nate him.

UNCLE MAX.

CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

"I don't like the way she talks about you," went on 'lij, jadigananiy. "She always be for individually in the glass when five size like it is a continue she in the state of the size of wyn, but of course you saw plenty of he cousin Giles in the village."

I felt my cheeks burn at this unwarrantable accusation, but Jill begged me not to disturb myself.

"She won't make those zort of speeches to me again," she said, calmly. "She had a piece of my mind then that will last her for a long time."
"I hope you were not rude, Jill?"

"Oh, no! I only flaw into a passion, and asked her how she dared to imply such a thing ?-that my cousin Ursula was the best and the dearest woman in the world, and that no one else could hold a candle to her. Ursula care for gentlemen's society!' I exclaimed: 'why, at Hyde Park Gate we never could get her to remain in the drawing-room when those stupid officers were there : she never would talk to any of them, except old Colonel Trevanion, who is nearly blind!

You do not understand Ursula: she is a perfect saint : she is the simplest, most unselfish. grandest-hearted creature; and you make out that she is a silly flirt like Sara' And then I had to hold my tongue, though I was as red as a turkey-cock, for there was Mr. Hamilton staring at us both, and asking if I were in my senses, and why I was quarrelling about my consin, for of course my voice was as gruff and cross as possible." "Oh, Jill !" I exclaimed, much distressed.

"how could you say such absurd things? you know I never liked you to talk in this exaggerated fashion. A saint, indeed? A pretty sort of saint Mr. Hamilton must think me!" for it nettled me to think that he had felt stronger." over heard Jill's ridiculous nonsense.

he said this about quarrelling, Miss Darrell gave him one of her sweet smiles.

" 1 ansense, Giles, as though I mind what this dear foolish child say; she is indulging about Eric?" in a panegyric on her cousin's virtues, because I said she was a little masculine and strong-minded and rather looked down upon us poor women. I have pressed her over and over again to spend an evening with us, but she always puts us off. I am afraid we Gladwyn ladies are not to her taste.'

aton will not leave her, you may be sure of that.' And then Mr. Hamilton said to me must not listen to them; they are all so hard misunderstand Etta. I assure you we all they have accused nim falsely. Eric never think most highly of your cousin, and she took that check." will always be a welcome guest here, and I hope you will induce her to come soon.' dare to say another word."

Very nice, Jill; but indeed I do not want to hear any more of Miss Darrell's speeches." And I got up hastily and opened lieve anything. And yet she was right, the piano to put a stop to the conversation. Mr. Hamilton had a way with him that in-Jill was always pleased when I would sing fluenced people strongly; he could speak to her, but somehow my voice was not quite In order that evening.

Mrs. Maberley has invited her, and Mr. nant force. they are going early next week. She wants "Dear Gladys, you will make yourself ill. to see you, Ursula; she says you have not Will it give you any relief to speak out? I met since Christmas. Could you go this will listen to anything you have to say." afternoon? Miss Darrell will be out.

yes, I would certainly go up to Gladwyn. It changed a word since that Sunday evening, | so far wrong, after all. My patients had engrossed my time, but trembled. "Ursula, you are a nurse; you hardly my thoughts. Poor Elspeth was go about comforting sick bodies and sick slowly dying, and I had to be constartly with minds. If I am ill,—one must be ill someher. Marshall had not yet resumed work, times,—will you promise to come and take out he was in poor spirits from the loss of care of me, in spite of all Etta may do or his wife, and could hardly be a comfort to say?" panied them to Maplehurst, where he made am afraid you are not quite so artless us you look! I began to wish Aunt Philippa would

I found Miss Hamilton alone, and she seemed very glad to see me: her fair face quite flushed with pleasure when she saw me enter the drawing-room.

"I was afraid it was some stupid visitor." she said, frankly, "when I heard the door-bell ring. Did it trouble you to come? How tired you look! there, you shall take Giles's chair," putting me with gentle force in a big blue-velvet chair that always stood by the fire; and then she took off my wraps and unfastened my gloves, and made me feel how

glad she was to wait on me.
"You are going away," I said, rather lugubriously, for I felt all at once how I should miss her. She looked a little better and brighter. I thought, or was it only temporary excitement!

abe returned, seriously, but not "Yes," she returned, seriously, but not sadly. "I think it will be better. I am almost glad to go away, except that I shall not see you," tooking at me affectionately.

'On, if you wish to go," for I was so relieved to hear her say this.

"It is not that I wish it, exactly, but that I feel it will be better : things are so uncomfortable just now, more than usual, I think. Etta seems always worrying herself and me; sometimes I fancy that she wants to get rid of me, and that I am too troublesome," with a faint smile. "She worries about my health and want of spirits. I suppose I am rather a depressing element in the house, and, as I get rather tired of all this fuss, I think it will he better to leave it behind for a little."

"That sounds as though you were driven away from home, Miss Hamilton. "Miss Hamilton!" reproachfully; "the la naughty, Ursula. I do not call you Mis-

Garaton. "Gladys, then." "Perhaps my restlessness is driving me

away," she returned, sadly. "I do feel so restless without my work. I never minded Etta's fussiness so much. I dare say she means it kindly, but it harasses me. I am one of those reserved people who do not find it easy to talk of their feelings, bodily or mental, except to a chosen few. You are

He went to Torquay to see an invalid not expect him back until the end of next

"Yes, I know," she returned, in a low voice; "but we shall be at Bournemouth before them. Will you bid him good-by for me, Ursula, and say that I hope his visit has rested and refreshed him? He was not very well, you told me."

"No, but he is better now: he writes very cheerfully. Gladys, when you come back you will be stronger, I hope. I really do hope you will resume your work then; it will be far better for you to do so."

"You cannot judge," she said, gently. I am afraid that I shall be unable to do that." And somehow her manner closed the subject; but I was determined to make her speak on another subject.

"I want to tell you something that I think you ought to know, I began, rather ab-"Mrs. Maberley spoke to me about ruptly. your brother Eric.'
"Ursula!"

"I could not let you go away and not know this: it did not seem honest. It has troubled me a great deal. Mrs. Maberley would tell me, and she told it so nicely: and Mr. Hamilton is aware that I know, and I am afraid he is not pleased about it." She put up her hands to her face for a mo

ment, with a gesture full of distress. "I meant to tell you myself," she said, in a stifled voice, "but not now; not until I

"And now you will not have that pain "Wait a moment till I have finished: you are not too saintly to be cross sometimes. I think you ought to be relieved that some one else has told me." But she will tell him that, if you like, Well, when

"How do I know what they said? And Giles is aware of it, you say. Oh, Ursula, for pity's sake, tell me, has he talked to you

"No, no, not in the way you mean: he only said that we must not judge or misjudge other people. He seemed atraid that I should misjudge him."

"Oh, I am thankful to know that. I could not bear to have the poor boy discussed must answer me. Think what a comfort between you two. Giles would have made "Don't be silly, Etta. Have I not told you believe everything, he has such a way you poor old Elspeth is dying?—Miss Gar. with him, and you would not know any bet-" vou in quite a nice way, -ch, I did not dislike on my poor darling. Faulty as he was, he him so much that evening, -'I dare say you was innocent of the crime laid to his charge;

I could see she was strongly agitated. Her delicate throat swelled with emotion, Wasn't it nice of him? Dour Etta did not and she took hold of my hands and held them tightly, and her large blue-gray eyes were fixed on my tace with such a beseeching expression that I could have promised to bewith a power and authority that seemed to dominate one in spite of one's self. It has The next day Jill surprised me very much always appeared to me that we poor women by asking me if I knew that Miss Hamilton are easily silenced and subjugated by a strong was going to Bournemouth for the rest of the masculine will. It is difficult to assert a timid individuality in the presence of a reg-

I answered her as cently as I

She drew a deep breath, and the color

I considered for a moment, and then said ebbed back into her face. "Perhaps it may be a relief: I am weary made me feel a little dull to think Miss of silence, -of trying to bear it alone; and Hamilton was going away; we had not ex- other things are wearing me out. Etta is not And then she stopbut I had thought of her so much since then. | ped, and looked at me wistfully, and her lips

the poor creature. I put off my visit to I hesitated for a moment, for it seemed to Phobe until the evening, and walked up to me impossible to give an unconditional pro-Gladwyn with Jiil; she and Lady Betty were | mise, but she continued, reproachfully, "You going for a walk, and were to have tea with | cannot have the heart to refuse! I wanted the Maberley's. I learned afterwards that to ask you this before. You would not Mr. Tudor met thom quite axidentally about surely, leave me to cat out my heart in this three miles from Heathfield, and had accom- loneliness! If you knew what it is to have Etta with one at such times! an east wind himself so pleasant to the old lady that he would be more merciful and comforting. I was pressed to remain. Oh, Mr. Tudor, I know I am expressing myself far too strongly, but all this excites me. Do promise me this, Uraula. Giles will not hinder you coming : he appreciates you thoroughly: it will only

be Etta who may try to oppose you."
Gladys was right; I had not the heart to refuse : so I gave her the required promise, and she grew calmed at once.

"Now that is settled, I can breathe more freely," she said, presently. "I am afraid I am growing fanciful, but lately I have had such a horror of being ill. Giles would be kind, I know,—he is always kind in illness,— but he lets Etta influence him. Ursula, she influenced him and turned him against my poor boy; with all Giles's faults,-and he can be very bard and stern and unforgiving, -I am sure that of his own accord he would never have been so harsh to Eric,"

"But Mrs. Maberley told me that Miss Darrell took your brother Eric's part." "Yes, I know, she believes in Etta, and so does Giles; but she is not true; she has a dangerous way of implying blame when she is apparently praising a person: have you never noticed this? Giles was always more angry with Eric after Etta had been into the study to intercede for him. If she would only have let him alone; but that is not Etta's way; she must make or mar people's

There was a concentrated bitterness in Gladys's voice, and her face grew stern. "There was no love between them. Eric detested Etta, and on her side I know she disliked him. Eric never would tell me the reason; he was always hinting that he had

lives.'

found her out and that she knew it. and that in consequence she wanted to get rid of him; but I thought it was all tancy on the poor boy's part, and I used to laugh at him. I wish I had not laughed now, for there was doubtless truth in what he said.' "You were very fond of him, Gladys?" I

asked, softly, and as I spoke her face changed, and its expression grew soft and loving in a moment. "Love him! he was everything to me; he was my twin you know, -and so beautiful.

Oh, 1 never saw a man's face so beautiful as his; he had such bright ways, too, and such all in spite of them. I was a ringing laugh,—I wake up sometimes and can, or Giles will be here."

don, at the time mentioned, but no one can showing fast, and the ground was already the Holy-Viatioum with much devotion, and at showing fast, and the fallen flakes. Mr. Hamilton last expired happily in the arms of Maryhis; he had such bright ways, too, and such one,—perhaps not the only one."

and light footstep springing up the stairs; was that day. He seemed nearly beside him
"Edgar Brown is tall and fair, and there write with the tallen nakes. Mr. manuscon page expersor mapper."

"Of course not," for she hesitated. "You but it is only a part of my dream." She self: nothing I could say seemed to give him 'are plenty of young men answering to that put up his umbrella, and stood waiting for Reservations and stood waiting

## CHAPTER XXIII.

THE MYSTERY AT GLADWYN. Just then Leah entered the room to replenish the fire, and Gladys dropped my hand hastily and took up a screen.

"When my brother comes in we will have tea, Leah," she said, quickly. "Where is Thornton, that he does not come in to do this?"

"I was passing through the hall, and I thought I would have a look at the fire, ma'am," observed Leah, as she stooped to throw on a log. As she did so, I saw her take a furtive look at us both, it gave me an unpleasant feeling,—and a moment after-wards she said, in a soft, civil voice,—

"There is no reason why Thornton should not bring tea now, if you ike, ma'am. Maeter never cares to be waited for, and most likely he will be late this afternoon. I can walk home with Miss Garston when she is ready I am sure my mistress would spare me."
"We will see about that presently, Leah

when I went Thornton I will ring for him. Gladys spoke somewhat haughtily, and Leah left the room without another word; but I was sorry and troubled in my hoart to see Gladys motion me to be silent, and then go quickly to the door and open it and stand there for a moment. Her color was a little heightened when she came back to her seat.

"She has gone now, but we must be eare-ful and not speak loudly. I hate myself for being so suspicious, but I have found out that some of our conversations have been re tailed to Etta, I am afraid Leah listens at the door. She came in just now to interrupt our talk: it is Thornton's place to put coals on the drawing-room fire.' I felt an uncomfortable sensation creeping

over me. "Do you think she even heard us just

20W ?" "I fear so; and now Etta will know we have been talking about Eric. Oh, I am glad I am going away! it gets too unbear-able. Ursula, I shall write to you, and you your letters will be to me : I shall be able to depend on what you say. Lady Betty is so carelese, she knows what Etta is, and yet she will leave her letters about, and more than once they have not reached me. I am afraid that Leah is a little unscrupulous in such

matters. I was aghast as I listened to her, but she changed the subject quickly.

"What were we talking about? Oh, said Giles was hard; and so he was; but Eric

was faulty too.
"He was very idle; he would not work, and he thought of nothing but his painting. Giles always says I encouraged him in his idleness; but this is hardly the truth. I used to try and coax him to open his books, but he had got his craze for painting, and he spent hours at his easel. I thought it was a great pity that Giles forced him to take un aw: if he had talent it was surely hetter for him to be an artist; but Giles and Etta persisted in ignoring his telent. They called his pictures daubs, and ridiculed his artistic

notions." "Do you really believe that he would hav

worked successfully as an artist?" "It is difficult for me to judge. Eric was so young, and had had little training, and then he only painted in a desultory way: as I have told you, he was very idle. I think if Giles had been more fatherly with him, and had remonstrated with him more gently, and showed him the sense and fitness of things, Eric would have been reasonable; but Etta made so much mischief between them that things only got worse and worse. Eric was extravagant; he never managed money well, and he got into debt, and that made Giles furious, and when Eric lost his temper-for he was very hot and soon got into a passion—Giles's coolness and hard sneering speeches nearly drove Eric wild. He came to me one day in the garden looking as white as a sheet, that was the day before the check was missed -and told me, in a conscience-stricken voice, that it was all up between him and Glies, he had got into a passion and struck

Giles across the face.
"I don't know why he did not knock me down, cried the poor lad. 'I deserved it, for I saw him wince with the pain; but he only took me by the shoulder-you know how strong Giles is -and turned me out of the room without saying a word, and there was the mark of my hand across his cheek. feel like Cain, I do indeed, Gladys, "For he that hateth his brother is a murderer;" and I hate Giles." And the poor boy—he was only twenty, Ursula—put his head down on my shoulder and sobbed like a child. If only Giles could have seen him then !" "Do you know what passed between

them ?" "Yes: I heard a little from both of them Some of Eric's bills had been opened accidentally by Giles. Etta had told Giles that they were his, and he had called Eric to account. And then it seems that Eric's affairs were mixed up with another young man's, Edgar Brown, a very wild young fellow, with whom Giles had forbidden Eric to associate. They had been school-fellows, and Giles knew his father, Dr. Brown, and disliked him much and it seems that Eric had promised to break with him, and had not kept his promise; and

when Giles called him mean and dishonor-

able, Eric had forgotten himself, and struck

Glles.
"'It is all over between us, I tell you,
"Glles 'Glles Gladys,' the poor boy kept saying. 'Giles says he shall take me away from Oxford, and I am to be put in an attorney's office: he declares I shall ruin him. I cannot stop here to be tormented and bullied, and I will never go near old Armstrong; why, the life would be worse than a convict's. I shall just go and enlist, and then there is a chance of get-ting rid of this miserable life. But I did not take much notice of this speech, for I knew Erichad no wish to enter the army; and certainly he would never do such a rash thing as enlist: he always declared he would as soon be a shoeblack. What, does that look mean. Ursula?" for I was glancing uneasily at the

into a whisper.

bappy, and once he put down his head appropriate the arms and grouned. It was just blein that it had a slight movement outside the down and opened it just in time to see Usah gliding round the corner. Ursula, the had heard every word test my poor boy had said, and it is leave a widence that has helped to a mini-

it is Lean's evidence that has helped to crimi-

nate him."
""Yes, I see. But did you not put your brother on his guard?"
"No," she returned, sadly, "I made the grievous mistake of keeping Leah's eavesdropping to myself. I thought Eric had enough to trouble him without adding to his discomfort. I would give much now to have

done otherwise. "I stayed up late with him, and did not leave him until he had promised to go to bed. Giles was still in the study when I went to my room, but he came up shortly afterwards, for I could hear his footsteps distinctly passing my cor. He must have passed Leab in the passage, for I heard him say, 'You are up late to-night, Leab, but her answer escaned me.

"I can tell you no more on my own evidence; but Eric's account, which I believe as sorely as I am holding your hand now, is this:

"He heard Giles come up to bed, and a sudden impulse prompted him to go down to under strong excitement. I saw it afterwards, and felt that it had better not have been written. Among other things, he informed Giles that he would sooner destroy himself than go into Armstrong's office, and that he (Giles) had made his life so bitter to him that he thought he might as well do it : ch, Ursula, of course it was wrong of him, but indeed he had had terrible provocation. He made up his mind to put this letter on Gilea's deak before he slept; so he slipped off but for Mr. Cunliffe. his boots, that I might not hear him pass my might have some difficulty with the fasten-| believe that Eric was guilty either of die ings, for he had heard Giles put up the chain To his great surprise, the door was ajar, and when he put down the candle on the table be had a passing fancy that the thick curtains that were drawn over one of the windows moved slightly, as though from a draught of air. He blamed himself afterwards that he had not gone up to the window and examined it, but in his perturbed mood he did not take much notice; but he was certainly startled when he turned round to see Leah, in her dark dressing gown, standing in the threshold There was something in her expression that made him feel uneasy.

"'I thought it was thieves,' she said, and now she looked not at him, but across at the curtain. 'What are you doing with master's papers, Mr. Eric?'

' Mind your own business,' returned Eric, candlestick and marched off.'

"And he left that woman in possession?" "Yes," returned Gladys, in a peculiar tone, and then she hurried on: "The next morning Giles missed a check for a large amount that he had received the previous night and placed in one of the compartments of his desk, and in its place he found Eric's letter. Do you notice the discrepancy here? Eric vowed to me that he had placed the letter on the desk. that he never dreamt of opening it, that he always believed Giles kept it locked, that if Giles had been careless and left the key in it he knew nothing about it. His business to the study was to put his letter where Giles would be likely to find it on entering the room. Ursula, how did that letter get into the desk?

"We were all summoned to the study when the check was missed. Etta fetched me. She said very little, and looked unusually pale. Giles was in a terrible state of anger, she informed me, and Leah was speaking to him.

"Alas ! she had been speaking to some purpose. I found Eric almost dumb with fury. Giles had refused to believe his asser tion of innocence, and he had no proof Leah's statement had been overwhelming, and bore the outward stamp of veracity.

"She told her master that thinking she heard a noise, and being fearful of thieves, she had crept down in her dressing-gown to the study, and, to her horror, had seen Mr. Eric with his hand in his brother's desk, and she could take her oath that he put some paper or other in his pocket. She had not liked to disturb her master, not knowing that there was money in the case.

"Ursula, I cannot tell you any more that passed. That woman had effectually blackened my poor boy's honor. No one believed his word, though he swore that he was inno cent. I heard high-words pass between the brothers. I know Giles called Eric a liar and a thief, and Eric rushed at him like a madman, and then I fainted. When I re-covered I found Lady Betty crying over me and Leah rubbing my hands. No one else was there. Eric had dashed up to his room, and Giles and Etta were in the drawing-room. I told Leah to go out of my sight, for I hated her; and I felt I did hate her. And when she left us alone I managed, with Lady Betty's help, to crawl up to Eric's room. But, though we heard him raging about it, he would not admit us. So I went and lay down on my bed and slept from sheer grief

and exhaustion.
"When I woke from that stupor,—for it was more stupor than sleep,-it was late in the afternoon. I shall always believe the wine Leah gave me was drugged. How I wish I had dashed the glass away from my lips! But I was weak, and she had com-

pelled me to drink it.

"Lady Betty was still sitting by me. She seemed half frightened by my long sleep.
She said Erio had come in and had kissed me, but very lightly, so as not to disturb me. And she thought there were tears in his eyes as he went out. Ursula, I have never seen him since. He left the house almost imme-diately afterwards, but no one saw him go. By some strange oversight, Giles's telegram to the London bank to stop the check did not reach them in time. And yet Etta went herdoor. Was it my fancy, or did I really hear self to the telegraph office. As you may have the faint rustle of a dress on the tessellated perhaps heard, a tall fair young man, with a pavement of the hall? In another moment light moustache, cashed the check early in Gladys understood, and her voice dropped into a whisper. "Come closer to me. I mean to tell you here. I am quite aware that it was possible all in spite of them. I will be as quick as I for Eric after leaving our house to be in Lon-

3 10 money

and retused to can be when the at last opened on the falling the door I saw that his table was strewn with who presented that check. The clerational lamp-light, her eyes were fixed on the falling papers, and a letter directed to Giles lay he his check and a slight cut, though he was described to the sound of the same light, her eyes were fixed on the falling side them.

"We sat down and had a long talk. He oldedly good looking. But Giles refused to Yran back and kissed her again."

"I wish you were not going, Gladys; I that he had got into more difficulties believe this. He have the last.

"It is nice to hear that," she returned,

onld only be on the spot to clear up the mystery; for there is a mystery about the check. But I have syorn never to close the threshold of Gladwyn sta'n until this insult is wiped out and Giles believes in my impocence. If we never meet again, my sweet sister, you will know I loved you as well as I could fove anything; but I was never good and unselish, like you, And I fear I cares for greatly fear—that I shall never weather of you. through this.' That was all. The letter ended abruptly.
"The following afternoon a messenger from

the Ship asked to see Mr. Hamilton; and after Giles had been closeted with him for a few minutes he came out, looking white and scared, with Eric's watch and scarf in his hands. The man had told him the young gentleman had gone out and had not returned. and they had been found on the brach, at the extreme end of Heve, and they feared some-thing had happened to him. He had ordered dinner at a certain time, but he had not made his appearance. The next morning they had reports in the town that caused them to institute inquiries. A letter in the pocket of the coat, directed to Eric Hamilton, Gladwyp. Heathfield, enabled them to communicate with his relatives. And they had lost no time in doing so. I never saw Giles : o the study and place his letter on Giles's desk. | terribly upset. He looked as though he had It was a very wild, foolieh letter, written received a blow. He went to Brighton at once, and afterwards to London, and employed every means to set our fears at rest, for a horrible suspicion that he had really made away with himself was in all our minds.

"I was far too ill to notice all that went on. A fever seemed about me, and I could not eat or sleep. I think I should have done neither, that my poor brain must have given way under the shock of my apprehensions,

"He was a true friend,—a good Samaritan. door, and crept down to the study. He had He bound up my wounds and poured in oil his chamber candlestick, as he feared that he and wine of divinest charity. He did not honesty or self-destruction. In his own mind and belt. All our doors on that floor have he was inclined to believe that he wished us chains and bells; it is one of Giles's fads. to think him dead. It was all a mystery; but we must wait and pray; and in time h managed to instil a faint hope into my mind that this might be so.

"Etta was rather kind to me just then. She looked ill and worried, and seemed taken up with Giles. It was well that he should have some one to look after his comforts, for there was a breach between us that seemed as though it would never be healed. I saw that he was irritable and miserable, - shat the thought of Eric robbed him of all neace. watching him with a queer look in her eyes. But I could make no effort to console him, for I felt as though my heartwas breaking. -' And here she hid her face in her hands, and I could see she was weeping, and I begged her earnestly to say no more, that I quite understood, and she might be sure of my sympathy with her and Eric. She kissed me gratefully, and said, "Yes, I know. I

sulkily: 'do you think I am going to account to you for my actions?' And he took up his understand why I am so grateful to Mr. Cunliffe, why I am so sorry"—and here her lips quivered—"if I disappoint him. I feel as though he has given me back Eric from the dead. It is true I doubt cometimes, when I am ill or gloomy, but generally may faith is strong enough to withstand Etta's

incredulity.'
"Does Miss Darrell believe that he is

"Yes; and she is so angry if any one doubts the fact. I don't know why she hates the poor boy so: even Mr. Cunliffe has zeproved her for want of charity. I think she fears Mr. Cunliffe more than any one, even Giles: she is always to careful what she says before him."

"Gladys. I think I hear your brother's voice in the hall, and your cheeks are quite wet: he will wonder what we have been talking abou'."

"I will ring for Thornton, and the too. he shall find me clearing the table. Don't offer to help me, Ursula." And I sat still obediently, watching her slow, graceful movements about the room in the Erelight : her fair hair shone like a halo (figold, and the dark ruby gown she wore gathered richer and deeper tints. That beautiful, sad face, bow

Pakould miss it! It was some little time before Mr. Hamilton entered the room. Thornton had lighted tne candles and arranged the tea-tray, and Gladys had placed herself at the table.

He testified no surprise at seeing me, but walked to the fire, after greeting me, and warmed himself.

"They told me you were here," he said, abruptly: "I was at the cottage just now. Have you not had your tea? Why, it is quite late, Gladys, and I want to take Miss Garston away."

"Is there anything the matter, Mr. Hamilton?" for I was beginning to under-

etand his manner better now. "Oh, I have some business for you, that is all, -another patient; but I will not tell you about it yet: you must have a good meal before you go out into the cold. I shall ring the bell for some more bread-and-butter; I know you dined early; and this hot cake will do you no good." And, as I saw he meant to be obeyed, I tried to do justice to the delicious brown bread and butter; bat our conversation had taken away my appetite.

He stood over me rather, like a sentinel until I had finished.

"Now, then, I may as well tell you. Susan Locks is ill,—scute pneumonia. I have just been down to see her, and I am afraid it is a sharp attack. Well, if you are ready, we may as well be going; the neighbor who is with her seems a poor sort of body. They sent for you, but Mrs. Barton said you were wish Elspeth, and when Kitty went there you were nowhere to be found.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

WEEPING MAY ENDURE FOR A BIGHT. I could not suppress an exclamation when Mr. Hamilton mentioned the name.
Susan Looke ! Poor, simple, loving hearted

Susan! What would become of Phobe if she Mr. Hamilton seemed to read my thoughts.

"Yes," he said, looking at me attentively,
"I knew you would be sorry; Miss Looke was a great favorite of yours. Poor woman? it is a sad business. I am atraid she is very ill: they ought to have sent for me before. Now, if you are ready, we will start at once.

"1 will not keep you another minute. Good by, Ursula." And Gladys kissed me, and quietly followed us to the door. It was

me under the shrubs, but a sudden impulse made me linger.

Gladys was still standing in the porch; her fair hair shone like a halo in the soft

shall miss you so.

"It is nice to hear that," she returned, gently. "I shall remember those words, Ursula. Write to me often; your letters will be my only comfort. There, Giles is looking impatients do not keep him waiting, dear." And she drew back, and a moment after-wards I heard the deor shut behind us.

If the milton did not speak as I joined him, and thought that our wolk would be a silent ones until he said, presently, in rather

but I pretended to misunderstand him, and he went co.-"You have won my sister's hear3. Glades

cares for few people, but she seems very fond "The feeling is reciprocated, I can assure

you." "I am glad to know that," he returned, heartily. "I only wish you could teach Gladys to be like other girls; she is too young and too pretty to take such grave views of life; it is unnatural at her age. One disappointment, however bitter, ought not to cloud her waole existence. Try to make her see things in a more reasonable light. Gladys is an good as gold. Of course I know that she is a fine creature; but it is not like a Christian to moorn over the inevitable in this undisciplined way."

He spoke with great feeling, and with a gentleness that supprised mer. I felt sure then of his affection for his young sister ; I wished Gladys could have heard him speak in this fatherly manner. But, in spite of my sympathy, it was difficult for me answer him. I felt that this was a subject that I could not discuss with Mr. Hamilton, and yet he

seemed to wish me to speak. "You must give her time to recover herself," I said, rather lamely. "Gisdys is very sensitive; she is more delicately organized than most people; her leelings are unusually deep. She has had a severe shock; it will

not be easy to comfort her."
"No, I suppose not," with a sigh; "her faith has suffered sh'pwreck; but you must try to win her back to peace. Oh, you have much to do at Gladwyn, as well as other places. I want you to feel at home with us, Miss Garston. Some of us have cor faults, we want knowing; but you must try and like us better, and then you will not find us ungrateful."

He stopped rather abruptly, as though he expected an answer, but I only stammered out that he was very kind, and that I hoped when Gladys returned from Bournemouth that I should often see her.

"Ob, to be sure," he returned, hastily. "I forgot that her absence would make a difference. You do not like peor Etta: I have noticed that. Well, perhaps she is a little fussy and managing; but she is a kind-hearted creature, and very good to us all. I do not know what I should have done without her; my sisters do not understand me, they are never at their ease with me. I feel this a trouble; I want to be good to them; but there always seems a barrier that one cannot break down. I suppose," with intense bitterness, "they lay the blame of that poor boy's death at my door, as though I would not give my right hand to have him

back again." "Ob, no, Mr. Hamilton," I exclaimed, shocked to hear him speak in this way, "things are not so bad as that. I know Gladys would be more to you if she could."

But he turned upon me almost fiercely.
"Do not tell me that," he said, harshly, "for E cannot believe you. Cladys cared more for Eric's little finger than the whole of us put together; she looks upon me as his destroyer, as a hard taskmaster who cp-pressed him and drove him out of his home. Oh, you want to contradict me; you would tell me how gentle Gladys is, and how sub-missive. No, she is never angry, but her looks and words are cold as this frozen snow; she has not kassed me of her own accord since Eric left us. I sometimes think it is painful for her to live under my roof."

"Mr. Hamilton !" "Well, what now?" in the same repellent

tone. "You are wrong; you are unjust. Gladys does not feel like that; she has tried to for give you in her heart for any past mistake; she sees you regret much that has passed and she is no longer bitter against you. I wish you would believe this. I wish you could understand that she, too, longs to break down the barrier. Perhaps I cught not to say it, but I think Miss Darrell keeps you apart from your sisters."

"What, Etta!" in an astonished tone. "Why, she is always making excuses for Glady's coldness. Come, bliss Garston, I cannot have you misunderstand my poor little consin in this way. You have no idea how faithful and devoted she is. She has actually refused a most advantageous cher of marriage to remain with us. She told me this in confidence; the girla do not know it: perhaps I aught not to have repeated it; but you undervalue Etta. Few women would sacrifice themselves so entirely for their be-

longings. "No, indeed," was my reply to this; but I secretly marvelled at this piece of intelligence, and there was no time to ask any questions, for we had reached the cottage, and the next minute I was standing by Susan

Locke's bedside. There was no need to tell me that poor Susan was in danger; the inflammation ran high; the flushed face, the difficult breathing, the strength and fulness of the rapid pulse, filled me with grave forebodings. Mr. Hamilton remained with me some time, and when he took his leave he promised-to come again as early as possible in the morning.

(To be Continued.) D

A DEATH-BED CONTRAST.

The pastor of a certain place went to assist at the death-bed of a rich man, who was dying in a splendid house, and a multitude of relations and servants surrounded his bed. But among these, the priest saw a number of devils in the shape of hounds who waited to seize upon his shape of hounds who waited to seize upon his soul, and who actually did so; for he died in sin. At the same time the priest was sent for by a poor woman who was dying, and who desired the Last Sacraments. Not being able to leave the dying rich man, whose soul was in so much need of assistance, he sent another priest to her, who accordingly went, carrying with him the Blessad Sacrament. He found in the dwelling of that sold more and account the same action are released. good woman no servants, no retinue, no splendid furniture, for she was very poor, and had only a little straw to lie on. But what does he see? He sees in that apartment a great light, and near the bed of the dying woman was Mary, the Mother of God, who was consoling her, and, with a cloth, wiping the sweat from her brow. The priest seeing the Blessed Virgin, had not the courage to enter, but she made a sign to! him to approach. He sentered, and Mary pointed to a seat that he might sit down and hear, the confession of her servant. The good woman no servante; no retinue; no splendie and hear, the confession of her servant. The 192042 103043