash, and be ready on the instant, for the quickest eye may prove victor."

"In mercy's name," gasped our hero, hardly able to realise yet the full meaning of the strange proceeding, "what can you aim at? I cannot do this! Spare me the ——"

"Fool!" vociferated Oswald, madly, "would ye have me call you coward, too! Will you stand there and be shot like a dog?—for one of us shall be left alone to love the lady Carrie! Come—at the next flash I fire! Back!—back, I say!—There!"

Lester moved back—moved mechanically—but as he gained the position where he was to stop, his thoughts were quickened. *One should be left to love the lady Carrie!* Should it be he?—or should it be another? The impulse came with irresistible power, and he grasped the pistol more firmly and cocked it.

And there they stood, upon the cold white sand, some twelve short paces asunder, with the wind howling and the mad sea roaring, wet with the flying spray, enveloped in thick darkness, their pistols half raised, waiting for heaven to send forth its vivid light once more that they might see to do the work they had in hand.

(*To be continued.*)

ARTESIAN WELLS AND WATER SUPPLIES.

One of the most considerable artesian wells in the world is that of Grenelle, Paris. It was commenced in 1833, and completed in 1841. A cast-iron hexagonal column rises from a circular stone basement to the height of about 140 feet, having a diameter of about 11 feet at the base, and one of 8½ feet at the summit. A graceful exterior elevation serves to inclose a spiral staircase, which leads to a platform and lantern, surrounded by a cupola. Notwithstanding the colossal proportions of this great work, the architect has succeeded in giving it a light and elegant appearance; the ornamentation of the columns displays considerable taste.

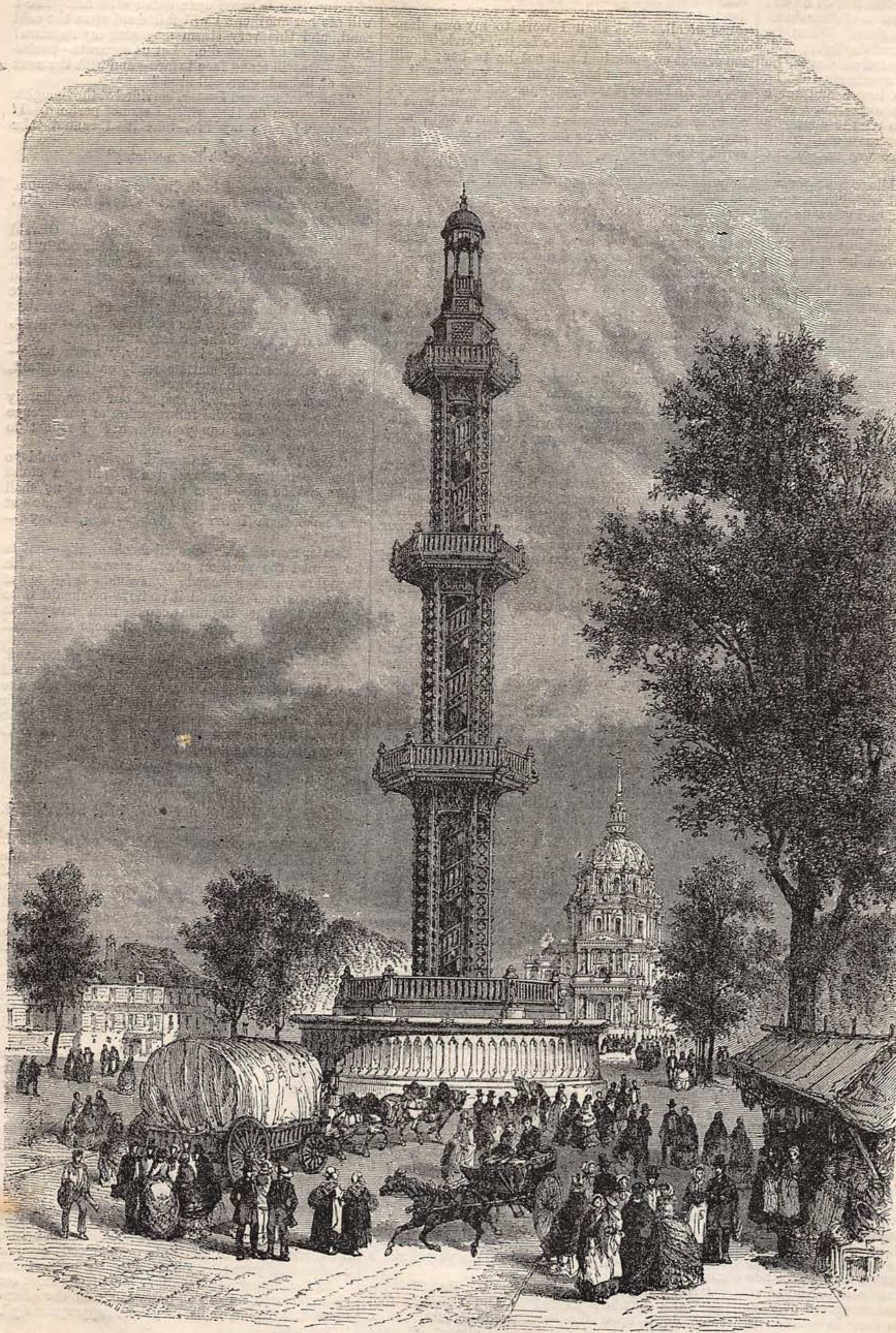
Raised from a depth of about 1,700 feet, the water is elevated to the summit of the building, and from thence is capable of supplying the different quarters of Paris, by the employment of ordinary hydraulic machinery.

Erected on the Place Breteuil, at the point where it is intersected by the avenues leading to the Military School and the Invalides, the artesian column receives the water from the spring, situated at a short distance, by means of a subterranean aqueduct.

The originator of this very successful project is M. Delaperche, who has been assisted in his labours by the most eminent engineers of Paris. The water is excellent, and is generally pronounced, even for all domestic purposes, superior to that of the Seine.

As the column of Grenelle is one of the most considerable artesian works, a few facts on the phenomena of artesian wells may here appropriately be introduced.

An artesian well is a boring made perpendicularly into the ground by means of a large augur, which gradually penetrates through different soils and rocks into a bed which contains water. As the borer is worked and made to penetrate into the underlying rocks, a jointed tube of iron and of larger bore or circumference, but surrounding it, is beaten down into the boring. This tube answers two purposes—first, it hinders the sides of the boring, or well, from



PUITS DE GRENELLE, THE CELEBRATED ARTESIAN WELL, PARIS.

tube, and often, at the top, casts itself into the air, like the jet of a fountain—a silver stream, that falls again in a shower of pearls, as if rejoiced (as a poet might imagine) in its new-found liberty, but which the natural philosopher coolly attributes to hydrostatic pressure. What is hydrostatic pressure? The tendency of water to find its level; and thus, when the percolating water is at a low level, it gradually sinks, and eventually continues to flow in a tranquil stream from the surface of the well.

But rightly to understand the phenomena of artesian wells, we must go a little further back—or a little further down—and inquire into the action of water on the earth's crust, and the action of the earth's crust on water.

Whence come our rivers?—They rise from a fountain head or spring. Where are these springs usually found?—They are found on the sides or at the base of mountains. This suggests the inquiry—how came these mountains by their stores of water? Is it from the ocean? Is it true, that the sea water, diffusing itself in all directions under ground, discovering cavernous lodgings at the base of old mountains, from thence gradually rises in vapour, condenses, trickles through, and forms a spring? So Descartes devoutly believed; but it is not true. That the sea does communicate with mountains is true, but it does so in the form of vapour, and dew, and rain. Vapours rise from the sea, become clouds, float in the blue ether till some grey mountain peak stops their course, and, condensed, they fall as dew, or rain, or hail, or snow. And having fallen and taken its old shape of water, the moisture penetrates the soil, finds chinks and interstices in the rocks through which it percolates and insinuates itself into the mountain, until it reaches some huge barrier of impervious stone, and knocks in vain for passage. Stopped in its course by this watertight rock, the strength of the water increases as it accumulates in quantity; uneasy in its imprisoned state, it seeks for some outlet, and at last carries by force the least resisting portion of the mountain, and leaps out into the light a fountain of water.

The perpetuity as well as the formation of natural

falling in; and, secondly, it prevents the water, in its ascent, from escaping and spreading into any interstice or fissure which it might find in the rocks.

In artesian wells the water rises, from various depths, to the surface of the soil and sometimes many feet above it; this, of course, depending on the condition of the strata in which it is found. Through impervious and retentive beds the borer may be driven for many hundred feet; but it arrives at last—and must arrive—at a porous stratum, containing water. The fluid, thus discovered in its secret hiding-place, rushes impetuously up the

springs depends on the condition of the atmosphere. In a long sultry season these sources are dried up; but the return of rain never fails to renew and to recruit them. The structure of the rocks or mountains in which the springs arise, exerts an important influence over their character.

PARTING OF CAPTAIN NEVILLE AND HIS WIFE.

In some instances, the watertight rock is a ridge bending downwards on each side. Springs rising under these circumstances are generally mineral. They are known also by having the same temperature as the region in which they appear. On this account, they seem in summer to be colder, and in winter to be warmer, than the atmosphere. In other instances, the watertight rocks are on an inclined plane. Most of the springs rising under these circumstances produce hot wells. In other instances, again, the watertight rocks curve upward on both sides, and form a kind of basis for the percolated waters. Waters thus placed, unable to sink lower, endeavour to ooze out at any part incapable of resisting hydrostatic pressure. It often happens that in districts where water is scarce, except at some natural spring on some mountainous elevation, ample reservoirs of water exist, but they are hidden by the superficial soil, confined by watertight rocks, and are unknown to any ordinary observer. A geologist, indeed, may tell from the natural spring on the mountain, and from the general character of the soil, that water exists at some distance below, and may prove this by boring. At any point where the bore touches the water, the water rushes upward to the level of its own source—its impetuosity and copiousness being, of course, proportionate to its strength. This is the simple principle on which artesian wells are formed, —namely, that water will find its own level; that however deeply it may be hidden below the surface of the earth, and however forcibly it may be compressed by water-tight rocks, so soon as a passage is found for it, it will rise instantly to the level of its original source. The artesian well of Grenelle is one of the finest illustrations of this principle, and the success which has attended its development is encouraging to proceed, on a more extended scale, with similar efforts in London, and other large towns.

These wells are called artesian from the ancient Artesium (the French province Artois,) as they were first found there; but long before they were known in Europe they were common in China, and in that empire are traced to a considerable antiquity.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN HEIRESS;

OR,

The Old Feud.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRENCH HAY," ETC.

CHAPTER II.

The hand of the reaper
Takes the ears that are hoary;
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory.
SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE next day—by special license, and in the presence of her maid, a brother officer of the bridegroom, and a friendly and pitying nobleman and his wife from her own near neighbourhood—my mother was married.

Privately, and without consulting any one but the officiating clergyman, Lord Mauleverers sent carefully-attested copies of their daughter's marriage certificate to Mr. and Mrs. Aylmer, confessed his own and his wife's presence at the ceremony, and, in the name of the long friendship which had existed between himself and my grandfather, entreated him to pardon the culprit, and embrace the happy opportunity thus given, of reconciling the sad and unchristian feud which had survived so many years and changes. To these two letters came but a single reply. A tender, grateful, sorrowful one from Mrs. Aylmer, earnestly thanking Lord Mauleverers for his kindness to the beloved and forsaken Frances, and his goodness in relieving her mind from the miserable uneasiness she had suffered on her child's account, since all intercourse and communication between them was imperatively forbidden by Mr. Aylmer, who had commanded that her name should never more be uttered in his presence.

Thus cast off by her own family—for Eleanor of course made no attempt to break the law she had been mainly instrumental in forming, and Mrs. Aylmer, fondly as she loved her discarded child, was too thoroughly subject to her husband to venture upon disobedience to his behests—Frances became wholly dependent upon the affection of the man she had chosen.

But perfect happiness, even during the first bright weeks of marriage, is seldom the lot of mortal; and my parents' fate was no exception to the rule. More wrathfully even than Mr. Aylmer, the bridegroom's father received the intelligence of his son's choice. The contemptuous sarcasms, the expressions of bitter personal disdain levelled at him by his hereditary foe, had over and over again been repeated to him; and still more savage than Mr. Aylmer's hatred of the Nevilles, was Mr. Neville's hatred of him.

Another cause for anger against his son existed in Mr. Neville's mind. Selfish in all things, he had looked to Geoffry to redeem the fortunes of his house by a wealthy marriage, and my father's offence received its last and worst addition, when it was ascertained that no provision had been made for his bride by the marriage settlement of her parents, and that she was portionless.

This aggravation of his guilt clearly ascertained, Mr. Neville wrote to his son a furious letter, refusing to see or hold any correspondence with him, and repeating what was certainly a very unnecessary and pointless threat, since the son never had received any assistance from the father, that he (the son) had nothing to hope for or expect from him.

Within a fortnight of the receipt of this letter, the papers announced the decease of Geoffry's mother, and the same post which brought this news brought also an official dispatch for Captain Neville, informing him that, in consequence of the sudden death of her commander, he had been appointed to the Firefly, which only waited his presence to sail, she being under orders to proceed to the Mediterranean without delay, for the purpose of joining Lord Nelson.

Afloat from the hour he had left Eton, my father had not a single friend to whom he could apply for protection for the fragile being he had removed from her own luxurious home, and had sworn to cherish and defend; while she, heiress to one of the proudest names in England, had, since she had left her father's house, no claim upon the refuge of any other. Her