## oronto World

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THE WORLD, TORONTO. KATIE'S LOVERS.

CHAPTER IV-(Continued.) "And how is my young friend, Miss Katie?" Sir Ralph broke the panse. By the way, I heard my family lamenting

"By the way, I heard my family lamenting over some oruelty of yours in connection with her. I hope, for your sake, her stay in London is not to be a long one. It is a selfish world, you see, Mrs. Sherwood—a selfish world!"

"Sir Ralph, I have to thank you for your very kind attention to my daughter; but I have thought it best to send her away, because circumstances have occurred away, because circumstances have occurred.

away, because circumstances have occurred to alter relations which have hitherto been so pleasant. Your son has thought proper to make Her a declaration, in fact." Sir Ralph felt as if he had been shot; Sir Kalph leit as it he but he made no sign—he [only studied the

but he made no sign—he fonly studied the pattern of the carpet.

"We have both been to blame, Sir Ralph—you and I; I most of all, for I am a mother. We have thrown these two young people together without' consideration of their youth—of the inexperience of one at least of them—er of your views fer your son. Let us be thankful that it is not too late to repair the error."

She said it bravely, but her heart misgave her. That pitiful cry of her darling's still trembled in her ears. Sir Ralph cleared his throat before he spoke, and a queer little smile flitted across his face.

"May I inquire, madam what are your

views for your daughter?"

And then she walked down the steps and away into the shadow of the beech trees, taking care to steady her footsteps, so that Sir Ralph should not see how she trembled. He watched her moving swiftly and gracefully away into the distance, and then he went back to his library and his papers, and stood looking vacantly over the latter, with his hands thrust into his pockets, and his chin dropped on his waistcoat.

chin dropped on his waistcoat.

CHAPTER V.

Mrs. Sherwood did not know how great had been the strain of this long day of excitement until she neared home and found her strength failing. She dragged herself wearily up to her own door. It was opened by Philip—Philip, with his face tenfold more haggard than its wont, with purple lines under his eyes, and those eyes themselves hungry and wild. Then, for the first time through the hurried agony of the last two days, Mrs. Sherwood remembered Philip—her promise to him, his fathful, betrayed silence.

"Oh, Philip!" she cried, catching at his arm. He shook her off and opened the drawing-room door, closing it again behind him, when she had entered, and setting his back against it. "Oh, Philip!" she gasped again, sinking into the nearest chair, "it has not been my fault!"

"Not yours!" he repeated, scornfully. "It was not you, then, who closed my lips and held me back, and kept me in check whilst that scented puppy had the field to wisioms of disaster, and arriving in a state of nervous apprehension which no possibilities could justify.

Her cousin met me at the door, laughing. "You told me 'lover' Amabel," said she—"you said nothing of lovers. No, don't go in there; even you must not make a third justify.

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"It was not you, then, who closed my lips and held me back, and kept me in check whilst that scented puppy had the field to himself! It was not you who deluded me with false promises and fair words, and gave to him the chance which was to have been mine—who took my faith and held it whilst you broke your own and scattered it to the winds! I have heard of scheming mothers—we have all heard of them—I did not know how close home my experience was to come."

That was all she knew, but that little augured ill for Philip.

An hour passed whilst the two eldest women waited tegether, and then a hasty footstep passed across the hall, the outer door was opened and closed again, and then an uncertain hand fluttered about the handle of the morning-room door, and Katie walked in with a dazed look in her eyes.

"I'did not know, Philip," she said; "it has been a great mistake all through. I

has been a great mistake all through. I as she took her in her arms.

have been blind."

"Were you blind," he questioned, bitterof a richer lever, away from me?"
"Most of all blind then," she answered, "Most of all blind then," she answered, humbly. "My poor darling, my dear innocent child! Oh, Philip; I have been to blame, but not in the way you think. I have sacrificed you, but I have sacrificed her also;" and she burst into tears—she was

and he took it without touching the hand she held out to him.

Next morning he was gone by the earliest train. Mrs. Sherwood did not attempt to follow him; the matter had slipped out of her, hands, and, in her present state of utter weariness and self-depreciation, she acquesced in this as best. She found herself entangled in such a web of mistake and misery that she felt, despairingly, that she should never trust herself again. And was not cousin Sue there, with her knowledge of the world, her gentle tact, her sweet sympathetic ten-

s it fair?"
so," she answered, quietly.
nated, usual.
ripconsiderate words; we will

"May I inquire, madam what are your lews for your daughter?"
"I have no views," she answered, quiet; "my daughter is very young, and she not the hefr to a family name."

He was ashamed instantly of the little ash of sarcasm, and, seeing that she had

He was ashamed instantly of the little flash of sarcasm, and, seeing that she had risen, he handed her out with elaborate ceremony to the hall-door, and, as he bowed over her hand in farewell, he said, simply, "I thank you, madam."

"We have each an only child, Sir Ralph," she remarked, with an inflection of pride in her voice; "let us take more care of them for the future."

Hear my fate from her own lips."

"No, no—yeu must not!" she cried, starting to her feet. But it was too late—he was gone; and she knew that he would catch the 12:30 train, and that no effort of hers could overtake him. Only why had she left that letter on the hall table? Without that he could not have followed or found Katie.

found Katie.

And would Katie be strong enough alone to resist his pleading, seconded as it would be by the pleading of her own heart? The mother longed for wings, that she might fly swifter than those iron wheels which were speeding Katie's second and more dangerous lover on his way. She could only hurry on the preparations she had already commenced, and follow as speedily as possible, torturing herself along the route with visions of disaster, and arriving in a state of nervous apprehension which no pos-

"It is all over, mamma," she said, in a weary, slow tone; "he has gone away forever. And now you and I are left to each other." And her pretty fair head drooped back again to its shelter on her mother's bosom.

She told nothing of the passionate pleading she had resisted for three long hours.

in the way you think. I gou, but I have sacrificed he burst into tears—she was —her courage and strength she?" hoarsely demanded he by no means quenched he hy no means quenched.

so faint and worn—her courage and strength all gone.

"Where is she?" hoarsely demanded Philip, his wrath by no means quenched by this penitential shower. "Even if she is promised to the baronet's heir, she shall listen to me. Promises do net count for much, it seems—she may even break hers—her mother has shown her the way. I will speak now, once and for ever—where is she?"

"It was his right—she recognized it. His eirnest love, slighted and thwarted as it had been, demanded his hearing. She gave the address meekly through her tears, and he took it without touching the hand she held out to him.

Next morning he was gone by the earliest train. Mrs. Sherwood did not attempt to follow him; the matter had slipped out of her, hands, and, in her present state of utter weariness and self-depreciation, she acquesced in this as best. She found herself entangled in

woman indeed, with a worsan's cares and self-depreciation, she acqiesced in this as best. She found herself entangled in such a web of mistake and misery that she felt, despairingly, that she should never trust herself again. And was not cousin Sue there, with her knowledge of the world, her gentle tact, her sweet sympathetic tenderness? Mrs. Sherwood rested her aching head on her hands and let the destiny she could not guide go by.

In any case, whatever might be Katie's answer to Philip, her mother ksew that henceforth this would be no home for her. So she roused herself presently, and set about her preparations for breaking up the about her preparations for breaking up the home which habit and mutual kind feeling had made pleasant to her. She quite forgot Walter Heathcote and her appointment to see him that day, until the maid brought up his name. His first words showed her that he was ignorant of her interview with his father.

"She was to go to day," he said, blankly; "and I see a letter in the hall addressed to her in Londou. She has gone without giving me my answer. Mrs. Sherwood, is this kind? I sit fair?"

"I think so," she answered, quietly.

"Mr. Heathcote, my daughter has told me worm indeed, with a worman's cares and sorrows already on her young heart.

So the autumn and winter passed. Mrs. Sherwood and Katie had taken up their about and Katie had taken up their about her world, with Mrs. Hamilton, and Katie had taken up their about and Katie had taken up their about her world, with Mrs. Hamilton, and Katie had taken up their about her world with Mrs. Hamilton, and Katie had taken up their about her had been only an acted drama. Mrs. Hamilton had only onc

"I think so," she answered, quietly.

"Mr. Heathcote, my daughter has told me
of your—your inconsiderate words; we will
suppose, if you please, that they have never
been spoken."

"But why—why?" he stammered,
jumping up excitedly, and flushing pink to
the roots of his hair. "Is it that she does
not care for me—or—or that you—you—"

"It is," she interrupted, "that the whole
thing is a mistake; and the sooner we all
forget it the better."

"A mistake!" he echoed. "Mrs. Sherwood, you do not understand. I love Katie
devotedly; she is the dearest, sweetest girl
I have ever seen. I shall never rest until
I gain her for my wife."

"You will soon forget it all," she persisted, kindly; "the world has a great deal
to offer you, Mr. Heathcote—a great deal
to offer you, Mr. Heathcote—a great deal
for you to do. Amongst so many distractions a passing feeling like this will soon die
out—believe me."

"Never!" he protested, impetuously.

"And why should it? If Katie can love
me—and"—he smiled—"I believe I can
teach her how—why should you oppose
it?"

"I will deal frankly with you, Mr.

"I will deal frankly with you, Mr.

**WORLDS WANTED** 

Heathcote," she answered. "When my daughter leaves me—if ever she does—it must be for a home where there is no disparity to prevent her from being cordially welcomed to it."

"There is no disparity here," he exclaimed, hotly—"excepting, indeed, that I am not half good enough for her. There, I confess, is lamentable disparity; but," he added, with that winning smile of which Mrs. Shrwood began to feel the power, "I assure you I am capable of improvement, and I will turn my whole attention to the subject at once. Only give me a little hope."

"There is disparity of circumstances—your father—"

"My father is almost as much in love with Katie as I am; the will receive her with open arms. I will bring him to tell you so;" and he took up his hat.

"Stay, Mr. Heathcote, Sir Ralph and I had an interview yesterday, neither of us desires that this matter should go farther."

And she drew herself up with a little stately air very becoming to her.

The poor young man stood before her, pale and silent from constenation.

"My father has not—has not refused his consent?" he stammered.

"Hush!" interrupted Mrs. Sherwood, with kindling cheeks. "Here is Katie."

"What a demure little maid she has grown?" Miss Vere confided to Mrs. Hamilton. "I always believed she liked Walter. I always b

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