The car

UNCLE MAX.

CHAPTER XXXVI. - Continued.

He turned away at once, when he saw ! noticed him, and I left the room as quickly as I could, for I felt the tears rising to my eyes. I had to sit down a moment in the porch to recover myself. That look, so sad and yearning, had quite upset me. Ital had not known before part all plants, that Mr. Hamilton loved me, I must have known it

wo met more frequently after this Janet ton saw her two or three times a day. And, urn my lane quietly to the light. of course, I was often there when he came.

He dropped his sternness of manner after a time, but he was never osherwise than grave with me. The long, unrestrained talks, the friendly looks, the keen interest shown in my daily pursuit, were now things of the past. A few professional inquiries, directions about the treatment, now and then a brief order to me, too peremptory to be a compliment, not to overtire myself, or to go home to rest,this was all our intercourse. And yet, in spite of his guarded looks and words, I was often triumphant, even happy:

Outwardly, and to all appearance, I was left alone, but I knew that it was far otherwise in reality. I was most strictly watched. Nothing escaped his acrutiny. At the first sign of fatigue he was ready to take my place, or find help for me. Mrs. Saunders, the mistress of the Man and Plough, told me more than once that the doctor had been most particular in telling her to look after me. Nor was this all.

Once or twice, when I had been singing in the summer twilight, I had risen suddenly to lower a blind or admit Tinker, and had seen a tall, dark figure moving away behind the laurel bushes, and knew that it was Mr Hamilton returning from some late visit and lingering in the dusky road to listen to me.

After I had discovered this for the third

time, I began to think he came on purpose to hear me. My heart beat happily at the thought. In spite of his displeasure with me, he could not keep away from the cottage. After this I sang every evening regularly for an hour, and always in the gloaming : it became my one pleasure, for I knew I was singing to him. Now and then I was rewarded by a sight of his shadow. More than once I saw him clearly in the moonlight. When I closed my piano, I used to whisper "Good-night, Giles," and go to bed almost happy. It was a little hard to meet him the next morning in Janet's room and answer his dry matter-of-fact questions. Sometimes I

had to turn away to hide a smile.
"Gladys's first visit was very disappointing. But everything was disappointing in those days. She had her old harassed look, and seemed worried and miserable, and for once I had no heart to cheer her, only I held her close, very close, feeling that she was dearer to me than ever.

faintly.

"I could not come before, Ursula; and you have never been to see me," a little reproachfully, "though I looked for you every afternoon. I have no Lady Betty, you know, and things have been worse than ever. I cannot think what has come to Etta. She is always spiteful and sneering when Giles is not by. And as for Giles, I do not know what is the matter with him." "How do you mean?' I faltered, hunting

in my work-basket for some silk that was lying close to my hand.

That is more than I can say," she returned, pointedly. "Have you and Giles pleasant. had a quarrel, Ursula? I thought that evening that you were the best of friends, and But here she hesitated, and her lovely eves seemed to ask for my confidence: but I could not speak even to Gladys of such things, so I only answered, in a business-like

told me: most likely I have gone against Tudor proposed that the drawing-room should some of his prejudices." I felt I was an be refurnished. swering Gladys in rather a reckless fashion, but I could not bear even the touch of her sympathy on such a wound. She looked much distressed at my reply.

"Oh, no, you never offend Giles. He thinks far too much of you to let any difference of opinion come between you. I see you do not wish me to ask you, Ursula; but I must say one thing. If you want Giles to tell you why he is burt or distant with you,why his manner is different, I mean, -ask him plainly what Etta has been saying to him about you."

I felt myself turning rather pale. "Are you sure that Miss Darrell has been talking about me, Gladys?" "I have not heard her do so," was the

somewhat disappointing reply, for I had hoped then that she had heard something. "But I was quite as sure of the fact as though my ears convicted her. I have only circumstantial evidence again to offer you, but to my mind it is conclusive. You parted friends that evening with Giles. Correct me if I am wrong." "Oh, no; you are quite right. Your brother and I had no word of disagreement."

"No; he left the house radiant. When he returned, which was not for an hour,-for he and Etta were out all that time in the garden, and they sent Lady Betty in to finish her pa king,—he was looking worried and miserable, and shut himself up in his study. Since then he has been in one of his taciturn, unsociable moods: nothing pleases him. He takes no notice of us. Even Etta is scolded, but she bears it good-humoredly and takes state of things, Ursula!"
"Very," I returned, sighing. for I thought

this piece of evidence conclusive enough. "Now you will be good," she went on, in a coaxing voice, "and you will ask Giles, like a reasonable woman, what Etta has been saying to him?"

"Indeed, I shall do no such thing," I answered. And my cheek began to flush. "If your brother is ungenerous enough to condemn me unheard, I shall certainly not interfere with his notions of justice. Do not trouble yourself about it, Gladys. It will come right some day. And indeed it does, not matter so much to me, except it keeps us

Now, why, when I spoke so haughtily and disagreeably, and told this little, fib, did Gladys suddenly take me in her, arms and kiss me most sorrowfully and tenderly?

"One after another !" she sighed. " ОЪ. it is hard, Ursula!" But I would not let her telk any more about it, for I was afraid I was breaking down and, might make a goose of myself: so I spoke of Erio, and told her that I had written to Joe Muggics without sudcess, and soon turned her thoughts into another channel, Ju 811/87 1 ...

CHAPTER XXXVII It was soon after this that Uncle Max came

I met Mr. Tudor in the village one morning, and he told me with great glee that they had just received a telegram telling them that he was on his way, and an hour after his arrival he came down to the cottage. ton asked her once if her head ached, and if quite sick with disappointment. Ursula, I willingly.

Directly I heard his "Well, little woman, she felt tired, and she answered that her must see you; they shall not keep you from My errand was not a pleasant one, and I

how has the world treated you in my ab sence?" I felt quite cheered, and told my "Very well indeed, thank you, Max." little fib without effort:

It is really a physiological puzzle to me why women who are otherwise atrictly true and honorable in their dealings and abhor the and honorable in their dealings and abhor the very name of falsehood are so much addicted to this sort of fibbing under certain circumstances; for instance, the number of white lies that I actually told at that time was something fabulous, yet the in of hypocrisy did not lie very heavily on my soul. When Laceured Uncle Maxwith a smiling

Coombe was dangerously ill, and Mr. Hamil nawer was to take my chin in his hand and ton saw her two or three times a day. And

"Are you quite sure you are speaking the truth? You look rather thin; and why are your eyes so serious, little she bear?" "It is such hot weather," I returned, wincing under this kindly scrutiny. " And we-that is, I have had anxious work latley. I wrote to you about poor Janet Coombe. It is a miracle that she has pulled through this

illness." "Yes, indeed: I met Hamilton just now on his way to her, and he declared her recovery was owing to your nursing; but we will take that with a grain of salt, Ursula: we both know how devoted Hamilton is to

his patients." "He has saved her life," was my reply, and for a moment my eyes grew dim at the remembrance of the untiring patience with which he had watched beside the poor girl. It was in the sick-room that I first learned to know him, -when metaphorically I sat at his feet, and he taught me lessons of patience and tenderness that I should never forget until my life s end.

When we had talked about this a little while, Max asked me rather abruptly when Captain Hamilton was expected. The question startled me, for I had almost forgotten his existence.

"I do not know," I returned, uneasily, for I was afraid Max would think I had been remiss. "Lady Betty is away, and I have only seen Gladys twice since my return, and each time I forgot to ask her."

"Only twice, and you have been at home more than three weeks," observed Max, in a dissatisfied voice.

"I have been so engaged," I replied, quickly, "and you know how seldom Gladys comes to the cottage. Max, do you know you have been here a quarter of an hour, and have never congratulated you on your good fortune! I was so glad to hear Mrs. Trevor left you that money."
"I did not need it," he returned, rather

gloomily. "I had quite sufficient for my own wants. I do not think that I am particularly mercenary, Ursula: the books and antiquities were more to my taste."

Max was certainly not in the best of spirits, but I did all I could to cheer him. I told him of Gladya's improved looks, and how She looked in my face rather inquiringly much her change had benefited her, but he as she disengaged herself, and then smiled listened rather silently. I saw he was bent on learning Captain Hamilton's movements, and reproached myself that I had not questioned Gladys. I was determined that I would speak to her about her ccusin the next time we met.

Max went away soon after this; he wa rather tired with his journey, he said; but the next morning I received a note from him asking me to dine with him the following evening, as he had seen so little of me lately, and he wanted to hear all about the wedding.

Of course I was too glad to accept this invitation,—I always liked to go to the vicar-age,—and this evening proved especially

Max roused himself for my benefit, and Mr. Tudor seemed in excellent spirits, and we joked Uncle Max a great deal about his fortune, and after dinner we made a pilgrimage through the house, to see what new furniture was needed.

Max accompanied us, looking very bored, "It is true that your brother does not and entered a mild protest to most of our reseem as friendly with me just now; but I do | marks. He certainly agreed to a new carpet not know how I have offended him. He has for the study and a more comfortable chair, rather a peculiar temper, as you have often but he turned a perfectly deaf ear when Mr.

> "It is such a pretty room, Mr. Cunliffe," he remonstrated; "and it will be ready by the time you want to get married. Mother Drabble's arrangement of chairs and tables is simply hideous. I was quite ashamed when Mrs. Maberley and her daughter called the other day."
> "Nonsense, Lawrence!" returned Max,

> rather sharply. "What do two bachelors want with a drawing-room at all? You and Ursula may talk as much as you like, but I do not mean to throw away good money on such nonsense. We will have a new bookcase and writing-table, and fit up the little gray room as your study-and, well, perhaps I may buy a new carpet, but nothing more."
> And we were obliged to be content with this.

> Max brought out a couple of wicker chairs on the terrace presently, and proposed that we should have our coffee out of doors. Mr. Tudor grumbled a little, because he had a letter to write; but I was not sorry when he left me alone with Max. I really liked Mr. Tudor, but we were neither of us in the mood for his good-natured chatter.

"I think old Lawrence is very much im proved," observed Max, as we watched his retreating figure. "His sermons have more ballast, and he is altogether grown. 1 begin to have hopes of him now."

"He is older, of course," I remarked, oracularly, wondering what Max would say if he knew the truth. "Well, Max, did you go up to G!adwyn last night?"

"Yes," he returned, with a quick sigh, "and Hamilton made me stay to dinner. I her revenge on me afterwards. A pleasant have tound out about Captain Hamilton, He cannot get leave just yet, and they do not expect him until the end of November." "I am so sorry to hear that. Do you not wish that you had taken my advice now, and

gone down to Bournemouth?" But a most emphatic "No" on Max's part was my answer to this. "I am very thankful I did nothing of the kind," he returned, a little irritably.

meant well, Ursula, but it would have been a mistake." "Hamilton told me about his cousin," he went on: "but his sister was in the room. She colored very much and looked embar-rassed directly Claude's name was men-

there:" But I should have been wiser and

held my tongue. the returned, Your are wrong again. he returned, the calmly, Miss. Darrell, was, dining at the Maberleyes, and enever came; in, until I was

this. How very strange? I was my comment to licky girl to have Jem for a sweetheart.

"And if you please, ma'am," went on neg the whole evening in the was alone, puzzled in whom I came in the was alone. Hamilton did not follow me for five minutes. ner, the whole evening. I never telt more Chatty, looking round-eyed and serious, puzzled in when the was alone. "My mistress said that I was to give you Hamilton did not follow me for five minutes. this." And she produced a slip of paper She came across the room to meet me, with with a pencilled message. I knew Chatty one of her old smiles, and I thought she really always, called Gladys her mistress: so I seemed glad to see me; but afterwards she opened the paper eagerly:

"Why did you go sway on Sunday evening and grew listless." She did not try to enter without seeing me?" I implored Leah to tain me; she left me to talk to her brother.

bring you up when I heard your voice talking. I don't think she looks well, Ursula. Hamil to Etts, and when the door closed I turned And when ton asked her once if her head ached, and if quite sick with disappointment. Ursula, I willingly.

head was rather bad. I thought she looked me. Come up this evening at half-past seven, extremely delicate. 44 Oh, Gladys is never a robust woman,

She is almost always pale.

She is almost always pale.

It is not that," he returned, decidedly.

I consider she looked very ill. I don't be lieve the change has done her the least good. There is something on her mind: no doubt

she is longing for her cousin."

I thought it well to remain silent, though
Max's account made me anxious. If only I could have spoken to him about Eric! Most likely Gladys was fretting because there was no news from Joe Muggins. She was certainly mot, fit for any fresh anxiety. I felt my banishment from Gladwyn acutely. If Gladys were ill or dispirited, she would need me more their ore. me more thair any one.

I think both Max and I were sorry when Mr. Tudor came back and interrupted our conversation. He carried me off presently to show me some improvements in the kitchengarden; but Max was too lazy to join us, and we had quite a confidential talk, walking up and down between the apple-trees. Mr. Tudor told me that, after all, he was becoming fond of his profession, and that the old women did not bore him quite so much. When we returned, Max was not on the lawn, but a few minutes afterwards he appeared at the study window.

"I was just speaking to Hamilton," he said. "He came while you were in the kitchen garden, but he was in a hurry and could not wait. By the bye, he told me that I was not to let you sit out there any longer, as the dews are so heavy. So come in, my

dear." I obeyed Max without a word. He had been here, and I had missed him! Everything was flat after that.

thing was flat after that.

I took my leave, feeling as though all my merriment had suddenly dried up. How met me? I wondered. Would Max have noticed anything different? "How quickly as I tapped at G'adys's door; then, long will this state of things go on?" I as I heard her weak "Come in," I entered. thought, as I bade Max good-by in the porch.

I waited for some days for Gladys to come, and then I wrote to her just a few lines, beg ging her to have tea with me the following afternoon; but two or three hours afterwards Chatty brought me a note.

"Do not think me unkind, Ursula," she wrote, "if I say that it is better for us not to meet just now. I have twice been on my way to you, and Etta has prevented my coming each time. My life just now is unendurable. Giles notices nothing. I sometimes think Etta must be possessed, to treat me as she does: 1 can see no reason for it. I hope I am not getting ill, but I do not seem as though I could rouse myself to contend with her. I do not sleep well, and my head pains me. If I get worse, I must speak to Giles : cannot be ill in this place."

Gladya's letter made me very anxious. There was a tone about it that seemed as though her nerves were giving way. The heat was intense, and most likely anxiety about Eric was disturbing her night's rest. Want of sleep would be serious to Gladys's highly-strung organization. I was determined to speak to Mr. Hamilton, or go my self to Gladwyn.

My fears were still further aroused when Sunday came and Gladys was not in her usual place. After service, Miss Darrell was speaking to some friends in the porch. As I passed Mr. Hamilton I paused for a moment o question him: "Why was Gladys not at church? Why did she never come to see me now?"

We might ask you that same question, I think," he returned, rather pointedly. "Gladys is not well: she spoke to me yesterday about herself, and I was obliged to give her a sleeping-draught. She was not awake when we left the house."

"I will come and see her," I replied, quickly, for Miss Darrell was bearing down upon us, and I am sure she heard my last words; and as I walked home I determined to go up to Gladwyn that very evening while the family were at church.

was much exasperated opened the door to me. "I saw you coming," she said, in he

smooth voice, "and so I thought I would save Leah the trouble. She is the only servant at home, and I sent her up-stairs to see if Gladys wanted anything. I hope you do not expect to see Gladys to-night, Miss "I most certainly expect it," was my re-

ply. "I have given up the evening service, hearing that she was ill."

"It is too kind of you; but I am sorry that I could not allow it for a moment Giles was telling me an hour ago that he could not think what ailed Gladys: he was afraid of some nervous illness for her unless she were kept quiet. I could not take the

responsibility of disobeying Giles."
"I will take the responsibility on myself,"
I returned, coolly. "You forget that I am a
nurse, Miss Darrell. I shall do Gladys no

"Excuse me if I must be the judge of that," she returned, and her thin line closed in an inflexible curve: "in my cousin's absence I could not allow any one to go near Gladys. Leah is with her now trying to in

duce her to take her alceping-draught."
I looked at Miss Darrell, and wondered if I could defy her to her face, or whether I had better wait until I could speak to Mr. Hamilton. If Gladys were really taking her sleep ing draught, my presence in her room might excite her. If I could only know if she were telling me the truth!

My doubts were answered by Leah's en trance. Miss Darrell addressed her eagerly "Have you given Miss Gladys the draught.

"Yes, ma'am, and she seems nicely inclined to sleep. She heard Miss Garatons voice, and sent me down with her love, and she is sorry not to be able to see her to-night.'

I thought it better to take my leave after this, hoping for better success next time. I watched anxiously for Mr. Hamilton the next day, but unfortunately I missed him. I arrived at Janet's he had just left the house, and I did not meet him in the village. I was growing desperate at hearing no news of Gladys, and had determined to go up boldly to Gladwyn that very evening, when I saw Chatty coming in the direction of the cottage. She looked very nicely dressed, and her round face broke into dimples as she told me that Miss Darrell had sent her to the station, and that she meant to call in and have a chat with Mrs. Hathaway on her way, as she need not hurry back.

.. Jam Hathaway was pretty Chatty's sweetheart. I knew him well. He was a black-smith, and lived with his mother in the little stone-colored cottage that faced the green, He was an honest, steady young fellow, a great triend of Nathaniel, and Mrs. Barton "And if you please, ma'am," went on

while they are at dinner. Chatty will let

tripped on her way.
I went back into my parlor, feeling worried

and excited. Gladys had sent for me, and I in an eautide Nelsgown, trimmed with costly must go; but the idea of slipping into the lace; her gold hangles jangled as she fanned house in this surreptitions way was singularly berself. repugnant to me. I would rather have chosen a time when I knew Mr. Hamilton would be said; with a ladylike yawn; "it is a hot inabjent; but in that case I might find to impossible to obtain admittance to Gladys

room. No, I must put my own feeling saide,
and follow her directions. But, in spite of the band of the will be here by and by, reand follow her directions. But, in spite of the band of the band of the resolve, I found it impossible to settle-to up and saw me. and follow her directions. But, in spite of this resolve, I found it impossible to settle to anything until the time came for keeping my appointment.

appointment. was chiming from the church c'o'k. As I I took no notice of her. I determined to me, but to no one else."

walked quickly through the shrubbery I speak out holdly what I had to say.

I did not venture to I glanced nervously up at the windows. (Hap.

"Mr. Hamilton," I said, quickly, "I have so afraid they might be. pily, the dining room was at the back of the house, but Leah might be sewing in her mistress's room and see me. As this alarming thought occurred to my mind, I walked still more rapidly, but before I could raise my hand to the bell the door opened noiselessly, and Chatty's smiling face welcomed me.

"I was watching for you," she whispered. Leah is in the housekeeper's room, and master and Miss Darrell are at dinner. You can go up to my mistress at once."

I needed no further invitation. passed the dining-room door I could hear Miss Darrell's little tinkling laugh and Mr. Hamilton's deep voice answering her. The next moment Thornton came out of the room, and I had only time to whick round the cor ner. I confess this narrow escape very much alarmed me, and my heart beat a little

The room was full of some pungent scent hot and unrefreshing. Some one had moved the dressing-table, and Gladys lay on a couch in the circular window, within the curtained enclosure. I always thought it the prettiest window in the house. It looked full on the oak avenue, and on the elms, where the rooks had built their nests. There was a glimpse of the white road, too, and the blue smoke from the chimneys of Maplehurst was plainly visible.

The evening sunshine was streaming full or Gladys's pale face, and my first action after kisseing her was to lower the blind. I was glad of the excuse for turning away a moment, for her appearance gave me quite a shock.

She looked as though she had been ill for weeks. Her face looked dark and sunken. and the blue lines were painfully visible round her temples. Her forehead was contracted, as though with severe pain, and her eyes were heavy and feverish. When she raised her languid eyelids and looked at me, a sudden fear contracted my heart.

"Uraula, thank God you have come!" "We must always thank him, dearest, whatever happens," I returned, as I knelt down by her and took her burning hand in "And now you must tell me what is wrong with you, and why I find you like

"I do not know," she whispered, almost clinging to me. And it struck me then that she was frightened about herself. "As I told Giles, I feel very ill. The heat tries me, and my head always aches,—such a dull, miserable pain; and, most of all, I cannot miserable pain; and, most of an, I cannot ably:
sleep, and all sorts of horrid thoughts come ably:
"Nonsense! the thanks are on our side, as quite alone, I feel as though I were lightheaded and should lose my senses. Oh Ursula, if this goes on, what will become of

"We will talk about that presently. Tell me, have you ever been ill in this way be fore?

"Yes, last summer, only not so bad. But I had the pain and the sleeplessness then, I thought I had timed my visit well, and Giles was so good to me. He said I wanted was much exasperated when Miss Darrell change, and he took a little cottage at Westgate-on-Sea and sent me down with Lady Betty and Chatty, and I scon got all right."

"So I thought. And now-"Oh, it is different this time," she replied, nervously. "I did not have dreafful thoughts then, or feel frightened, as I do now. Ursula, I know I am very ill. If you leave me to Etta and Leah, I shall get worse I have sent for you to-night to remind you of

your promise."
"What promise?" I faltered. But of course I knew what she meant. A sense of wretchedness had been slowly growing on me tingling sense of shame and humiliation at

promise, Ursula.".

"Is it absolutely necessary that I should come?" I asked, in a distressed voice, for all at once life seemed too difficult to me. How had I deserved this fresh pain ! In a moment her manner grew more ex-

cited.

"Necessary! If you leave me to Etta's tender mercies I shall die. But no—no! you could not be so cruel. They are making me take those horrid draughts now, and I know she gives me too much. I get so confused, but it is not sleep. My one terror is that I shall say things I do not mean, about—well, never mind that. And then she will say that my brain is queer. She has hinted it already, when I was excited at your going away. There is nothing too cruel for her to say to me. She hates me, and I do not know why." "Hush ! I cannot have you talk so much, for her excitement alarmed me. "Remember, I am your nurse now,—a very strict one, too, as you will find. Yes, I will keep my

promise. I will not leave you, darling."

"You promise that? You will not go away to night?"
"I shall not leave you until you are well again," I returned, with forced cheerfulness. But if she knew how keenly I felt my cruel position, how sick and trembling I was at heart! What would be think of me? No, I must not go into that. Gladys had asked this sacrifice of me. She had thrown herselt op my compassion. I would not forsake her. God knows my integrity and innocence of intention. I will not be afraid to do my duty to this suffering human creature," I said to myself. And with this my courage revived, and I felt that strength would be given me for all that I had to do.

CHAPTER XXXVIII. IN THE TURRET ROOM, VIO COLORS

My promise to stay with Gladys soothed her at once, and she lay back on her pillows and closed her aching eyes contentedly, while I sat down and wrote a hasty note to Mrs.

I was going down stairs in search of her brother; and when she looked a little frightened at this. I made her understand, in all her orders are to be carried out. Chatty frightened at this. I made her understand, in all her orders are to be carried out. Chatty is, to attend to the sick room for the fiture; is there is no need tor you to neglect your mis there is no need tor you to neglect your mis there is no need tor you to neglect your mis there is no need tor you to neglect your mis there is much have given sary; for me to obtain his sanction, both as dotter and master, of the house, and then we should have nothing to fear from Miss Darrell me. I had made an enemy of Leah from the willingly.

And when I had said this she let me go more willingly.

My errand was not a pleasant one, and I When I had finished it, I said quietly that

, felt very sorry for myself as I walked slowly down-stairs hoping that I should find Mr. very well: tell your mistress I will come," I observed; and Chatty dropped a rustic courtesy, and said, "Thank you, ma'am; that will do my mistress good," and tripped on her way. the hall lamp.

She was very much overdsessed, as usual,

"Mr. Hamilton," I said, quickly, "I have seen Gladys. I am quite shocked at her appearance: the certainly looks very ill. you will allow me, I should like to remain and nurse her."

"But you must allow no such thing, Giles," interfered his cousin, sharply. "I have always nursed poor dear Gladys myself, and no one understands her as I do."
"Gladys sent for me just now," I went on,

firmly, without taking any notice of this speech, "to beg me to remain with her. She has set her heart on my nursing her, and she reminded me of my promise."
"What promise?" he asked, rather harshly; but I noticed that he looked dis-

turbed and ill at ease. "Some months ago, just before Gladys went to Bournemouth, she asked me to make her a promise, that if she were ever ill in this house I would give up my work and come and nurse her. She was perfectly well then. —at least, in her ordinary health,—and I

saw no harm in giving her the promise. She claims from me now the fulfilment," "Very extraordinary," observed Miss Darrell, in a sneering voice. "But then dear Gladys was always a little odd and romantic. You remember I warned you some time ago, Giles, that if we were not careful and firm

"Pshaw!" was the impatient answer, and

I continued pleadingly,—
"Gladys seems to me in a weak, nervous state, and I do not think it would be wise to thwart her in this. Sick people must be humored sometimes. I think you could trust me to watch over her most carefully."

"Giles. I will not answer for the conse-ences if Miss Garaton nurses Gladys," interposed Miss Darrell, eagerly. "You have no idea how she excites her. They talk, and have mysteries together, and Gladys is always more low-spirited when she has seen Miss Garston. You know I have only dear Gladys's interest at heart, and in a serious _ ' But he internervous illness like thisrupted her.

Etta, this is no affair of yours: you can leave me, if you please, to make arrangements for my sieter. I am very much obliged to you, Miss Garaton, for offering to nurse Gladys, but there was no need of all this explanation; you might have known, I think, that I was not likely to refuse." He spoke coldly, and his face looked dark and inflexible, but I could see he was watch-

ing me. I am sure I perplexed and baffled him that night: as I thanked him warmly for his consent, he checked me almost irrit-

we shall resp the benefit of your services. What shall you do about your other patients, may I ask?"

"I will tell you," I returned, not a bit daunted either by his irritability or sternuess. In my heart I knew that he was glad that I had asked this favor of him. Oh, 1 understood him too well to be afraid of his

moods now ! "I must sak you to help me," I went on. "Will you v nend Barton. It is to beg her to furnish me with "Thornton shall take it at once," he re-

turned, promptly.
"Toank you. Now about my poor people.
Little Jessie still needs care, and Janet will be an invalid for some time. I do not wish them to miss me,"

His face softened: a half-smile came to his lips. "There is only one village nurse," he said, dubiously.
"True, but I think I can find an excellent

substitute. Do you remember my speaking to you of a young nurse at St. Thomas's who was obliged to leave from ill health? She is as she talked. If it should come to that,— was obliged to leave from ill health? She is that I must remain under his rcof! I felt a better now, only not fit for hospital work. I am thinking of writing to her, and asking her to occupy my rooms at the cottage for a week or two until Gladys is better. Change "Of your solemn promise, most solemnly week or two until Gladys is better. Change uttered," she repeated, "that if I were ill of air will do Miss Watson good, and it will you would come and nurse me. I claim that not hurt her to look after Janet and little

Jessie." Mr. Hamilton looked rleased at this suggestion,-"an excellent idea," and, as though by an after-thought, "a very kind one. did not wish to add to your burdens, but Janet Coombe is hardly out of the wood

Miss Darrell tittered scornfully. As I glanced at her, I saw she was dragging her gold bangles over her arm until there was a red line on the flesh. Her eyes looked dark and glittering, but she was obliged to suppress her anger.

"Janet Coombe is only a poor servant The work is not so attractive to Miss Gar-ston, I should think, ''she said, in a tone so suggestive that the blood rushed to my face. Women know how to stab sometimes. Happily, Mr. Hamilton's common sense came to my aid. I quieted down directly at the first sound of his voice :

"What makes you so uncharitable, Etta? We all know our village nurse too well to believe that insinuation. If Gladys be only nursed with half the tenderness that was shown to Janet, I shall be quite content to leave her under Miss Garston's care." Then, turning to me, with something of his old cord dial manner, "Well, it is all settled, is it dial manner, "Well, it is all settled, is it not, that you remain here to night? Is there anything else you wish to say to me?"

"Only one thing," I replied, quietly. "Will you kindly give orders that Gladys's little maid, Chatty, waits upon the slok-room? Leah seems to have taken that office upon herself lately, and Gladys has a great dislike to her."

dislike to her."
"Really, this passes everything i" ex-claimed Miss Darrell, angrily. "What has my poor Lean done, to be set aside in this way?"
"She is your maid, is she not, Etta?"

Yes; but, Giles—"
And Chatty always waits on my sisters.
It is certainly not Lean's business to wait on the turret-room.

"Lesh," raising his voice a little, as Leah came down stairs with a tray of linen, I want to speak to you a moment. Miss Gar-

give me," charved Miss Darrell, with ill give me, conserved mass Darrell, with ill connealed temper, "I may as well go, for I am rather tired of this, Giles," And she followed Lah, and we could hear them whispering in the little passage leading to the house-

keeper's room.

You' must not mind Etta's little show of temper, remarked Mr. Hamilton, arologetically. "She is rather put out because in an early Nile gown, trimmed with costly in an early Nile gown, trimmed with costly lace; her gold hangles jangled as she fanned berself.

"Come out into the garden, Giles," she said with a ladylike yawn; "it is so hot indoors. I thought you said that you expected well. I was rather sorry for her just now, "I said no fivorite with Miss Darrell," I wondering secretly at his blind in fatuation for her cousin.

"Miss Garaton!" he ejaculated, as though he could sarcely believe his eyes, and Miss have no interference with the sick-room; you will have no interference with me, but to no one else." Gladys prefers your nursing. B. tween our-

so siraid they might betray me. How could I repent my trust in such a man? I felt I could wait cheerfully for years, until he chose to break down the barrier between ns. I bade him good-night, after this, and hur-ried back to Gladys. I had no idea that he was following me. As I closed the door, I

said, in quite a gay tone,—
"Well," darling, I always told you your brother was your best friend, and he has proved the truth of my words. I knew we could trust him—, But a knock at the door interrupted me. I felt rather confused when he entered, for I knew I must have been overheard; but he took no notice, and went straight up to Gladys.

"You see, it is to be as you wished," he said, pleasantly, "and Miss Garston has installed herself here as your nurse Is your mind easier now, you foolieh child?" "Oh, yes, Giles, and I am so much obliged

to you; it is so good of you to allow it."
"Humph! I don't see the goodness much; but never mind that now: you must promise me to do all Miss Garaton tells you, and get well as soon as you can. Make up your mind, my dear, that you will try and overcome all

these nervous fancies." "Yes, Giles," very faintly. "You have let yourself get rather too low, and so it will be hard work to pull up again; but we mean to do it between us, eh, Miss

Garaton ?" I told him that I hoped Gladys would soon be better.

"Oh, yes, but Reme was not built in a day," patting her hand: "we want a little time and patience, that is all." And he was leaving the rocm, when her languid voice recalled him:
"I meen to be good, and give as little

trouble as possible,—and—and—I should like you to kiss me, Giles." I saw a ducky flush come to his face as he stcoped and kissed her. I knew it was the first time that she had ever voluntarily kissed him since Eric's loss.

"Good-night, my dear," he said, very gently; but he did not look at me as he left the room. I put Gladys to bed after this, with Chatty's help. She was very faint and exhausted, and I sat down in the moonlight to watch her. My thoughts were busy enough. There would be little sleep for me that night, I knew. It was so atrange for me to be under that roof,so strange and so sweet that I should be serving him and his; and then I thought of Uncle Max, and how troubled he would be to hear

of Gladys's illness, and I determined to write to him the next day.

I was rather startled later on, when most of the household had retired to rest, to hear a gentle tap at the door. Of course it was Mr. Hamilton, and I went

into the passage, half closing the door behind me. "Is she asleep?" he asked, anxiously, as he noticed this action.

"No, not asleep, but quite drowsy. I have given her the draught as you wished, but it is singular how she objects to it. She says it only confuses her head, and gives her nightmare."
"We must quiet her by some means, he returned; and I saw by the light of the lamp

he carried that his face looked rather grave. "Perhaps you did not know that Etta and I were up with her last night. She was in a condition that bordered on dellrium." "No; I certainly did not know that." "She may be better to-night," he returned, quickly: "her mind is more at rest. Poor

child! I cannot understand what has brought on this state of disordered nerves." "It is very sad altogether. It is a great relief to me to know you are with her. I must have had a professional nurse, for Etta's fussiness was driving her crazy. Now, Miss Garston," in a business-like tone, "I want to know how they have provided for your comfort. Where do you sleep to-

night? I could not suppress a smile, for I knew that there had been no provision made for my accommodation: the whole heusehold had metaphorically washed their hands of

"I shall rest very well on the couch," I returned, unwilling to disturb him.
"Good heavens!" he exclaimed, looking excessively displeased. "Do you mean that Lady Betty's room has not been got ready for you? I told Leah myself, as Chatty was in the sick-room; and she certainly understood me. This shall be looked into to-morrow. Leah will find I am not to be disobeyed with impunity. I thought Lady Betty's room would do so well for you, as there is a door of communication, and if you left it open you could hear Gladys in a moment."

"Never mind to-night," I returned, chearfully. "I am quite fresh, and shall not need much sleep. No doubt the room will be ready for me to morrow."

Well, I suppose it is too late to disturb

tnem now; but I feel very much ashamed of our inhospitality." Then, in rather an em-barrassed volce, "I am afraid I must have seemed rather ungracious in my manner down-stairs, but I am really very grateful to

This was too much for me. "Please don't talk of being grateful to me, Mr. Hamilton, I returned, rather too impulsively. "You do not know how glad I am to do anything for you all." The word "all" was added as though by an after-thought, and came in a

little awkwardly. There was a sudden gleam in Mr. Hamilton's eyes; he seemed about to speak; impetuous words were on his tongue, then he checked himself.
"Thank you....Good-night, Nurse Ursula,"

he said, very kindly, and I went back to Gladys, feeling happier than I had felt since that afternoon when he had given me the roses. (C) Gladys was quieter that night; she slept

fitfully and uneasily, and mouned a little as though she were conscious of pain, but there was no alarming excitement.