

UNCLE MAX.

CHAPTER XXIV.—Continued.

"I will stay altogether if you wish," said kindly, "if you feel the least unwell, as I am at home, I will be glad to see you. I only begged him to fear with the patient a few minutes while I spoke to Phoebe, and he agreed to this."

walked away to the fireplace and stood looking down into the flames in rather an absent way. I could not help looking at him once or twice, he seemed so absorbed in thought, his dark hair looked rigid, his lips firmly closed, and his forehead slightly furrowed.

dozen times; but no, you never stirred. "Mr. Hamilton so, when he inquired an hour ago. Now you are to drink this coffee, and when you are quite awake I will give you this message."

if they would be at Hyde Park Gate before Master. "I shall be up in town then," he remarked, "to see some of my people."

Jocelyn: she was out riding with her father. "We are going down to read Rutherford in March, but I have promised Sara to come up for the wedding. Don't sigh, Ursula; it is all in a day's work, and one has to do things sometimes."

to talk; but her heart was too full for allience. "Why, my woman, behave brisk out, you look real tonnie! I do believe your face has got a bit of color in it, and you remind me of the old Phoebe; nay," as Phoebe laughed at this, "I never thought to hear you laugh again, my dearie."

CHAPTER XXV.

"THERE IS NO ONE LIKE AUNT."

Mrs. Carron very kindly took my place that I might be with Jill that last evening, and we spent it in Jill's favorite fashion, talking in the firelight.

"I have never been so happy in my life, she said, in rather a melancholy voice. "When I get to Hastings, my visit here will seem like a dream, it has been so nice, somehow; you are such a dear old thing, Ursula, and I am so fond of Lady Betty. I shall ask mother to invite her in the holidays."

"I had had both the sisters on my hands. Those hours of fearful suspense had told on Phoebe, and for a week or two we were very anxious about her."

"I shall stay away as long as possible, until I feel strong enough to take up my life again. You will not be vexed with me, my dear Ursula; you know how I have suffered; you of all others will sympathize with me. Think of the relief it is to wake up in the morning and feel that no morbid influences will be at work that day; that no eyes will pry into my secret sorrow, or seek to penetrate my very thoughts; that I may look and speak as I like; that my words will not be twisted to serve other people's purposes. Forgive me if I speak harshly, but indeed you do not know all yet. Your last letter made me a little sad, you speak so much of Giles. Do you really think I am hard on him? The idea is painful to me."

(To be Continued.)