UNCLE MAX.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—Continued. Early the next morning I heard, them preparing Lady Betty's room, and once when I went into the passage in search of Chatty I met Leah coming out with a desting brush she looked very sullen, and took no notice of my greeting. Chatty helped me arrange my goods and chattels: as we worked together she told me confidentially that master had been scolding Leah, and had told her she ought to be ashamed of herself, and when

Miss Darrell had taken her part he had been gry with her too. "Thornton says Miss Darrell has been crying, and has not caten a monthful of breakfast," went on Chatty; but silenced these imprudent communications. Ilwas quite evident that I was a bone of contention in the household, and that Mr. Hamil ton would have some difficulty in subduing

Leah's contumacy. I wrote to Ellen Watson that morning, and soon received a rapturous acceptance of my invitation. She would be delighted to come to the cottage and to look after my poor people.

I am very much stronger," she wrote, but I must not go back to the hospital for two months: a breath of country air will be delicious, and it is so good of you, my dear I will do all I can for poor Janet Coombe and

that dear little burnt child." I showed Mr. Hamilton the letter, and while he was reading it Chatty brought me death. word that Uncle Max was waiting to speak to me.

"If you like to go down to him I will wait than usual. I found Max walking up and down the drawing-room. As he came forward to meet me his face looked quite old and haggard.

"I am glad you have not kept me waiting, Ursula. I sent up that message in spite of Leah's telling me that you never left the nick-room.

"Leah is wrong," : replied, coolly. "Mr. Hamilton insists on my going in the garden "I felt I must see you," he returned, rather huskily. "Letters are so unsatisfactory; but it was good of you to write, always so kind and thoughtful, my dear." He paused for a moment as though to recover "She is very ill, Ursula?" himself. "Very ill."

"How gravely you speak! Are things worse than you told me? You do not mean to tell me there is absolute danger?"

"Oh, no; certainly not; but it is very sad to see her in such a state. Her nerves have quite broken down; all these three years have told on her, and there seems some fresh trouble on her mind !"

"God forbid!" he returned, quickly. "Ay, God forbid, for he alone knows what is burdening the mind of this young crea-

ture: she is too weak to throw off her nervous fancies. She blames herself for harboring such gloomy thoughts, and it distresses her not to be able to control them. The night is her worst time If we could only conquer this sleeplessness! I had sad work with her

I spared Max further particulars: he was and truly forgive me?" harassed and anxious enough. I would not harrow up his feelings by telling him how harrow up his feelings by telling him how often that feeble, piteous voice roused me from my light slumbers; how, hurrying to her bedside. I would find Gladys bathed in satisfied: tears rolled down her cheeks from tears, and cold and trembling in every limb, under her closed eyelids. and how she would cling to me, pouring out an incoherent account of some vague shadowy terror that was on her.

him: how in that semi-delirium his name, as never do anything wrong again!" And so well as Etta's, was perpetually on her lips, she went on bemoaning herselt. omeții often reproachful, sometimes in a very anguish of regret. Now I understood why she dreaded Etta's presence in her room: she feared betraying herself to those keen ears. Often after one of these outbursts she would strive to collect her scattered faculties.

"Have I been talking nonsense, Ursula! she would ask, in a tremulous voice. "I nav been dreaming, I think, and the pain in my head confuses me so: do not let me talk much." But I always succeeded in sooth-

If I read her secret, she was safe with me. I must know more before I could help either her or him. If she would only get well enough for me to talk to her, I knew what to and I did all I could to console Max. But I could not easily allay his anxiety or my own; it was impossible to conceal from him that she was in a precarious state, and that unless the power of sleep returned to her there was danger of actual brain-fevor; in her morbid condition one knew not what to fear. Perfect quiet, patience, and tenderness were the only means to be employed. As I moved about the cool, dark room where no uneasy lights and shadows fretted her weakened eyes, I could not help remem-bering the comfortless glare and the hot, pungent scents that Miss Darrell had left be-hind her. Most likely she had rustled over the matting in her silk gown, and her hard, metallic voice had rasped the invalid's nerves. Doubtless there was hope for her now in her brother's skilful treatment, and when I told Max so he went away a little comforted.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

WHITEFOOT IS SADDLED. After the first day or so the strangenes and novelty of my position were off, and I settled down to my work in the sick-room. Chatty waited upon us very nicely; but Miss Darrell never came near us. Once a day a formal message was brought by Chatty asking after the invalid. I used to think this somewhat unnecessary, as Mr. Hamilton could report his sister's progress at breakfast

When I encountered Miss Darrell on my way to the garden I always accorted her with marked civility; her manner would be a little repelling in return, and she would answer me very coldly. In spite of her outward politeness, I think she was a little afraid of me at that time. I always felt that a concealed sneer lay under her words. She made it clearly understood that she considered that I had forced myself into the house for my own purposes. Under these conditions I thought it better to avoid these encounters

as much as possible.

I saw Uncle Max two or three times. He had timed his visits purposely that he might join me in my stroll in the garden. We had made the arrangement to meet in this way daily. Max's society and sympathy would have been a refreshment to me, but we were oblied to discontinue the practice. Max never appeared without Miss Darrell following a few minutes afterwards. She would come out of the house, brisk and smiling, in grande toilette, -to take a turn in the shrub. beries, as she said. Max would dook at me

who was always delighted to do an errand in the village.

"I can't think what makes Miss Darrell so curious, ma'am," the girl once said to me.
"She asks me every day if I have been down to the vicarage. She did it while master was by the other afternoon, and be told her quite sharply it was no affair of hers."

Nevermind that, Chatty." Oh, but I am afraid she means mischief, ma.am," persisted Chatty, who had a great dislike to Miss Darrell, which she showed by being somewhat pert to her, "for the said in auch a queer tone to master, "There, I told you so: now you will believe me, and master looked as though he were not pleased."

As I strolled round the garden in Nap's As I strolled round the galuer ...

company I often saw Leah sitting sewing at her mistress's window: she would put down of nurse," I replied, quickly. "Excuse me, Miss Darrell, but I am anxious that Mr.

Miss Darrell, but I am anxious that Mr. sight. I felt the woman hated me, and this aurveillance was very unpleasant to me. I never felt quite free until I reached the kitchen-garden.

Mr. Hamilton visited his sister's room regularly three times a day. He never stayed long: he would satisfy himself about her condition, say a few cheerful words to her, and that was all.

His manner to me was grave and professional. Now and then, when he had given his directions, he would ask me if there were Miss Garston, to think of me. I am sure anything he could do for me, and if I were Mrs. Barton will make me comfortable, and comfortable; and yet, in spite of his reserve and guarded looks and words. I felt an atmosphere of protection and comfort surrounding from him. He had been called off suddenly, me that I had not known since Charlie's and might not be back for hours. If I

Every day I had proofs of his thought for me. The flowers and fruits that were sent into the sick-room were for me as well as here until you come back," he said; and I Gladys. I was often touched to see how was too glad to avail myself of this offer, for some taste of mine had been remembered and Gladys seemed more suffering and restless gratified: sometimes Chatty would tell me Gladys. I was often touched to see how that master had given orders that such a thing should be provided for Miss Garaton; and in many other ways he made me feel that I was not forgotten.

For some days Gladys continued very ill she slept fitfully and uneasily, waking in terror from some dream that escaped her memory. I used to hear her mouning, and be beside her before she opened her eyes. "It is only a nightmare," I would say to her takes my place. I cannot stay long, Max, but all the same I am glad you sent for me." | as she clung to me like a frightened child; but it was not always easy to banish the wrought imagination. The morbid condition of her mind was aggravated and increased by physical weakness; at the least exertion she had fainting-fits that alarmed us.

She told me more than once that a sense of sin oppressed her; she must be more wicked thau other people, or she thought Providence would not permit her to be so unhappy. Sometimes she blamed herself with influenc ing Eric wrongly: she ought not to have taken his part against his brother. "He that hateth his brother is a murderer. Ursula, there were times, I am sure, when I hated Giles." And with this thought upon her she would beg him to forgive her when he next came into the room.

Be never seemed surprised at these exaggerated expressions of penitence: he treated it all as part of her malady.

"Very well, I will forgive you, my dear," he would say, feeling her pulse. "Have you taken your medicine, Gladys?"

"Oh, but, Giles, I do feel so wretched about it all! Are you sure that you really

"Quite sure," he returned, smiling at her.

"What is it, my darling?" I asked, kissing her. "Do you feel more ill than usual?"
"No, no; it is only this sense of sin. Oh, There were other things I could have told Ursula, how nice it would be to die, and

I had thought it better to move her into Lady Betty's room. It was a large square room opening out of the turret-room, and very light and airy. I had a little bed put up for my use, so that I could hear her every movement. I told Mr. Hamilton that I could not feel easy to have her out of my sight; and he quite agreed with me.

In the daytime we carried her into the turret-room. The little recess formed by the circular window made a charming sittingroom, and just held Gladys's couch and an easy-chair and a little round table with a basket of hot-house flowers on it. Mr. Hamilton declared that we looked very cosey when he first found us there.

In the cool of the evening, when Gladys could bear the blind raised, it was very pleasant to sit there looking down on the little oak avenue, where the girls had set their tea-table that afternoon: we could watch the rooks cawing and circling about the elms. Sometimes Mr. Hamilton would pass with Nap at his heels and look up at us with a smile. Once a great bunch of roses all wet with dew came flying through the open window and fell on Gladva's muslin gown, "Did Giles throw them? Will you thank him, Ursula!" she said, raising them in her thin fingers. "How cool and deli-cious they are?" But when I looked out Mr. Hamilton was not to be seen.

Lady Betty wrote very piteous letters begging to be recalled, which Mr. Hamilton answered very kindly but firmly. He told her that Gladys required perfect quiet, that if she came home she would not be allowed to be with her; and when Lady Betty heard that I was nursing her she grew a little more

Gladys was always more restless and suffering towards evening; "her bad thoughts," as she called them, came out like bats in the darkness. I tried the experiment of singing to her one evening, and I found, to my de light, that my voice had a soothing influence : after this I always sang to her after she was in bed: I used to take up my station by the window, and sing softly one song after another, until she was quiet and drowsy.

As I sang I always saw a dark shadow, moving slowly under the cak-trees, pacing slowly up and down; sometimes it approached the house and stood motionless under the window, but I never took any

"Thank you, dear Uraula," Gladys would say when I at last ceased; "I feel more comfortable now." And after a time I would hear her regular breathing and know she was which I watched her first natural sleep ; she had had a restless night, as usual, but to-wards morning she had fallen into a quiet, refreshing sleep, which had lasted for three

hours.

I had finished my breakfast when I heard
her attring; and hurried in to her sito my, delight, she spoke to me quite maturally,

without a trace of nervousness: and without any bad dreams. I teel so re-

"I am so glad to hear it, dear," I replied; and very sook leave. At last he told me deight and, overjoyed at this good news, I went out jectedly that we might as well give it up, as Miss Darrell was determined that he should Mr. Hamilton to know at once of this imnot speak to me alone; so after that I con-prevement. He had been very anxious the trived to send him daily notes by Chatty, previous night, and had talked of consulting him alone; one never knows what she may Etta told her, Oh, it was wrong-cruel of this; and when I begged her not to hint at for their great popularity.

with an old friend of his who knew Gladys's | say to him. I have begun to distrust her in Giles to let her worm the truth out of him !"

Constitution.
On the threshold I encountered Miss Dar-"Were you looking tor any one?" she

asked coldly.
"Yes, for Chatty. I want Mr. Hamilton
to know that Gladys has had three hours' sleep, and has awakened refreshed and without any nervous feelings. Will you be kind enough to tell him?"
"Oh, certainly: not that I attach much

importance to such a transient improvement. Gladys's case is far too serious for me to be so sanguine. I believe you have not nursed these pervous patients before. If Giles had taken my advice he would have had a person trained to this special work."

Hamilton should know of his sister's improvement before he goes out. Chatty told me that they had sent for him from Abbey Farm.'

"Yes, I believe so," she replied, carelessly.
"Don't trouble yourself, Miss Garston: I am quite as anxious as yourself that Giles's mind should be put at rest. He has had worry enough, poor fellow."

I was rather surprised and disappointed when, ten minutes afterwards, I heard the hall door close, and, hurrying to a window, I saw Mr. Hamilton walking very quickly in the direction of Maplehurst. A moment afterwards Chatty brought me a message wanted him, Atkinson was to take one of the horses. He would probably be at Abbey Farm or at Gunter's Cottages in the Croft.

This message rather puzzled me. After turning it over in my mind, I went in search of Miss Darrell. I found her in the conservatory gathering some flowers.

"Did you give my message to Mr. Hami! ton?" I asked, rather abruptly. I thought she hesitated and seemed a little confused.

"What message? Oh, I remember,about Gladys. No, I just missed him: he had gone out. But it is of no consequence, is it? I will tell him when he comes home.

I would not trust myself to reply. She must have purposely loitered on her way down-stairs, hoping to annoy me. He would spend an anxious day, for I knew he was very uncomfortable about Gladys: perhaps he would write to Dr. Townsend.

It was no use speaking to Miss Darrell : she was only too ready to thwart me on all occasions. I would take the matter into my own hands. I went down to the stables and found Atkinson, and asked him to ride over to Abbey Farm and take a note to his mas-

"I hope Miss Gladys is not worse, ma'am, he said, civilly, looking rather alarmed at his errand; but when I had satisfied him on this point he promised to find him as quickly as possible.

There is only Whitefoot in the stable, he said. " Master has both the browns out Norris was to pick him up in the village. But he is quite fresh, and will do the job easily." I wrote my note while Whitefoot was being saddled, and then went back to the house. Miss Darrell looked at me sus-

"I thought I heard voices in the stable 'she said; and I at once told her what vard.

For the first time she seemed utterly confounded.

"You told Atkinson to saddle Whitefoot and go all these miles just to carry that ridiculous message! I wonder what Giles will say," she observed, indignantly. these years that I have managed his house I talk of falling in love, or men falling in love should never have thought of taking such a liberty."

these years that I have managed his house I talk of falling in love, or men falling in love with them, as lightly as they would speak of going to a ball. They do not consider the

This was hard to bear, but I answered her with seeming coolness: "If Mr. Hamilton thinks I am wrong, he

much dignity.
But I knew I had been right when I saw

at once, and beckoned me into Lady Betty's

"Thank you for your thoughtfulness, Miss Garston," he said, gratefully. "You have spared me a wretchedly anxious day. A bad accident case at Abbey Farm called me off, and I had only time to get my things ready, and I was obliged to see the colonel first. If you had not sent me that note 1 should have written to Dr. Townsend. But why did not Chatty bring me a message before I went?" I explained that I had given the message

to Miss Darrell. "That is very strange," he observed, thoughtfully. "Thornton was helping me in the hall when I saw Etta watering her flower-stand. Well never mind; she shall

have her lecture presently. Now let us go to Gladvs." Of course his first look at her told him she was better, and he went down-stairs to contentedly to eat his dinner. After this Gladys made flow but steady progress: she gained a little more strength; the habit of sleep re-turned to her; her nights were no longer seasons of terror, leaving her dejected and exhausted. Insensibly her thoughts became more hopeful; she spoke of other things besides her own feelings, and no longer refused

to yield to my efforts to cheer her. I watched my opportunity, and one even ing, as we were sitting by the window looking out at a crescent moon that hung like silver bow behind the oak-trees, I remarked with assumed carelessness, that Uncle Max had called earlier that day. There was a perceptible start on Gladys's part, and she

caught her breath for an instant.
"Do you mean that Mr. Cunliffe often comes?" she asked, in a low voice, and turning her long neck aside with a quick movement that concealed her face.

"Oh, yes, every day. I do not believe that he has missed more than once, and then he sent Mr. Tudor. You see your friends have been anxious about you, Gladys. I wrote to Max often to tell him exactly what

progress you were making."
"It was very kind of him to be so auxious," she answered, slowly, and with manifest effort. I thought it best to say no more just then, but to leave her to digest these few words. That night was the best she had yet passed, and in the morning I was struck by the improvement in her appearance; she looked calmer and more cheerful.

Towards, mid-day I noticed that she grew a little abstracted, and when Uncle Max's bell rang, she looked at me, and a tinge of

color came to her face,

"Should eyou notilike to go down and
speak to Mr. Cunlife?" she said; timidly. "I must not keep you such a prisoner, Ursula." But when I returned indifferently that another day would do as well, and that I had nothing special to say to him, I noticed that she looked disappointed. As I never mentioned Miss Darrell's name to her, I could not explain my real reason for declining to go down. I was rather surprised when she con tinued in an embarrassed tone, as though hesitated in this fashion when anything dis-

turbed her,—
"I am rather sorry that Etta always sees

would never do to leave her anxious on this reticence in such matters; I am the last perdote in the shape of daily notes."

"Surely you do not write every day," taking her fan from the table with a trembling hand. "What can you have to say to trust "and for your own sake as well as mine Mr. Cunlifie about me?" And I could see I implore you to confide in me." For a moshe waited for my answer with suppressed ment she looked at me with wide, troubled eagerness.

"Oh, he likes to know how you slept," I returned, carelessly, "and if you are quieter and more cheerful. Uncle Max has such sympathy with people who are ill; he is very kind hearted."

"Oh, yes; I never knew any one more so." she replied, gently; but I detected a yearning tone in her voice, as though she was longing for his sympathy then. We did not easy any more, but I thought she was a trifle restlers that afternoon, and yet she looked happier; she spoke once or twice, as though she were

tired of remaining up-stairs.
"I think I am stronger. Does Giles consider it necessary for me to stop up here?' she asked, once. "If it were not for Etta I should like to be in the drawing-room. But no, that would be an end to our peace.' " But And here she looked a little excited. if Giles would let me have a drive."

I promised to speak to him on the subject of the drive, for I was sure that he would hall the proposition most gladly as a sign of returning health; but I told her that in my opinion it would be better for her to remain quietly in these two pleasant rooms until she was stronger and more fit to endure the little daily annoyances that are so trying to a nervous invalid.

"When that time comes you will have to part with your nurse," I went on, in a joking tone. But I was grieved to see that at the first hint of my leaving her she clung to me with the old alarm visible in her marner.

"You must not say that! I cannot part with you, Ursula!" she exclaimed, vehe-mently. "If you go, you must take me with mently. "If you go, you must take me with you." And it was some time before she would let herself be laughed out of her anxious thoughts.

When I revolved all these things in my mind,—her prolonged delicacy and painful sensitiveness, her aversion to her cousin, and her evident dread of the future, -I felt that the time had come to seek a more complete understanding on a point that still perplexed me: I must come to the bottom of that singular change in her manner to Max. I must know without doubt and reserve the real state of her feeling with regard to him and her cousin Claude. If, as I had grown to think during these weeks of illness, one of these two men, and not Eric, was the chief cause of her melancholy, I must know which of these two had so agitated her young life. But in my own mind I never doubted which it was.

This was the difficult task I had set myself, and I felt that it would not be easy to approach the subject. Gladys was exceedingly reserved, even with me; it had cost her an effort to speak to me of Eric, and she had never once mentioned her cousin Captain Hamilton's name.

A woman like Gladys would be extremely reticent on the subject of lovers : the deeper her feelings, the more she would conceal them. Unlike other girls, I never heard her speak in the light jesting way with which others mention a love affair. She once told me that she considered it far too sacred and serious to be used as a topic of general conversation. "People do not know what they are talking about when they say such things,' she said, in a moved voice: "there is no reverence, and little reticence, nowadays. Girls responsibility, the awfulness, of such an el-ction, being chosen out of a whole wor!dful of will tell me so. In this house I am only ac-countable to him." And I walked away with talk!" she finished, with a slight shudder.

Knowing the nurity girl's nature, I confess I hesitated long in in-Mr. Hamilton's face that evening, for he did truding myself into that inner succtary that not return until seven o'clock. He came up she guarded so carefully; but for Max's take -poor Max, who grew more tired-took ng and haggard every day-I felt it would be cruel to hesitate longer.

So one evening, when we were sitting quietly together enjoying the cool evening air, I took Gladya's thin hand in mine and asked her if she felt well enough for me talk to her about something that had long troubled me, and that I feared speaking to her about. dreading lest I should displease her. I thought she looked a little apprehensive at my seriousness, but she replied very sweetly. and the tears camesinto her beautiful eyes as she spoke, that nothing I could say or do could displease her; that I was so true a friend to her that it would be impossible for

her to take offence.
"I am glad of that, Gladys dear," I returned, quietly; "for I have long wanted courage to ask a question. What is the real reason of your estrangement from Max?" and then, growing bolder, I whispered in her ear, as she shrank from me, "I do not ask what are your feelings to him, for I think I have guessed them, -unless, indeed, I am wrong, and you prefer your consin Captain Hamilton." I almost feared that I had been too abrupt and awkward when I saw her sudden paleness: she began to tremble like a leaf until I mentioned Captain Hamilton's name, and then she turned to me with a look of mineled astonishment and indignation. "Claude? Are you out of your senses, Ursula? Who has put such an idea into

your head?" I remembered Uncle Max's injunctions to secrecy, and felt I must be car. ful.

thought that it could not be Captain Hamilton," I returned, rather lamely: "you have never mentioned his name to me." But she interrupted me in a tone of poignant distress, and there was a sudden trouble in her brought there by my mention of Claude. "Oh, this is dreadful!" she exclaimed: "you come to me and talk about Claude, knowing all the time that I have never breathed his name to you. Who has spoken it, then? how could such a thought arise in your mind? It must be Etta, and we are "! enobare.—undone

"My darling, you must not excite yourself about a mere mistake," I returned, agricus to soothe her. "I cannot tell you now it came into my head; that is my little secret, Gladys, my dear : if you agitate yourself at a word we shall never understand each other. want you to trust me as you would trust a dear sister, -we are sisters in heart, Gladys, —but here I blushed over my words and wished them unuttered,—"and to tell me exactly what has passed between you and Max." the LL and Son

in all CHAPTER XL.

in a sort of dream,—"what has passed be-tween you and Max." And then she looked at me a little pitifully, and her lip quivered. "Oh, if I dared to speak! but to you of all persons, what would you think of me? Could it be right?—and I have never opened my lips to any one on that subject of my own accord; if Lady Betty knows, it is because

point. "You know I have provided an anti- son to force an unwilling confidence; but there are reasons—no, I cannot explain my-self; you must trust me implicitly or not at all. I do not think you will ever repent that

eyes, then she ceased to hesitate. What is it you want to know?" she asked, in a low voice. "Everything, all that has rassed between you and my poor Max, who always seems so terribly unhappy. Is it not you who have to answer for that unhappiness?"

A pained expression crossed her face, "It is true that I made him unhappy once, but that is long ago; and men are not like us: they get over things. Ob, I must explain it to you, or you will not understand. Do not be hard upon me: I have been sorely punished," she sighed; and for a few mo ments there was silence between us. I had no wish to hurry her. I knew her well: she was long in giving her confidence, but when once she gave it, it would be lavishly, generously, and without stint, just as she give her love, for Gladys was one of those rare creatures who could do nothing meanly

Presently she began to speak of her own accord :

"You know how good Mr. Cunliffe was to me in my trouble; at least you can guess, though you can never really know it. l was most forlorn and miserable I used to feel less wretched and hopeless when he was besids me; in every possible way he strengthened and braced me for daily life; he roused were talking. When a vicar was young and me from my state of selfish despendency, put unmarried, and as fascinating as Mr. Cunliffe, work into my hands, and encouraged me to persevere. If it had not been for his help and sympathy, I never could have lived through those bitter days when all around me believed that my darling Eric had died a coward's death."

"Do not speak of Eric to-night, dearest,"
I observed, alarmed at her excessive paleness as she uttered his name.

"No," with a faint smile at my anxions tone; "we are talking about some one clae this evening. Ursula, you may imagine how grateful I was,—how I grew to look upon him as my best friend, how I learned to confide in him as though he were a wise elder brother.' "A brother !-oh, G'adys!"

"It was the truth," she went on, mourn sully: "no other thought entered my mind, and you may conceive the shock when one morning he came to me, pale and agitated, and asked me if I could love him well enough marry him. "How I recall that morning! It was

May, and I had just come in from the garden, la len with pink and white May blos-soms, and long trails of laburnum, and there he was waiting for me in the drawing-room. Every one was out, and he was alone. "I fancied he looked different .- rather nervous and excited,-but I never guessed the reason until he began to speak, and then

I thought I should have broken my heart to hear him,—that I must give him pain who had been so good to me. Oh, Ursula! I had never had such cruel work to do as that. "But I must be true to him as well as my self: this was my one thought. I did not love him well enough to be his wife; he had

not touched my heart in that way; and, as I believed at that time that I could never care sufficiently for any man to wish to marry him. I felt that I dared not let him deceive himself with any future hopes." "You were quite right, my darling. Do not look so miserable. Max would only

honor you the more for your truthfulness." "Yes, but he knew me better than I knew myself," she whispered. "When he begged t) speak to me again I wented to refuse, but women to be the light and life of a man's he would not let me. He asked me—and home. Oh, it hurts me to hear some girls there were tears in his eyes—not to be so hard on him, to let him judge for us both in looked so unhappy, that I gave way at last, and said that in a year's time he might speak again. I remember telling him, as he thanked me very gratefully, that I should not consider him bound in any way; that I had so little hope to give him that I had no right to hold him to anything; if he did not come to me when a year had expired, I should know that he had changed. There was a gleam in his eyes as I said this that made me feel for the first time the strength and purpose of a man's will I grew timid and embarrassed all at once, and a strange feeling came over me. Was I, after all, so certain that I should never love him? I could only breathe freely when he had left me."

"Yes, dear, I understand," I returned, soothingly, for she bad covered her face with her hands, as though overpowered with some

recollection.
"Ursula," she whispered, "he was right. I had never thought of such things. I did not know my owo feelings. Before three months were over I knew I could give him the answer he wanted. I regretted the year's delay; but for shame, I would have made him understand how it was with me." "Could you not have given a sign that your feelings were altered, Gladys? it would

have been generous and kind of you to have ended his suspense." "I tried, but it was not easy; but he must have noticed the change in me. If I were shy and embarrassed with him it was because I cared for him so much. It used to make me happy only to see him; if he did not speak to me, I was quite content to know he was in the room. I used to treasure up his looks and words and hoard them in my memory; it did not seem to me that any

have often laughed at my hero-worship, but I made a hero of him.' I was so glad to hear her say this of my dear Max that tears of joy came to my eyes, but I would not interrupt her by a word: she should tell her story in her own way, "Etta had spoken to me long before this, One day when we were sitting over our work together, and I was thinking happily about

other man could compare with him. You

Max—Mr. Cunliffe, I mean."
"Oh, call him Max to me," I burst out but she drew herself up with gentle dignity. "It was a mistake: you should not have noticed it. I could never call him that now. Poor dear! she had no idea how often she had called him Max in her leverish wanderings. "Well, we were sitting together, -for Etta was nice to me just then, and I did not avoid her company as I do now, when she startled me by bursting into tears and reproaching me for not having told her about Mr. Cunliffe's offer, and leaving her to hear it from Giles; and then she said how disap-pointed they all were at my refusal, and was

I really sure that I could not marry him? CHAPTER XL.

THE TALK IN THE CLOAMING.

I heard Gladys repeat my words softly under her breath;—she seemed to say them either, how fascinating and persuasive she can be ; her influence over Giles proves that.
Well, little by little she drew from me that I was not so indifferent to Mr. Cunliffe as she supposed, and that in a few months time he

would speak to me again. "She seemed very kind about it, and said over and over again how glad she was to hear

my changed feelings to Giles, she agreed at most things."

"If Lady Betty and Miss Darrell know, once, and I will do herithe justice to own that she says to him," I returned, briskly; for it returned, "Gladys, you know how I honor an idea of the truth."

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with you had kept your ewn counsel, Gladys."

"You could not wish it more than I do; but indeed I said very little. I think my manner told her more than my words, for I cannot remember really saying anything tangible. I know she plied me with guestions, and when I did not answer them she laughed and said that she know.

I have paid dearly for my manner that

I have paid dearly for my want of caution, for T have been in bondage ever since. My tacit admission that I cared for Mr. Cunlifie has given Etta a cruel hold over me; my thoughts do not seem my own. She knows how to wound me : one word from her makes me shrink into myself. Sometimes I think she takes pleasure in my secret misery,—that she was only acting a part when she pretended to sympathize with me. Oh, what a weak fool I have been, Ursula, to put myself in the power of such a woman !"

"Poor Gladya!" I said, kissing her; and she dashed away her indignant tear, and hurried on.

"Oh, let me finish all the miserable story. There is not much to say, but that little is humiliating. It was soon after this that I noticed a change in Mr Cunliffe's manger. Scarcely perceptible at first, it became daily more marked. He came less often, and when he came he scarcely spake to me. It was then that Etta began to forment me, and, under the garb of kindness, to say things that I could not bear. She asked me if Mr. Cunliffe were not a little distant in his manners to me. She did not wish to distress me, but there certainly was a change in him No. I must not trouble myself, but people people would talk.

"What did they say? Ah, that was no matter, surely. Well, if I would press her, two or three busybodies had hinted that a certain young lady, who should be nameless, was rather too eager in her pursuit of the

"Such nensense, Gladys, my dear,' she went on, as I remained dumb and sick at heart at such an imputation. 'Of course I told them it was only your enthusiasm for good works. "She meets him in her district and at the mothers' meeting; and what can be the harm of that?" I said to them. " And of course she cannot refuse to sing at the penny readings and people's entertain. ments when she krows that she gives such pleasure to the poor people, and it is rather hard that she should be accused o' wanting to display her fine voice." Oh, you may be sure that I took your part. Of course it is a pity folks should believe such things, but 1 hope I made them properly ashamed of them.

selves. ver You may imagine how uneasy there in uendoes made me. You know my sensitive. ness, and how prone I am to exaggorate things. It seemed to me that more lay behind the margin of her words; and I was not

wrong, "In a little while there were other things hinted to me, but very gently. Ab, she was kind enough to me in those days. Did I not think that I was a little too imprudent and unreserved in my manner to Mr. Cunliffe? She hated to make me uncomfortable, and of course I was so innocent that I meant no harm; but men were peculiar, especially a man like Mr. Cunliffe; she was afraid he might notice my want of self-control.

" You do rot see yourself, Gladys,' she said, once; 'a child would trad out that you are over head and ears in love with him. Perhaps it would not matter so much under other circumstances, but I confess I am a little uneasy. His manner was very cold and strange last night: he seemed afraid to trust himself alone with you. Do be careful, my dear. Suppose, after all, his feelings are changed, and that he fears to tell you so?"

"Ursula, can you not understand the slow torture of these days and weeks, the first inidious dombts, th seemed to be corroborated day by day? Yes, it was not my fancy; E.ta was right; he was certainly changed; he no longer loved

"In desperation I acted upon her advice. and resigned my parish work. It seemed to me that I was parting with the last shred of my happiness when I did so. I made weak health my excuse, and indeed I was far from well; but I had the anguish of seeing the unspoken repreach in Mr. Cunliffe's eyes; he thought me covardly, vacillating; he was

disappointed in me.
"It was the end of April by this time, and in a week or two the day would come when he would have to speak to me again. Would you believe it !--but no, you could not dream that I was so ntterly mad and foolish .- but in spite of all this wretchedness I still hoped. The day came and passed, and he never came near me, and the next day, and the next; and then I knew that Etta was right, -his love for me was gone."

"You believed this, Gladye?" but I dared not say more: my promise to Max fettered

me,
"How could I doubt it?" she returned. looking at me with dry, miserable eyes; and I seemed to realize then all her pain and humiliation. "His not coming to me at the appointed time was to be a sign between us that he had changed his mind. Did I not tell him so with my own lips? did I not say to him that he was free as the air, and that no possible blame could attach itself to him if he failed to come? Do you suppose that I did not mean those words?

"Could you not have given him the benefit of a doubt?" I returned. "Perhaps your manner too was changed and made him lose hope: the resignation of all your work in the parish must have discouraged him, surely."

(To be continued.)

HUMBUG.

Barnum said "The American People like to be humbugged." This may be true in the line of entertainment, but not where life is at stake. A man with consumption, or any lingering disease, looking Death in the face and seeking disease, looking Death in the face and seeking to evade his awful grasp, does not like to be trifled with. So with confidence we place before our readers Nature's great remedy, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, a sure relief for that long train of diseases resulting from impure blood, such as Consumption, Chronic Nasal Caparth, Liver Complaint, Kidney Disorder, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Scrofula and General Debility. Time-tried and thoroughly tested, it stands without an equal! Any druggist.

A Philadelphia barber displays a sign which nnnonness thats he is "proprietor of facial decorating saloon, tonsorial artist, physiogno-mical hair dresser and facial operator, cranium manipulator and capillary abridger."

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