W. J. M. S. M. B. A. S. Martin Prove

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

THE VILLAGE ANGEL Or Agatha's Recompense

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CHAPTER LXVIIL-Continued. "I loved you, Hildebrand," she said, gent. ly, "and I am quits sure if, the same thing, had happened to me, it would indeed baye een my death." Lord Panrith kissed his wile's troubled been my

face. "We must do the best we can for her, my darling," he said, "and the best, Heaven knows, is bad enough. I will break it to her ; she will suffer less with me, perhaps. than with you. Heaven help me ! If ever I meet that man again and there is no restraint upon me, it will be his life or mine. Philippa, darling, try to cheer up; it may not be so bad. She is young; she may soon recover; she may not take it deeply to heart. Time heals all wounds, even the wounds of death. In three or four years she will have forgotten him. Tet us hope:"

But even as he spoke, his heart was heavy, and Lady Penrith only wept the more. ""I fiel," she said, "as though I had been stabbed to the heart ; I feel as though I could never leave this room and face life

again." "Go to your room, Philippa. Yet, no; for her sake we must keep up appearances ; we 'must not let the servants suspect any. thing ; we must go to dinner as usual, and endure the ordeal in the best way we can. I shall tell. Beatrice that Lord Kelso has gore to town on important business; then you can go to your room, and l'll break it to the poor child. We must shield her; we must think for her. It will never do to have any of this known. The least hint of it would be the child's ruin. Remember how much of her future depends on your self-control now : and those few words gave the unhappy

mother courage to help Beatrice. She would bear and suffer much. All was done as he wished. The news soon spread throughout the castle that Lord Kelso was suddenly summoned to London, and no one had the wit to connect his sudden journey with the appearance of the foreign woman who had de-manded to see Lady Penrith. Husband and wife left the room where Lady Penrith had heard what she knew to be her daughter's deathknell. She went to her room; she

sought his daughter. He heard her now in the music-room ; she was sitting where her lover had left her, singing over and over again to herself the beantiful lines of the sweetheart song :

"Oh, love for a year, a month, a day, But alas for the love that loves alway."

He stood for a moment and looked at herthat peaceful, tender expression was never to be on her face again. He thought of an innocent lamb with a knife at its throat-of a white dove, with the cruel bat that is tearing its innocent heart; and, strong as he was. his heart grew sick at the thought. Suddenly Beatrice saw him, and she sprang from

her seat with a joyful cry, "Papal why did you send for my earl? hour in the music room is the only time we have just before dinner ; and we have so much | in which he had found his governess. to say-I tell him everything."

A happy, dreamy smile came over her face, and in the full gladness of her heart she kissed her father's hand.

It was strange that he made no answer, but looked at her with an indescribable something in his face,

Where is Lord Kelso, papa ?" she cried. "He said he would not be long." What was he say to her, when he knew that in this life she would never see him

again ?

CHAPTER LNIN.

NIGHT FOREVER MORE.

"My dear Beatrice," he said, gently, "you must try not to be disappointed. Lord Kelso dead !" has been suddenly summoned to London." How could 00 0D 9 in started

never forget that dinner, will never forget the effort be had to get through it. Lady Penrith came down, and they contrived to get up some kind of conversation, but it was easy to see how great the effort was. Beatrice grew more and more sure every moment that something was wrong ; how great and how terrible that wrong was she little dreamed; When dinner was over, Lady Penrith went to her own room, and Lord Penrith took his daughter to the drawing room, to tell her

Never again in his life, Lord Penrith -said to himself, could he ever go, through such a scene; it was over at last, and she knew that she should never ase the man she loved as dearly again—except to bid him___farewell.____On the whole, __she him farewell. On the wave than had borne it better and more quietly than had borne it better and more sha had thished he had dared to hope; she had tinished speaking, she had said the last word, and she was sitting in the easychair he had placed for her, pale and silent, her hands folded, her eves half closed. Lord Penrith took her in his arms and kissed her.

"You cannot tell the torture it has been to me to tell you this, Beatrice'; and your mother, she feels it so keenly that she is quite ill. You are a good, brave; child, and have borne it well. Your mother, I know, is bresking her heart over you. Let me take some message to her that will console her and cheer her.

There was little enough to cheer or console in the white face raised to his-little enough. She tried to smile, but there was only a quiver on the white lips. "You are very kind to me, papa," she

said. "Very kind. Tell dear mamma that I have heard it-all-yet that I am not aid. dead

they hinted to him a state of distress greater than he could imagine. He made her lie down on the couch ; he begged her to try to read ; he found for her an amusing book, which he opened at an amusing chapter; he left her with cheering words, hoping in his inmost heart that the worst was over. He went to Lady Penrith, and told her the very words.

" Did she say that she had heard it, yet it not dead? Abl then it is worse even than I feared. Go back to her, Hildebrand ; do not leave her."

But when Lord Penrith went back, he found that Beatrice was lying where he had left her, but cold, white, and senseless; at first he thought she was dead : after a time he found that her heart was still beating ; still, for her sake, desirous of keeping up appearances, he went at once to Lady Penrīth,

"There is one person we can trust, and trust entirely," she said ; " that is Miss Brocke ; go and bring her. I will go to

Beatrice. Lord Penrith found Miss Brooke in the school-room trying to read, but really ill with suspense; she, with the rest of the household, had heard that Lord Kelso had left suddenly for London, and she, knowing that Valerie had been there, felt cer-"Papal why did you send for my carl? tain that something terrible had hap-How cruel it was of you. That one half-pened. Lord Penrith was too ill and too anxious himself to notice the condition

"Lady Penrith wants you, Miss Brooke," he said. "We are in great trouble ; will you come to her ?"

In silence he led the way to the drawingroom, and in silence she followed him. Beatrice lay there white and silent, Lady Penrith bending over her in a passion of tears.

"It has killed her, Hildebrand," she cried. "I knew it would." "Hush, Philippa !" said her husband,

as he carefully locked the door. " Remem ber that her whole future depends on your self-control now."

Agatha knelt down by the white, silent

though she had been shot; the lovely color died from her face, leaving the very lips white; a dark shadow came into her eyes. has fainted. I do not even think she is going ever anythin to die. Is she ill?" " Tell Miss Brooke, Hildebrand," said Lady Penrith ; " we may trust her ; she will keep our secret." "You may trust me, Lady Penrith," said had no time to see you; he was compelled to Agatha, gently. "I will do all I can for Beatrice." you or "It is a horrible thing to tell you, Miss "Paps !" she cried, looking at him with Brooke," said Lord Penrith; "but, like my great, solemn eyes, her face growing more wife, I have the most implicit confidence in you. You know how well the poor child loved Lord Kelso. We have heard that is dead in your heart." about him to day which has caused me to dismiss him from the house-to forbid him to seek my daughter again, and, of course, it has entirely put an end to the engagement," Her heart beat so quickly, she feared lest they should hear it. This was the object of Valerie's visit then.

shine with a child's glee, opened at last. She with them. only woke from the trance of pain to fall into People said that Miss Penrith was not such a passion of sobs and tears as frightened looking well. She kept out of all obserthem all. 🚽

Leave her to me, Lady Penrith," said Agatha, at last. "She has told me all her Lady Penrith to make a call, she ewent Love affairs; she made me her confidente. I through it bravely. It was only afterward feel sure that I can manage her better that they knew what the effort cost her

that they knew what the effort cost her feel sure that I can manage her better shows in they found out that along." Father and mother were only too pleased to do anything Agatha suggested. They left she hal worn "away her strength, to do anything Agatha suggested. They left sin the same sin the same man-was that the reason that a gatha drew the golden head to her breast; "Cry, my darling," she said ; "never mind if your tears scald me-ory, it will take the sting from your pain." And Beatrice did cry, in a hopelees fashion that was pltiful to hear. Once she clung that was in the set of the same that was in the set of the same set of the same set of the set of the

that was pltiful to hear. Oace she clung round Agatha's neck.

"I do not care what he has done," she said. "I cannot give him up ; tell them Agatha. Agatha grew acuustomed to to Penrith Castle at once. they minst send for him or I shall die. I have the pale, wistful face at the school-room must see him I must look in his face, or I door. Whatever she was doing or might be CHAPTER LXXI must see him __ I must look in his face, or I door. her occupation, she instantly put it aside shall die."

and hastened to her. "Will you read to me, Miss Brooke?" she " There are some things worse than death," said Agatha. "Shame is worse, and sin is

worse." Even in the midst of her terrible rain, knee. "I am always, tired," she, said, "and your Beatrice wondered why Agatha's face was as the face of an angel, so full of compassion and reading soothes me." So Agatha read in a voice sweet as music, love; why she souhed her with skill and tenderness that no one else in the world could but she knew that the girl never heard one have used. She wondered in dull, dreary word-showas thinking all the time of her love and her sorrow. And Agatha noticed fashion, if Agatha had ever gone through a

great trouble. At last Agatha was able to go to Lady Penrith and tell her that she had taken Beatrice to her own room, and way going to sit up all night with her. She should fade away, and no one realize the fact until it was too late to save her. It was only did so; and Agatha will never forget the pitiful words went through his heart, for night. There were times when, exhausted ten days since Valerie's evil presence had by her passionate tears, that Beatrice seemed to fall asleep, and she would make such despairing cries that Agatha's heart almost stood still; but toward morning, when the red dawn came in the sky, she grew restless, her face was flushed, and her eyes

bright. 'I knaw," she said, "that it was too wild, and they have a dezed expression in them that frightens me." bright to last. It was like living always in the sunshine. 1 told him yesterday Lord Penrith. that I could not realize the happiness of being with him always; and row I am not to see him again. I told him so, I connot believe that I shall really never see him again. I stretch out my hands, thinking I must see him. I cry out to him, and I think he will answer. He seems to be standing there, and there; but when I go to him he fades away-fades quite away, and the dark beautiful face is so sorrowful. I told you, did I not, that the first time I saw him I was struck by the sadness in his eyes? That shows he was not a wicked man. Wicked men do not look sad; they do not care enough to look sad. Ah, my earl-my earl with the beautiful eyes, come back to me !" And then Agatha tried-but vainly-to teach her how much better it was to be patient and bear.

"You would not think so if he had been your lover. You cannot tell what he was, because he never loved you; but he loved me. He loved me, and I cannot lose him,"

The same sin, and the same man ! Yet Agatha dared not tell her so-dared not tell her that she had suffered before every pang that Beatrice was suffering now.

Beatrice raised her flushed face and bright eye from the pillow.

"I am quite determined over one thing," she said-" I will not let para or mamma see how it hurts me; the more they see me suffer, the more they will dislike him. It will be quite morning soon ; I shall get up and do everything just as I have been accustomed to, only "-and a great, dreary sob for a few moments choked her-" only there will be no love to think about, and no wed-

ding day, "I shall not complain," she went on, " and then, if they do not see that I am very

unhappy, they will think less unkindly of who had taken that young heart had been

of, and the eyes, that were never more to except Lady Penrito, and she quite agreed near me. Let me see him before I dic, will that Divine Face, with its promise of Furdon. vou ?!

"My darling !" he cried, "can you ask me no other favor-than that ? " vation as well as she could, but if she had to see visitors or go anywhere with

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How she lived through; the long tor, so tired." , and steep to highly to a start steep to a start steep to highly to a start steep to a start stee

CHAPTER LXXI.

" I TOUCH THE HANDS OF MEN OF MONOR."

There was nothing thought about on that day but the coming of the earl. Lord and Lady Penrith bad opposed it at first, but now they believed her to be dying, and as this was the last prayer she would ever make to them, they granted it.

You will not let me see him. Hildeprand ?" said Lady Penrith, to her husband ; 'I could not bear it."

" There will be no need," he 'replied ; " I how thin and how pale she was growing ; her must see him myself, but you need not be tortured by the sight of him." hand was almost transparent, and a great fear came to her lest the girl should die-

. There was one other person to whom the coming of the carl meant much, and that was Agatha. She had suffered greatly; she found that in her heart great love for him lived still. She knew it by the infinite pity that was there-pity for his sorrow, and greater pity of all, for his soul. A longing to see him, to console him, to try to lead him to a higher and nobler life, came over her, as comes to all good women over the men they love. Yet it could not be-she could not see him.

Lady Penrith had gone to the school-room on the morning of the earl's expected visit. Beatrice was exceedingly ill, and the greatest anxiety prevailed over her. She told Agatha that Lord Kelso was coming, and that she

dreated the day. "I do not wish the children to see him, Miss Brooke," she continued, " they were so much attached to him, and he was so fond of them. You will keep them in the schoolroom, and not let them know anything about

" I will do anything and everything your ladyship wisbes or desires," said Agatha.

If she could have done to, she would have borne all the trouble and sorrow for each one,

"The fair, loving child !" cried Lady Perrith. "Ob, Miss Brooke, why should this stern, strange, horrible fate have overtakon her ? What a loving heart she has. I can see that all her life, past, present, and future, is centred in this one hour in which she will see him. She lies like a broken lily, no pain on her face, but anxious waiting; her face quivers at every sound, yet she knows he cannot come until noon. It is a thousand times worse than standing by to see her die, I feel all her rain ; it seems to pass through my heart as well as hers. Ab, me, what ruin, what havoc one can make." Who knew that better than the girl whose

heart had been crushed ?

".I wish," cried Lady Penrith, in desperation, "it had never happened; and I wish that horrible, malicious Frenchwoman had staid at home. It was all malice, all spite. 1 am sure he loved my daught tr, and he would have made a good, true husband." " The I honestly believe," said Agatha, and Lary Penrith was pleased with her fervor.

"I shall go to my room, ' she returned, "and I shall remain there until he is gone." "Lady Penrith," asked Agatha, "do you think there is no hope for Beatrice." " đo "I am afraid not, and I do not think those

until in some measure the human love had grown weaker in her heart; until she thought more of Heaven than of earth; until she

to be wrong, because she would not " mike God angry." She had always hoped to go to heaven ; but now, as she lay with the reced ing tide of time beating in her cars, sta thought more deeply still.

She hoped to go ti heaven, but she wished also that her lover might be there. She felt sure, in her simplicity, that even in heaven she should feel pain over him if he were not there. She dared not think of what she had read about torment for the wicked;

he must not be classed among the wicked she must see him, and tell him how willingly she would give her life for his if he would be sorry and try hard to go to heaven. After all, time was short and eternity long; better to be with him forever in heaven than for a short time on earth. So she lay, with her, eyes fixed, first on the rlue sky, then on the Divine Face on the picture, her thoughts bent on one thing-how she could nersuade him to be good. Were they true, persuade him to be good. Were they true, the wondered, all the things they had said of him-that he had betrayed the trust of the innocent; had spread, rnin and devastation where he should have given happivess ? He had been so bad, her father said, that he could not speak of his crimes.

Ah, well, many and many a poor sinner had knelt at those Divine feet. If he would not kneel there himself, she would kneel for him; and, well, after all, she loved him Insensibly the nature of her love had changed. She no longer thought of him as her noble, handsome lover, her earl, but as of one whom she had lost in this world, but wanted to see in heaven,

Her prayer was answered at last. She had said to her father on the evening before, that she was growing weaker, and would like to see the earl while she could talk to him ; and it was then Lord Penrith telegraphed to him. and the earl came.

Lord Penrith met him in thegreat entrance hall. The earl held out his hand. Lord Penrith frowned darkly when he saw it.

"I touch the hands of men of houor," he said, "not such as yours. I will finish my reckoning with you when my daughter is at YARE."

The words went like a barbed arrow through the heart of the unhappy man.

"For Heaven's sake spare me !" he cried. "I have enough to bear. No one strikes a down-trodden man."

Lord Penrith made no answer. When they reached the corridor he pointed to the room-door.

"My daughter lies dying there," he said. "If a murderer would see his victim, there you will find her."

Lord Kelso's face way white and haggard with emotion.

" Will you not come with me ? " he asked, "No," replied Lord Penrith. "I am afraid, if I saw her wear you, I should do you deadly mischief-I could not help it. The nurse is there-I-go ! I cannot control myself. Go ! "

He rapped gently at the dcor. It was opened by the nurse, who looked at him with quiet intelligence in her over. "Can I see Miss Penrith?" he asked.

And the woman looked pityingly at the derk, handsome face, from which the light and pride had gone " Miss Penrith is expecting you," said the nurse. And then he heard a faint, sweet voice

But something happened that same day which showed him all his plans, arrange-ments and precautions were quite in vain. He was sitting in the library, after luncheon. busily engaged in writing letters about the journey, when Beatrice came into the room. The sunlight from the window fell full upon

her, and he was horrified at seeing how terribly ill she looked. He could hardly believe that she was the brilliant, beautiful Beatrice of two short weeks since.

would say ; "I am so tired."

it seemed like an age.

yould say ; "I am so tired." She would lay her burning head on Againe's

overshadowed the house-only ten days, but

"Beatrice looks very ill," said Lady Penrith to her husband one morning ; "let us

get away as scon as we can. It is not only

that she has lost all her color and her strength,

but for the last day or two her eyes are quite

"I am using all the speed possible," said

"I have come to sit with you, papa," she said. "Lady Chavasse is with mamma, and they are talking; my head aches. May I stav here ?"

"You look very tired, Beatrice. I should think sleep would do you good." She shuddered at the word.

"I dread sleep, papa," she said. "Sleep means dreams, and dreams are death." He drew the couch near to the fire.

"Rest, my darling," he said ; "here is a soft pillow for your head. Close your eyes ; they look quite tired and strained, dear. Have you been crying, Beatrice ?"

"No, papa, my head aches ; it has a queer, burning pain. Do not let me interrupt you I felt nervous and wanted to be near you,

And suddenly, it seemed to him, she was fast asleep. She looked like a beautiful marble statue ; there was no color about her, except the gold of her hair, the dark penciled brows, and her sweet, sensitive lips. How white and worn she was; her hands were quite transparent ; the lovely dimples he could no longer see; the face was worn and thin.

"Good Heaven!" he cried to himself, "the child is dying before our very eyes, and we have not seen it." He watched her in silence. If the may

who love her best could wish her to live. Her life without him would be a living APRIL 6, 1887

"To London ? Ob, papa, it cannot be true. To London, without seeing me! You are jesting; but it is a crue! jest - a horrible jest ! Let me go to him."

"My dearest Beatrice, it is no jest, and he go by the next train, and he had not one mcment to scare."

ghastly in its pallor, " paps, tell me the truth-the perfect truth. Is he dead ?" "Dead 1" cried Lord Peurith. "No child, certainly not; it is as I tell you. He has been obliged to start suddenly for London, and he had not time to see you.'

She laid her hand on her heart: "I have a strange feeling here," she said quietly-" such a strange feeling, papa, us if something had happened to him." "Why did you ask me it he were dead?

asked Lord Peprith, who had hardly recov-ered from the shock of the question.

"I did not think he could leave me without one word," she said, slowly. "It is so "unlike him; he never forgets me, no matter how great his hurry is. It would not have taken him one moment to have said 'Good by, Beatrice ; I am coming back to-morrow. It is cruel of him," she said, in her soft, gentle voice. "He said he should not be more than a few minutes away. What

shall I do, papa ?!" And she looked Wistfully in his face. What could he Bay, who knew that she

would never see him more !

"I cannot help thinking there is something wrong," she continued. "It would be better to tell me. He is ill, perhaps, or there is some misfortune. I am quite sure he would not go to Lendon without speaking to me." It is not pleasant business that has taken him attay, and he was certainly much put -out,'

"That would not matter," she said " nothing but death would make him forget me. If he had unpleasant business, he should have told me. and I would have comforted him. Papa," she continued, eagerly, "if he has lost all his money, you would not let that part us?"

' No, my darling," he said, gently; "money should not part you.'

"Was it about this same business that you sent for him; papa ?" she said, and comcthing of relief came over her face.

If her wise, kind, good tather knew it, there could be nothing wrong. "Yes," he replied; "it was business that

same to my knowledge, and I sent to tell him.'

"Ab, then, it will be all right if you know, papa; you are so good, so wise, so clever. You can do anything. When will be come back ? Will he come to-morrow?

She laughed a curious, wistful laugh that he never forgot. faco of the disame man.

not know what I should do now, papa, with out him. It would be like living without "I know it will kill her," said Lidy sunshine and flowers, or anything else that Brooke?" makes life bright. When will he come hat k

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"Do you thick it is true?" she asked, with white, quivering lips.

"I know it-he admitted it." said Lord Penrith.

"Would you nind very much telling me what it was ?" she asked.

She could not help the question, and it did

not strike him as unusual. "I cannot tell you all. There was a little story about some Lady G-, which I shall not repeat. There was, another one of some good and innocent girl, whom he had oruelly deceived."

For a moment a great mist came before her eyes, and she feared she should fall dead at the great wardrobes. All the wed-his feet. It was of her he was speaking ; it ding trousseau, the dresses, the laces, was her own sad story that had alroat killed the furs, the jewels, were looked Beatrice, and had parted her from her lover, away; all the books he had given Beatrice, and had parted her from her lover. "In fact," continued the end, " his her, all the music, the numerous presents, character is not that of an honorable nothing was left about that could in any way man. I would not trust my child's happiness with him. There was something about herself, too-the woman, I mean, who came to tell us-he had promised to marry her, if he

were free, He wondered why she turned from him

with that sharp, sudden ory, and knelt down again by his daughter's side. For a few minutes the whole world was chaos to her; he was even more worthless than she had thought. If this were true, even while she was still with him he had been making love to Valerie, and had promised to marry her-if it were truel

"Ihe woman told us frankly," continued Lord Petrith, "that her motive was not to save Beatrice or to warn us, but to take vongeance on him."

Then it was true ; he must have made that promise to Valerie even while she was with him. A low, bitter cry came from her lips. She had not believed it possible that she could suffer more, but this was harder than all to hear. Then her thoughts left herself as she looked at the pallid young face, which was as the face of the dead. It was the same sin-the

him. What a long night it has been, and how good you have been to sit up with me. It will be night now for me forever and for-ever more. No more sunlight.

Then Agatha whispered to her that when the sun shone no more on earth, and one bore the darkness quite patiently for a time, there would be a glorious sunlight in heaven. "Ah, in heaven," sighed the girl, drearily. "Do not think I am wicked, Miss Brooke, but do you believe that for me there can be

any heaven without him ?" Yes, everything in this world is as nothing compared with the life to come. Yon will understand that when human love

CHAPTER LXX.

A LAST REQUEST.

The resolution that Beatrice had made she tried to keep. Although the next morning she felt very ill, she would rise and go down as usual, take breakfast with Lord and Lady Penrith, go about her daily avocations. It was better for his sake," she repeated to herself, when her strength failed her, " they would blame him less."

But there was something so wistful, so heart doas, napa. I knew I could not live pathetic, in the girl's face that both parents without him." found it much worse than if she had spent | the day in weeping.

When Lady Peorith asked her to drive out with her, she was willing, and during her absence Agatha, by her mother's wish, colleated everything-every souvenir of Lord Kelse, and they were stored away in one of remind her of him.

If she noticed it on her return she said nothing, she made no remark or comment; she never inquired where anything was ; but that night her face was so white and deathlike Lady Penrith was alarmed.

"She cannot keep it up," she said to her husband ; "she will break down and die." Lord Penrith was more cheerinl. She,

thought she would get over it. No one knew that there was anything wrong-every one knew thet Lord Kelso had gone up to town on sudden and important

"The marriage settlements, my dear, whispered one dowager to another, "I hear they are magnificent."

Lord Perrith had made up his mind as to his course of action. He wished the whole matter to remain in absyance the next two weeks, during which he intended to make wrrangements for taking his family abroad until the shole affair was forgotten. Be did not wish one word to be said until they had started, for he knew well his prend, beautiful, Beatrice , would never bear the comments made-never bar, the remarks and the condolances-he must take her away from them. here bod.

her away from them, had be builded a sare then. When they had before England, then there could be an announcement in the papers that the engagement was broken

there in that moment, it would have gone strangely with him.

Lord Penrith was a strong man, by no means given to sentiment or emotion, but his death." eyes filled with tears as he watched the figure : he had not realized till then how desperately ill and changed she was. She was muttering something in her sleep ; he would not listen, but he heard the words, "My love, my love I" and then, to his infinite distress, she was awake and clinging to him with bitter cries.

"I fell saleep, paps. Ob, do not let me sleep again ! I always see him in my dreams; he comes to me and tells me it is all a mistake—that I must wake up and talk to him. Then, when I wake, I remember."

" My dorling Beatrice !" oried Lord Pen-rith, " what can I do for you ?" "Kill me !" she said. " There was a

father in history who elew his daughtersiay me."

She bared her white throut before him

"Kill me !" she cried. "The only kind-ness left for me is death. A knife here will not hart me as much as the sword in my

The words came slowly, the last one died away, and she fell on her face with a cry that he never forgot

That was how her illness began, and the end of it for a long time no one could foresee. It was not fever, although her mind wandered and her lips never ceased the low muttering of unintelligible words. The doctors who came round her could give her illness no name, but they seem ed to think she would never recover. Agatha never left her-the duties of the school-room were placed in other hands. Agatha found that the most painful part of the watching was this, that whenever the hapless girl tell asleep she had the selfways the same dream, and a start and the

The doctors could do nothing, and rumor was making a great effort, he said, and he said the beautiful Beatrice Penrith must die. Shought she would get over it, Then paragraphs filled the papers, and the county people told each other how sad it was that so brilliant a marriage must be postponed. Many a wise old dowager repeated to herself the proverb. "A marriage, delayed is a marriage marred," but no one seemed to think it strange that Lord Kelso did not go to the castle. Bestrice had read the opinions.

of the doctors in their faces. I Agatha 'I I I am to die." she said to Agatha 'I I saw it to day in Sir Richard's face. Tam so glad, so thankful I al shall rest there without those oruel dreams. Tell him-my earl -- If you see him, that if he comes to my grave and calls my name. I shall hear him. Do you think they would let me see him before I die ?""

But Agatha could not answer for her fastfalling tears. That same evening Lord, Penrith went to

see his daughter, and with one thin, rale hand she drew his face down to hers. "Papa, I want to ask you a favor the

"Like my own," said Agatha to herself, "like my own."

Then Lady Penrith went away, and the school-room doors were shut. He who had been life of her life, her lover, the lover of her heart, was coming for the last time, and she should neither sie nor hear him; it was bitterly hard.

The children were told their sitter was very ill, and that the house must be kept very silent; they were not to go down to the dining-room, as usual, but to take luncheon with Miss Brooke in the school-:00m; childron are always pleased with novelties, and

this was one to them." It was a beautiful day ; there was morning on the sweet face of nature-the 'sky was blue, the sun bright and warm, the air was sweet and olorous, the birds singing, the lovely flowers helding up their heads to greet the sun ; the bright, deep river was flashing in the light, the trees were like little green realms of sunlight and song.

All the thoughts, the interest and love of each member of that large household were centred in the room where Beatrice lay-the same room wherein she had shown the suit of pearls to Agatha, and had [old her all about her happy love-lofty and bright, with loved him. Until he died he never forget large windows that overlooked, the river the words she whispered to him; they were park ; a room just suited to a beautiful young girl; furnished in light satin-wood, with hangings of pale blue silk and white lace; a carpet that looked like forget-me-nots covered with snow, a few choice flowers and favorite books, a few favorite engravings; and in them one read the character and tastes of the graceful girl whose heart had been so cruelly broken.

There was the ever fresh and beauti-ful engraving of "Dante and Beatrice," same dream; it was that her lover came to her, told her it was a mistake, that there was no truth in those foolish stories, and that she must wake up and talk to him—al. on the dark stream; and on the wall, where happy man. "Oh, Beatrice, I never mean that she must wake up and talk to him—al. the sunbeams fell warmest and brightest, was a copy of the world renowned picture of "Christ to make you so happy, and I have killed Before Pilate," a picture that Bestrice had you !" always liked and admired." The light fell on p"I am happy to die,", she suid; "I could always liked and admired. The light fell on provide and happy to die," she suid ; "I count the Divine Face, so full of love, 'so grave in not live without you. I have been much its simple splendor, contrasting in its, kingly; happier since I was ill; before that I was divinity, and; God-like, mekness, with the mad; all the air around me seemed half-frightened, half-arrogant figure of Pilate. If he burning fire. I used to go on "What is ituith?!" Filate had asked, and into the woods, where no not could as the once bright spean of Bentrice Penrith are of hear me," and ory out for you-lingered on the picture she sighed the same stretch out my arms and ory to you. Ab-

and people only income the the test was an entry heart was an entry wa Agatha thought of the time when/she had happens that the engagement was broken bet the sake you a favor the desolation and despair. A Rather desolation and des

Bay : " Come in !"

He had expected anger and repreach-te had looked for accusation and tears, for hard words; but no, a thousand times ro! A sweet face, with eyes full of looging, was turned to him-wistful eyes, so full of pair they pierced him; two fragile, tender arms outstretched to him; and a gentle voice

said : "Oh, my love ! my love ! Once again! Just once again !" And, before he knew what he was doing,

he was kneeling before Beatrice, with her head pillowed on his breast.

The vices of our youth make lashes for our age.

As he knelt, with that invocent face and dear head on his breast, Vane, Lord Kelso, would have given his life to have undone his crimes.

CHAPTER LXXII.

THE VICTIM. OF MAN'S SINS.

Lord Kelso tried to raise that pale, sweet face and dry the raining tears, but she clung the more closely to him. She had forgotten all they had said about his wrong-doing in that hour-she remembered only how she loved him. Until he died he never forget sacred to him-no one else heard them; it was the girl's loving farewell to her love. Then he laid her head back upon the pillow, but she said :

"No; while you are with me, let my head rest here: It is for the last time-oh, my dear love, for the last time !

"You are very ill, my sweet Beatrice," he

said; "Yes; I am going to die. I could not Vou have been my have lived without you. You have been my

happy man. "Oh, Beatrice, I never meant to give you one moment's sorrow. I meant

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