ESERVED) RINE TYNAN The Handsome Brandons," &c.)

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into the Convent."

beside her.

that she was about to hear? That

the children of the French wife lived?

"Ah! I must go to welcome them.

But while I am absent, Veronica, I want you to tell Miss Barnard the

ness Veronica's face assumed the por-tentousness of one who thoroughly

man indeed. He asked for the Rev-

erend Mother, but he could not see

workroom and exhibited the vest-

ments. I had my veil down, of

him like a man in a dream. We

enjoys the telling of a mystery.

Chaoter XXIV Miss Rodney linge Barnard while her n uaintance of E Kilboynet Rectory. duty visit of a few whenever she though way of holding he lifting her eyes com ent woman." she ee to the future ents, I even a imal cheque. Yo

that cheque Alison. We can't co the Carmelites hav they are having Tes So it happened Miss Rodney wer

at Mount Ca and their worl all manner of da quisitely fine to laces and embro ette was in room, a rosv y young n have suspect pernatural v tion

Barnard, and to ess that had been She wa Castle ladies fro exhibit dily growing heaps made W gotsamer-fine garof ribbonments. S in these She had a way sense of hu of lifting th ing her finely satiric Miss Rodney

She is think is over the me mere mortal son, "seeing ven go coarse "The brides

postpone their Heaven," Misyes, we mate us. Wha pearl and th gold, and the the angels the birds? You se after-all, thin

Miss Rodney acquaintance the Reverend ill for some w 'It is d

ill." Sis scared fi young! forty. looks so oungest leave us! take her are very o the postula the decay o At last o herself. Miss Rodn

She would warm shower-bath of t could never cause a chi taken cold, however, and left her in a chair by shaking her fisr at the stea. pour outside. Tessa had been ed for the day by her father-and uncle-in-law elect who had take her a jaunt to Cork which was only an hour away by train. So Alison went alone.

Femender the point and and swans' house—it is years since there has been a swan there—and they look-defor the point with the gold fish, the gold fish died in a very but winter that I remember. And

She found Sister Veronica unex-pectedly cheerful. The brown face so at What do you make of it. beamed at her beyond the grating returned at the postern, and the gate was dear?" opened with more than usual quickness—Sister Veronica had taken a bewildered have been giving her confidences of late. "You lad" ought to be a Carmelite," she had said to her one day with a naive

tention of compliment. 'She is downstairs again and will see you," she said. "And is good news, oh, very "The postulant?"

smiling. "Let her tell you that say she was fretting? another woman to-day. woman. A worthy daughter o great mother, St. Teresa." Presently Alison was in the parlor, looking through the grill .

its veil of crape at the spiritual fa of the Reverend Mother. "You are better, Reverend Mother?" she asked anxiously. Her imagination and her heart alike had been impressed by this woman between whom and herself there was the world's width of divergence. "Sister Veronica told me that you were bet-

ter and that there was good news." "I am much better, and there is good news. St. Teresa has not forgotten us. After all those years we to receive two postulants. And a many many friend has come forward to place us commented beyond the reach of poverty. We have and been tumbling to pieces and hers that no money to mend anything. I the time used to say it would last our time; But but I often thought that if I sur- swish vived the others I should be found floor buried under the ruins. Our friend is to build us a new Convent in these grille It will be far more suit- in the able for us than this old house so little grouped the close to the road. We shall have John stabsolute seclusion. This house will air of be mended for the schools, and for the showed workrooms. Now that we are going a ripe, to have the postulants energy revives on the o with the

"I am so glad." Alison forgot the me when she had said that the Carmelite vocation was too hard. 'The postulants, are they young?' 'They came in to-day. Perhaps you will see them before you leave. They are cousins. One postulant makes many. I was wrong to des-

black dres

ed the lit

the postula

end Mother.

Alison said

her with the new and

earth awaiting i

ing it nearer-and

were that she would

for that fruition!-

and peace. It was someth

The Reverend Mother, aft ute or two, dismissed her pairs with a gaiety Alison had

"My new ch

"And the munificent friend. Did the friend drop from Heaven, a gift

"Why, that is a strange story.
We have not seen the friend. The matter has been arranged through a firm of London solicitors. We have ly bride; the sadder factors as the sadder factors are said to be sadder factors. no proof that the gentleman who was interested in the French lady and her children, as you were, my child, is the one who has given us the money, but we think it must be so. Just wait a moment and I shall summon

me here!"

said, looking at her across the grille with benignant eyes.
"Yes," said Alison. "I have found a way out."

CHAPTER XXV.

The Lawful Heirs. When Alison reached home there Why, if that was so, she was free were yet some hours before the carof Castle Barnard and the mill-stone was to meet the train from riage Cork which was to bring back Tes-She started to find Sister Veronica sa and her escorts. It was broad daylight: the sun would "The postulants have come, Reverset for an hour or so, and the March end Mother," she said. "Did you light, uncomplicated by leaves, was not hear the gate? They have gone the most brilliant of the year.

She looked up at the long front of Castle Barnard, seeing it suddenly as a stranger might see it, noting its beauty and stateliness as a new whole story of the gentleman who came to purchase the vestments, who acted so strangely." thing, as one who was unacquainted with all ber intimate memories of the great house in which she had Veronica stood before Alison with

first opened her eyes.
"I wonder if in time," she said to herself, "it will come to be a ruin her hands hidden in her hanging sleeves. As the Reverend Mother hurried away with motherly eagerlike so many other great houses scattered over the length and breadth of Ireland. Or will the passing of the Bill save it from ruin or from be-"Ah, that was a strange gentlecoming an institution?"

Her steward awaited her on some business connected with the purchase her because she was ill. Then he of some cattle. She tried to give well-nigh su-to the Carme-to the Carme-Colette, and we took him to the springing so fast in the fields this springing so fast in the fields this mild weather that a hundred cattle would not be too much to keep course, but even with that I could it down. The steward proposed see that his intention wandered. He with Miss Barnard's consent to atwas staring, staring round about tend Drum Fair and see what he him like a man in a dream.

She had also a showed him a beautiful cope, white ling calves and two-year-old bullocks and heifers. "It's going to be things and shakcorn-we have never done anything and wondered at Miss Barnard's

them with a which delighted more beautiful; and when we named the price he said 'yes,' that would do, as though he purchased for pence and not for pounds. All the time his eyes wandered, wandered. The odd miss Rodney alone and carried her thing was that as he went upstairs to thing was that as he went upstairs to off in the closed brougham to tea at the workroom he seemed to know the Hold. She felt that she could every turn and twist of corridors. I had not to guide him at all. not talk about indifferent matters just then, and she could not discover to anyone what she had heard at And while we were still talking of the cope he suddenly asked if there the convent before she had spoken to furs and laces, were laid away in rates of had not been a French lady here the persons most intimately concern- bags with lavender in their folds. beaten fifty or sixty years ago, with her ed.

two boys. And when I said yes, he glorified asked if he might see her grave. So asked if he might see her grave. So were at tea downstairs, the green could have taken them with an easy we left Colette folding up the vest-baize door which shut off the stair-conscience, even if she were not goments, and I took him round the garcases to the kitchen being discreetly et made the den to the cemetery, and there — what do you think, my dear?—he fell

showed him the children's gardens, come hurrying at the sound of the things which the French wife had left said with a which we have kept all those years carriage wheels, saying that she behind her when she fied with her of her, so pretty well as the children left them, would not want her for a long time soul in her hands. Tessa must have except that the trees they planted vet. Justine was not surprised. those. Her desk, her music, her have grown big; and all the time he Miss Barnard had a sweet consid- books, so many of them as the Cottalked to himself, and ran on before erateness towards those in her em- tage would hold. The rest might me in and out the twists and turns ployment which endeared her to them, stay till they could be transferred to he were findand did not spoil them since it ing his way back to something he had known once. I was so surprisinspired in humbler breasts.

ed, my dear, and so anxious to tell the Reverend Mother that I positive-ty let him out without once remem-ty let him out without once remem-ty let him out without once remem-herself as Justine flashed a radiant mistress again of a hig house, bering about the cope. However he came again, and another gentleman smile of gratitude at her, revealing though nothing approaching Castle her dazzling teeth. with him, and he paid for the cope She remembered how her protegee,

n gold and took it away with him. 'ut first they visited the grave of had told her once that she 'had the to her beloved empty-handed, There was not an arnot a little shrine they did the country.' all to each other. They seem-

"Oh no, Kitty, surely not. You have never found me proud, have you? It sounds so horrid as though that it was half-past six and that I thought myself better than any-

hard winter that I remember. And "Indeed a sweeter lady to the poor I never knew," Kitty had said feel-"And no one would be afraid of you when you look at them and "Why, I think," said Alison, in a speak soft. But you have a terrible pride in your back, and that's somebewildered he children of the French thing you can't help. It's when they're looking at you going away from them that they say you're the proudest lady in the country." t I think. Sister Jane, the shoes, thinks they

She smiled to herself, remembering the speech. "That proud back will have to bend," she said, "if it is to get into

the Cottage. There won't be room for pride there at all." The Cottage was an appanage Castle Barnard, a cheerful place, after an English model by Anthony Barnard, to accommodate a favorite old steward. Since the old steward had died the Cottage had been lent

to one or another poor lady who needed rest and change. There was an old servant in charge of it who kept it clean and aired, and cooked Paradise from town and drudgery. It multiply the cottage by half-a-dozen pearls." and to make some provision for permanent inmates who should be hostcould not do at Castle Barnard as to be shown into the library.

her from her mother. It was in her mind to keep the cottage for her own for the present. For the old men came in rubbing their the present none knew except herself hands softly together. The warmth in store for her.

The upper regions of the house were impression of rich gloom. One's quite deserted at this hour. She feet sank noiselessly in Turkey carwandered about it like a ghost, in pets. The only light was from wax and out of the beautiful rooms, up candles, that brought out here and and down the wood-panelled corridors there a gleam of gilding from the where the carpet was soft to her tooled backs of the books in the herself, and of something like compunction as well. Her deerhound followed at her heels in that restless wandering. Hearing him sigh she

"A year ago it would have broken heart, Bran," she said. "To-day m hardly grieved." was now she realized how much matter of the French wife had in upon her heart. How much of

care and thought she, following er father's footsteps, had lavishon Castle Barnard had been bee it had been held in trust for e who had suffered an irreparwrong at the hands of a Barn-She had thought that when

went out of Castle Parnard she Veronica."

There were two sharp little strokes
There were two sharp little strokes
of an unseen bell. Alison at her
side of the grille sat with her face
in the shadow. Her hands were
in the shadow. What was it

What was it

Weronica ame from a lowners, although the terms of the uncongenial home; she has run to its right.

"The children came from a lowners, although the terms of the uncongenial home; she has run to its right.

"I have found the rightful of Castle Parnard. From the uncongenial home; she has run to its right.

"I have found the rightful of Castle Parnard. From the uncongenial home; she has run to its right.

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"I have found the rightful of Castle Parnard. From the uncongenial home; she has run to its right.

"I have found the rightful of Castle Parnard."

"I have found the rightful of Castle Parnard. From the uncongenial home; she has run to its rightful of Castle Parnard. From the uncongenial home; she has run to its rightful of Castle Parnard.

"I have found the rightful of Castle Parnard."

"I have found the rightful of Castle Parnard. From the uncongenial home; she has run to its rightful of Castle Parnard. Fro

new daughter is a widow who has lost her husband and little child. For such as her the Convent is full of healing. Has Veronica told you?"

"She has told me. How little I knew the first day I came to Mount Carmel what I should find awaiting me here!"

house to Paul and Tessa. Alison was minded to be clear of Castle Barnard. Her real life would begin over there at Kylinoe, where there was no shadow in the bare, bright, faded rooms, where another woman would walk, not Alison Barnard who in absolute in the same was a shadow in the bare. "You have found a way out of comething?" the Reverend Mother neux would have no shadow of dead

men's sins upon her life.

It came to her as a sudden revelation that she had carried herself like a young princess because somewhere at the back of her mind she had a conviction that she was a wowithout a birthright. man father had been frank about it. had looked the matter in the face with his clear bright eyes, and had held his head no lower because long ago he had said to the Earl of Downe, asking his daughter's hand in marriage, "It is I who am illegiti-

At the thought of her father, Ali son's head went up. "I am child of my father's repentance," Anmembered the immortal tranquility of her father's gaze. Why, to be his child was in a sense a pedigree of w. R. Baird, Esq. W. R. Brock, Esq.

"I have not been false to your teaching, father," she whispered in her heart as she went from one room to another consecrated by his mem-

And now that Castle Barnard was to be restored to the rightful owners would not the house too be free of the sins that had been done for its sake? It came over her as wonderful thing that Tessa, the descendant of James Barnard, the prime mover in the tragedy of sixty years ago, would be the mistress of Castle Barnard. So it would all end in love. Where the hatred had been the blood of the wronger and the wronged would be one at last in

As she thought of it the evening sun flooded the western rooms of Castle Barnard with a transfiguration of light. It was like an omen for the future, when the shadow that had lurked in every corner of the house for her sensitive soul, should have passed away for ever. rejoiced in the happy future of Cas-tle Barnard, thinking of it as something that lived, and had a sentient

About six o'clock she went up-stairs and opened the wardrobes in which her silks and velvets, her She had not bought the things with It was the hour when the servants the revenues of Castle Barnard, so den to the cemetery, and there—what do you think, my dear?—he fell on his knees beside the poor lady's little iron cross. And afterwards I ing to hand over to Paul and Tessa she wished the telling were was | Kylinoe tempered by the awe her stateliness over and that she was at the Cottage, with all the duties the house "I wonder if they will be the same and estate brought her put down and Farnard in magnificence. She was very thankful that she could take up Kitty Donegan, now Kitty Sweeney, the new life free; she would not go name of being the proudest lady in she was sure that if she did he would never grieve for the things

she had relinquished She awoke with a start to the fact the carriage must have gone some time before to fetch the travellers. She rang her bell for Justine and the

maid came. "I wish to dress now, Justine," she said, "as I shall be busy just before dinner. She hardly spoke while Justine did

her hair. One seldom has vivid impressions about one's own face in the glass, but sitting there facing the old Chippendale mirror, Alison was conscious of some new brightness in her expression, something of the innocent and rejoicing air which her father had worn through all his vicissitudes.

"Mademoiselle looks young tonight," Justine said, with an air of apology. She had twined a blue ribbon through the soft, fair coil of nair. She had slipped over Alison's shoulders a dress of white silk besprent with tiny bouquets. will have her

"Mademoiselle pearls," she said again. "She looks very young to-night. Pardon, Mademoiselle, but the diamonds, the velthe meals for the poor ladies when vets, the furs they make for middle they escaped to the Cottage as to a age, and that is to break the heart." "Very well, Justine." said Alison, had been a project of Alison's to submissively. "I will wear the

Alison was waiting in the library when the carriage wheels rattled outesses to the others. But hitherto side. She had given orders that Mr. she had not been altogether free. She John and Mr. Peter Bosanquet were one would who had an abiding place knew that Tessa would go upstairs there; and it was true that the up- at once as her return was close upon e trust keep of the great house made a hole the hour of dinner, and she had heard ard as in the revenues which had come to a little while before the bustle of Miss Rodney's arrival, and had heard her pass on upstairs.

> and the other person most intimate-ly concerned of the exquisite future March evening had ended in a rosy sky of frost. The room gave an She was full of surprise at book cases. There was a statue in the recess. From above the bookçases, the yellowed marble busts of poets and philosophers look' ed down. There was a pervading urned and put her hand on his head. smell of Pussia and other leathers. As the door closed behind the servant who had announced them Alison came forward and took a hand of each in her own "You have had a good day?" she

"Ask Tessa," answered Mr. Peter. "You have been spoiling her as us nal, buving her pretty things to her heart's content. There was a minute's silence.

two men felt something portentous in the air. Then Alison spoke very deliberately.

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"You have had happy news?" said both together.

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