One Night's Mystery.

By May Agnes F.cming.

CHAPTER VI .- CONTINUED.

Miss Dormer found her niece unpleasantly reticent for a girl of sixteen. Of the life she had led before coming here Cyrilla seemed able to give but the most meagre details. Who had given her this very expensive

ruby set? Who had given her all these handsome books of poetry, marked with the initials 'F. D. C.'? Oh, a friend of papa's papa had so many friends, and they all made her presents! The girl of sixteen had heard the history of her aunt's exile, and was on her guard. But in an evil hour Miss Dormer swooped down upon her quarry, and learned

It was an album that told the story-a gorgeous affair of ivory, purple velvet and gilt clasps, that her nizce kept always jealously locked up, filled with cabinet-sized photographs of her Bohemian friends. The first picture in the book-a finely-tinted vignette of a boyish head and face-made Miss Dormer start and change color. She glauced at the fly-leaf. The murder was out! There was the tell-tale inscription:

'Beauty Hendrick, on her Fiscenth Rirthday, from the most Devoted of her Adorers.'
'FREDERIC DUNRAITH CAREW.'

The old woman uttered a shrill hissing sort of cry, as though she had been struck, her yellow face turned green, her wicked old eyes absolutely glared with fury. After all these years, when the man was dead and rotten in his grave, to be stung by that name; it was winter time; a large coal fire glowed in the grate. Miss Dormer sprang from her chair, and in the twinkling of an eye Cyrilla's album was on the bed of coals,

The girl darted forward to the rescue with a scream of dismay, but warding her off with one hand, Phillis Dormer held it down with her stick, not speaking a word, and glaring, as Cyrilla ever afterwards said, like old Hecate over her witches' cauldron. So she stood, holding it mercilessly, until it crumbled upon the coals, a handful of black, charred ashes. Aud then the storm burst—a very temptest of fury and invective hurled against Cyrilla the viper she had warmed only tosting her' -against her father, against the Carews, sire girl's strong young nerves shrank with a shudder of disgust. But outwardly she stood like a rock, her lips compressed her eyes flashing black lightning. At last exhausted, the old woman paused from sheer want of breath.

'This is the sort of ingrate I have taken into my house, is it? This is the sort of friends you and your father have made. My curse upon them-the living and the dead! She shook the stick in the air more like one of Macbeth's witches than ever. Cyrilla Hendrick spoke for the first time, her short,

You forget Aunt Phillis, that curses, like chickens, come home to roost,' was what she said. 'I don't think your anathemas will hurt Freddy Carew very greatly. You are a bad old woman, Aunt Philis Dormer, and you may send me back to England as soon as you

scornful upper lip curling.

Then she walked out of the room with her panper chin higher than ever, and the air of an outraged grande dame. But in her own room, with the door locked, she flung herself on her bed, and cried passionately, cried herself sick, for the loss of Freddy's portrait.

Miss Dormer did not send her home. The first outburst past, even her warped sense of justice showed her that the girl was not so much to blame. She could not be expected to feel the wrongs of the aunt she had never fatally fascinating as the father had been. Only her mind, up to this time undecided judicious investments during a quarter of a century), was made up. She would educate her niece, she would select a husband for her. If her niece married the man of her choice she would bestow her fortune upon her. If not, it would go to found an asylum for maiden ladies of fifty. In any case she must secure it that by no possible means could any fraction of it ever come to Frederic Carew's son. On the next interview Miss Dormer, quite calm by this time, proposed to her niece the oath of which Cvrilla had spoken to Sydney Owenson-the oath never to marry Fred Carew. Miss Hendrick promptly and resolutely declined.

'I am thousands of miles from Freddy,' she said. 'I may never see him again. I never expect to see him again—all the same Aunt Phil. I won't take the oath. I mever took any oath in my life, and I never mean to. Fred is as poor as a rat, and always will be. I don't suppose, if it comes to that, he will ever be able to marry anybody unless he falls foul of an heiress. For my own part, Aust Dormer, find mearich man, a millionaire, please, and I will marry him to-mor-

With this Miss Dormer had to be contentthe niece had a will of her own as well as the aunt. It was the ocean rolled between them, it was impossible for them to correspond at Mile. Chateauroy's pensionnri-there was really no present danger. He was poor, as Cyrilla had said, and Cyrilla was not the kind of girl to throw herself away upon a poor man, let her girlish fancy for him be ever so great-not the sort of girl whose heart is stronger than her head-a sort indeed, that is pretty nearly absolute-latter-day young ladies having a much more appreciative eye for the main chance than for the exploded

'love in a cottage.' Last midsummer vacation Cyrilla had met at her aunt's house a middle-aged, sandy haired, high-cheek-boned gentleman, introduced to her as Mr. Donald McKelpin. Mr. Donald McKelpin had expressed his pleasure in a pompous and ponderous way, set to a fine Glasgow accent, at making her acquaintance, accompanied by a look of broad, undisguised admiration. Upon his departure Miss Dormer informed her niece that this was the gentleman upon whom she designed her to bestow her hand and fortune, a gentleman in the soap and candle line, at whose Midas-

touch all things turned to gold. Very well, Aunt Phil, had been the young lady's submissive answer, just as you please. One might wish him twenty years this side of fifty, and with tresses a trifle less obnoxiously fiery, but after all one doesn't marry a man to sit and look at him. Whenever it is Sultan McKelpin's pleasure to throw the handkerchief his grateful slave will pick it up. Whenever he is ready to make me, I am ready to become '-mimicking to the life the broad Scotch accent- Mistress Donald Mc-Kelpin.'

from her reverie. All is still. Moonlight stand up black and nearly lifeless in the crystal light. It is cold, too, but her shawl protects her. As the last sonorous chime sounds a head rises over the wooden wall, heart gives a leap. It is Carew. The head

is safe, and then the remainder of Mr. Fred Carew follows. He poises himself for an instant on the top of the wall, unguarded, in this peaceful town, by wicked spikes or broken bottles, then lightly drops upon the turf beneath. Cyrilla waves her haudkerchief to him, and he approaches, takes his stand under the tree beneath her window, and waits. She rises to her feet and listens. The silence is profound-all are in bed, no doubt, and asleep. 'Toinette's deep, regular breathing is like clock-work. A mementary pause, then Cyrilla prepares to descend. Her window is about fifteen feet from the ground three feet beneath it a laden spout runs round the house. She lowers herself upon this precarious footing, and then, without much difficulty, swings into the strong branches of a huge homlock near. It is not the first time Miss Hendrick has, for a freak, reached the playground in this tom-boy fashion. Here she rests a moment to poise securely.

For goodness sake, Beauty, take care,' says Mr. Carew's unxious voice below.

She smiles. 'All right, Freddy,' she an-

Branch by branch she descends, with wonderful agility for a girl—the lowest limb is reached. She frees her dress, and leaps lightly to the ground and to the side of Fred

CHAPTER VII.

· UNDER THE TAMARACS." 'My dear little Beauty, what a trump you are!' is Mr. Carew's enthusiastic exclamation. 'It's awfully good of you to come.' He rises to embrace her, but Cyrilla reso-

lutely frees herself, and draws back. 'No, thank you, Freddy; 'palm to palm is holy palmer's kiss.' I didn't come here to be made love to; I came for news of papa. There is a bench yonder, under the tamaracs, let us go to it. I believe, with the Orientals, that 'man is better sitting than standing.' Lying down than sitting, dead than lying

down.' 'Is that your belief, Beauty?' 'No, I am afraid I would not be at all better off dead, particularly while I act as I am doing to-night. By-the-by, Freddy, I wish you would leave off calling me Beauty; it sounds too much as though I were a little woolly King Charles, with a curly tail and pink eyes.,

'All right, Beau—I mean Cyrilla.' They have found the bench by this time and sat and son. It was a horrible scene. Even the down. 'It is rather cruel of you, though, to refuse me one fraternal embrace; seeing we have parted three years, and after all my exertions to thaw out Miss-what was it?-oh,

yes, Jones, and everything.'
'You looked as though you rather enjoyed your exertions to thaw out Miss Jones,' answered Cyrilla, cooly; 'and we will have no tender scenes, if you please, Mr. Carew, either now or at any other time. You see before the future Mrs. McKelpin.

Mr. Carew's glass goes to his eye instincttively in the moonlight. 'The Mrs .-- how much?' he asks helpless-

'Mrs. Donald McKelpin,' repeats Cyrilla, with unction and Mr. McKelpin's own Glas gow accent. My Aunt Phillis has not only undertaken to provide me with an education in the present, a fortune in the future, if I conduct myself properly, but a husband-a gentleman fifty-one years of age; a tallow-chandler, Freddy, with a complexion like his soap and candles, and hair and whiskers of brightest carrots. It is as well to announce this fact in time for your benefit. I am an engaged young lady, Mr. Carew, and it is my

intention to behave as such.' 'Engaged!' Freddy repeats, blankly. 'Beauty, you don't mean to tell me-you can't mean

to tell me that---' Well, not positively, but it is all the same. seen very deeply, and no doubt the son was as Mr. McKelpin and Aunt Dormer understand each other pretty thoroughly, I fancy. He is worth a hundred thousand dollars, Aunt Phil concerning the disposal of her fortune (nearly | three times that amount, and you know the proverb, 'He that hath a goose shall get a goose.' I leave school at Christmas, and I have not the slightest doubt Donald will propose two days after.'

'And you will accept him, Cyrilla?' Such is my intention, Freddy Beggars mustn't be choosers. I don't know how he managed to ingratiate himself into Aunt Phils good graces: he isn't by any means a fascinating being, but the fact remains-he has. It seems to me sometimes a pity she can't marry him herself, but I fancy she feels bound to perpetual continence by her hatred of your father's memory. After all, Fred, it was a shame for him to treat her so, poor old soul.' A most heinous shame!' assents Mr. Carew with considerable energy. 'My father is dead,

and it may be disrespectful, but I will say, it was the action of a cad.'

Cyrilla shrugs her shoulders. "' Like father, like son." Are you you sure you would not do the same yourself?

'Quite, Beauty.'

· Well, don't be so energetic. You are never likely to have a chance of jilting me. What I tell you about Mr. McKelpin is quite true. I mean to marry him and lead a rich and virtuous life; that is, if the last of an utterly reprobate and castaway race can become rich and respectable. How is poor papa, Fred, and when did you see him last?'

'Poor papa is perfectly well, as he always is, Beau-I mean Cyrilla. It doesn't seem in the nature of things, somehow, for jolly Jack Hendrick to get knocked up. It is three months since I saw him, and then he was hanging at Boulogne, in a particulurly shady quarter, among a particularly shady lot. My granduncle Dunraith, who, in an uplifted sort of way, now and then recalls the fact of my exexisence, had sent me a windfall of fifty pounds. Your poor papa, Beauty, won it from me at chicken hazard, with his usual bland and paternal smile, and sent me back to Aldershot a pluck-

ed chicken myself. 'Ah! poor papa!' says Miss Hendrick, heav-

ing a sigh.
'Ah! poor papa!' echoes Mr. Carew, heaving another. Papa is one of those people whom it is safer to love at a distance than close at hand. He wept when he spoke of you, and he bad not been drinking harder than usual, either. 'Take her my bless-ess-hessing, Freddy, my boy, sobs your poor papa, wiping a tear out of his left optic; 'it's all I have to send my child.' And then he took another pull at the brandy-and-water. He's a humbug, Beauty, if he is your father! Don't let us talk about him-let us talk about ourselves. When are you going back to Eng-

'Never, Freddy. Go back to England. What on earth should I go back for? Your father's noble relatives recall the fact of your rew. The friendship you disclaim so disexistence every once and awhile; my mother's noble relatives totally ignored me from the first. By the way, Fred, if your father had behaved nicely, and married Aunt Phil, and pleased the earl and countess, you would The clock in the steeple of St. James the have been heir to all the Dormer thousands Less, striking loudly eleven, awakes Cyrilla now, and my first cousin. Think of that!'

Mr. Carew does think of it, and the notion floods the heavens and the earth; the trees so tickles his boyish fancy that he roes off into a shout of laughter that makes the

echoes ring. By Jove, Beauty! Your first cousin, and Miss Phillis Dormer's son! How good, by directly opposite to where she sits. Her Jove! But I am afraid the Dormer thou- of the day-scholars, will smuggle my letters sands would have been beautifully less by out and yours in. She and Sydney Owenson | youd all doubt, but pluck invincible.

The only genius he possessed was a genius for getting rid of money, and that has honorably descended to his only son, only he never has any to get rid of.'

'Yes,' Cyrilla says, gravely. 'Mr. Mc-Kelpin will make a much better guardian of the Dormer dollars in you or your late lamented father. For pity's sake, Fred, don't laugh so loudly. Miss Jones' window is directly over mine, directly opposite this, and Miss Jones invariably sleeps with one ing. She loves him, and the last shadow of eye open.'

'If Miss Jones's beauteous orbs were as sharp again as they are,' answers Mr. Carew,' she could hardly see us here. But all this is beside the question. Let us return to our mutton-I mean our soap-and-candle man. Beauty, it isn't possible—it cannot be possible -that you are going to throw me over, and marry the Scotchman?'

He takes both her hands in one of his and holds her fast. Cyrilla resists a little, but Mr Carew is firm, and maintains his clasp.

Throw you over, Fred! I like that? As if there could ever be any question of loving or marrying between you and me. As if I could ever look upon you-a small boyin the light of a lover!"

'Indeed!' says Mr. Carew, opening his handsome blue eyes, 'a small boy like me. In what light, Beauty, have you looked upon me, then, in the past, in the days we spent together in Bloomsbury? You see I am de-plorably ignorant in all these nicer distinctions.'

'As my very good friend and staunch comrade, always. Those days in London spent together, were the best I have ever known; the best I ever will know.'

'What, Miss Hendrick! Even when you are the rich and respectable Mrs. Sandy Mc-Kelpin?

Donald, Freddy, Donald-Mrs. Donald McKelpin. Yes, even then; although, as far as money will go, I mean to enjoy my life. And there is no enjoyment, to speak of, in this lower world, that money will not purchase. For you, Fred, I told you your fortune six hours ago. You will steer clear of the dark lady, Cyrllia Hendrick, and you will marry the elderly blonde person with fortune. I can't point her out at present, but I have no doubt she exists, and can be found if you set about it properly. Seriously, Fred, your father made a flasco of his life by marrying for love and all that nonsense, and died years before his time in poverty and premature old age. Take warning by him, and do as I shall do, marry for money.'

Mr. Carew smiles that peculiarly sweet smile of his that lights up so pleasantly his blonde, boyish tace.

'I have never thought much about marriage in the abstract, he says, in fact I never thought of it at all, Beauty, until you put it in my head; but I think I may safely say this: that I will never marry either for love or money, unless I can call Cyrilla Hendrick

There is real feeling in his voice, real love in the blue eyes that shine upon her. Cyrilla after worship. How very handsome and dis-Hendrick's black ones flash and soften in the

moonlight as they meet his. 'Oh, Freddy! you really are so fond of me as this?'

His answer is not in words, but it is satisfactory. There is silence for a little.

'And you won't marry the Scotchman, 'Ril la?' he says at last. 'Yes, Freddy; I shall marry she Scotchman.

but all the same, dear old fellow, you shall be first in my heart—such heart as it is—to the end of the chapter. 'Happy Mr. McKelpin! Is this the moral-

ity they teach in young ladies' seminaries,

'I never require to be taught, Fred,' Cyrilla replies, rather sadly; all worldly and selfish knowledge seems to come to me of itself. Besides, it is done every day, and where is the great harm? I shall marry Mr. McKelpin, and make him as good a wife as he wants or

deserves, and you and I shall go on, meeting as good friends, just the same as before. 'No!' cries Fred Carew, with most unwonted energy, that I swear we shall not! The day you become Mrs. McKelpin, or Mrs. Anybody else, that day you and I part forever. None of your married-woman platonic friend-

ships for me! The hour you are made any man's wife that hour we shall shake hands and separate for all time!'

'Freddy!' she says, almost with a gasp, you don't mean that!' 'I mean that, Beauty. Mind-I don't say you are not right—if you do marry the Scotchman, I won't blame you. I am poor-I have my pay, just enough at present to keep me in moss rosebuds, cigars, and Jouvin's first choice. I have no expectations; a poor man I will be as long as I live. No one would blame you for throwing me over for a tallow man. Only when you marry him our intimacy shall end.

won't act like a scoundrel to you. 'Would it be the act of a scoundrel to remain my friend—to go on seeing me after I am married?' Cyrilla demands, her cheeks flushing, her eyes flashing.

My father acted like a scoundrel to your aunt.

'It would, Beauty. Your friend I could never be-that you know. The motto of my Uncle Dunraith is, 'All or nothing.' In this matter it is my motto also—all or nothing!' Again there is silence. On the young man's face a resolute expression, altogether new in Cyrilla's experience of him, has settled. On hers a deep, unusual flush burns.

'You mean this, Mr. Carew?' 'I most decidedly mean this, Miss Hendrick. I will be the happiest in the universe if you will marry me to-morrow. If you will not, I have nothing to say-you know best what is best for you, I am sure. But stand by and see you married to another man-go on meeting yeu after, knowing that you were lost to me forever—no, by Jove!' cries Mr. Carew, 'that I won't!'

'As you please,' Cyrilla answers, and she ises resolutely as she does answer. 'You vill act, of course, in all things, Mr. Carew, as your superior wisdom may suggest. I can only regret, since the proposal is so distasteful to you, that I made it at all. Forget itand me-and my folly in meeting you here, and good night.'

'She turns to go, but before she has moved half a dozen steps he is by her side, detaining her once more. 'Angry, Beauty? and with me? What non-

sense? You couldn't be, you know, if you tried. Are you really going to leave me, 'Rilla?' He is holding both her hands once more. 'Not at least until you tell me when and where we are to meet again. There shall be no more meetings, Mr. Ca-

dainfully in the future shall end at once. Good night.' 'And once more-nonsense, Beauty! decline to meet Mrs. McKelpin, but Cyrilla Hendrick I shall go on meeting, and loving while she lives. If I may not come here,

again, will you write to me, at least!' 'Have I not already told you no letter can come into the school that is not opened by Mademoiselle Stephanie? Still-

'Yes, Beauty—still?'
'Still I think I can arrange it.' Cyrilla has relented by this time. 'Helen Herne, one

'No, only temporarily; our headquarters are Montreal. By-the-by, your home, Miss Dormer's rather, is in Montreal. When you leave school we must manage to meet often. Meantime, 'Rilla,'—he draws her closer to him in the moonlight—'promise me this—don't take that oath not to marry me.'

The handsome face is very close, very pleadanger vanishes from hers like a cloud, and a smile, Cyrilla's own, too rare, and most radiant smile, lights it up.
'I think I may safely promise that much,

Fred—yes.'
And you won't marry McKelpin—con-

found him !--without letting me know?" She laughs, and promises this too. They are out in the open air by this time—in broad chill, dazzling white, midnight moonlight. St. James-the-Less chimes out sonorously, on the still frosty air, twelve.

Good Heavens, Fred, midnight! This is awful! Let me go. No, not another second! Good-night, good-night!'

She tears herself from him, and swings nimbly into her friend, the hemlock tree. He stands and watches her clambering up, hand over hand, sees her reach the lead water-pipe and mount upon the sill of the window. See waves her hand to him, and he turns to depart. With that parting smile still on her childhood—who has been as a brother to me face she vaults into the voom, and finds her-self face to face with-Mademoiselle Stephanie and Miss Jones!

CHAPTER VIII.

" ALL 18 LOST BUT HONOB."

Fred Carew's fatal laugh had done it allreached Miss Jones's slumbering ear, and aroused her from her vestal dreams. Cyrilla had said Miss Jones slept with one eye open; she might have added, truthfully, with one ear also. And, as it chanced, on this parti-cular night her slumbers were lighter even than usual. For nearly an hour after quitting the pupils'

rooms with their lamps, she had sat at the window—a very unusual thing with Miss Jones-and gazed sentimentally out at the moonlight. She was nine-and-twenty, as has been said, and in all these nine and twenty years no man had ever paid her as much attention as Mr. Carew had paid her to-night. A delicious trance wrapped Miss Jones. What a brilliant match as yet in store for her!on this side of forty all things seem possible. Mr. Carew had committed himself in no way certainly; but he had given her looks, and there had been tones and words that made her unappropriated heart throb with rapture. What a triumph it had been over her refractory, her supercilious pupil, Cyrilla Hendrick. He had hinted at meeting her again-inquired, with seeming carelessness, her bours for visiting the town, the church she attended on Sunday, and at parting he had squeezed, absolutely squeezed, her hand. No doubt he would be in waiting on Sunday to attend her home tingue he was-heir to a title it might bemany of these officers were. A vision of rosy brightness-orange blossoms, Honiton lace, half a-dozen of the girls for bridesmaids- rose before her enraptured vision, and in the midst of it a loud sneeze warned Miss Jones that she was sitting in the open window in a draught, and that the probable result of her roseate visions would be a bad cold in the head to-morrow. Upon this Miss Jones went

For hygienic reasons, she invariably left her window open, winter and summer. She had dropped into a slight beauty sleep, when suddenly there came to her ear the decided sound of a hearty laugh. In one second of time Miss Jones was sitting bolt upright in

bed, broad awake, and listening intently. Yes, there it is again—a laugh, a man's laugh, and in the garden. Burglars!-that was her first thought. But no; burglars do not, as a rule, give way to fits of merriment over their work. She slipped from her bed, went to the window, and strained sight and hearing to discover the cause. There was nothing to see but the broad sheets of moonlight pouring down upon everything; but, yes, distinctly Miss Jones could hear, in that profound frosty silence, the subdued murmur

of voices under the trees. Was it inspiration—the inspiration of hatred, the inspiration of hone-that made her mind leap to Cyrilla Hendrick? Without waiting to reason out the impulse that prompted her, she ran from her room, down the stairs, and noiselessly into that of her foe Yes, she is right! There stood the bed unoccupied, the window wide open, the girl gone. On her bed, "Toinette lay fast asleep; she then, was not Cyrilla's companion! could it be? Even more distinctly than upstairs Miss Jones could hear the murmured talk here-one voice she could have sworn,

was the voice of a man. In an instant her resolutions were taken; in another she had acted upon it, and was rapping at the sleeping-room of Mademoiselle Stephanie. At last her time had come. The prize pupil of the school, her arch enemy, was in her power. Mademoiselle Stephanie, in a white dressing-gown, opened the door, and stared in bewilderment at her second English teacher. People talking in the grounds! Miss Hendrick not in her room! Mon Dieu! what did Miss Jones mean?

'There is not a second to lose, mademoiselle,' Miss Jones feverishly cried, 'if we wish to see who the man is! It wants but five minutes to twelve-she surely will not stay much longer. Come! come at once!'

She took Mademoiselle Coateauroy's hand, and fairly forced her alongt he chill passage to Cyrilla's room. They were not a second too soon. As they took their places at the window, the two culprits stepped out from under the tamaracs into the full light of the moon. The gentleman's arm affectionately encircled his companion's waist.

' Mon Dicu!' mademoiselle gasped. Miss Jones gave one faint gasp also, for in the brilliant light of the moon she recognized at first glance her false, her recreant admirer, Mr. Carew. It all flashed upon her—it had all been a blind to lead her off the scent, his intentions to herself. He and Cyrilla Hendrick had planned this meeting. No doubt they had laughed together over her gullibility there under the trees. She set her teeth with a snap of rage and fury at the thought.

'You have had your laugh, my lady, with your lover,' she thought, with a vicious glare; it is my turn now, and those laugh best who laugh last.'

Then came that hurried parting embrace, extorting another horrified 'Mon Dieu' from mademoiselie. Then Cyrllia was mounting the tree, then the lead pipe, then, kissing her hand to her lover, leaped into the room and stood before them!

Imagine that tableau! Dead silence for the space of one minute, during which judge, accuser, and criminal stand face to face. One faint cry of sheer surprise Cyrilla had given, then as her eyes fell on the intolerably exultant face of Miss Jones, her haughty head went up, her daring, resolute spirit asserted itself, and she faces them boldly. There was fearless blood in the girl's veins—bad blood, be-For pauses a moment, reconnoitres, sees that all this time if my father had had their handling. I are the only two in the school I would trust. I her this discovery meant ruin—utter, irre-

Are you stationed here in Petit St. Jacques trievable ruin—but since it had come there was nothingfor it, with Mary Jane-Jones looking on particularly, but to face it without

flinching.
Come with me, Miss Hendrick, Mademoisell Stephanie coldly began. 'You also Miss

Jones. She led the way back to her own room, where a lamp burned and a dull red glimmer of fire yet glowed. Spectral and ghostly the two teachers looked in their long night robes, and a faint smile flitted over Cyrilla's face as she followed. Mademoiselie closed the door carefully, and then confronted the culprit. 'Now for it!' Cyrilla thought. Good Heaven! what an unlucky wretch I am! No-

thing can save me now.' 'Well, Miss Hendrick,' Mademoiselle Chateauroy began, in that cold, level voice of iztense displeasure, what have you to say? I presume you have some explanation to give

of to-night's most extraordinary conduct.'

'A very simple explanation, mademoiselle,'
Cyrilla answered. 'I thank you for letting me make it. Nothing can wholly excuse a pupil keeping an assignation with a gentleman in the school-grounds by right-of that I am aware-but at least my motive may partly. I have heard no news of my father for over a year; I went to hear news of him to-night. This evening, at Mrs. Delamere's, I met a gentleman whom I have known from since my earliest recollection-who was a daily visitor at my father's house in London. I was naturally anxious for news, of papa in particular, and would have received it then and there but for Miss Jones's interference. She would not allow us to exchange a wordshe was resolute to make me leave him, and I obeyed. What followed Miss Jones knows. He and I did not exchange another word, but before he left me he told me he had an impor tant, a most important message to deliver from my father, and was determined to deliver it to-night. I refused to meet him at first but when I remembered it was my only chance of hearing from poor papa, that no letters were allowed to come to me, I consented. He came over the wall, and I descended, remained a few minutes and returned. That is

She could see the sneering scorn and unpelief on Miss Jones's face, the cold intense anger deepening upon Mademoiselle Stephanie's. Neither of them believed a word she had said. Does 'Toinette know?' Mademoiselle Chat-

the whole story.'

auroy asked.

'No, mademoiselle. 'Toinette was asleep ong before I went.'

Of that at least I am glad. It is sufficiently bad to have a pupil in my school capable of so shameful and evil an act, without knowing that she had corrupted the minds of other and innocent girls. For three and twenty years, Miss Hendrick, I have been preceptress of this school, and in all that time no breath of scandal has touched it. Wild pupils, refractory pupils, disobedient pupils, I have had many-a pupil capable of stealing from her chambers at midnight to meet a young man in the grounds I have never had before. I pray the bon Dieu I never may have

again. A color, like a tongue of flame, leaped for a moment into each of Cyrilla Hendrick's dark cheeks. Something in mademoiselle's simple, coldly-spoken words made her feel for the first time how shameful, how unmaidenly her escapade had been. Up to the present she had regarded it as rather a good joke—a thing to tell and laugh at. A sense of stinging shame filled her now-a sense of rage with it at these women who made her feel it. All that was worst in the girl arose—her eyes flashed, her handsome lips set themselves in

'I thank Heaven, and I thank my very good friend, Miss Jones,' pursued mademoiselle, that this wicked thing has been brought to light so soon. So soon! Mon Dieu, who is to tell me it has not been done again and

Once more the black eyes flashed, but with her eyes folded Cyrilla stood sullenly silent now. The worst had come; the very worst that could ever happen. Miss Dormer would hear all, she would be expelled from the school, expelled Miss Dormer's house-her last chance of being Miss Dormer's heiress was at an end. Ruin had come, absolute ruin, and nothing she could do or say would avert it now. The look that came over the face of the girl of nineteen showed for the first time the strong capabilities of evil within her. What was the name of this young man you

met, Miss Hendrick?' mademoiselle went

Cyrilla lifted her darkly angry eyes. 'I have given you an explanation of my conduct, mademoiselle, and you rejuse to believe it. I decline to answer any further questions.'

'His name was Mr. Carew,' said Miss Jones, opening her lips for the time. Lieutenant rederic Carew of the First Fusiliers.' She gave the information with unction,

her exultant eyes upon Cyrilla's face. Once more the dark eyes lifted and looked at her a look not good to see. 'T, is is your hour, Miss Jones,' that darkly

ominous glance said. 'Mine shall come.' Mademoiselle Stephanie made a careful note of the name.

'That will do, Miss Jones. I will not detain you from your needful rest longer. Of course it is unnecessary to caution you to maintain strictest silence concerning this disgraceful discovery. Not for worlds must a whisper of the truth get abroad or reach the other young ladies. Miss Hendrick will remain in this room a close prisoner until she quits the pensionnat forever. She has been, not the pupil I best loved, but the pupil I have most been proud of. It gives me a pang, I cannot describe how great, to lose her, and thus. I am sorry for my own sake, and sorrier for hers. Miss Dormer told me to watch her closely, for she was not as other girls, and for three years I have. For three years she has offended in no way, and now, to end like this!

'Then let my three years' good conduct plead for me, mademoiselle, Cyrilla said boldy. 'It is my first offence-it shall be my last. Say nothing to any one; let me remain until Christmas-not three months now-and guit the school, as I have lived in it, with honor.'

But mademoiselle shook her head, sorrow fully, yet inexorably.

Impossible, Miss Hendrick. You have been guilty of an offence for which expulsion can be the only punishment. How could I answer to Heaven and to mothers of my pupils for the guilt of allowing any one capable of such a crime to mingle with them and deprave them?

"Guilt! deprave! you use strong language, mademoiselle. The gentleman I met has been all his life as my brother—I met him to hear news of my father, which I can hear in no other way. And that is a crime!'

'A crime against obedience, against all delicacy and maidenly modesty. But it has been done, and no talking will undo it. Go to your room, Miss Jones, and be silent. You, Miss Hendrick, shall remain with me. To-morrow will write to your aunt, telling her all. Until her answer arrives you will remain under lock and key here.'

'And the sentence of the court is that you

be taken hence to the place of execution and that there you be hanged by the neck until you are dead.'

The grim words flashed through Cyrilla's mind. She had read them often, and wonder. ed how the miserable, cowering criminal in the dock feels. She could imagine now. She did not cower-outwardly she listened unmoved, with a hardihood that was to made. moiselle proof of deepest guilt; but inwarding - all within was black as night.

Miss Jones, with that covert smile still on her face, left the room. Mademoiselle Stepha. nie pulled out that transparent deception, a sofa-bed, amply furnished with pillows and quilts. Many pupils had slept out their week of solitary confinement on this prison bed, but never so deeply dyed a criminal be-

'You will undress and sleep here, Miss Hendrick,' mademoiselle said; "but at first kneel down and ask pardon of le bon Lieu for the sin you have done.'

'I have committed no rin-I will thank you not to say so, mademoiselle, Cyrilla flashed forth at last. 'Make mountains out of mole-hills if you like, but don't expect me to call them mountains too. Write to my aunt, expel me when you please, but meantime don't insult me.

And then Cyrilla, flinging her clothes in a neap on the nearest chair, got into the soisbed and turned her face sullenly to the wall. 'There goes my last hope,' she thought, thanks to my horrible temper. I might have softened her to-morrow—now there isn't a chance. Like Francis the First, at Pavia,

CHAPTER 1X.

" A TEMPEST IN A TEAPOT."

all is lost but honer!"

THE dim firelight flickered and fell, one by one the cinders dropped softly through the bars, one by one the slow moments ticked off on the old-fashioned chimney-piece clock, Outside, the autumnal wind sighed around the gables, and moaned and whistled through the pines and tamaracs. Broad bars of luminous moonlight stole in through the closed jalousies, and lay broad and light on the faded carpet. Wiry and long drawn out, Mademoiselle Stephanie's small treble snore told that good conscience and a light supper are soporific in their tendency, and that she, at least, was ' o'er all the ills of life victorious.' And Cyrilla Hendrick lay broad awake, seeing and hearing it all, and thinking of the sudden crash that had toppled down her whole faire fortune.

Impossible to sleep. She got up softly, wrapped a shawl around her, went to the window, opened one of the shutters, and sat moodily down. In sheets of yelolw light, the moon-steeped fields and forests, the Rue St. Dominique wound along like a belt of silver ribbon, no living thing to be seen, no earthly sound to be heard beside the desolate scughing of the October wind. And, sitting there, Cyrilla Hendrick looked her prospects straight

To-morrow morning Mademoiselle Stephanie would write a detailed account of her wrong-doing to Miss Dormer, giving Mr. Carew's name, as a matter of course. She could picture the rage, the amaze, the fury of the tyrannical old woman, as she glared over the letter. Other, and even more grievous faults, Miss Dormer might condone—this, never. She would be sent for in hot haste-she would be expelled the school-her lip curled scornfully at the thought, for that her bold resolute spirit cared nothing-and she would return in dire disgrace to Dormer Lodge. And then the scene that would ensue! Miss Dormer glaring upon her with eyes of fire, and tongue like a two-edged sword. 'My niece Cyrilla comes of a bad stock;' over and over again the old maid had hissed out her prediction; 'and mark my words, my niece Cyrilla will come to no good endi'

The end had come sooner than even Miss Dormer had expected.

Well, the first fury, the first tongue-lashing over, Aunt Dormer would send her back, penniless as she came, to her father. No splendid fortune, hoarded for a quarter of a century, for her; no 'rich and respectable' Mr. McKelpin to take her to wife. Back again to the nomadic tribes of Bohemia, to the tents and impoverished dwellers in the realm of vagabondia! As vividly as a painting it all arose before her-her father's dirty, dreary, slip-shod lodgings in some dismal back street of Boulogne-sur-Mer. She could see him in tattered dressing-gown, baggard and unshorn, sitting up the night long with kindred spirits over the greasy pack of cards, fleecing some and being fleeced by others. The rickety furniture, the three stuffy little rooms, the air perfumed with tobacco and brandy and water, herself draggled and unkempt, insulted by insolent love-making, spoken of with coarse and jeering sneers. Oh! she knew it Oh! she knew it all so well-and her hands clenched, and a suffocating feeling of pain and shame rose in her throat and nearly choked her.

'No,' she thought, passionately, death sooner than that! Ob, what a fool I have been this night! to risk so much to gain so little.' A feeling of hot, swift wrath arose within

her against Fred Carew. ' My father ruined the life of your aunt. I will never ruln yours.' That, or something like it, he had said to her, and now-all unconsciously it is true-the ruin of all her prospects had come, and through him.

'I will never go back to my father,' she thought again, this time with sullen resolution. 'No fate that can befall me here will be worse than the fate that awaits me with him. America is wide; it will go hard with me if I caunot carve out a destiny for myself." What should she do? No one knew better than Cyrilla Hendrick the futility of crying over spilt milk. What was done, was done -no repentance could undo it. No use weeping one's eyes red over the inevitable past; much better and wiser to turn one's thoughts to the future. She would be expelled the school; she would be turned out of doors by her aunt, all for a school-girl escapade, indecorous, perhaps, but no heinous crime, surely. Was she to yield to Fate, and meekly submit to the disgrace they would put upon

her? Not she! Her chin arose an inch at the thought, sitting there alone—her handsome lips set themselves in a tight, determined line. She would take take her life in her own keeping, away from them all. She would never return to her expatriated father and his disreputable associates. 'The world was all before Ler where to choose,'-what should that choice be? Two alternatives lay before her. She might go to Fred Carew, tell him all, and at the very earliest possible moment after the revelation she knew he would make her his wife. His wife-and she must march with the regiment; both must live on sevenand-sixpence a day, just enough, as Fred now said, to keep him in bouquets and kid gloves. They must live in dingy lodgings, and appeal humbly in all extremity to the Right Hon-the Earl of Dunraith for help. Lite would drag on an excessively shabby and out-at-elbows story indeed; and Love, in the natural order of things, would fly out the door as Poverty stalked in at the window. No, no! Freddy had acted badly in getting her into this scrape, but she would not wreak life-long vengeance upon him by making him marry her and bringing him to this deplorable pass.

Continued on Third Page.