HOW SHE WON.

"Let me in. It is I—Lady Leigh."

Twice has she knocked and received no answer, but now, as she speaks, there is only a moment's pause and the door is thrown open. The room is perfectly dark, and there is the unmistakable smell of suddenly extinguished oil.

"I beg your pardon, your ladyship. I did not know it was you."

"Are you ill or hurt?" she questions, curiously, trying to peer through the gloom, and if possible to see his face.

"Oh! no; I am all right, thank you!"

"Then why were you shut up here in the dark, and why did you refuse to come up stairs?"

"The lamp has only just gone out," he explains, "and I was feeling a little tired."

"But Rollo is so ill, and keeps asking for you,"

"Poor little fellow!"

Won't you come to him even now?" she asks, taken aback by what it seems to her can only be intense selfishness, and yet it is not like him, not like what she has proved so often in his character, to be thus unmindful of the feelings of others.

"If you wish it, I will,"

"Of course I wish it, or I should not have come myself. Why did you hesitate before?"

"A man naturally pauses before he resolves by his own act to lose all."

"Mr. Dare, what do you mean? What is all this mystery?" questions Lady Leigh, angrily.

He hesitates. How can he tell her all? And yet further concealment is impossible. In the confusion of the fire he has lost both wig and glasses, and is at last himself confessed. He had hoped that perhaps he might succeed in finding them again at night, when he could steal out and look for them without the fear of meeting any one, but Rollo's illness has made this out of the question now, he feels he cannot longer refuse to go. The child at least shall not suffer from his mad folly. But what shall he reply?

Lady Leigh settles it for the present.

"Come to Rollo first," she says, impatiently; "afterward I shall expect to hear your explanation."

"And I shall expect a patient hearing," he answers, with a touch of grave pride. "I think that at least is my due; it is the due of those who have committed the gravest faults—and mine is not that."

She bows her head and turning, goes up stairs, he following meekly until they reach the nursery. Then she goes in and, standing under the full glare of the chandelier, beckons him to come in, and he obeys.

At last they stand face to face, and though still ignorant of the motive, she guesses what his offense has been. Her first thought now is for her child—that his already overstrained nerves should not be further taxed by the discovery that has so bewildered her. Quick as thought, she reaches up and puts out the lights.

"Rollo, he is here. Try to go to sleep now as you promised," she whispers, leaning over the boy's bed.

The child stretches out his hands with a glad cry as Colonel Dare comes up, and then sinks back exhausted, with closed eyes, only now and then smiling contentedly as the quandam tutor sooths and comforts him, holding his hand in a firm yet gentle clasp the while.

By and by Rollo falls asleep, and Colonel Dare, quietly releasing himself, goes down again to where he guesses Lady Leigh is waiting. She is seated in a huge armchair close to the table, on which she is drumming impatiently with her fingers. Her face flushes a little as Colonel Dare enters.

"Well?" she says, questioningly, hardening herself into the air of hauteur which lately has been discarded.

"Rollo is asleep."

"I did not come here to speak of my son. He has been the excuse of your presence here too long."

He winces, and does not reply.

"Why have you done this thing?" she goes on passionately. "Why must you select me as an object for your practical joke? Surely my sufferings might have made me sacred?"

"Forgive me!' he murmurs, humbly.

"How can I forgive you? You do not know how much you are to blame. You made me trust in the goodness of men once more, only again to show me that such goodness does not exist in any single case."

"That I have deceived you does not make my whole sex false. All are not like me."

"I trust not," she returns, sharply.

"I know that I am guilty, doubly guilty, in that I deceived where faith already was so weak. I know I deserve your most scathing scorn, and yet—and yet—forgive me if you can."

He stands before her, tall and strong, but very patient under her rebuke, his head bowed in shame, and only asking for forgiveness as a boon to be given in mercy, not claimed as a right in return for the bravery he has shown that evening. He does not even mention that he has that and other claims upon her gratitude, and she is too indignant to remember. She turns a deaf ear to his pleading voice.

"You should have thought of that before—before you held up a defenseless woman to the world's ridicule and censure."

"The world will never know; you need not fear."

"How can I trust your word when you have lied to me so often?"

"Spare me!" he almost groans.

"Why should I spare you? Have you spared me? Before you came we were happy—Rollo and I; and if I had not forgiven my wrongs, I had almost forgotten them. I told you my sad story—you, a perfect stranger; and surely, if you had had a heart, it might have been touched then, and very shame might have kept you from continuing your deceitful course when with that confidence I had so trusted you. But no, you had no shame and no pity."

She has risen from her seat and confronts him defiantly, her slight form drawn to its full height, her glorious eyes flashing, and her lips wreathed in scorn of his misdeeds. Looking at them from her point of view, his faults is trebled in magnitude, and she only wonders how it is that the earth does not open and swallow up such a monster of iniquity.

"You have neither the feeling of a gentleman nor the honor of a soldier!" she goes on, angrily, lashing herself into greater fury at each word she speaks, and irritated by his silence.

But this last insult he does not bear so tamely. Colonel Dare is not generally so slow in self-defense.

"I was not the only one," he says, half-sullenly; "there were others as much to blame, only it happened you chose me."

"Tell me what you mean?" says Lady Leigh, peremptorily.

"It was a bet that in spite of your reputed hatred of men you would choose the handsomest that presented himself for your son's tutor," he explains, unwillingly.

"So you made me the subjecti of a bet—you and your boon companions?" she questions, writhing in the agony of her wounded pride and suffering as only an intensely-sensitive woman can.

Knowing what is going on in her mind, he forgives the insolence of her words and does not resent them.

"I alone believed that the sentiments you professed were really felt, and I proved the truth of my belief. Lady Leigh, if I have injured you I am indeed guilty, for it is through you that the faith in true womanliness inculcated by my dead mother is now strengthened and revived.

"! Roland for my Oliver!" answers Lady Leigh, disdainfully. "Is this a pretense, too, Colonel Dare?"

He shakes his head sadly.

"I have had as little reason to think well of your sex as you have of mine. If a man has wrecked your life, the best years of mine have been laid waste by a woman."

"Wrecked twice," she murmurs, in slightly softened mood; but the words were so low that he does not catch their sense.

"Nothing that you can say can make me more ashamed than I already am, than I have been ever since I came, and each day more than the last."

"Then why did you stay? Why did you not voluntarily confess all, and go?"

"I could not."

His voice is so firm and self-contained that, not guessing the truth, she questions him again in haughty surprise, tempting him to tell what at present he would keep secret.

"Why not?"

"Because I love—I love you!" he cries, fiercely, and clasps her by the hand. "Better men than I have done worse things for love's sake, Lady Leigh."

She springs back and faces him fearlessly.

"Your love is like your honor, Colonel Dare — defective. Is it a manly way of proving either to win your way into a lady's house by fraud and remain by falsehood? If that is love, I am thankful that eight years ago I renounced it—forever."

"Listen to me this once!" he pleads, passionately, gazing earnestly into her eyes and letting his whole heart hang upon her reply.

He grasps the table tightly with one hand to support himself, and with the other pushes back the hair that in leaning forward has fallen over his face.

"There is nothing left to be said," she answers, moving away. "Once for all, I tell you, Colonel Dare, I doubt your honor and decline your love."

The words in their icy coldness kill all hope, and, without an effort to detain her, he lets her go. Then, directly he is alone, he sinks back in his chair, utterly despairing.

It is all over; the game is played out, and there is nothing left for him but to go. His small portmanteau is soon packed, and yet for a moment he lingers still, looking over every book to see if he can find one with her name in it.

At last his search is rewarded. It is only a small lesson book of Rollo's, but it has once belonged to Rollo's mother. In it is written only one word—"Jenny." And then, lest she should add the crime of theft to those others of which she has accused him, he loosens the watch from his chain and leaves it there with a written slip of paper:

"For Rollo, with Gervase Dare's love."

Practically, it is of more than equal value, but in reality he knows the little shabby dog's eared book is to him worth a dozen watches, however antiquated and however quaint. All his life he shall prize it as a memento of the purest, proudest woman he has ever known since his mother died; and when death comes to him, too, he will only ask that it may be buried with him.

Yes, it is all over! He never for a moment doubts that she has meant all she said, and perhaps he loves her better for her indignation and horror at his falsehood. She would have been a little less perfect had she been able to condone his faults at once; he is almost content to have her shine far above him, like a star, in cold, unloving splendor, rather than by a human frailty lose one iota of the purity of her glory. In his present mood, he takes a savage delight in abasing himself and exalting her.

Had any one told him that her words were those of an angry woman, and would be repented of almost as soon as uttered, he would have treated the idea as an accusation, and repelled it with scorn. To him she appears as a justly outraged goddess, an offended queen, and for all the world he would not have her otherwise. By, and by, perhaps, he may admit that mercy is a womanly quality, which it had been better if she had not lacked, but now he only exults in her faultlessness.

Once more he looks round the room, his eyes resting regretfully on the chair on which she sat and the footstool where last her delicately slippered feet were placed. All around is still fragrant with her presence, and Colonel Dare sees that it is an even crueller wrench than he thought to banish himself from her vicinity.

He gives a last look, and then throws the window wide open and steps out into the darkness. The rain is falling heavily still, and the wind is high, and it is not till early morning that, weary and wet through he reaches Castle Dare.

CHAPTER IX.

Lady Leigh is up early the next morning, looking very pale and with dark shadows under her eyes, which tell of the vigil she has kept. She has been in the nursery several times during the night, and found the child asleep each time; but now he is awake, and evidently refreshed by rest. There is no fever, and he is only a little excited by the stirring event of the evening before.

"Where is Mr. Dare?" is his first remark.

"You will see him soon, my darling," is the soothing reply,; but even as the words are spoken the speaker knows that it must be for the last time—that, after what has passed, the tutor must not stay.

"Mother, I have not thanked him yet for saving me!"

Lady Leigh starts. She, too, has been reprehensibly negligent; not the slightest acknowledgment has she given to him for risking his life to rescue that which is dearer to her than her own. Can it be possible that she has been so ungrateful, so unwomanly, as never to offer even a word of thanks?"

What must he have thought of her remissness? Surely he must have inwardly termed her a monster, callous to her son's danger, and too heartless to care about his safety. Instead of loading him with abuse, as she had done, she ought to have fallen at his feet and almost worshiped him as her child's preserver.

And now it is she who will have to plead for pardon and perhaps he will be as hard and as unforgiving as she was before. Her cheeks are dyed crimson as she remembers all the cruel, insolent things she said, and how meekly he bore them, never reminding her of the obligation she was under to him. She must go to him at once and apologize, and if he goes—as she supposes he must—well, at least there will be peace between them.

"I have never thanked him myself yet, Rollo," she says humbly. "I must go and find him now."

Catching up her dress, she rises from her seat and runs down stairs. She experiences a little fright when she finds the door of the schoolroom wide open, but at first reassures herself with the idea that perhaps he is not up yet, or, on the other hand, he may be out of doors already.

She advances timidly into the room, and to her fancy it wears a strangely-deserted appearance. Then she notices that his bedroom door is open, too, and coming more forward still, she can see that the bed has not been slept in and his portmanteau is gone.

That he has left is plain, but there is the hope that he may return to say farewell. If he loved her as he said he did he could not leave her thus; but surely what she said was sufficient to kill a passion of even a longer and stronger growth than this! Oh! how she despises herself when she remembers what she said to him! How she wishes she had bitten out her tongue rather than allowed it to utter such heartless, meaningless words! For now, with a sudden revulsion of feeling, she decides that he has not deserved the least of them. He is all that is good, manly and brave; how could she reward him so ill for the patience he has shown her child?

Since his advent Rollo has become so much stronger, and yet more obedient and gentle in his manners; the dreary old house, too, has been perceptibly brightened, and even Tabitha has softened toward the new inmate. Now the old routine will recommence, and there will be no break in it; she realizes at once how much they will miss him.

Then she catches sight of the watch, with the penciled words beside it, and begins to weep—not stormily, but very, very sadly, as one who has lost a dear friend.

And Rollo—how is she to break it to him? Tabitha, entering, disturbs her reverie. She looks utterly aghast at seeing her mistress in tears.

"What is it, my lady—has anything happened?" she asks, in great concern.

"Mr. Dare has gone," answers Lady Leigh, with a stifled sob, and to her surprise Tabitha gives a decided grin of satisfaction.

"I knew how it would be; I knew he'd never like us all crowding round and thanking him, and he such a quiet man, too! I thought as how he'd keep out of the way for awhile."

"It is not that, Tabitha; he's gone altogether.

"Not he, my lady; and, begging your pardon for contradicting you, he is too fond of the young lord to go away like that without a word."

"You don't know all," says Lady Leigh, meekly; "you don't know that I never thanked him for saving Rollo, and last night I was very rude and said things he could never forgive. After that he could not stay."

"Never thanked him!"—and Tabitha looks the rebuke she dare not utter.

The silence that ensues is so condemnatory that Lady Leigh, with all her haughtiness, is abashed. She goes back to Rollo and tells him the bad news and his reproachful comment upon it crushes her altogether.

"Mother, how could you let him go?"

After this she has no thought harsh enough for her conduct and no praise warm enough for Colonel Dare. To her son she often speaks of him, and always tenderly and no other tutor comes to Leigh Park She will not risk another advertisement, and besides who would be worthy to take his place?

Two or three months pass. It was the spring when Colonel Dare first came, now it is late autumn, and he is almost forgotten save by one. That one is wandering listlessly through the grounds of her estate when she meets a tall, elderly man, evidently in search of some one. Curiosity prompts her to accost him.

"Are you looking for any one?" she asks graciously.

"Yes, I wanted to see his lordship, if not inconvenient to him," he says, taking off his hat and bowing low.

"My son is at his lessons, and, excuse me, but I cannot think why you should wish to see him," is the bewildered reply.

It is his turn to look puzzled now.

"I mean his lordship himself. Is he ill?' he asks, in sudden fear.

"My husband is dead," says Lady Leigh, and then, seeing the surprise and sorrow written on his face, she adds, quickly, "he has been dead some years.'

"And the young Lord Leigh?"

"Is not yet eight years old. I scarcely think you can have business with him.'

The man raises his hat with a blank stare.

"I beg your pardon; I must have made some mistake—but I met him in the park."

"You mean the tutor that was here?'

The man laughs in some amusement.

"There are not many tutors, my lady, who can afford to give away a hundred and twenty pounds a year."

A hundred and twenty pounds a year! That was the very sum she had given as salary. Could it be that, disdaining to take money from her hands, he had given it to this man?

"Tell me all about it," she says, quickly.

He complies at once, keeping back nothing of their interview, only interspersing his information with praises of his benefactor, praises which do not in the least degree bore his hearer, but find a fervent echo in her heart.

"And you have never seen him since?" she asks at the conclusion, longing more than she will admit even to herself for news of his well being and whereabouts.

"Never. Two months ago I had a letter from him inclosing sixty pounds, six months' donation in advance. He said he should forward me the same sum twice more, and by that time, if I had the right stuff in me, should have carved out my fortune for myself, and should need his help no more."

"Well?"

The man raises his head proudly.

"I have done so; my foot is on the first rung of the ladder, and I shall not fail now, having once succeeded. I came to tell him this and to thank him, but for his opportune bounty I should have remained all my life struggling for mere bread, with no hope or ambition for the future—and now I cannot find him. You do not know where he is?"

She shakes her head.

"Heaven bless him, wherever he is!" is the earnest ejaculation.

"Amen," says Lady Leigh, solemnly, then, conscious that she has betrayed herself to a perfect stranger, she exp ins quietly, "You know he saved my boy's life."

Long after the man has gone she lingers there, thinking of the would-be lover whom she had so scorned, and whom she now yearns to see again that she may recompense him for all the insults she has heaped upon him, by pleading humbly for forgiveness and avowing her mistake. Whoever he is and wherever he is, she trusts him entirely, and has all faith in his nobility of mind, whether his lineage be high or not, and if he asked her again to forget all and be his wife, she would not again say nay.

But a woman is so powerless, she muses. It may be that she will never see him again—never have the chance for which she longs. Indeed, unless he loves her so well that in spite of all she has said, he is constrained to see her again, how can they ever hope to meet? Her own life is so isolated, and where he is she does not know.

Then a thought comes into Lady Leigh's head which she resolves to put into execution. She will live in this seclusion no longer She will go out into the world and into society, and if she cannot find him at least it will help her to forget. The idea gives a new incentive to life, and her step is as buoyant as it was years ago, before trouble came, when she returns to the house.

Tabitha is dusting the ornaments in her room when she goes in, and makes a movement to go, but Lady Leigh stops her.

"Finish what you are doing," she says graciously; "I am only going to write an advertisement."

"Oh, my lady! not again!" says the woman in dismay, for she knows a little and has guessed more of the history of the last.

Her mistress blushes.

"Not for a tutor. Tabitha; I am going to have a couple of footmen and a butler."

"I am sorry if I haven't given your ladyship satisfaction," is the stiff rejoinder.

Lady Leigh laughs, and places her tiny hands on the woman's shoulders, meeting her defiant gaze with a glance of deprecation.

"Don't be stupid, Tabitha; the fact is, I—I am going into society again and——"

"And you must keep up your position, of course," answers the woman, with quickly-aroused pride." It would never do to be behind any of the other gentlefolks—you, the flower of them all. I'll never stand in your light, my lady; but if you will just let me wait on you when no one is there——"

It is Lady Leighs turn to interrupt, which she does with a reproachful smile.

"Tabitha, do you think I could part with you? The man-servants can wait on my guests; but you—you shall always be my own maid and truest friend. What should I do without you after all these years?"

Tabitha bursts out crying and buries her face in the duster.

"I'm main glad you're going out again," she says, presently, when the sobs have subsided; "it will do you good, although I know you are only doing it for his little lordship's sake."

Lady Leigh looks uncomfortable, and turning away, busies herself at the writing table tearing up sheets of paper and selecting a pen with greatest care.

She is at a loss how to reply. It hurts her to take the credit for an act of self-sacrifice when it is so purely a matter of self-consideration, and yet how can she, even to Tabitha, confess the motive that is calling her into the world again?

Womanliness forbids her to tell all her thoughts; honesty prompts her to disown a virtue that in this case she does not possess.

"There are many reasons why it will be best," she answers evasively.

(To Be Continued.)

A NARROW ESCAPE.

A WIARTON LADY WHO WAS NEAR THE DARK VALLEY.

Her Trouble Began With Swelling of the Glands—This Was Followed by General Collapse and Heart Weakness—Doctors Said She Could Not Recover, But To-day She is Enjoying Good Health.

From the Echo, Wiarton, Ont.

Mrs. Jas. Overand, who lives in Wiarton, makes the following statement in regard to a remarkable cure effected by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People:—"I am 30 years of age and have lived in Wiarton for the past six years. Previous to this, I, with my husband, who is a stone mason, were residents of Chesley. About four years ago there came a swelling on the right side of my neck which grew as the time went on until in about six months it had grown as large as a goose egg. I consulted a physician and he lanced it. This physician diagnosed my case as enlargement of the glands, and said I would get well after it was lanced. This operation gave me temporary relief, but it was only a short time before the lump again began to grow and in six months I was worse than ever. In the meantime I had been prescribed for by different physicians and taken several patent medicines, but none of them gave me more than temporary relief. About three years ago I left Wiarton for Chesley thinking probably a change would improve my health. I consulted a physician there and he said the trouble was incurable and might end fatally. Discouraged I returned to my home in Wiarton, much worse than I was when I left, and believing I had come home to die. Before I left for Chesley I had been attacked occasionally with fainting spells; on my return these occurred more frequently and of longer duration. With the least excitement I would faint dead away. I had become very weak and could scarcely walk across the floor and felt myself growing worse every day. I again consulted the local physician and this time he said it was spasms of the heart and that I would not live more than a couple of days. While lying in bed a lady of the town visited me and advised me strongly to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I thought it useless, but I was ready to grasp at any means of promised relief, and so commenced to use them. Before the second box was completed I felt myself getting better and before I had finished my seventh box I was able to go about my own work. I continued them until I had used fourteen boxes, when I was completely cured. The swelling has left my neck and I am now as well a woman as I ever was in my life. I make the above statement voluntarily, believing it my duty to that which has saved my life and will if necessary make an affidavit to the above facts at any time.

A depraved condition of the blood or a shattered nervous system is the secret of most ills that afflict mankind, and by restoring the blood and rebuilding the nerves, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strike at the root of the disease, driving it from the system and restoring the patient to health and strength. In cases of paralysis, spinal troubles, locomotor ataxia, sciatica, rheumatism, erysipelas, scrofulous troubles, etc., these pills are superior to all other treatment. They are also a specific for the troubles which make the lives of so many women a burden and speedily restore the rich glow of health to sallow cheeks. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good." Sold by all dealers or sent by mail, postpaid, at 50 cents a box, or 6 boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

OUR UNSATISFIED WISHES.

Pet Fancies That We May Cherish Through Life and Yet Never Realize.

"I suppose that all of us," said Mr Billtops, "have some pet ambition or some wish that we never realize; that we carry through life, perhaps quite unknown to our friends, and down with us to the grave unsatisfied. Some of these hopes and fancies on the part of our friends would seem strange enough to us if we knew them, but no more strange to us than ours might seem to them. There are plenty of steady-going, hard-working people that seem full of business only that really cherish, with all their occupations, the most romantic ideas, though they may be, indeed about the simplest things in the world.

"Sometimes we hear of them, something gives occasion for the expression of them, and then they come to us like a revelation. We had never dreamed that So-and-So had that strain of fancy in him. But for the most part these ideas are personal guests, which we entertain within our own walls, in whose company we find pleasure and which we take with us unnoticed when we go."