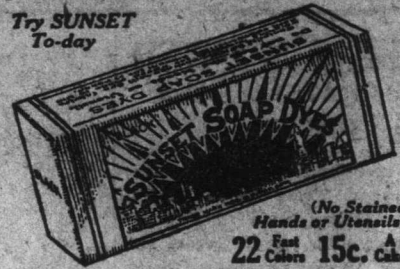


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The Broken Circle!

CHAPTER XXXI.
"Another long ramble, Basil?" she said one morning, as he passed her in the hall. "I am afraid we shall have rain."
"It looks like it," returned Sir Basil; but he did not offer to regain at home.
"I will go with you to the park gates," she said, gently.
"She always looked beautiful in the one-fashioned broad-brimmed garden hat that threw a softened shade on her face. Her dress of pale amber trailing over the green grass became her admirably."
"They will be the handsomest couple in England," the duchess remarked, as she caught sight of them from the conservatory.
"You worship beauty, duchess," said the general, laughing at her enthusiasm.
"When I see it," she replied.
Leah and Sir Basil went through the grounds to the gates of the park. "Shall you be long, Basil?" she asked, wistfully.
He noticed that she did not ask where he was going.
"No, I am going to Southwood, Leah," he replied. "The fact is, I have made the acquaintance of a famous old politician there, and his arguments interest me."
"The words conveyed no meaning to her. That the old politician should be her father, Martin Ray, never occurred to her. Never were two persons so near a truth without revealing it; never did the points of two lives meet so closely, and then diverge. If she had merely said, 'What politician?' or 'Who is he?' he would have answered, 'Martin Ray,' and who can tell how different many lives would have been? She was engrossed in her lover and in everything concerning him; but she was not curious, and was not given to questioning him. She knew that he was greatly interested in the political struggles of the day; she knew also that he hoped in time to become a statesman; and that

an old politician should instruct and amuse him seemed to her quite natural. It was a strange decree of fate that the man whom she loved with all her heart should have met and have grown interested in the father she had renounced.
"Basil," she said, "I shall take to politics. When you are a great statesman, chieftain of the executive, or prime minister, you will want a political wife. I shall give grand dinner-parties, and cajole everybody into telling me his secrets."
"You will have to be very clever to do that, Leah," he rejoined, laughing.
"I shall manage it. You will see that I shall learn all the plans of the various parties for you. I am sure that I shall make an excellent wife for a statesman." They had reached the park gates, and she continued: "If I had anything but a garden-hat on, I would accompany you, Basil. The house is dull to me when you are out of it. Make haste home again, dear."
How she loved him! How grateful he ought to have been for such love! How happy he ought to have been! Yet he sighed as he climbed the hill, and caught sight of the restless sea; and his face when Martin Ray saw him, was not the face of a happy man.

CHAPTER XXXII.
Two more weeks passed, and by that time Martin Ray had grown warmly attached to the man whom he would call "young Glen." Martin himself was ill—his health was fast failing; and he clung to this younger man, so full of health, strength, and vitality—only a chance acquaintance, but one of the few ties that bound him to the outer world. Men had forgotten him; he said bitterly that they had not even waited until he was dead. Now that his health and strength had left him, now that his grand sonorous voice could no longer declaim his magnificent denunciations, now that the inner fire had burned up, and in the sunken eyes the light of enthusiasm shone no more, he was forgotten by the thousands whom he had led; not one cared what had become of him, and but for the faithful love and service of his daughter, he must have died. In these days much of his pride had left him, and there were times when his eyes ached for one

glimpse of Leah. Then, sitting moodily watching the sea, he would ask himself if he had really cursed her, and if Heaven had heard his evil wish.

One day Sir Basil, coming earlier than usual in the morning, found him sitting by the ivy-covered wall, his face buried in his hands. When he raised it to greet him, the baronet saw plainly the traces of tears.
"As usual, Martin was cynical, even about himself."
"I am a very rueful-looking patriot this morning," he said. "I have been ill all night, and I am alone."
Sir Basil glanced round.
"Where is Miss Ray?" he asked.
"My daughter is always bustling about something or other; she has not much time to give to me. It was different once."

Sir Basil felt indignant. He knew that, no matter where Hettie might be, she was working for him and for no one else.
"I think," he said, quietly, "that Miss Ray gives you all her time. I have never seen a daughter so devoted."
"She is very good," he allowed; and then he added, abruptly, "I had another daughter once."
It seemed as though some irresponsible power forced him to talk of Leah. It was the first time he had spoken of her since the day she had left him, and, like pent-up waters suddenly let loose, his thoughts and feelings at once found vent. He rose from his seat and stretched his arms out toward the great heaving ocean.
"I have never pretended to be what people call tender-hearted, but my love for that girl was deeper than the sea," he cried—"deeper and wider than yonder sea!"

Sir Basil thought to himself that he looked like one of the grand heroes of old, with his tall figure and massive head, his arms outstretched in appealing despair.
"I made two idols," he continued.
"The first was my wife—she died; the other was my daughter."
"Did she die also?" said Sir Basil, pityingly.
"No, she is worse than dead—a thousand times worse than dead. If I could weep over some green grave containing her I should be happier."
"Not dead?" said Sir Basil, wondering.
"No; she deserted me; she cast me off, much as you would throw away your old gloves. I swore that I would never mention her name; but, if I do not speak, my heart will break. I have thought of her all night against my will—against my will."
"It is only natural that you should think of her," rejoined the baronet.
"No; you do not know what she did. I had these two daughters, Hettie and another. Hettie is a loving, gentle girl; the other was a genius, a bright, beautiful, gifted girl, who would have been a prophetic among the people. My heart was wrapped up in her. People say that a father should make no difference in the love that he bears his children. How can he help it? To me one was as a magnificent imperial eagle, the other like a gentle white dove. I loved the eagle best. I wanted to make her a heroine, to teach her to go among the people, to teach as I taught. She was so beautiful, so full of fire and spirit, a grand soul shining in her eyes! I told her what I wanted. I asked her for her life's service. What is the service of a life when one loves a cause? On the very day that I unfolded my plans to her a stranger came among us—a man related to my wife. He was rich—bah, how I hate to speak of him—and he wanted to adopt my children; I refused his offer; he appealed to them. Ah! Heaven, when I think of the scene! She, the daughter whom I loved best, left me, and went up to him, this stranger, and clung to him. 'Take me away,' she cried. 'I have been praying to Heaven to send me a deliverer from this furnace of fire!' She went away with him, and I cursed her."

As he finished Martin Ray's arms fell nervously by his side, and his gray head drooped upon his breast.
"And the other—Hettie—what did she do?"

"Ah! good, faithful Hettie! She came to me. I see the picture now. Glen. She put her arms round my neck. 'I will love you, and serve you, and be true to you until I die,' she said. And so we four stood looking at each other. Then the other two went away. Hettie and I have been alone ever since; we have never uttered her sister's name since the day she left us, and we never shall."
(To be continued.)

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