

JUST IN TIME.

BY ADRIAN SEVERANT. AUTHOR OF "JACOB'S WIFE," "UNDER FALSE PRETEXTS," &c.

CHAPTER XIV (continued). BEATRICE'S BARGAIN.

It was a moment of intense humiliation for Beatrice. She left her face flush to the roots of her hair; she Jared neither to look up nor to speak. She knew that she had insulted that man, whose soul was as haughty as her own; and she felt quite certain that in his place she would never forgive the person who had shown such contempt for her.

"What, Miss Esilmont," he said, "I suppose that I am open to bribery like other men. Only—if you have anything to say to me—only if it is important to me to know, allow me to represent that you are not justified in concealing it because I refuse to do as you wish with regard to Gertrud's death."

"I shall not do that," said Beatrice, sharply. "Indeed! You mean to drive a bargain with me."

"No," said Beatrice, rising from her chair and drawing herself up to her full height. "I shall not do that. If you do not take my terms, I—I—"

"What will you do?"

"He watched her calmly. He was curious to know how she would act. The intimation that he might, if he chose, become master of Bertie's estate had little effect upon him."

"I should place proofs of what I have said in the hands of a solicitor, Mr. Lockhart; and I should force you to turn your cousin and friend out of his present position."

It was a stroke of genius on Beatrice's part. She had never thought of taking this line until the present moment.

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ed in a way that took her also by surprise. He got up suddenly and faced her.

"You are quite right," he said. "I misunderstood you for a moment. Your threat is a weakly one. It is not likely that I should allow Bertie to be turned out of his home for me. Please let the papers—or whatever they are—be placed in my hands alone. Nobody else must see them."

"And you promise—"

"I promise on my honor to keep silence respecting the suspicious circumstances attending Mr. Ruthven's presence last night at Glenbervie."

Without a word, Beatrice drew a paper from her dress and handed it to him.

"This," she said, "formed one of a bundle of papers which had fallen out of the box that we found at Glenbervie. The other papers seem to be of very little importance—I will give you them all at some other time. But this one will, perhaps, be valuable to you."

Then she seated herself again with a sigh. The color died out of her face; her eyelids drooped. For a moment a feeling of sickness and faintness attacked her; the battle had been fought, the victory won, but the victor had not escaped unharmed.

"I should not think so," said Anthony, with his eyes on the tablecloth. He felt a profound sensation of pity.

"Dr. Airlie tells me not to be alarmed," said the girl, "and he is very clever. But I hope he will let me see my brother today."

"He will probably have to be kept very quiet," Anthony rejoined.

"Yes, I suppose so. I hope he will not suffer very much. I don't think," said Lady Lillas, with a sunny laugh, "that either Gerald or I was ever very good at bearing pain."

"I trust that you will never have any to bear," said Anthony. He spoke on an impulse of the moment—too gravely, as he afterwards knew, for the occasion. He felt rather than saw the surprise in Lillas's sweet eyes.

"Thank you for the wish," she said, "I shall be glad to have you call on me, and speaking in a light, laughing tone. "I hope so too. I am not like my cousin Beatrice, who when we were children, used rather to glory in showing us how much she could endure."

"I should think that Miss Esilmont had a great deal of courage," said Anthony. "She showed it last night; of her gallant defence of poor Gerald Ruthven; of the duel—for it was dual after all—in which she had worsted him that very morning in the library; and his honest admiration. He had never met with a woman like her—never. He had dreamed sometimes of finding a soul to mate his own, but never of one so brave; so generous, so true! Was it possible that after all these years of wandering through the world he had come from India to his native land to find the woman of whom he could say, as Tomnyson's hero said—"

"Here, by God's grace, is the one maid for me!"

"You are not eating anything, Mr. Lockhart," said Lillas, breaking in upon his meditations with a commonplace speech which brought him back to earth again. "Let me give you some more coffee. We never have the servants come in just when he or she likes best. Morn always breakfasts in his own sitting-room, so Beatrice and I generally have the field to ourselves. Beatrice—oh, by the bye, here she comes to answer for herself. Are you very tired, dear? And what have you done to your hand? It is in a sling!"

"I sprained my wrist last night," said Beatrice, with a smile, as she returned her cousin's greeting. "No, it is not very painful, but it made me later than usual, for I could not do much for myself. Good morning, Mr. Lockhart."

She had a pale, tired look, but her eyes were clear, her smile unobscured, her voice as calm as ever. Anthony ventured to hope that she had rested well after the fatigues of the previous night.

"Yes," she said, looking at him as if she doubted whether he were in earnest. "Thank you, I slept well. I fear that our friend, Mr. Douglas, must be tired this morning. It is nearly ten o'clock."

"I had better inquire, perhaps," said Anthony.

"No, don't," said Beatrice quickly. "I am nearly sure that I hear his step outside. Yes, here he is. Bertie, I am afraid you have learnt bad ways in India; look at the clock!"

She spoke, as Anthony thought, with peculiar kindness; her eyes rested on the new comer with something that approached regret. Bertie made an apology in a graceful, deprecatory way, which was not devoid of humor.

"You see, Beatrice," he concluded gently, "a man does not usually see his house burnt down before his eyes more than once in his life. He may be allowed, I think, to be a little late for breakfast next morning in consequence."

He seated himself beside Lillas, and

accepted the coffee and other things with which she supplied him, answering her remarks with the monotonous gaiety of a mind thoroughly at ease.

But Anthony noticed that he ate nothing, and that there was a look of decided pain and depression in his face when at rest. No one else noticed it; Anthony himself might not have seen it but for the habit which he had lately formed of keenly noticing his cousin's symptoms.

He came to the conclusion that Bertie was either feeling the loss of his house a great deal more than he chose to allow, or that he was going to be ill again.

Beatrice's sharp eyes were more occupied with Anthony Lockhart than with Bertie and Lillas. His silence, his reserve, puzzled her. She wondered, with almost feverish eagerness, what he meant to do.

When she listened to the discussion raised between Bertie and Lillas concerning those half-burnt walls, which were all that remained of Glenbervie, and of the new house that must be built upon its site, she could not refrain from darting a look at inquiry, almost of dread, into Anthony's face.

He was listening too, but his eyes were fixed on his plate, and there was a fold between his brows which gave him something of a stern expression.

As he felt her glance, for he looked up and met it suddenly, and then Beatrice saw him smile. Why she did not know; but that smile was reassuring. There was a brightness in it, even a sort of sweetness, which transformed the whole face, and rendered it no longer dark and stern but thoroughly attractive.

"Trust me," it seemed to say to Beatrice. "I will do nothing to hurt these two whom we love so dearly." And Beatrice's suspicious eyes fell beneath that glance.

"I will go down to the house and report progress when I come back, if you will excuse me," he said suddenly. "The fire burnt itself out before morning, I am told; I suppose it is still smouldering."

"I must come too," said Bertie.

Anthony laid his hand on his cousin's shoulder. "Not a bit of it," he said. "You had better rest. You can do no good, and you will only knock yourself up. He is still something of an invalid, Lady Lillas," he added, looking gravely and steadily into the girl's face as if seeking to read her character through and through; "may I leave him in your care?"

"I will do what I can for him, Mr. Lockhart," said Lillas, and then blushed at the sound of her own words.

"I shall be content to be useless on those terms," said Bertie idly. "Indeed, I don't feel quite fit today; I suppose I caught cold last night."

The fire was a grand spectacle, Lillas; I wish you had seen it. I was quite alive to its picturesqueness, although it was obtained at my own expense."

The two looked at each other and smiled. She had almost forgotten the presence of any other person in the room. Beatrice broke in with a hasty remark.

"We will all take every care of Bertie, Mr. Lockhart," she said. "I only wish that our friend, Mrs. Eton, were at home. You know that she lends us the light of her countenance as a general rule, but she is away in Edinburgh at present. She would have been delighted to consent an invalid; we do not often give her the chance of doing so at the Towers, do we, Lillas?"

But Lillas was far too much absorbed in her conversation with Bertie to hear.

Anthony thereupon took his departure, but was hardly surprised to find himself followed from the room by Miss Esilmont. She did not address him on the subject which he guessed was very near her thoughts, but on another—perhaps a deater one.

"They do not know," she said, with a backward glance towards the closed door of the breakfast room. "They do not know that Gerald is so ill."

"Have you worse news of him this morning?"

"Yes. Dr. Airlie told me before I came to breakfast. He is delirious. Nobody can say how it will end."

"But surely Lady Lillas must be told of her brother's illness!" said Anthony in astonishment.

"Yes, I know she must. But I did not want to make her anxious; and she seemed so happy." Beatrice paused as if she wanted to recall her words. "She is so light-hearted, so gentle; it is sad to think of sorrow coming to her."

"It comes to all," said Anthony briefly.

"And to some earlier than to others," rejoined Miss Esilmont, turning from him. There was a touch of bitterness in her tone, which Anthony remembered as he pursued his way to the scene of the fire. He did not quite know what she meant by it. Was she angry with him, or was it some memory of her own life that disturbed her?

CHAPTER XV. A PROPOSAL OF MARRIAGE.

Lady Lillas found herself first at the breakfast table. She was still a little pale and trembling from the shock of nervous terror which she had received on the previous night; but there was also in her eyes a half-hidden sweetness, a consciousness that life held something new and beautiful for her, which lent

new charm to her expression. She was dressed in white, and she had pinned a cluster of half-opened monthly roses into her dress with a little silver brooch. There was something so fresh, so sweet, and so dainty about her that Anthony Lockhart, who was the next comer, did not wonder at his cousin's infatuation.

Anthony had to introduce himself, as he had not seen her before, and, underneath his rather warlike exterior, he experienced a feeling of decided nervousness in doing so. Anthony speedily gathered that she knew very little about the events which were then disturbing the minds of the rest of the family, and he retrained most carefully from exciting her alarm.

"Poor Gerald," she was saying. "I did not know that he was coming home just yet. I suppose he saw the fire on his way here, and turned aside to be of what use he could. Dr. Airlie tells me that he has broken two of his ribs. That is not dangerous, is it Mr. Lockhart?"

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Fresh Groceries, which will be found to compare favorably, both as regards quality and price, with any other stock in this vicinity.

TEAS AND SUGARS A SPECIALTY.

In returning thanks to my customers for their patronage, I would also invite any others who will, to call and inspect my stock.

C. L. McINTOSH. South-West side of the Square, Goderich, Feb. 18th, 1886.

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CLOVERS—Red, Large Leaf, Alaska, White, Lucerna.

GRASSES—Timothy Seed, Orchard Grass, Kentucky Blue, Red Top, Lawn Grass, Hungarian and Millet, Fara.

BEANS—White Golden Wax, Butter Beans, OATS—White Australian, Black Tartarian, Standard.

WHEAT—Buckwheat, Odessa, Fife, CORN—Canada Yellow, Early Minnesota, Stewart's Kyrretron, Hove Good.

PEAS—Field Peas, White Marrowfat, and Black Eye, etc. Daniel O'Rourke, McLean's Little Gem, etc.

FLAX SEED—Fine Seed, Linseed Meal, Grand Old Oak.

MANGLED—Mammoth Long Rod, and all other kinds.

TURKEY—Sweden, and all other popular varieties.

CAULIFLOWERS—White Belgium, Red Field Interchange, and all kinds of garden cauliflowers.

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A consignment of Fresh Ground Oatmeal just arrived.

SAMUEL SLOANE. Hamilton Street, Goderich. Goderich, Feb. 24th, 1885. 2021-1m

Advertisement for Wilson's Sulfur Soap. Prof. Low's Sulphur Soap for Heat, Nettle Rash, Scaldy Eruptions, and all diseased conditions of the skin. It is the most perfect skin soap ever made.

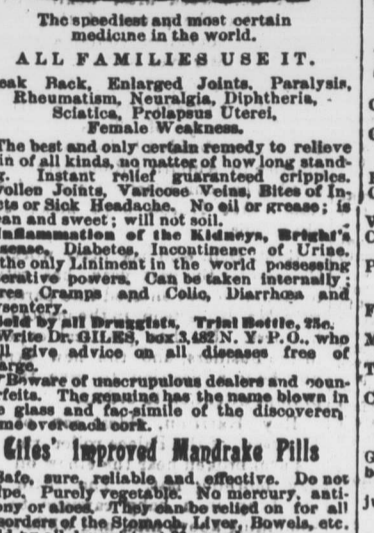
Advertisement for a medical treatment of various ailments including rheumatism, sciatica, and neuralgia. The treatment is described as a 'bargain' and is said to be effective for many different types of pain.

Advertisement for Frank Lazarus' Reserve Your Sight. The ad claims that wearing the only 'Frank Lazarus' glasses will restore and improve eyesight.

Advertisement for Lazarus, Manufacturer. Lazarus, of the firm of Lazarus & Morris, manufactures and repairs spectacles and eye glasses.

Advertisement for B. Cornell, Undertaker. B. Cornell is the finest assortment of first class 'Suits and Undertakers' Goods in the Dominion of Canada.

Advertisement for a sewing machine. The ad describes a 'cheap and durable' sewing machine that is 'the best in the world'.



Advertisement for Dominion Carriage Works. The ad features an illustration of a horse-drawn carriage and text describing the works as 'First-Class Carriages' manufactured by Alex. Morison.

Advertisement for Samuel Sloane's seeds and produce. The ad lists various types of seeds such as clovers, grasses, beans, corn, and peas, along with other agricultural products.

Advertisement for Toronto Cash Store. The store is advertising 'New Goods' and 'Fashionable Tailoring'. It is managed by P. O'Dea and is located at Goderich, Feb. 4th, 1886.

Advertisement for Hugh Dunlop, Fashionable Tailor. Dunlop is offering 'Fashionable Tailoring' and 'Spring Goods'. He is located at Goderich, March 18th, 1886.

Advertisement for B. MacCormac's Fine Tailoring. MacCormac is advertising 'Fine Tailoring' and 'New Goods' for the Toronto Cash Store. The ad mentions 'The Newest Patterns in Scotch, Irish, English and Canadian Tweeds'.

TO BE CONTINUED. Says Dryden: She knows her man, and when you rant and swear Can draw you to her with a single hair.