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## "ECHOES of the Past;

OR,  
**The Recompense of Love!**

CHAPTER XIX.

"Now you must tell me all your adventures," said Lady Edith. "I was going to say that we have missed you; but that would make you vain. We thought you were never coming back. Where have you been?"

Clive told her of some of the places he had visited; her eyes, while he was speaking, dwelling upon him as if she were absorbed in his narrative. Every now and then she put in a word which revealed her interest in the smallest particulars and led him on to further detail. Presently, after a pause, she said:

"Oh, I wanted to tell you about your fiddler protegee—that quaint little man, you know, for whom we got pupils. When they went out of town, they gave him the money you arranged for, to keep him going until their return, and he seemed very grateful so they said; but, strangely enough, they had a letter from him a few days afterward, returning the money and throwing up the lessons. I forget what excuse he made. He has gone into the country, I think; at any rate, we have heard no more of him." Clive's face grew hard, but he was standing by the window and she did not notice it. "I suppose he got an engagement somewhere, something better than teaching," she remarked.

"Probably," assented Clive, in the tone that closes the subject. While he had been with Lady Edith, if he had not forgotten Mina, the keenness of his loss was for the moment blunted by the proximity, the friendliness, the evident sympathy of this beautiful woman; but this reference to Elisha woke the old pain which was always so ready to start gnawing at his heart. Mina's face rose before him, he could hear her voice; Lady Edith ceased to interest him, and he knew that he was eager to get away, to be alone.

"I hope we shall see something of you now that you have come back," she said, as she took up his hat. "You will want to talk to father now that great things are once more looming ahead of us, and you could talk to him quietly here, besides, I shall feel as if I had some share in the big business, and as if I were assisting in the important occupation of cabinet making. Of course you will be in it!" she said, with a nod and an entrancing smile. "Oh, I dare say not," said Clive. "There are too many men to provide for, and most of them, if not all, have stronger claims than I have."

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"I don't think so," she declared, "and I am sure father doesn't. But I mustn't intrude on the sanctum sanctorum of politics. You know I wish you well."

She raised her beautiful eyes to his and a faint blush stole over her face. Clive held her hand for a moment, then went out. On his way down the stairs he met Sara coming up. She stood aside to let him pass and salaamed in Oriental fashion, and, for the first time, smiled graciously at him, her lips drawn back, her dark eyes flashing with a strange mixture of friendliness and defiance.

Clive, rather surprised by the pleasantness of her manner, nodded and went on. As he reached the hall he saw that the carriage was waiting at the door; Lord Chesterleigh heard him and, coming out of the library, drew him into the room. They talked—politics, of course—for nearly half an hour, and at the end Clive accepted an invitation to dinner at an early date. He was going out of the house when Lady Edith and Sara, dressed for their drive, came down the stairs. Clive put them into the carriage and stood for a minute or two talking to Lady Edith.

While he was doing so, a woman crossed the road from the other side of the square, and, as if attracted by the sight of the carriage, stopped short; then she walked along by the railings, her eyes fixed on Lady Edith. Clive's attention was attracted by the woman's gaze and he looked at her, a vague remembrance faintly stirring within his mind. He had seen the woman before, where? The carriage drove away and Clive suddenly recollected; it was the woman he had seen threatening Lord Chesterleigh at the gate of Palace Yard. Moved by a sudden impulse, he went over to her, and, raising his hat, inquired:

"Are you looking for anyone?" She swung round on him with a distinctly foreign gesture and her dark eyes swept him up and down. Clive saw that she had changed a great deal since he had last seen her; her face was thinner, her eyes more sunken, her hair grayer.

"Who are you?" she demanded at last, with an accent as foreign as her gesture. "I do not know you." Clive's sudden impulse had somewhat evaporated by this time, but he felt curious; he was, naturally, not a little impressed by the fact that he should come across the woman again, glaring at Lady Edith as she had glared at Lord Chesterleigh. He knew that he ought to apologize and go away, but he felt strangely reluctant to do so.

"No; we do not know each other," he said; "and yet we have met before." "I do not remember," she said stiffly. "You have the advantage of me."

"Let me recall the occasion, madam," said Clive. "I met you outside Palace Yard one night when Lord Chesterleigh's carriage was passing." Her face flushed and she eyed him fiercely; but she shook her head.

"I do not know you. You have no right to stop me. This is a free country, this is a public street. I can look at whom I please."

"Quite so," assented Clive as quietly as before; "but there are so many ways of looking, and it seemed to me that you were desirous of speaking to the young lady from whom I had just parted. Do you know her? She is Lady Edith, Lord Chesterleigh's daughter."

"I know," she said swiftly, then she tossed her head scornfully and laughed, and it was so unpleasant a laugh, so full of scorn and contempt, that

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Clive eyed the woman in astonishment.

"You do not regard the lady with very friendly feelings?" he said interrogatively. "Have you any cause of complaint against her?"

"Her? No; I've nothing against her. She is innocent enough, I dare say, but that man, her father—do you think a time of reckoning will ever come? Do you think that the cry of the injured will never be heard, that a great wrong will always go unpunished? No! A time will come when the wronged will be righted, when the mighty will be pulled down from their seat and hurled into the gutter, a time when the mask will be torn from the face of the hypocrite." She raised her clenched hand on high and struck her bosom, glaring wildly at the Chesterleigh's house. "I am waiting, waiting for the hour to strike."

Clive was, of course, much relieved by this burst of melodrama; for it now seemed to him quite evident that the woman was mad, a monomaniac possessed by the delusion, not uncommon, that she had suffered some great wrong at the hand of some one; that she had pitched upon Lord Chesterleigh as a mere accident. He pitied the poor woman and wondered whether he could do anything for her. On both the occasions he had seen her she had been alone; had she no one to look after her?"

"I am sorry you are in such trouble," he said. "Is there anything I can do to help you?"

"I want no help," she replied scornfully. "I can stand alone. I can do what I have to do alone—when the time comes. I do not invite assistance from strangers, and I do not accept it when it is offered. You are a friend of the great Lord Chesterleigh's? Tell him—But no; I will tell him when the hour strikes."

With a passionate gesture, she dragged her veil over her face and turned away.

Clive looked after her pityingly, and had half a mind to follow. But what could he do with a woman possessed by an hallucination?

CHAPTER XX.

Mina was very ill for some days after her fainting fit; and the doctor declared that he would not answer for the consequences if she were not taken away into the country as soon as she was strong enough to travel. He said that she had been overworking herself, that she had something on her mind, and that a change was absolutely necessary.

Tibby knew what was on Mina's mind, but she did not enlighten Elisha and ascribed the trouble to "too much practisin' and too many lessons." No one could have been more devoted than Tibby was to Mina. She said nothing of the telegram and Clive's returned letter, and, indeed, ignored his existence. That Mina should be fascinated by this good-looking "swell" was to Tibby's mind natural enough, but it seemed equally natural to her that Mina, if she saw and heard nothing more of him, would recover from her infatuation, forget him, and become the same Mina as of old.

As soon as Mina was strong enough she went to the seaside, but they did not go to Margate or Southend, for at the railway office Elisha had heard of a new watering-place which appeared to hold out all the attractions of the older ones and to possess the advantage of being much cheaper. So they went down to Leigh-on-Sands, as the new place was called. It was new, indeed, painfully new; but the sands were there right enough, and the rows of houses which the landlord-proprietor, with the assistance of a speculating builder, had put up, looked straight over them. There was also a parade with a band-stand and a kursal—which the inhabitants and most of the visitors of Leigh-on-Sands pronounced, with unconscious irony, "curse all."

The place was fairly full, and Elisha, who promenade the parade and the infantile pier with a keen enjoyment and pride, derived much satisfaction from the fact that he was actually taking a holiday by the sea. But Mina did not appear to recover very quickly, and Tibby displayed—in Mina's absence—some anxiety about her.

"We shan't be able to get back to London for some time," she said. "She don't get much stronger."

Elisha shook his head gravely. "No," he said. "I laughed at what the doctor said about her having something on her mind, but I begin to believe that he was right. She seems to me to be frettin' about something; though what she could 'ave to fret about puzzles me."

Tibby was silent for a moment, then she said:

"I'll tell you, father, if you'll promise not to let out that I've done so. It's that Mr. Clive."

Elisha started and looked at her incredulously and somewhat indignantly.

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

"What I say. I see it a long time ago, 'most the first day he came to the Rents. He was fair struck with Mina, and she—well, it's only to be expected that she should be took with him. Oh, it weren't fancy on my part; I have proof—but never mind that. You take my word, there was something atween 'em, that's why I was so sharp with 'im and didn't want no planners, or anything of the kind. For why? There couldn't be any good in it. He's a swell, and it isn't to be supposed that 'e'd marry a girl so far below 'im as one of us. Now, father, keep your 'air on, an' don't swell yourself out like a turkey-cock. You leave 'er to me. If we can stay away from London—an' we must, d'yer understand?—she'll soon forget all about 'im, an' be 'er old self again."

"My lessons!" gasped Elisha.

"You must give 'em up," said Tibby firmly. "All the money in the world wouldn't be worth while if Mina was unhappy, if— She choked back a furious sob and slammed down her teacup. "Send that money back they give you. Something else will turn up; anyhow, we can't keep it."

(To be Continued.)

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