# Secret

Continued. "I scarcely think there is a greater sin, Lirey," he said, solemly, "than that of a woman who marries a man she does not love. You are so precious to me, my beloved, that deeply as my heart is set on this, and bltter as the mere thought of dissapointment is to me. I would not have you commit such a sin for any happiness of mine. If my happiness could be achieved by such an act, which it could not-which it never could," he repeated, earnestly - "nothing but misery can result from a marriage dictated by any motive but truth and

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far away beyond the little garden. we. Do not ask too much of me Lucy Graham was not looking at The baronet tried to see her face, then. I cannot be disinterested; I Sir Michael, but straight out into but her profile was turned to him, cannot be blind to the advantages of the misty twilight and dim landscape and he could not discover the expres- such an alliance. I cannot, I cansion of her eyes. If he could have done so, he would have seen a yearn ing gaze which seemed as if it would have pierced' the far obscurity and defined something in her manner looked away-away into another

> "Lucy, you heard me?" ly, or in any way as if she were offended at 'his' words.

> "And your answer?" She did not remove her gaze from the darkening country side, but for some moments was quite silent; then turning to him, with a sudden passion in her manner, that lighted up her face with a new and wonderful beauty which the baronet per-

she fell on her knees at his feet. "No, Lucy; no, no!" he cried, veiemently, "not here, not here!" "Yes, here, here," she said, the

strange passion which agitated her naking her voice sound shrill and ally dstinct; "here and nowhere else. that and the strange laugh jarred How good you are-how noble and upon his feelings. He was silent for how generous! Love you. Why there are women a hundred times ny superiors in beauty and in goodness who might love you dearly; but you ask 'ttoo much of me! Rememmember that! From my very baby- any one else, I see no reason why hood I have never seen anything but we should not make a very happy poverty. My father was a gentleman: clever, accomplished, handsome -but poor-and what a pitiful mother-But do not let me speak head, then quietly bidding her goodof her. Poverty-poverty, trials, night, he walked straight out of the vexations, humiliations, depriviations. You cannot tell; you, who are a-

Beyond her agitation and her passionate vehemence, there is an unwhich fills the baronet with vague alarm. She is still on the ground at his feet, crouching rather than "Yes," she said, gravely; not cold- kneeling, her thin white dress clinging about her, her pale hair stream ing over her shoulders, her great blue eyes glittering in the dusk, and her hands clutching at the black ribbon about her throat, as if it had

been strangling her. "Dont ask too much of me," she kept repeating; "I have been selfish from my babyhood."

"Lucy--Lucy, speak plainly. ou dislike me?" "Dislike you? No-no!"

"But is there any one lese whom you love She laughed aloud at his question.

"I do not love any one world," she answered. He was glad of her reply; and yet

some moments, and then said, with a kind of effort: "Well, Lucy, I will not ask too much of you. I dare say I am a ramantic old fool; but if you do not ber what my life has been; only re- dislike me, and if you do not love

couple. Is it a bargain, Lucy?' The baronet lifted her in his arms wretch poverty made of him! My and kissed her once upon the fore-

He walked straight out of th mong those for whom life is so house, this foolish old man, because there was some strong emotion a mooth and easy, you can never sucss what is endured by such as work in his breast-neither joy nor riumph, but something almost akin to disappointment-some stifiled and unsatisfied longing which lay heavy and dull at his heart, as If he had carried a corpse in his bosom. He carried the corpse of that hope which had died at the sound of Lucy's words. All the doubts and

> ed now. He must be contented, like other men of his age, to be married for his fortune and his position. Lucy Graham went slowly up the stairs to her little room at the top of the house. She placed her dim canon the chest of drawers, and seated herself on the edge of the white bed,

> fears and timid aspirations were end-

still and white as the draperies hanging around her. "No more dependance, no more drudgery, no more humiliation," she said; "every trace of the old life melted away-every 'clew 'of indentity buried and forgotten-except

these, except these." She had never taken her left hand from the black ribbon at her throat. She drew it from her bosom as she spoke, and looking at the object at-Provisions, Groceriesand

It was neither a locket, a mimature or a cross; it was a ring wrapped in an oblong piece of paper-the paper partly written, partly printed, yellow with age and crumpled with much

CHAPTER II. He threw the end of his cigar into FOR LADIES, CHILDREN AND MEN, AND OFFER the wated, and leaning his elbows upon the bulwarks, stared meditatively at the waves.

ively at the waves. "How wearisome they are," he said blue and green and opal; opal, and blue and green; all very well in their way, of course, but three months of them are rather too much, especial-

He did not attempt to finish his sentence; his thoughts seemed to wander in the very midst of it, and carry him a thousand miles or s

"Poor little girl, how pelased she'll FACTURED BOOTS AT be!" he muttered, opening his cigarcase, lazily surveying its contents; "how pleased and how surprised?

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and-twenty, with dark face bronzed by exposure to the sun; he had handsome brown eyes, with a lazy smile in them that sparkled through the black lashes, and a bushy beard and mustache that covered the whole lower part of his face. He was tall and powerfully built; he wore a loose gray suit and a felt hat, thrown carelessly upon his black hair. His name was George Talboys, and he was an aft-cabin passenger on board the good ship, Argus, laden with Aus-

trailian wool and sailing from Syd-

ney to Liverpool. There were very few passengers in the aft-cabin of the Argus. An elder Some odd pieces of Wool Under- ly wool-stapler returning to his native country with his wife and daughters, after having made a fortune in the colonies: a governess of threeand-thirty years of age, going home to marry a man to whom she had been engaged fifteen years; the sentimental daughter of a wealthy Australian wine-merchant, invoiced to England to finish her education, and Geogre Talboys, were the only firstclass passengers on board.

This George Talboys was the life and soul of the vessel; nobody knew who or what he was, or where he came from, but everybody liked him. He sat at the bottom of the dinnertable, and assisted the captain in doing the honors of the friendly meal. and took wine with everyone present; he told funny stories, and led the life himself with such a joyous peal that the man must have been a churl who could not have laughed for pure sympathy. He was a capital hand at speculation and vingt-etun, and all the merry games, which Order from your Grocer; he kept the little circle round the cabinlamp so deep in innocent amusement, that a hurricane - might have howled overhead without their hearing it; but he freely owned that he had no talent for whist, and that he did'nt know a knight from a castle upon a chess-board.

Hndeed, Mr. Talboys was by no neans too learned a gentiema pale governess had tried to talk to im about fashionable literature, but George had only pulled his beard and stared very hard at her, saying occasionally, "Ah, yes, by Jove!" and "To be sure, ah!"

The sentimental young lady, going home to finish her education, had tried him with Shelley and Byron, and he had fairly laughed in her face, as if poetry were a joke. The woolstapler sounded him on politics, but he did not seem very deeply versed in them; so they let him go his own way, smoke his cigars and talk to the sailors, lounge over the bulwarks and stare at the water, and make himself agreeable to everybody in his own fashion. But when the Argus came to be within about a fortnight's sail of England everybody noticed a change in George Talboys. (To be continued.)

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He was a young man of about five-