

Love Finds the Way

"If Mr. Packer says a hundred and fifty it shall be that sum," said Sir Ralph, with quiet staidness; "and if I can add that a sum of private rooms will be placed at your disposal. River-shall is large, and there are only my daughter and myself here."

"Do these terms satisfy you?" asked Mr. Packer, in a business-like way.

"Far more than satisfy," replied Mr. Clifford. "I fear they are too liberal."

"Then," said Mr. Packer, "we will, with your permission, Sir Ralph, take our leave. At what hour shall I wait upon you?"

"At twelve," said Sir Ralph, and the two gentlemen were dismissed.

Sir Ralph returned to the drawing-room.

Lilian was seated by the open window, watching the crimson glory of the falling sun, her face quiet and grave enough now with a dreamy, faraway look in the sweet, dark eyes.

As her father's footsteps sounded on the marble hall she glided to the piano and commenced the refrain of an old-fashioned air which ranked among her favorites.

It was a simple, taking strain that would raise tears or a laugh, as the humor inclined, and ran to some old-world verses in love's uncertainties very appropriately.

Her soft, full voice was chanting the refrain:

"Then wist not he, nor wist not she,
That love is stealing,
Stealing, stealing!"

Sir Ralph came and leaned near the piano till the song was sung, his hand crossing one glorious tress of golden hair, that had half escaped from its yellow bands.

"Well, Lily," he said, "what do you say to your new tutor? Yes or no?"

She kept her fingers on the keys and they strayed into the tune again.

"Yes, papa," she said, "if you like him."

Sir Ralph smiled assentingly, and neither, fully engrossed by their love, noticed that the stoneline figure of Miss Lucas was leaning forward with his pale face inclined to catch the question and his answer.

CHAPTER XVIII.

On the morning after the interview with Mr. Clifford, Mr. Packer walked over to Rivershall to learn Sir Ralph's decision with regard to his protégé, and was greatly pleased to find it favorable.

"I am glad, Sir Ralph," he said, "you have decided to engage him. He is very quiet, clever, and gentlemanly, and, I think, will be an acquisition."

Sir Ralph hoped he would, and was pleased to say that he liked his appearance.

"Pray, how soon shall I tell him he will be expected to commence his engagement, Sir Ralph?" asked Mr. Packer.

"As soon as he pleases," replied the baronet. "To-day, if he likes, or next week. Pray, let him suit himself in that respect."

Mr. Packer bowed, drank a glass of the old port, left his respects for Miss Lily and her estimable governess, Miss Lucas, and departed.

Half an hour afterward Mr. Clifford was announced.

Sir Ralph went to the library.

"You have decided to take up your abode at Rivershall to-day, then," he said, in his stately but not unkind manner.

"Yes, Sir Ralph," replied the tutor, in his quiet but reserved way, "that is, if perfectly agreeable and convenient to you."

"Oh, quite," said Sir Ralph.

"I had nothing—I mean, no employment or engagement—to prevent me commencing my new duties here, and Mr. Packer offered to despatch my portmanteau to Clifford."

Sir Ralph nodded.

"I see," he said. "Quite unnecessary to return to town in this case. I will ring for the housekeeper to show you your apartments. I need scarcely say that Miss Melville will hold you free to-day. The grounds will repay an inspection. Pray use them all else without restraint."

The tutor thanked Sir Ralph with respectful gravity, and followed Mrs. Walker, the housekeeper, who appeared to show him to his apartments.

Mrs. Walker was one of the old school. She took as much pride in the grand old house and its belongings as if they were her own.

Mrs. Walker, like most of her class, was observant, quick in her likes and dislikes, and as she passed on the broad stair to receive a small quantity of breath, she took a good look at the dark, handsome face of the new "tutor," and liked him there and then.

"It wasn't his good looks," as she said to Mr. Packer, in a confidential chat in the stillroom, "though they were handsome enough, but a something about his eyes and mouth, not exactly melancholy, seen a lot of trouble, but was determined not to show it. He's young, too—younger than he looks at first sight, and a gentleman; anyone can see that."

Seeing her stop, he stepped up to her and offered her his arm, not in a condescending, but in a gentle, respectful manner that completed Mrs. Walker's conquest.

"Thank you, sir," she said, gratefully. "I'm not so young as I was—which ain't to be expected—and the stairs do try me."

"Yes," he said, gently, "there are very many of them, and they are very broad."

"Yes," she admitted, with pride. "They are the finest stairs in England. They do say as the cavaliers in King Charles's time—that's his portrait on the painted window—used to ride up 'em three abreast."

"Likely enough," said Mr. Clifford, quietly, stopping in the broad corridor to look at the row of family portraits which ran along the length of it, and was supported by as long a line of figures in armor.

"They are the family pictures," said Mrs. Walker, glad of an opportunity. "That's Sir Henry, King Henry's time. He was a warrior—you can see his battle-axe. That one there, the dark one in a velvet gown, was a councillor of Queen Elizabeth. The next was Sir Christopher, another warrior; that one's the man of honor to Queen Charlotte; Lady Mary, Lady Elizabeth—and so on; Mr. Clifford listening with grave attention to the long list and outlines of his history.

Walking along slowly thus they reached the end of the corridor, where Mrs.

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"Why do you pity him?" asked Mr. Clifford, his gaze fixed upon the portrait.

"He's dead," said the housekeeper.

"He's Sir Ralph's eldest brother, and, of course, Miss Lilian's uncle. They say she is very like him; but I can't say that I see it. There's the only one of the family she resembles, that lady there."

Ad Mrs. Walker pointed to Lady Anne, the beauty of the family, adding: "Lady Anne was the most beautiful woman in England, and Miss Lilian is the image of her."

Mr. Clifford went to look at the beauty and then returned to the vacant space.

The housekeeper noticed his questioning look, but only said with a reserved air:

"Portrait of Sir William's wife—removed, and walked on."

With a lingering look at the last two of a long line Mr. Clifford walked on. At the extreme end of the corridor Mrs. Walker stopped and opened a door.

"Walk in, sir, please," she said. "There are the rooms, and I hope you will like them."

The tutor stepped in and looked around.

There were two rooms, bedroom and sitting room. They were not large, but beautifully furnished, with a quiet elegance and comfort peculiar to all Rivershall; a handsome carpet, some choice pictures and an antique, but empty bookshelf. The bedroom was luxuriously furnished, with a large and comfortable bed, and a dressing room, which, with its river glittering through it, made a delightful view.

The tutor flushed, and turned with surprise.

"Have you not made some mistake?" he said. "Are these for me?"

"Yes, sir," replied the housekeeper, wondering whether the question was prompted by pleasure or dissatisfaction.

"If you would rather have a larger and loftier room, Sir Ralph said I was to get one of the suites in the north corridor prepared; but these have the best view."

He put up his hand with a gesture.

"You misunderstand me," he said, in a low tone. "These seem too rich and too good for me."

"I am glad you think them comfortable, sir," said Mrs. Walker. "If there is anything you would like done or altered, Sir Ralph wished me to tell you that it should be done."

"They are more than I expected or desired," said Mr. Clifford.

"The bell is here, sir. Please to ring for everything you want. My niece will wait upon you. And with a housekeeper-like review of the apartment Mrs. Walker disappeared.

The tutor walked to the window, and stood looking out upon the park for full five minutes, his hand thrust within his breast, his head drooping.

Then he turned and looked round the room, a smile struggled and but very sweet upon his face.

"My lines have fallen in pleasant places," he murmured, "but let me be guarded against their danger. Poverty will seem doubly hard after this—I must not forget that."

Mr. Clifford found the grounds as beautiful and exquisitely cared for as the house. There seemed to be no end to them; shrubbery on shrubbery, rosy after rosy, lawn extending to park, and after that a pasturage worthy of an Arab chief, with grand old oaks and elms in which a black republic of rooks came to roost, and in the thick gables and glades with the light flashes of frightened deer, and innumerable edgewise cottages and stables nesting in nooks about the whole."

Everything was there that proclaimed wealth and old nobility.

The tutor wandered about all these things through the day, admiring and enjoying in his quiet way the grandeur and beauty of the place, stopping some times to pat a curly-headed child, or to exchange a "good-morning" with a groom or gardener, but always with the grave, half-sad face and reserved air.

He seemed given to dreaming, for the striking of a stable clock startled him in his quiet way, and it was six o'clock, and reminded him that the dinner hour was seven, and that he was some little distance from the house.

He was on the point of retracing his steps through a long avenue down which he had strayed, almost unconsciously, when he caught the glimmer of white muslin coming through the trees and stopped, looking round for some other way. Before he could discover any, however, the muslin dress came into the path, and the wearer was in sight.

Mr. Clifford made as if he would still turn off between the trees, but was prevented by the sudden appearance of a huge mastiff, who, after pausing for one instant beside his mistress to regard the stranger, made a rush at him, growling ominously. It was a big dog, and warranted some alarm, but the tutor was neither frightened nor discomposed, and with a few quiet words patted the huge head fearlessly.

His mistress, hurrying up to within speaking distance, commenced calling: (To be continued.)

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He seemed given to dreaming, for the striking of a stable clock startled him in his quiet way, and it was six o'clock, and reminded him that the dinner hour was seven, and that he was some little distance from the house.

He was on the point of retracing his steps through a long avenue down which he had strayed, almost unconsciously, when he caught the glimmer of white muslin coming through the trees and stopped, looking round for some other way. Before he could discover any, however, the muslin dress came into the path, and the wearer was in sight.

Mr. Clifford made as if he would still turn off between the trees, but was prevented by the sudden appearance of a huge mastiff, who, after pausing for one instant beside his mistress to regard the stranger, made a rush at him, growling ominously. It was a big dog, and warranted some alarm, but the tutor was neither frightened nor discomposed, and with a few quiet words patted the huge head fearlessly.

His mistress, hurrying up to within speaking distance, commenced calling: (To be continued.)

Walker stopped in her description before two portraits with a vacant space between, as if some picture had been removed. The last portrait was Sir Ralph's. "And the other," said Mrs. Walker, with a sigh, "was poor Sir William."

"Why do you pity him?" asked Mr. Clifford, his gaze fixed upon the portrait.

"He's dead," said the housekeeper.

"He's Sir Ralph's eldest brother, and, of course, Miss Lilian's uncle. They say she is very like him; but I can't say that I see it. There's the only one of the family she resembles, that lady there."

Ad Mrs. Walker pointed to Lady Anne, the beauty of the family, adding: "Lady Anne was the most beautiful woman in England, and Miss Lilian is the image of her."

Mr. Clifford went to look at the beauty and then returned to the vacant space.

The housekeeper noticed his questioning look, but only said with a reserved air:

"Portrait of Sir William's wife—removed, and walked on."

With a lingering look at the last two of a long line Mr. Clifford walked on. At the extreme end of the corridor Mrs. Walker stopped and opened a door.

"Walk in, sir, please," she said. "There are the rooms, and I hope you will like them."

The tutor stepped in and looked around.

There were two rooms, bedroom and sitting room. They were not large, but beautifully furnished, with a quiet elegance and comfort peculiar to all Rivershall; a handsome carpet, some choice pictures and an antique, but empty bookshelf. The bedroom was luxuriously furnished, with a large and comfortable bed, and a dressing room, which, with its river glittering through it, made a delightful view.

The tutor flushed, and turned with surprise.

"Have you not made some mistake?" he said. "Are these for me?"

"Yes, sir," replied the housekeeper, wondering whether the question was prompted by pleasure or dissatisfaction.

"If you would rather have a larger and loftier room, Sir Ralph said I was to get one of the suites in the north corridor prepared; but these have the best view."

He put up his hand with a gesture.

"You misunderstand me," he said, in a low tone. "These seem too rich and too good for me."

"I am glad you think them comfortable, sir," said Mrs. Walker. "If there is anything you would like done or altered, Sir Ralph wished me to tell you that it should be done."

"They are more than I expected or desired," said Mr. Clifford.

"The bell is here, sir. Please to ring for everything you want. My niece will wait upon you. And with a housekeeper-like review of the apartment Mrs. Walker disappeared.

The tutor walked to the window, and stood looking out upon the park for full five minutes, his hand thrust within his breast, his head drooping.

Then he turned and looked round the room, a smile struggled and but very sweet upon his face.

"My lines have fallen in pleasant places," he murmured, "but let me be guarded against their danger. Poverty will seem doubly hard after this—I must not forget that."

Mr. Clifford found the grounds as beautiful and exquisitely cared for as the house. There seemed to be no end to them; shrubbery on shrubbery, rosy after rosy, lawn extending to park, and after that a pasturage worthy of an Arab chief, with grand old oaks and elms in which a black republic of rooks came to roost, and in the thick gables and glades with the light flashes of frightened deer, and innumerable edgewise cottages and stables nesting in nooks about the whole."

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AT R. MCKAY & CO'S. FRIDAY, JULY 2, 1909

SPECIAL NOTICE

This store will close at 5 o'clock every afternoon (except Saturday) during July and August.

SPECIAL SALE EVENTS FOR FRIDAY

And if you would share in these special Friday selling events we would advise early morning shopping. You will also find by coming to this store many lines of Summer Wearables on sale, not advertised. Come.

Reg. 50c Tinsel Belts for Friday 39c ea.

10 dozen Tinsel Belts, in all shades, in a special Friday sale event. We call them pretty Belts, so will you when you see them. Special... 39c each

Tremendous Lace Selling

Lovely All Wool Guipure and Oriental Lace, Worth Reg. 1.50 and \$2, Sale Price 49c Yard

Are you getting your share of this great bargain? The best chance, in splendid quality Allover Laces ever placed on sale by the store, on sale again Friday at, per yard... 49c

Now Come and Get Your Tailored Wash Suits and Dresses at \$4.98

This is the best sale of really good and handsome Suits and Dresses you will see this season; no soiled or imperfect goods; fine goods; truly cheap. ALL THE NEWEST APPROVED STYLES, New York Suits