By the Author of "Guy Karlscourt's Wife,"
"A Wonderful Woman," "A Mad
"Marrisge," "Redmond
O'Donnell," etc. PART III.

CHAPTER VII .- CONTINUED.

Only that, and you are generally so enthusiastic! You are strangely quiet to-night. Are you in pain? Your ankle-Oh, it's all right, mamma, poor little Leo

cries out. In pain-yes-but the pain is not in anything so unromantic as an aukle. If he is not engaged to Olga, what then is the matter? Is it that her refusal has hurt him so deeply, in spite of his forced lightness of

"There is another friend of the past," Dr. Lamar says slowly, after a silence, "whom I suppose you have never met in all your wanderings up and down the world. I mean

Jeanna!" The name falls so unexpectedly that all start at its sound. Livingston in the dark-

ness turns quite white. "Why do you suppose so?" he answers, and his voice is not quite steady. 'I have met

Joanna!" There is a universal exclamation.

Dr. Lamar starts to his feet, his mother clasps her hands, Leo sits crect and looks eagerly.

You have met her! Geoffrey cries, excitedly. 'You know where she is? Mother, you hear this?' At last!'

'I have met her-I know where she is, Livingston answers, surprised at the amount of excitement they showed; is there any thing extraordinary in that?"

"There is this-that I have searched, and caused search to be made everywhere all these years in vain. I had almost made up my mind she was dead-so impossible has she been to discover. And all this time you have known where she was---"

"Not all this time, if you mean these six past years—only within the past two months," says Frank, feeling oddly cold and conscious, and wondering what they would may if they knew.

'And where is she? In New York?' At Newport, I think, just now. How exercised you are over the matter, Lamar. I

always knew of course----' My dear fellow, you know nothing, absolutely nothing, of the truth. It is the most take the finding of Joanna so greatly to important concern of my life to find Joanna. heart? She is safe and well, and married to Blake?" Safe and well, but not married to Blake or

anybody else.' What! She ran away with him, you know----'

'I know,' Frank says, wincing; but she ran away from him, as you must recall, after.'

'It was true, then? Odd girl-strange, wild Joanna! And what became of her-what did she do! No harm befell her, I

None whatever, but much good. She found friends, honest and real friends, and she has worked her way to comparative famo and fortune. She is wild Joanna no longer. She is a refined and thoroughly wellbred young lady with gracious manners, and all womanly sweetness, and goodness and

He speaks warmly, his handsome face flushes in the dark.

'Thank Heaven!' he hears Mrs. Abbott mumur, and Geoffrey, too, seems deeply moved.

"I am more thankful than I can say," he elements of a noble character were there. Heaven, indeed! But tell us about her, Frank. You can form no idea of how deeply | Joanna's lap, and is sobbing softly. we are all interested history of Joanna."

So Frank tells it. Out there, in the sweet summer dark, be tells the story of provocation, and reprisal, and flight, and pain, and struggle, and hardly-won victory. Joanna so deeply wronged. Her sister! how strauge has told it to him-simply, unconscious of its real pathos—and he repeats it tenderly, dwell- through her as she clasps her closer in her her brave great-heartedness, her bounty to all weak, oppressed, and suffering things. "She gives like a princess, freely, with both

hands, to all who need," he says. "I know that the dearest desire of her heart is to see you all sgain. She speaks very little of herself, but that much I know."

"Will you bring her to us?" Mrs. Abbott says, with repressed eagerness, great tears in her eyes. "Ob, my poor, wronged, ill-treated child! Bring her to us, Frank, at once-at know-if you could-."

"Quite impossible, mother--quite unneceswill come. I will write to-night and say- sister; mamma and Geoffrey have always well, something of what there is to be saidservice for which I thank you with all my heart. You do not understand now, but "Poor pour will later. Get in lights, Leo. I will little Leo." write my letter at once, before I am called BWav."

So they leave the sweet-smelling garden and the starry sky and go in. Lights are Leo. prought. Geoffrey sits down to write, Mrs. Abbott goes to the piano and plays dreamy sonatas, Leo gets some needle-work, Frank sits near, with the paper Geoficey has thrown ing to her own thoughts. Now Joanna lifts down, and says little. Presently it is eleven, the bowed, dark head. and the letter is finished—a very long oneand it is bedtime, and they all stand up to say good-night and good-by.

But you will soon return with Olga?' Mrs. Abbott save.

Olga will soon be here,' he answers, with a smile, but Leo notices he says nothing about accompanying her. Then it is her turn, and those two hard words "good-bye!" me so great a gift. I love you, Joanna—no are spoken, and his visit has come to an sister was ever more dear—but I cannot help are spoken, and his visit has come to an end.

"A gentleman for you, Miss Jenny." Her maid hands her a card. Joanna looks at it, and her face flushes. Frank returned.

She is alone in her room. A week has passed since Jud Sleaford told her his story, hardly knows why she waits, but it is for you"-Joanna lays her hand on Mrs. Ab-Livingston's return, and now the week is up, bot's, and looks up with wondering eyes where he waits, and he comes forward, both | wonder as I look at you. And you used to hands outstratched.

You did not expect me so soon?' he says, the first salutation over. 'No, I know. But the oddest thing has happened. Whom do you think I have met?'

She has no idea, she says, and smiles at the bright eagerness of his face. Leo Abbott-Geoff-their mother-and I have been stopping with them ever since.'

'I thought you would be astonished. You cannot be more delighted than they were, when they found out I knew you and where I was wloked enough to wish to die. But in the pestilential purlieus many lie ill unto it appears, all this time. You know they learn happy—yes, quite happy. Joanna, in his profession; he seems to live in his ling?" Leo What is Leo to me?" have given up everything the Abbott pro- with a deeper, and a struct, and more carriage; he regime to look tagged and "I do not know what Leo may be

his profession. They are living in comparative poverty and obscurity, but are one and all as delightful people as ever. Here is an epistle for you, from Geoff, long enough to make one jesious; and Joanna; they count upon you going to them at once.

She takes the large letter, and looks at the clear, bold, familiar writing. "I thank God," she says softly, "I have got

have been there ever since." "My mother had gone," he says, hastily. "She had left for Saratoga before I le't New It reminds one of Japhet in Search of a search," he laughs.

Do not,' she interposes, and lays her hand on his arm. as a favor to me-at least not yet. Wait. Tell me about them. Is Leo pretty?

Very pretty.' She glances at him, a moment.

'And Mrs. Abbott? she says, then. As beautiful as ever, but less proud, less cold. You know what I mean. And as for Geoff-dear old fellow, he is looking splendidly. Shall you go at once, Jeanna? They will literally be in a fever, I think, until you are with them.'

'I will go to morrow.' "And I may accompany you, of course? Then I must inform Olgo, who wishes to visit them too. They will owe me a vote of thanks, I fancy, for restoring them to their at the other-at the birthright usurped for

to go alone. Yes; I will have it so. I pre- us all to see you step in and reign at Abbott fer it. Do you think I cannot travel alone?" laughing, and litting her brave, bright face. Have you yet to learn I am strong-minded, and amply sufficient unto myself? And, the house. I know of no one," says Dr. L2-Frank, do not tell your cousin any more than mar, making a courtly bow, which includes your mother. Tell no one until I give you the two ladies, "so fitted, in mind and perleave."

But. Joanna-' he is beginning, impetuously, when Professor Ericson enters, and cuts him short. Joanna informs him of to-rassment fly. Time has so softened the past, morrow's journey, and that Mr. Livingston so blunted the pain, that they can bear to will dine with him, and so his opportunity is

He dines and spends the evening, but he does not see Joanna for a moment alone. And next day she departs, holding to her resolution to go unescorted. He sees her cousin Olga. Will they meet, he wonders, these two, at the Lamar Cottage; and if so, And how is it that Lamar and his mother sister."

In the late afternoon of that day a cab sets Joanna down in front of the Lamar Cottage. They have not expected her so soon, and Mrs. Abbett alone is in the house. As she sits the door opens, and a tall young lady enters hurriedly, and falls on her knees beside her, and clasps her in her arms.

Mrs. Abbott, the familiar voice cries, it is I. Oh; my friend, kindest, truest, dearest, best, look at me-bid me welcome-say you forgive me-say you are glad to see me. It is I—Joanna—come back.

CHAPTER IX.

HOW JOANNA PAID HEB DEBT. They sit in the half-lit parlor, the lights turned low under shades, and Joanna listens once more to the story Jud Sleaford has told. Her hand is clasped in Mrs. Abbott's; Leo nestles beside her after her usual clinging, childish fashion, and Geoffrey is the narrator. No sound disturbs him; there are tears in his mother's dark eyes, otherwise she is calm. In the startled eyes of little Leo there are wonder and fear, but the says nothing. although what she hears now she hears for says, after a little. "I always knew the the first time. For Josnna, she sits quite calm, and listens to the end. Even then crushed, warped as they had been. Thank there is not much said-there is not much that it is easy to say. Leo buries her face in

could name... could he?"

It is not in that tender little heart to blame any one too hardly. She is afraid to look at her mother, at Jonuna, her sister, both that thought. A thrill of gladness goes ing on all her goodness, her free generosity, arms. She has grown so famous, she bears herself so nobly—she feels so proud of herit almost compensates. And she will be a great heiress-Joanna-it is her birthright all that splendor and luxury-beautiful lost Abbott Wood.

Ah! her heart aches for Abbott Wood often and often, her stately home down by the sea. All is Joanna's now. Not one spark of envy or jealous grudging is in her -all good fortune that can befall her, Joanna deserves, has bravely carned. They were Geoffrey, you cannot go for her—1 the usurpers, and held from her for —if you could——." the usurpers, and held from her for years what should have been hers. Her own sister! How good, how comforting is that sery also. Livingston will tell her, and she thought. She has never felt the need of a sufficed, but it is a rare and sweet delight to and she will come. The rest she can learn | find one at this late day. And this is why here. Frank, you have done us to-night a everything had to be given up, why mamma took her former name, why papa shot himself. "Poor papa! he used to be so fond of his

> She sobs on, her face hidden, the sobs stifled in Josupa's lap. No one has a tear for the dead sinner but tender-hearted little

All this time they have been talking. brokenly, disconnectedly, but Leo has not been listening. She has only been hearken-

'Crying, little Leo? Why, I wonder? Surely not because poor Joanna is your sister? Ah, my darling, it is the one bright, bright spot in all this darkness, and sorrow, and sin.'

"Oh, my dear! my dear!" Leo says, flinging her arms about her, "do you not know I feel that? I thank the good God for giving thinking of-of him. He was fond of me, you know."

She droops her face again, crying with all her heart. "Fend of you, my little one?" Joanna says, her own eyes moist. "I wonder who

would not be tond of you? And we all and no action has been taken yet. She love you the better for those tears. But be so---'

"So proud, so imperious, so exacting, so haughty. "Ab, say it, Joanna! Do I not know it well? I needed the lesson I have received—the only blow, I believe, th t could have humbled me. All other, things, sickness, poverty, death itself, I could have borne and kept my pride—this I could not. Pride had to fall. I bore it badly enough at firstin agony, in rebellion, in despair. I would not believe such shame, such disgrace could be stamped out; the weather is hot damp, touch me. I lavifor weeks at death's door. They have been looking for you, all that is a memory of the past now; death these July days. He is indefatigable

ken heart, now.

Joanna stoops and touches, with loving lips, the worn, white, thin hand.

And now, Geoffrey says, briskly, coming back to the practical, there is nothing for you to do but step into the property, and the desire of my heart. I thank you, Frank, take the reins of government out of the full upon her dressed in some gauzy, silky for being the bearer of good news. And you hands of Blaksley & Bird. They have man-robe, that floats like a cloud, softly over the aged the estate very well in all these years. and your income must have accumulated like a rolling golden river. What a rich York. I mean to go after her there at once. young person you are, Joanna! Quite a It reminds one of Japhet in Search of a modern mademoiselle. Fifty millions! And

Dr. Lamar says this in rather an injured tone. Joanna laughs. ... "What would you have?" she rays; " that I should throw up my hat and hurrah? We don't do that when we come into a fortune-

the luck is something too solid and substantial. Besides, it comes to me so-well, not pleasantly, i It is not a comfortable reflec-tion, that the bost, the dearest friends ever forlorn waif found in her need, are thrust out to make room for-I had almost said, the viper they had nourished. It takes all

heart out of your millions, Geoffrey." "Onl if you look at it in that light," says Geoffrey, coully, "being a woman, of course you will take the remantic and unpractical side of it first. But having taken it, look years. And as our going out was inevitable, "Go for your cousin at once, for I intend you must know what a delight it will be to Wood instead of a stranger. You have grown such a regal-looking young woman, Joanna, that you will grace the position and son, to succeed its late illustrious chate-

talk of it all with hardly a pang.

"We have kept it a secret hitherto, even from Leo," says Geoffrey, " because until you were found nothing could be gained by telling. Now everything ad better be told, and the sooner you are installed at Abbott Wood off, and takes train for Brightbrook and his the better. What are your plans, Joanna? Whatever they are, for the future remember you are to command me. I consider myself She stretches out her hand.

" More than brother always, Geoffrey-best and stanchest of friends. And so I may command you in all things? You promise

this?" "Undoubtedly-in all things." · Very well—the first command I issued is, that you will not say one word of this to any one. To the lawyers, if you like, but make them the only exception. Not one word, remember, to any living soul.'

But, my dear Joanna--' But, my dear Geoffrey, you have pledged yourself blindly to obey, and must abide

that rash promise. I will it so. 'And Joanna is queen regent now; it must be "as the queen wills?" cries Leo, gaily. "Well-if I must, I must, but I see no sense in it. And your plans? for that is not one. But perhaps it is too early for you to

have formed any." "No-my plans, such as they are, are formed, and are few and simple enough. In the first place, I leave the stare.'

"Of course !" promptly " that goes without saying." "In the second," smiling, "I stay here s week or two with you all, it you will have

"It we will have her-oh!" says Leo. opening wide her velvety eyes. "Then I start for San Francisco, escorted

no to the world's end, at an hour's notice, Yes, it is a picture he will recall to his dying naps in her clothes, while she finists upon not taken my mother my poor mother, out of day. and take my mother, my poor mother, out of | day. her prison of years."
"Good child," says Mrs. Abbott. "You

will find her well, too. Geoffrey had a let- curiosity. And so she is Joanna?—really? ter from the doctor, only a fortnight ago, saying so, and saying she still keeps callingfor you. Ah! Joanna, that fatat fortune | changed-so improved. will do some good, after all-it will rescue

"In Joanna's hands it will do much good, says Geoffrey, with decision. "Well, and after that?

After that—after that the deluge! hardly know. Thus far I have planned, and no further. I do not quite realize it all yet. My plans and wants will increase. I suppose as I do. But oh! through it all, this fairy fortune-this strange, tragical story, there is one thing I do realize to my heart's corehow glad I am to be with you all again. What would it all avail but for your goodness in the past? Geoffrey, my first friend, I cannot thank you—indeed, I will not try, but you know-you know what I feel! And Leo is my sister-my very, very own sister. It is better than a score of fortunes. And you!" she puts her arms suddenly about Mrs. Abbott, "my dearest! my dearest, my more than mother, how good you were to me in those long gone days. Your lessons of love, of patience, of gentleness seemed to be thrown away then, but I hope-oh! I hope they have come back and borne fruit. Nothing good is ever lost; it all returns scoper or later. I have found my own mother but I can never love her better than I love

yeu. It is a scene, and these women weep together, and when, an hour later, good-nights are said, it is a very happy little household

that retires to sleep. But Joanna does not sleep-at least for hours. She is excited, she wants to be alone, I think. She has the room lately vacated by Livingston. Some relics of him yet remain—a glove on the table, a flower given him by Leo, dead and dry on the win-dow-sill. It is of him she is thinking—he is rarely absent long from her thoughts. He is coming to-morrow with his cousin Olga. He must not know-not yet, not yet In these dim plans of hers for the future, his figure does not appear; she tries to place him there, but she cannot. A week with Leo, and already the abrupt mention of his name sends a flush into the cark, mignonne face. Is it so, then? And he She is the sweetest little blossom possible, a tender, gentle, adoring little heart, the sort and he is here. She goes swiftly to into her calm face,-" how you bear it, I to sit at her husband's feet, and worship, and see no faults. No. in the picture of her future, Joanna cannot fancy him, try as she

may. Next day he comes, and with him Olga Ventnor. Dr. Lamar is very busy in those days, and disease and death are very busy, too, in the

He and they do battle by day and by night; he has very little time to give them at home. Fever is spreading, and will not murky, oppressive—real fever weather, and

n vain.

Coming home on this sultry evening. mind filled with grim slok-rooms, and the grim faces of poverty and disease, he sees a vision 1

Standing in the parlor, alone, the last light carpet, her golden braids twisted coronetfashion around her head, a diamond star flashing at her throat, he sees—Olga.

It comes upon him like a shock of ranture. He has not been thinking of her at all, and Father, and seems almost as fruitless a yet how quietly you sit there and take it she is before him, a dream of light, of loveliness. He stands quite still, quite pale, unable for a moment to advance or speak, looking at her. It is she who comes forward, blushing slightly, smiling and holding out her hand.

'Are you going to swoon at my feet, Dr. Lamar? Do not, I beg-I would not know in the least how to bring you to. Yes, it is 1 in the flesh-Olga-shake hands and see. How unflattering amazed you look, to be sure! And yet,' with the prettiest of pouts, You must have known I was coming.

"I had forgotten' says Dr. Lamar. The words are not flattering, but he still holds her hand, and gazes at her as though

he could never gaze enough. "Compliementary, upon my word! But it is just like you all-out of sight, out of mind. Leo and your mother had not forgotten, sir! Men have no memorics. Will you not come in? The house is thine own—or do you mean to stand staring indefinitely. You remind me of the country swain, who sighed and looked, sighed and looked, sighed and looked and looked again. If you sigh and look into the dining-room it will be more to the spoiling while it waits."

She ruus on gaily-she sees all the surprise, the admiration in his face, and she likes it. She is a hero-worshipper, this fair, white Olga, and Geoffrey Lamar is her latest hero. She does not understand very clearly. but for honour's sake he has given up a fortune, and gone out single-handed to fight heart. with fate. He is a hero in that, to this romantic young lady, he is working himself to death among the poor and suffering, heedless of rest, or food or comfort; he is a hero in that also. And it is a grand thing to be like how? Will Olga be simple, chillingly civil? quite as much your brother as Leo is your that. She adores strength, bravery, unselfish deeds. And-what a distinguishedlooking man he has become; but then he always had that air-noble even as a boy, which she admires so much, and sees so seldom.

Dr. Lamar is off duty that evening, really. off duty, and enjoys his home circle with a zest, a delight that is not untinged with pain. To sit and look at that lovely face is a pleasure so intense that he is almost afraid of it. Frank is there near Leo. Mrs. Ventnor, too,

is present, talking earnestly to Mrs. Abbott. They have much to say and hear of the past five years, and once mutual friends. She and her daughter, with Frank, are stopping at the hotel near by-the bandbox cottage accommodates but one guest at a time. That one, Joanna, is at the plane playing softlyso soitly that she disturbs the talk of no one. Livingston tries to be devoted and turns the

rusic, but she sends him away.
"I play from memory," she says, "or I improvise. It is my way of thinking aloud; and I like to be alone when I think. Go and talk-go and amuse little Leo," smilingly;

"she bates to be alone." So he goes, and thus prired off, the evening passes delightfully. It is an evening Geoffrey, for one, never forgets. Olga is by his side; Joanna is playing softly, softly, and a little sadly. Is she happy? Her face to catch glimpses of Jeanna. There tells nothing. The others are—be is, are not many glimpses of Jeanna to be had; tells nothing. The others are—be is, are not many glimpses of Joanna to be had; supremely so. Outside there is the summer she literally lives in the sick-room, she by my dear old professor, who would escort | darkness, the stars, the whispering wind. | shares the nightly vigils, she snatches brief

Miss Ventnor has met Miss Wild, the vecalist, with some surprise, and extreme How stupid of her and Frank not to have recognized her at once. But she has so Miss Wild will pardon her, she trusts, for saying as much. After all, she is privileged, being such a very old-acquaintance. May she congratulate her?-her voice is enchanting, she envies her whenever she hears it. How charming that they should all meet again like this. And so on-more than civil-gracious, in- restlessly, and Joanna watches, and waits, deed-quite the manner of some fair young grand duchess, so uplifted that she can afford to stoop and be sweet.

Joanna smiles at it all, not embarrassed not overwhelmed, and responds very quietly. Olga does not dream—none of them do—the double secret she holds. Her manner to Livingston is so simply that of a friend. Still he feels uncomfortable, and urges her to let him tell. "Wait, wait," is all she will say. It is her answer to Geoffrey, too, when he reiterates his wish to make known her real position to the Ventnors. 'Oh, wait,' she says; 'time enough for all that.' And they obey her. She has a strong will, this gentle Joanna, and it makes itself felt. She forms her own plane, and abides by them. She has great faith in time, and waiting, and patience, to set the most crooked things straight. A little, indeed, is revealed—she has discovered her mother out in San Francisco, and Joanna is going there to join her next week. It is her intention to return with her and make another brief visit to the Lamars.

After that—Livingsion glances at her with somewhat auxious face, but she smiles back et him with a brightness all her own. She has the brightest smile, the frankest laugh, in the world-in her presence there is a sonse of comfort, of peace, of rest. That subtle fascination of manner has its effect on them all, and her singing charms care from every heart. Mrs. Ventnor is bewitched-Olga says so laughingly; she is ready to listen for hours, rapt, if Joanna will only sing. "I repeat it," Miss Ventner says, "you have bewitched mamma, Miss Wild. She is under the spell of a musical enchantress. What sorcery is in that voice of yours that you steal our hearts through our ears?"

This is very gracious, Olga goes with the majority, and does real homage to her old foe. The clear, noble face, the quiet wellbred manner, the siren-charm of voice, win golden opinins from her, fastidious as she is. "I never saw any one so changed as that -that Joanna," she says, half laughingly, half petulantly, to Frank; 'she is a witch, I think. Even I cannot resist. There is a sort of charm about her-I cannot define it, but perhaps you can see—that compels one's liking in spite of one's self."

"And why in spite of one's selt, Mile. Olga? Why should one try to resist?" "Ah! why? We were always antagonistic,

you know. And so you can see it? Now, really you are sharper-sighted than I took you to be. I thought you saw nothing but little Leo's riante face !" "What?" Livingston ories, conscience-

stricken; "do vou know what you are say-

ninth Bestitude of Stor Francis de Sales in his flawless vitality. His mother grows but if things, go on, she will be Mrs. Living ston to you before long. Detal we go tast, in but in the best bear of a bro. in value. your eyes, it seems. And only two months tired, depressed, hungry, out of sorts, his ago he proposed to me! What a crushing blow to my vanity |- As for little Lec-

But the door opens, and little Leo comes in with Joanna, and the cousins part—Liv-ingston covered with confusion as with a garment, and Olga's sapphire eyes laughing with mailce. . The days go by ; Joanna's week has nearly

merged into two. They hold her by force, it seems; Mrs. Abbott's pleading eyes, Leo's pleading lips, Geoffrey's pleasure in her pro-longed stay. The Ventners are still here; Livingston is every day, and all day every day, almost, at the cottage.

-Dr. Lamar works as hard as ever, spares himself as little as ever, and begins to look really haggard and ill. His mother and Joanna watch him with anxious eyes, and what they fear comes to pass. Olga's here goes down on his battle-field, but facing and fighting the foe until he falls, prostrate and conquered.

And then there are tears, and panic, and terror in the bright little household, and a sudden scattering of the happy circle. And in this hour, Joanna comes forward to pay her debt-to pay it, if need be, even with her life. She is calm and self-possessed, where all is dismay. She takes Livingston aside, and speaks to him as one having authority.

"Last night I spoke to Geoffrey," she quietly says: "he felt this coming on, and know he could rely upon me. He wished to be taken to the hospital, but that I would not hear of. He wished me to go, but that was still more impossible. Then we decided what to do, and you must obey. You must leave at once, and take Miss Ventner, and her mother, and Leo with you to Brightbrook, purpose' Your dinner is waiting there, and if you are wise; this city is not safe. I reyour mother has been left lamenting over main with Mrs. Abbott. A professional your prolonged absence, and the fowl that is | nurse is coming and his friend, Dr. Morgan, will attend. To obey is the only way in which you can help us, and with the help of Heaven, Geoffrey will be restored to us scon.'

" But, oh, Joana," the young man cries out, "it may be death to you." She smiles; it is a smile that goes to the

"If Heaven pleases, but I think not. I am so strong, so well. I have never been ill in my life, and I am not in the least airaid. I do not think that for me there is the slightest danger. But for your cousin and Leo there may be much. Take them away, Frank, and do not come here any moro.

"I will take them away," he answers, "but as for not coming here any more--" He does not finish the sentence; he turns to go. Then suddenly he comes back, and he clasps her closely in his arms, and kisses her again and again.

"God bless you, my own darling-my brave, noble, great-hearted Joanna, and make me worthy of you in the time that is to

Olga Ventnor, and her mother, and Leo are taken away. Not willingly; rebelling, and under loud protests and tears on Leo's part; white, mute grief on Olga's. Her heart burns as she thinks of Joanna there in the post of danger, by his side, and she here selfishly safe and free. But she says little. What is there for her

to say? and maiden pride is very strong in Olga Ventnor. They see that she is pale; that as the days go on she grows thin as a shadow; that she wanders about like a restless spirit; that she listens breathlessly to the report Livingstone brings daily, and many times a day. For they have not gonethat would have been too cruel-and Frank hovers constantly about the cottage, intercepts the doctor, waylays the nurse, and tries ter of Mercy, no adoring wife, could have watched, nursed, cared for him more devotedly than coes she. And the days pass -the long, sunny, summer days. Everything that medical skill can do, that tireless nursing can do, are done. And they triumph. There comes a day and a night of agonized suspense, and waiting, and heart-break-a night in which Olga Ventner knows in her agony that if Geoffrey Lamar dies, all that life holds of joy for her will die too-a night in which Leo weeps, and Livingston roams and prays. And as day dawns, and the first lances of sunshine pierce the darkened sickroom, she comes out, white as a spirit, wasted, wan, but oh! so thankful. Ohi so glad. Oh! so unspeakably blessed. Frank Livingston starts up and comes for ward—pale too, and worn and thin. He does not speak—his eyes speak for him.

"Do not come near," Joanna says, remembering, even in that supreme hour, prudence. "Go home and tell them all to bless God for

us. Geoffrey will live." He goes and tells his glad news. Mrs. Ventnor and Leo cry with joy, and are full of outspoken thanksgiving, but Olga is silent. And presently she rises, feeling giddy and faint, and goes to her room, and falls on her knees by the bed, and there remains, bowed, speechless and motionless, a long, long time. And whether it is for Geoffrey she is praying, or-Joanna-she can never tell.

CHAPTER X. "THE TIME OF RGSES."

"I never thought to see it again, the dear old place. Nowhere in the world can ever seem so much like home to me as Brightbrook. It is good, good, good to be buck. So says little Leo, drawing a long, contented breath. She stands leaning against a brown tree trunk, her hat in her hand, the sunshine sifting down upon her like a rain of gold, flecking her red cambric dress, ber braided dark hair, her sweet, soft cut face, the great black velvely eyes.

Those dark eyes geze with a wistful light in the direction of Abbott Wood, whither she has not yet been. Sitting in a rustic chair, near, Frank Livingston looks at her, thinking, artist-like, what an unconscious picture she makes of herself, and with something deeper, perhaps, than mere artist admiration in his eyes.

They are all here, the Lamar family, and have been for two days. To Leo it is as though they had never quitted it. villa, the village, the faces of Frank and Olga, everything seems as though the had only left yesterday. The gap of years is bridged over; she is rich and prosperous Leo Abbott once more. Only her old home she has not seen; she longs to go, but dreads to dislike her? He used not to be like this;

In an invalid chair, close by, sits her brother, very much of an invalid still, pallid and thin to a most interesting degree, and petted by all the womankind until Livingston declares in disgust the after coddling must be ten times harder for Lamar to bear up against than the fever bout. Olga is an exception. Olga, now that she has gotten mave given up everything—the Abbott pro-liwith a deeper, and a truer, and more learning to look fagged and if I do not know what Leo may be to you him safely here, feels a limitless content, but perty I mean—and Geoffrey supports them by lasting happiness. Do you remember the wern, strong and robust as he is, splendid at this present moment," says Olga, coolly, she does not coddle. She watches the re-

turning appetite, the growing strength, the gradual return to life and health, with a gladness, a thankfulness words are weak to tell, but she pets not at all. She treats him a trifle more tenderly, perhaps, than the Geoffrey Lamar, vigorous of strength and life, of some weeks back; but feel as she may, Olga Ventnor is not one to wear her heart on her sleeve for any man, sick or well. She is a fair, a gracious, a lovely young hostess, full of all gentle care for the comfort of her guests; but Geoffrey is her mother's especial province, and to her mother she quietly leaves him.

It is rather against his will, truth to tell, that Dr. Lamar is here at all; but very little voice was given him in the matterhis faint objections were overruled by a vast majority, and he was en route hither almost before he knew it.

Colonel Ventnor had come for his wife and daughter, alarmed for their satety, and, finding the patient convalescent, had waited a few days, and abducted him, willy-nilly. The cottage had been shut up, and the family are safely here, recuperating in the frosh, sea-scented breezes of Brightbrook, and Olga and Leo at least, in their Lidden hearts, suprémely happy.

For Frank and Geoffrey-well their roses are certainly not thornless. For Geoffrey, he finds himself yielding irresistibly to the spell of other days, and it threatens to be a fatal spell. In those other days it was different-he might have hoped then-now hope would only be another name for presumption. He has loved Olga ever since he can remember, it seems to him, and even when he thought her assigned to Livingston, had hoped, feeling confident of being able to hold his own with that careless wooer. But all that has been changed; in those days he was the heir presumptive of a very rich man; in these days he is a penniless doctor, able to carn his daily bread, and little more. And for all the best years of his life it seems likely to be so. For himself he has quite made up his mind to it, has not been unhappy; but now—now, after this in-opportune visit, after long days spent in her society, it will be different. He can hardly love her better, and yet he dreads to stay. He will spoil his life for nothing, a hopeless passion will mar all that is best in him, a love she must never know of will consume his life, eat out his heart with useless longings and regrets.

Meantime Joanna speeds on by day and by night, on her long journey to her mother. Her prediction has proven true—she does not take the fever. And the doctor tells them all that to her indefatigable nursing more than anything else do they owe Geoffrey's

life. "Thank her if you can, young man," Dr. Morgan says; 'she never spared herself by night or day. But for her you would be a dead man this morning.'

But Geoffrey does not even try to thank her—there are things for which mere words, be they never so eloquent, are a poor return. Others overwhelm her with tears, and gratitude-his mother, his sister, Mrs. Ventner. Olga says little, but it is at her Joanna looks. She is very pale in these first days with a tense sort of look in her blue eyes, but she holds herself well in hand, and even Joanna turns away disappointed, from that still, proudly calm face. Only when they say good-by does a glimpse of Olga's heart appear. She is the last to say it, and they are alone. She has held out her hand at first with a smile, and the conventional good wishes for a pleasant journey. Suddenly she flings her arms around Joanna's neck and

holds her almost wildly to her. "You have saved his life," she whispers, kissing her again and again, "I will love you while I live for that."

And then she is gone. Joanna looks after her, a glad, relieved,

triumphant smile on her face. "It is so then," she says, softly, "in spite

very, very glad. And now they are all here, and the five last miserable years seem to drift away, and the old time-"the time of roses"-comes back. Leo visits Abbott Wood to her heart's content, no one objects, and wanders sadly under the trees, and down by the blue summer sea, through the glowing rooms, speaking of her mother's refined taste, her father's boundless wealth.

Poor papa! Leo's tender little heart is ead for him yet. Here is the chapel, beautiful St. Walburga's, with its radiant saints on golden backgrounds, the crimson and purple and golden glass casting rays of rainbow light on the coloured marbles of the floor; the carved pulpit with its angel faces, from which Mr. Lamb's meek countenance used to beam down on them all. Up yonder is the organ where mamma used to sit and play Mozart and Haydn on Sunday afternoons. How silent, how sad, how changed, it all is now. Here is her own white and blue chamber, with its lovely picture of Christ Blessing Little Children, its guardian angels on brackets, her books and toilet things, all as they used to be.

Here is Geoffrey's room, bare enough and without carpet, for his tastes were preternaturally austere in those days, with lots of space, and little else, except an iron bedstead, and tables and chairs. And books, of course —everywhere books. And a horrid skeleton in a closet on wires, and a dismal skull grinuing at her under glass.

Leo gets out again as quickly as may be, with a shudder at Geoffrey's dreadful tastes. Her first visit leaves her very sad and thoughtful; she loves every tree in the old place, every room in the stately house, and it is never to be home to her any more! It is Joanna's, and, of course, she is glad of that. No good too good, can come to Jeanna. But for all that, it makes her heart ache. She may come to it as a visitor, but dear, dear Abbott Wood will never be home any more.

No one else goes, not her mother, not her brother. They drive in every other direction, never in that. Lee goes often, and frequent going blunts the first sharp feeling of loss and pain. Another sense of loss and pain, keoner yet follows this. What has she done to Frank? He is her friend no more; he avoids her, indeed; be is never her escort if he can help it. Sometimes he cannot help it. Olgs, in her imperious fashion, orders him to go and take care of Leo, and not let the child come to harm mov. ing about alone. Leo tries to assert himself, and summon pride to her aid; but Leo in the role of a haughty maiden is a failure. The sensitive lips quiver, like the lips of a grieved child; the velvet black eyes grow dewy and deep, with tears hardly held back. What has she done to make Frank he used to be nice, and attentive, and polite. But it is so no more. He goes with her when he must, and talks to her after a constrained fashion, and looks at her furively, and seems guilty when caught in the act. Why should he look guilty, and glame hastily away? There is no harm in looking at her-Leo has a secret consciousness that she

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