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Established in 1870 at Belfast, the centre of the Irish Linen trade, we have developed our business on the lines of supplying genuine Linen goods direct to the public at the lowest net prices. For manufacturing purposes we have a large, fully-equipped power-loom linen factory at Banbridge, Co. Down, hand looms in many factories for the finest work, and extensive finishing-up factories at Belfast. We have secured Royal Warrants of Appointment since the year 1878, and have furnished Manors, Cottages, Villas, Hotels, Clubs, Institutions, Yachts and Steamships with complete linen outfits in almost every country in the world.

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Hemstitched, 40 x 2 1/2 yds., \$1.20 pair.
\$1.20 pair. Filled Linen Pillow Cases, 36 x 36 in., \$1.00 pair.
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Covers from 8c ea. Bedspreads for
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White and all newest shades, 45 in.
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ROBINSON & CLEAVER, Ltd.
40, DONEGALL PLACE, BELFAST, IRELAND
LONDON. Telegrams: "Linen, Belfast." LIVERPOOL.

**WHAT'S BRED
IN THE BONE.**

CHAPTER II.

(Continued.)

The time passed so quickly and pleasantly, at least to me, that when Bijou, who had been playing under the trees by himself, came up, choking with a blade of cutgrass tickling his throat, I discovered, to my dismay, that the ten minutes had lengthened into two whole hours, and that Sir Richard had missed more than half his dinner. Nevertheless, we walked rather slowly and silently home, for the little boy had fallen asleep in his father's arms, and Birdie, who was very tired and had eaten too much cake, clung heavily and fractiously to me. In fact, the al fresco repast did not seem to have agreed over well with any of us, for Sir Richard declared he had not the least appetite for dinner, and I felt myself so unusually unwell and excited that, when I was saying good-night to him at the nursery door, and thanking him for the pleasant afternoon I had spent, I found myself suddenly, without any previous intention, stammering out an unthought acknowledgment of his kindness and consideration toward me, of his generous and delicate efforts to remove the sting of that ugly but—but natural sneer—which—which I had not minded in the least, as—as, of course, I had sense enough to see and know that—that—

I could say no more, for the mingled expression of amazement, pain, and distress upon his face recalled me to my senses, and, braving from him, I darted into my room, anathematizing my folly and

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THERAPION may now also be obtained in DRUGS (Tasteless) form.

want of tact, and wondering how any civilized family could put up with me at all.

A couple of hours later I was cooling my hot face at the open window, when Lady Nesbitt and her cousin came out of the drawing-room, and commenced walking up and down the terrace, in animated conversation; and it occurred to me, for the first time how little her ladyship had to say to her husband. How often, even for an hour at a time, I had seen her sitting, silent and torpid, in the company of a man who was naturally genial and whose mind was richly stored with knowledge; while with his cousin, a young gentleman who frankly admitted he could not read through a leading article in the Times, her tongue never seemed to cease, nor her fancy to flag! It was a discovery that startled and roused me from my own irritated self-communings, and, following their figures with awakened interest, I began to wonder what these two, connected by no direct family ties, with no apparent mutual interests, could find to talk about so incessantly to one another.

Presently they stopped just under my window, and Captain Nesbitt, throwing away the end of his cigar, said, with a movement toward the door:

"Hadn't we better be turning in now, Jessie? It's getting rather chilly for you, isn't it?"

"No, no," she answered, eagerly, laying her hand upon his arm; "I am not cold in the least; I'm quite warm. Let us go for a last turn around the lake. Dolf; there's something—something else I want to tell you there."

"Can't you tell it to me here?" he asked, after a slight pause, turning away very ungraciously I thought.

"You are going away to-morrow. It is settled, decided, you are going to-morrow."

"Yes, I am going to-morrow," he answered, slowly, doggedly. "I ought to have gone days, weeks ago. I am going to-morrow."

"Then come down to the lake with me now. It will be our last walk for months and months. Come, Dolf—come," she said, raising her lovely face almost entreatingly to his. "You must!"

"Jessie, Jessie, Jessie!" the young man answered, with a struggling sigh and in a tone that startled and puzzled me for many months afterward. It was not, however, until months, even years, had elapsed that I understood the full meaning of that passionate, appealing cry.

"Come!" she repeated, and he slowly followed her down the steps; but at that moment the bright glow of Sir Richard's cigar appearing at the other end of the terrace, Captain Nesbitt turned and hailed his kinsman somewhat boisterously.

"Dick, Dick! Is that you? Come along, old man; I was just wishing for an excuse to light up again, and you give it to me. This way—this way!"

"Let us keep to the stone, Dolf," said Sir Richard, coming up slowly; "the gravel is rather rough to Jessie's feet. My dear"—wrapping hershaw more closely round her—"I wish you would not come out so lightly clad at this hour, you who were complaining of cold in the sunshine to-day."

"I'm not cold now," she answered, in a low, dull tone, dropping behind the two men.

I leaned out of the window and watched her with an excited interest I could scarcely account for, and presently saw her, after leaning for a moment against the stone balustrade,

walk quickly forward and slip her hand within her husband's arm.

CHAPTER III.

"Richard," said Lady Nesbitt one morning in early January, as we were all breakfasting together in the small oak parlor, "here is a letter with a French postmark for you. I suppose it's from Laura de Villmaque. Open it quickly, like a dear, and let us know when Dolf is coming!"

"Presently, my love; as soon as I have succeeded in restoring the circulation in my fingers," answered her husband, holding his hands to the fire. "Ugh, I think this is the coldest morning we have had as yet!"

"Oh, I'm in no hurry except that I want to be sure of the day of his arrival, in order to send out the invitations for those dinner-parties, you know!"—and Lady Nesbitt turned her attention to a golly pile of letters lying beside her plate.

Since the new year we have been hourly expecting the arrival of Captain Nesbitt who had promised to spend his long leave at the Court, after paying a few days' duty visit to his sister, Madame de Villmaque, who lived in Paris.

"You may send out your invitations as soon as you like, my dear," announced Sir Richard, presently. "for Dolf is—is—"

"Coming to-day, Dick?"

"No; not coming at all, Jessie! He has decided on spending the rest of his leave in Paris. Laura says, and sends all kinds of apologies to you and me."

"Oh!"

Without further comment Lady Nesbitt opened a bulky letter, and could not help noticing that the contents seemed to startle and distress her, for her face suddenly flushed a deep crimson and her eyes filled with tears: After reading to the end of the second page she laid down the paper, and, evidently trying to master her emotion, said absently:

"What—what did you say a moment ago, dear? I was only half listening. That—that Dolf had decided on remaining in Paris, was it?"

"Yes; I'm sorry to say so—at least, not sorry on the lady's account, if Laura's surmise about the reason of his sudden change be correct; but he has so often before given us—"

"Her surmise? What do you mean, Richard? What is it that Laura fancies is keeping him there?"

"The commonplace magnet, my dear—a woman."

"A woman! What—what woman?"

"A Miss—Miss—let me see what's the name? A Miss Georgina C. Bloomfield, of Boston—a young lady of many attractions and immense wealth, whom he has met three or four times at Laura's. However, she says it may be only fond fancy on her part, for Dolf is not one of those young gentlemen who are overstocked with sentiment, as we all know; and, besides, the girl has a stock of other admirers—French, American, Russian, et caetera. We must not build too much upon it, Jessie."

"Laura says she will do her best to push it on, for she likes the young lady personally; and Dolf must marry money soon, I fear, or give up his profession. You know he has been living beyond his income ever since Bernard?—turning to invite me to join the discussion with his usual kindly courtesy."

I primly replied that, if the attractions were mutually engaged, it would not matter on which side the fortune lay.

Sir Richard laughed and tossed a

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letter addressed to Captain Nesbitt across to his wife.

"Send that on to-day, my dear. It's a communication from my bankers, I see, by the initials on the envelope, and its contents may help to emphasize his feelings for Miss Bloomfield. He's such a contrary, mercurial lad where his affections are concerned—never appears to know his mind or his heart two weeks running."

Do you remember, Jessie, that pretty little rich widow he was so infatuated about that year we went to Brighton; and the Scottish heiress the season before last—how all of a sudden his fancy seemed to cool for both, and he let himself drop out of the running without any apparent motive?"

"Perhaps he saw the ladies did not care for him," I suggested, to fill up a pause in the conversation, for her ladyship was again absorbed in her letter and did not make any reply.

"No, I don't think he could have seen that. Mrs. Moncrieff kept him in most marked attendance throughout, and the Scotch lass was sincerely attached to him. I know, for, to her people's great annoyance, she refused two or three most brilliant offers while Dolf was hanging about her. It was rather inexplicable."

"May I see the letter—Madame de Villmaque's letter—if you have quite done with it, Richard?" asked Lady Nesbitt, as she was leaving the room about ten minutes later.

(To be continued.)

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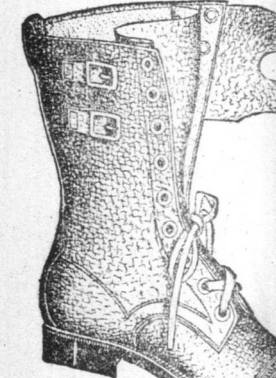
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