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Her Promise True,

BY DORA RUSSELL.

Author of "Footprints in the Snow," "A Country Sweetheart,"
"A Man's Privilege," etc.

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CHAPTER I.—BELLE WAYLAND.

"I cannot help it, Belle. I have no choice; it is very hard on me."
"It is very hard," was the low and faltering reply to these words.

The two speakers—a young man and a maiden—were sitting on a bright October morning on the sea-wall before Hove at Brighton, and they both looked very sad. The girl—Belle Wayland—had a charming face, bright, pleasant, and full of animation. Her features, too, were delicate, and her whole appearance attractive. Her companion, Hugh Gilbert, was also very good-looking, shapely, and hidden by his heavy moustache. He was a soldier, on the eve of rejoining his regiment in India, and the two were talking of the future.

Neither spoke again for a few moments. Before them lay the long blue, almost waveless sea-stretch, with a golden track on its broad breast, reflected from the unclouded sun. A white-sailed ship was scudding before the light wind in the distance, and a gentle stillness reigned around. At least these two heard nothing. They were absorbed in the thought that they were about to part, and that it might be years before they met again.

"But you love me, Belle? You suddenly asked the soldier, turning round and looking earnestly in the girl's face.

"Why do you ask? You know I do," she answered.

"And you will be true to me? You will never alter and turn away?"

"I never will, Hugh; I promise you faithfully I never will."

"You must be a worldly woman, you know, Belle," continued Gilbert, and a half-sarcastic smile crossed his lips; "and you are well, a very pretty girl. She will advise you to wait for a soldier, and let us keep you for a soldier. Will you let me tempt you?"

"It is unkind of you to say that, Hugh; you know I will not."

Gilbert's brown skin had a tinge beneath Belle's white face, and he caught her in his fingers in his own.

"Do believe that you will not," he said, and will trust you faithfully. Be true to me, Belle, and as soon as I get my company I will return to England for you, or you may come to me. We will not have to wait more than a year I hope, and then—"

"I would rather wait many years than break my word."

"Then I shall always think of you as my own dear Belle; no one's Belle, but mine!"

"And you?" said the girl, looking wistfully, looking at him half-shyly, half-tenderly. "Will you be true too, Hugh?"

"I swear that I will! I have no fear, my darling Belle!"

Belle Wayland sighed softly, and just at this moment there passed at the back of the two chairs on which they were sitting, a tall, rather distinguished-looking middle-aged man. He glanced at Belle's charming profile, and as he did so, he saw, as her large picture had been pushed slightly back from her hair, on which rested some clustering brown curls.

"Pretty Belle Wayland," thought the passer-by, "I wonder who she has got with her."

The passer-by was John Dudley, Lord Stanmore, who had but lately come into the family title, by the unexpected death of his elder brother. The late Lord Stanmore had been married to Belle Wayland's aunt, and the present Lord knew the pretty girl sitting with the sad look on her sweet face by Hugh Gilbert's side.

But Belle never saw Lord Stanmore. She only saw her lover and thought of the weary gap of time he was forced to be away.

But suddenly she started up after glancing at the little watch fastened to her dress. "Oh, Hugh! it must go," she said, "it's past lunch-time, and mother is so cross when I keep her waiting, and she won't go down without me."

"How tiresome," answered Gilbert; "and our last morning, too. But promise me one thing, Belle; come out with me for a walk to-night? You must manage this; I will wait outside the hotel until you come."

"I will try," answered Belle Wayland. "No! will come," she added more determinedly. "I will shake mother off somehow."

"It will be our parting," said Gilbert, in a low tone, and a slight twitch of pain passed over his face.

"I cannot bear to think of it—can you not stay a day or two more, Hugh?"

"Unhappily it is impossible; to-morrow night I must be at Southampton, and I start the day after for India—Yes, Belle, we must say good-bye to-night."

The girl made no reply to this, and the two walked on together in silence to the more crowded parts of Brighton, and Gilbert accompanied her to the Hotel Metropole, where her mother was staying. Before the entrance of the hotel they parted.

"Promise," said Gilbert, as he held her hand in his firm grasp, "to come to-night? I will be here at eight o'clock, and I will wait for you. Your mother dines at seven, I suppose?"

"Yes, and generally falls asleep for a little while in the drawing-room afterwards. But the worst of it is, I believe she falls asleep with her eyes open, however, I'll contrive to steal away. I'll pretend I am going to listen to the music."

"I will be here whenever you come," answered Gilbert, and then with another hand clasp they said good-bye, and Belle entered the hotel and went up the lift to the fourth floor, where her mother's room and her own were situated.

As she walked down the corridor she met her mother, who looked extremely annoyed.

"Well, here you are at last," she said impatiently, "but come in here, she added, pushing open the door of her own room,

before which she was standing, "I've something to say to you."

Belle followed her mother into the room, and Mrs. Wayland shut the door behind her, and then turned round and sharply addressed her daughter.

"This will never do you know, Belle, she began.

"What will never do?" answered Belle with a slight toss of her pretty head.

"You," walking about Brighton with Hugh Gilbert. I saw you from the window, so it's no use your denying it."

"I did not mean to deny it," said Belle.

Mrs. Wayland was a tall, stout, well-made elderly woman with a brown wig and good features, but with a dissatisfied expression. She was, in truth, a professional gambler, and nothing pleased her long except to win money at cards. She was a horse gambler, and had lost sums of money at the tables at Monte Carlo which she could ill afford. To lose sixpence at whist, however, cost her nearly as much chagrin, and her temper was detestable during every game she played.

"Don't answer in that tone," she continued, addressing her daughter; "I did not go to the expense of bringing you here for you to be seen loitering about with a penniless young fellow like Hugh Gilbert. And I tell you I won't have it."

Belle struggled to resist, but she said, carelessly, or rather with affected carelessness, "Hugh Gilbert leaves Brighton to-morrow, and starts for India."

"And I am very glad to hear it. It is quite time you left of such folly. You must begin to think seriously of life, Belle. You know we are horribly poor. I am sure I do not know how to meet the enormous hotel bill unless your aunt Lucy helps me."

"Then why did you come to such an expensive place?" retorted Belle.

"I brought you here to be seen and to look as if we had more money than we really have. It's no good in this world to make a poor face. Girls to marry well must appear to be well off, must dress well, however much their unfortunate parents have to pinch their clothes. Just look at me. I haven't a decent gown; and then look at your aunt Lucy. She made a good match and I made a bad one; it makes all the difference in life."

"Yet I don't believe Aunt Lucy was happy a bit in her married life. When Stanmore died, she said, 'and is dreadfully disappointed she is not well enough to come down to dinner, but I would not allow her. It is best for her to be still.'"

"I am very sorry for her, but I hope another time she will be my guest," answered Stanmore, and then he proposed they should go into the dining-room, and Mrs. Wayland did not allow Belle's absence to affect her appetite nor spoil the enjoyment of the most expensive champagne Stanmore could order for her.

Before dinner was over, however, his thoughts evidently reverted to Belle.

"Perhaps Miss Wayland would be well enough to come down into the lounge and have some coffee and listen to the music?" he said, and Mrs. Wayland agreed, she would go up to her room and get ready.

Accordingly she proceeded there, but when she reached Belle's room to her consternation she found it empty. She looked hastily round and then went to the wardrobe. Belle's usual cap and hat were not there, and then Mrs. Wayland knew she had been deceived.

"The little fool! the deceitful little fool!" she thought, and she had gone out to meet that penniless fellow, Hugh Gilbert. Was there ever such a lunatic, and when Stanmore evidently admires her. But he must never know this."

She sat down to a few minutes to consider what it was best to do and to recover her composure. Then she went down in the lift and proceeded to the lounge, where Stanmore was awaiting her.

"I am so sorry," she said addressing him, "but I found Belle fast asleep, and I thought it best not to rouse her. She was sleeping like a child, and no doubt her headache will be all gone in the morning."

"We must hope so," answered Stanmore, courteously. But he was about tired of Mrs. Wayland's company by this time, and presently strolled away, and by and by Mrs. Wayland re-ascended to her daughter's room, and sat there grimly awaiting her return.

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"You are very kind," answered Mrs. Wayland; "yes, we shall be very pleased to dine with you."

Belle opened her lips to say she was sorry she could not, but she was afraid to speak the words. It made her promise to Hugh Gilbert more difficult to keep, she knew, this invitation of Lord Stanmore's; but all the same she determined to keep it.

Presently Lord Stanmore went away to smoke, and the Waylands went out to drive. Mrs. Wayland was—for her—in high good humor.

"It's very nice of Stanmore to ask us to dine with him to-night, Belle, isn't it?" she said, after eating herself as comfortably as she could in the carriage.

"I suppose he thought it wouldn't be as dull as dining alone," answered Belle, revolving in her mind how she could escape from the dinner.

"Nonsense; just as it could not get anyone he chose to ask to dine with him. I must say that is a very ungrateful speech Belle."

"He did not reply; she was, for her, strangely silent. But Mrs. Wayland made up for her taciturnity. She commented on the want of taste displayed in the dress of some of those around her, and criticised in general severely. Suddenly however, Belle caught her hand to her forehead.

"Mother," she said, "would you mind going back to the hotel? I've taken such a frightful pain in my head I cannot bear driving any longer."

"Good gracious! you are not going to be ill surely?" exclaimed Mrs. Wayland, in genuine alarm, and when she was to dine with Lord Stanmore too."

"I don't think I can go down to dinner," answered Belle faintly.

"You must go down to dinner," said Mrs. Wayland. "Go and lie down now, and I'll give you some sal-volatile, and by half-past seven you can come to the hotel."

They accordingly returned to the hotel, and Belle duly lay down and drank the sal-volatile. But when her mother went to her room and told her it was time for her to rise and dress for dinner Belle positively refused to do so.

"I am not; it's go down stairs, and I won't," she said. "My head is splitting, and I am not going to make a fool of myself before everyone."

In vain Mrs. Wayland scolded and scolded. Belle remained firm, and Mrs. Wayland was at last obliged to go away to her own room, and Belle was left in peace. She presently heard the rustle of her mother's silk dress as she passed her door, and then Belle rose quickly. It was just eight o'clock now, and in a few minutes Mrs. Wayland would be dining, and Belle felt herself safe.

Lord Stanmore was waiting in the ante-room for his expected guests, and it must be admitted the expression of his face slightly changed when he saw that the pretty mother was not followed by the pretty daughter. But he was a man of the world, and he received Mrs. Wayland's excuses for Belle's non-appearance gracefully enough.

"The poor child has got one of her bad headaches," she said, "and is dreadfully disappointed she is not well enough to come down to dinner, but I would not allow her. It is best for her to be still."

"I am very sorry for her, but I hope another time she will be my guest," answered Stanmore, and then he proposed they should go into the dining-room, and Mrs. Wayland did not allow Belle's absence to affect her appetite nor spoil the enjoyment of the most expensive champagne Stanmore could order for her.

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CAMPBELL'S WINE OF BEECH TREE CREOSOTE CURES OBSTINATE COUGHS.
DOCTORS RECOMMEND IT HIGHLY. ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR IT.

"You disgraceful girl, where have you been at this time of night?" she asked.

But Belle made no reply.

"But I know where you have been," continued Mrs. Wayland furiously. "You have been out with that penniless Hugh Gilbert, throwing away all your chances of life into the sea!"

"Yes, I have been out with Hugh Gilbert," retorted Belle with some indignation; "out with the man I am going to marry; whom I mean to marry."

"You mean to marry him! Never girl, I tell you never!" screamed Mrs. Wayland.

"Well, we shall see," answered Belle quietly. "And now you had better not raise the house I think, but go to bed."

"Yes we shall see," replied Mrs. Wayland who was white with passion; "but before you marry him, I will tell him something that will prevent him ever marrying you."

"What do you mean?" asked Belle sharply and quickly.

"Yes, what do I mean? I know what I mean nevertheless, and I mean to tell you. Your future is in my hands, and you had best take care what you do."

With these words Mrs. Wayland quitted her daughter's room, but her parting words still rang in Belle's ears.

"What can she be talking about, or hinting at?" thought Belle. "Nothing, I suppose, only she is in such a rage she does not know what she is saying. But she shall never part me from Hugh."

The girl went to the window as she spoke and looked out on the moonlit sea, and a sort of calm stole over her heart. Her mother's angry words faded from her mind, and her lover's fond ones came back.

"He said I was to be his good angel," she thought, "and I will be. Dear, dear Hugh, I know you are thinking of me now."

In the meanwhile Mrs. Wayland was pacing up and down her own room, which was close to Belle's in a state of great excitement and anger.

"So she dare defy me," she was reflecting. "I who could bring all her pride to the dust if I chose. Marry Hugh Gilbert indeed! Never, a beggar like that. No, she shall know everything before she makes such a fool of herself, and then we will see what she will say."

Mrs. Wayland's face assumed a hard and resolute expression as these thoughts passed through her mind, and it was hours before she could compose herself to sleep.

The next morning she did not go down to breakfast, and before she had left her room had addressed the following letter to her sister, the widow Lady Stanmore.

"My dear Lucy,—You said you would come down to see us, and I wish you would come now. The truth is, I am having a great deal of trouble with Belle. You remember that young fellow, Hugh Gilbert, whom we met at Northbridge? He is the son of the Vicar there, and is in some regiment or other out in India. Well, he and Belle flirted a good deal while we were at Northbridge, but I, of course, thought nothing of it, as the young man has not a penny in the world. I suppose, but his pay, and I imagined Belle had too much sense to look upon the affair seriously. But it seems I was mistaken. He has followed her down here, and they have been walking about together, and last night your brother-in-law, Stanmore, asked us to dine with him, and Belle pretended that she had such a violent headache that she could not go down to dinner. But when dinner was over, and I went up to look after her, she had disappeared! There! what do you think of that? I was obliged to tell Stanmore she was asleep, for what could I say? Then I waited up for her, and past eleven o'clock she returned. She was very angry, and more so when she told me quite coolly that she had been out walking with the man she intended to marry. Now, Lucy, this must be put a stop to at once. Belle must marry well, and you know the strong reason why she should do so. I would rather tell her everything than allow her to commit such a moral suicide as to marry this Hugh Gilbert."

"You have more influence with her than I have, I think, though I cannot understand how this is so, and I wish you would come at once. Send a wire as soon as you get this, and believe me, with love, to remain."

Your affectionate sister,
Belinda Wayland."

(to be continued.)

AGONIZING, TRANSFIXING PAIN.

The most excruciating pain known is perhaps caused by Angina Pectoris, which is most to be dreaded of any of the diseases of the heart. It distinguishes itself especially by pain, and by pain which is best described as agonizing. The pain literally transfixes the patient, generally radiating from the heart to the left shoulder and down the arm. The face shows the picture of terror, and is either deathly white or livid. To a person suffering from this species of heart trouble or from palpitation or fluttering of the heart, shortness of breath, or smothering spells, the value of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart cannot be estimated, as it will give relief in thirty minutes in every case, and it judiciously used, effect a cure. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart is the greatest life saving remedy of the age.

BAVARIAN AND HIS BEER.

It largely supplies the Place of Meat With the Pleasant Clear.

Here in Bavaria, where I write, all beer is subject to strict governmental inspection; and if adulterations are found in it the police authorities empty it into the public sewers, the brewer bearing all losses and paying all costs. As a consequence, Bavarian beer is famed all over the world for its purity; and, chemically considered, its high reputation is justly deserved. As to its healthfulness, this seems to be a question of quantity rather than quality; and I am not quite ready to affirm that taken in moderation, it is not a normal and wholesome article of diet. They call beer in

the English language "the national drink."

The experience of years has proved that there is absolutely no disease due to a vitiated condition of the blood or shattered nerves, that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will not promptly cure, and those who are suffering from such troubles would avoid much misery and save money by promptly resorting to this treatment. Get the genuine Pink Pills every time and do not be persuaded to take an imitation or some other remedy from a dealer who, for the sake of the extra profit to himself, may say "just as good." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make rich, red blood, and cure when other medicines fail.

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