THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

I was rather dubious on the latter point,

life and freedom and sunshine.

Mr. Hamilton heard it, for he moved away,

"Where are you all?" she asked in a

Betty, come and kiss me !: Oh, I am so glad

"Good gracious ! is that you, Miss Garston? I never dreamt of seeing you here

to-night; and you were hiding behind that

great piano. Giles, do, for pity's sake,

light those candles, and let me see some of

But Mr. Hamilton seemed to take no notice

"What brought you back so soon, Etta ?"

he asked; and it struck me he was not so

thought you intended to remain another

these months of absence. I thought it would

sides, I was not enjoying myself,-rot a bit.

Mrs. Cameron grows deafer every day, and it was very triste and miserable." "How did you know I was at home,

" Miss Darrell hesitated a moment: "A

little bird informed me of the fact. You did

not wish me to remain in ignorance of your

return, did you ?' It sounds rather like it,

does it not, Giles ?: Well, if you must be in-

quisitive. Leah was writing to me about my

dresses for the cleaner, and she mentioned

casually that ' master had gone to the station

"I see ; but you need not have hurried

" Dear me ! what a cousinly speech ! That

to meet Miss Gladys.'"

home on my account."

"Oh, but I wanted to see Gladys, after

pleased to see his cousin as usual.

by unkind to remain away any longer.

Etta ?" asked Gladys, in her clear voice.

"Good evening, Miss Darrell."

hand on mine.

to be home again !"

your faces."

week.'

of her request.

UNCLE MAX.

CHAPTER XXXIV.-Continued.

"No one will connect me with Jack "No one will connect me with Jack Poynter. I did not think there would be any risk," I replied, soothingly. "I put 'for Gladys's sake' in the Daily Telegraph Yon see, we must try to attract his notice." Giles never takes in the Daily Telegraph.

We have the Times and the Standard, and the Morning Post for Etta. Which did you put : the Standard ?"

Dur the Standard ; I repeated the advertisement: "Jack Poynter's friends believe him dead, and are in great trouble : he is entreated to undeceive them. One word to the old address will be a comfort to his pcor sister."

"That will do," she answered, in a relieved tone. "Etta cannot read between the lines there. Oh, Uraula, do you think that Eric will see them ?"

1 assured her that there was no doubt on the subject. All the better class of workmen had access to some club or society, where they saw the leading papers. I thought the Daily Telegraph the most likely to meet his builty Telegraph the most likely to meet his eyes, and should continue to insert an adver-tisement from time to time. "We must he patient and wait a little," I continued. "Even if our appeals do not reach him, there is every probability that Joe Muggins or one of the other workmen will come across him. We want to find out where Jack Poynter Hves. I mean to write to Joe in a few days, and offer him a handsome sum if he can tell me his address.'

"That will be the best plan; but, oh, Ursula, how am I to be patient? To think of my dear boy becoming a common work-man ! he is poor, then ; he wants money. I feel as though I cannot rest, as though I must go to London and look for him myself " Gladys looked so excited and feverish that. I almost repented my confidence. 1 did all I could to southe her.

"Surely, dear, it is not so difficult to wait a little, knowing him to be alive and well, as it was to bear that long suspense."

"Oh, but I never believed him to be dead," she answered, quickly. "I was very anxious, very unhappy, about him, often miserable, but in my dreams he was always full of life. wrong; Eric is in the world somewhere; I ton leaving on the gate: he looked as though When I woke up I said to myself, 'They are shall see him again.'"

"Just so; and now with my own eyes have seen him, evidently in perfect health and in good spirits."

"Ah, but that troubles me a little," she returned, and her beautiful mouth began to quiver like an unhappy child's. "How can Eric, my Eric who loved me so, he so light. hearted, knowing that all these years I have been mourning for him? I remember how he used," she went on, plaintively, " to whistle over his work, and how Giles used to listen to him. Sometimes they kept up a dust together, but Eric's note was the sweetest '

We must be careful not to misjudge him even in this," was my answer : " how do you know, Gladys, that he has not assured him. self that you are all well, and, as far as he knows, happy? Or perhaps his heart was very heavy in spite of his whistling. A young man does not show his feelings like a

girl." "No doubt you are right," she replied, sighing, and then she turned her head away, and I could see the old tremulous movement of her hands. "Ursula," she said, in a very low voice, "have you told Mr. Cunliffe about this ?"

"Uncle Max !" I exclaimed, concealing my astonishment at hearing her mention his name of her own accord. "No; indeed, he is away from home : we have not met for the last three weeks. Would you wish me to tell him, Gladys ?"

She pondered over my question, and I could see the curves of her throat trembling. Her voice was not so clear when she answered

76. 3 haps it will be hardly safe to tell him : he might ineist on Giles knowing, and then everything would be lost." "What do you mean?" I asked, hastily.

her, just as though she were asking a favor. I read the Bible to her now morning and in search of us. evening, and Kitty sings her sweet hymns to ue. It is more like home now, with Phoebe to smile a welcome whenever she sees me. I do not miss father and mother half so much

now." "If you only knew how happy it makes me to hear you say all this, Miss Locke !"

"Nay, but I am thinking we owe much of our comfort to you," she answered, simply. You worked upon her feelings first, and then Providence sent that sharp message to her. And we have to be grateful to the doctor, too. What do you think, Miss (faraton ? He is our landlord now, and he won't take a farthing of rent from us. He says we are doing him a kindness by living in the house, and that he only wished his other tenants took as much care of his property; but of course I know what that means." And here Susan's thin hands shook a little. "The doctor is just a man whose right hand does not know what his left hand does ; he is just heaping us with benefits, and making us ashamed with his kindness."

"You are a great favorite of his," 1 answered, smiling, as I took my leave; but Susan answered, solemnly,--

"It won't be forgotten in his account, Miss Garaton. The measure running over will eurely be returned to him, and not only to him, ' And here she looked at me meaningly, and pressed my hand. Poor Susan 1 she had grown very fond of her nurse.

As I walked up to Gladwyn that afternoon I felt a pleasant sense of excitement, a sort of holiday feeling, that was novel to me. Miss Darrell was away, and Gladys and Lady Betty would be at their case. We might look and talk as we liked, no one would find fault with us.

I was pleased, too, at the thought of seeing Mr. Hamilton again. I was in the mood to be gay : perhaps the summer sunshine infected me, for who could be dull on such a day ? There was not a cloud in the sky, the birds were singing, the rooks were cawing among the elms, the very sparrows had a jaunty look and cheeped busily in the ivy. As I approached Gladwyn, I saw Mr. Hamilhe had been standing there some time. "Were you watching for me?" I asked,

rather thoughtless, as he threw the gate open with a smile and shook hands with me. I had asked the question quite innocently and casually ; but the next moment I felt hot and ashamed. Why had 1 supposed such a thing ? Why should Mr. Hamilton be watching for me?

He did not seem to notice my confusion he looked very glad to see me. I think he was in a gay mood, too.

"Yes, I was looking for you. You are a little late, do you know that? I was just meditating whether I should walk down the road to meet you. Come and take a turn with me on this shady little lawn. Gladys and Lady Betty are arranging the tea-table, and are not quite ready for us." He led the way to the little lawn in front

of the house. Gladwyn was surrounded with charming lawns: the avenue of young oaks was at the back. We could catch glimpses of Lady Betty's white gown as she flitted backward and forward. The front window of Mr. Hamilton's study was before us.

"Well," he said, looking at me brightly, we are glad to welcome Nurse Ursula back : the three weeks have seemed very long, somehow.

"Have you any more cases ready for me? I returned, trying to appear at my usual (ave with him. It seemed ridiculous, but I was certainly rather shy with Mr. Hamilton this afternoon. He looked different, somehow.

"If I have, you will not know them today. I am not going to talk business to you this afternoon. Tell me about your visit: "lie might have helped us. He is kind have you enjoyed yourself? But I need not ask : your looks answer for you."

down, Susan, my woman, and talk to me a overcome this sudden shyness, and I was bit,' or she will beg me to do something for much relieved when we turned the corner of they told me to stop. the house and encountered Lady Betty coming

for how could 1 know, I asked him, laughing, "Of course we saw you on the little lawn," that they might not keep me singing until midnight?

she said, eagerly, "but we were too busy arranging the table. Tea is ready now. Where are you going, Giles ? Oh, don't pick manity," he returned with such solemnity, as he opened the piano. Gladys crept into her old seat by me, but Mr. Hamilton placed any more roses : we have plenty for Ursula." "But if I with Miss Garston to wear some of my picking, what then, Elizabeth ?" he asked, in a laughing tone, and Lady Betty himself in an easy chair at some little distance. As the room grew dusk, and the moonlight threw strange silvery gleams here tossed her head in reply and led me away the roses, and mollified the wilful little soul with his arms crossed under his head, and by asking Lady-bird—his pet name for her— to fasten them in my dress. Both the sisters and motionless. wore white gowns. I thought Gladys looked like a queen in hers, as she moved slowly under the oak-trees to meet us, the san shining on her fair hair. As 1 looked at her lovely face and figure, I thought it was no wonder that she was poor Max's Lady of

Delight. Who could help admiring her ? She met me quite naturally, although her brother was beside us.

"Have we kept you waiting too long? thought you would not mind putting up with Giles's society for a little while. Oh, Thornton was so supid ; I suppose he did not ap-

prove of the trouble, for he would forget everything we asked him to bring." "This is quite a feast, Gladys," observed Mr. Hamilton, gayly. And indeed it was a pretty picture when we were all seated : a pleasant breeze stirred the leaves over our head, the rooks cawed and circled round us, Nap laid himself at his master's feet, and a little gray kitten came gingerly over the grass, followed by some tame pigeons.

There was a basket of roses on the table, and great piles of strawberries and cherries. Gladys poured out the tes in purple cups bordered with gold. Mr. Hamilton held out the old shyness back. a beautiful china plate for my inspection. This belonged to Gladys's mother," he said : "we are only allowed to use it on high days and holidays. Etta was unfortunate enough and Gladys gave a half stifled exclamation to break a saucer once : we have never seen the tea-set since."

I saw Gladys color, but she said nothing : consin. only naughty Lady Betty whispered in my "She did it on purpose. I saw her ear, throw it down because she was angry with o'clock ! that is Gladys romantic idea, I sup-pose. What a dear fanciful child it is ! Lady Gladys." But, happily, Mr. Hamilton was deaf to this.

I hardly know what we talked about, but we were all very happy. Gladys, as usual, was rather quiet, but I noticed that she spoke freely to her brother, without any constraint of manner, and that he seemed pleased and interested in all she said : and Lady Betty chatted as merrily as rossible.

When tea was over we all strolled about the garden, down the long asphalt walk that skirted the meadow, where a little brown cow was feeding, down to the gardener's cot-tage and the kitchen-garden. and to the poultry-yard, where Lady Batty reigned supreme. Then we sat down on the terrace by the conservatory, and Mr. Hamilton threw himself down on the grass and played

with Nap, as he talked to us. could see Leah sewing at her mistress's window, but the sight did not disturb me in the least. Yes, I must be fey, I thought. I could find no reason for the sudden feeling of contentment and well-being that possessed me; in all my life I had never felt happier than I did that evening; and yet I was more silent than usual. Mr. Hamilton talked more to his sisters than to me, but his manner was strangely genule when he addressed me. I was conscious all that evening that he was watching me, and that my reserve did not displease him. Once, when he had been called away on business, and Lady Betty had tripped after him, Gladys said, with a

half-sigh,-"How young and well Giles looks to-day He seems so much happier. I wish we could always be like this. I am sure if it were not for Etta we should understand each other

better." I assented to this, and Gladys went on "I wonder if you have ever heard Mrs. Carrick's name, Ursula ?"

her. It rests me now, if I am ever so tired, me for my work," I thought, with some the premises, and, turping to me, he asked in the proch to watch a certain tall figure things, it was my own fault, mine solely. I to go into her room. It is always, 'Sit vexation; but no effort on my part would down, Susan, my woman, and talk to me a overcome this sudden shyness, and I was pleasure, and if I would sing to them until for the stars tell no tales. "I am glad of that. Mr. Hamilton".

CHAPTER XXXVI. BREAKERS AHEAD.

It was well that the sturs, those brighteyed spectators of a sleeping world, tell nu "You ought to have more faith in our hutales of us poor humans, or they might have whispered the fact that the ressonable sobe: minded Ursula Garston was holding foolish vigil that night until the gray dawn drove her away to seek a brief rest.

But how could I sleep?-how could any woman sleep when such a revelation had but a moment afterwards he followed us with and there, I could see him leaning back been vouchsafed her ?--when a certain look, and those two words, "Come, Ursula," still wondered if he were asleep, he was so still haunted me, --- that strange brief wooing, that nd motionless. How I thanked God in my heart for that able things, that silbut acceptance, that sim-How I thanked God in my near for the state able things, that shient acceptance, that shift of song, a more precious gift to me than ple yielding, when I put my hand in his, or precision beauty would have been ! As usual I Giles's, and saw the crick look of joy in his Giles's, and saw the crick look of joy in his goes? Hamilton; I seemed to think with the joy ousness of a bird that is only consolous of last; for the first time I realized how all the more than be the dilement of a loss of the set of the set of the set of the set of the set.

these weeks had been drawing me closer to himself, how his strong will had subjugated I would sing no melancholy songs that himself, how his strong will had an bjugated night, -no love sick adjeux, no effusions of mine. My dislike of him had been brief; he lachrymose sentimentality, only sweet old Scotch and English ballads, favorites of Charlie's; then grander melodies, "Let the bright sersphim," and "Waft her, angels, through the air." As I finished the last I best and the last I was conscious that Mr. Hamilton was stand-ing beside me; the next moment he laid his should never be afraid of him again. "Perfect love casteth out fear ;" is not that what "That will do. You must not tire yourthe apostle tells us? It was true, I thought, self; even the nightingales must leave off for now I did not seem to be afraid either of singing sometimes; thank you so much. No ! Mr. Hamilton's strange stern nature, of the that sounds cold and conventional. I will not sadness of his past life, or of the mysteries thank you. You were very happy singing, were you not?" and misunderstandings of that troubled household. It seemed to me I feared I could not see his face, but he was so nothing, -not even my own want of beauty, close, -- so close to me in the moonlight, and that had once been a trial to me; for if there was something in his voice that brought Giles loved me how could such minor evila fect me ? I was trying to answer, when we heard the

Yes, as I sat there under the solemn starfront door open and some one speaking to Parker. Was that Miss Darrell's voice? light, with the issmine sprays cooling my hot cheek and the soft night breeze fanning me, I owned, and was not schamed to own, in my woman's heart, and with all the truth of as he opened the door and confronted his which I was capable, that this was the man whom my soul delighted to honor; not faultless, not free from blame, full of flaws and laughing voice. "You look like bats of ghosts imperfections, but still a grand man, inin the moonlight. No lights, and past ten tensely human in his sympathies, one who loved his tellows, and who did his life's work in true knightly fashion, running full tilt against prejudices and the shams of conventionality.

Often during the night I thought of my mother, and how she had told me, laughing, that my father had never really asked her to marry him.

"I don't know how we were engaged Ursula." she once said, when we were talking about Charlie and Lesbia in the twilight; "we were at a ball,-Lady Fitzherbert's,and of course being a clergyman he did not dance, but he took me into the conservatory and gave me a flower : I think it was a rose. There were people all round us, and neither he nor I could tell how it was done, but when he put me into the carriage I knew we were somehow promised to each other, and when he came the next day he called me Amy, and kissed me in the most quiet matter-of-fact way. I often laugh and tell him that he took it all for granted."

"Giles will come to-morrow," I said to myself as the first pale gleam came over the eastern sky, "and then I shall know all about it." And I fell asleep happily, and dreamt of Charlie, and I thought he was pelting me with roses in the old vicarage ful with my patients, and the hard work did garden.

"" And the evening and the morning were the first day," were my waking words when I opened my eyes; for in the inward as well as the outward creation, in hearts as well as worlds, all things become new under the grace of such miracle. I was not the same woman that I had been yesterday, neither should I ever be the same again. I seemed is the return one gets for being a little more affectionate than usual. Giles,"-with as though I were in accord with all the harmonies of nature. "And surely God saw that it was good." ought to be written upon

rather an icy tone.

"No, you could not have told me : I ought to have found it out for a yself. Do you maind if I go away now? I do not feel quite myself, and I would rather talk of this again auother time. Perhaps your will tell me all about it then." And ne actually t lok up his hat and shook hands with me ageta. Some. now his touch made me shiver wh an I re. membered the long hand o'a p of the pr. vious night,-only ten or eleven hours ager; and yet shie strange change had been worker in

him. I let him go, though it nearly broks my heart to see him look so careworn and minerable. My woman's pride was up in arms, though for very pity and love I could have called him back and begged him to tell me in plain Emglish and without reservotion what he meant by his vague words. Oace I rose and went to the door, the latch was in my hand, but I sat down again and watched him quietly until' he was out of sight. I would wait, I said to myself ; I would rather wait until he came to his senses; and then I laughed a listle angrily, though the tears were in my eyes. It was vexatious, it was bitterly disappointing, it was laying on my thoulders a fresh burden of responsibility and armiety. The happiness, that a quarter of an Lour ago seemed within my reach had vanished and left me worried and perplexed. And yes in spite of the rain Mr. Hamilton had inflixed, I did not for one moment lose hope or com-Age;

Something had gone wrong, that was mident. The perfect understanding that had been between us last night secmed ruthlessly disturbed and perhaps broken. Could the be Miss Durrell's work? Had she made mischief between us ? I wondered what part of my conduct or actions she had misrepresented. to her cousin. It was this uncertainty that: tormented me : how could I refute mere in. tangible shadows ?

Strange to say, I never doubted his love for a moment. If such a doubt had entered my mind 1 should have been miserable indeed ;. but no such thought fretted me. I was caly hurt that he could have brought himself to believe anything against me, that he should have listened to her false sophistry and not have asked for my explanation ; but, as I remembered that love was prone to jealousy and not above suspicion, I soon forgave him in my heart.

Ah, well, we must both suffer, I thought; for he certainly looked very unhappy, fagged, and weary, as though he had not slept. If he had told me what was wrong I would have found some comfort for him; but under such

circumstances any woman must be dumo. He had made me understand that he did not intend to ask me to marry him, at least just yet; that for some reason best known to himself he wished for no further explanation with me. Well, I could wait until he was ready to speak: he need not fear that I should embarrass him. "Men are strange oreatures," I thought, as I rose, feeling tired in every limb, to put on my bonnet; but, cast down and perplexed as I was, I would not own for a minute that I was really miser. able. My faith in Mr. Hamilton was too strong for that; one day things would be right between us; cne day he would see the truth and know it, and there would be no cloud before his eyes. L'went rather sadly about my duties that day, but I was determined that no one else should affer for my unhappiness, so I exerted myself to be cheer-

me goed. was tired when I reached home, and f I spent rather a dreary evening :: it was impor-sible to settle to my book. I could not help remembering how I had called this a new day. As 1 prayed for Mr. Hamilton that night, I could not help sbedding a few tears; he was so strong, all the power was in his hands; he might have saved me from this trouble. Then I remembered that we were both unhappy together, and this thought almed 88.mr GY 11.5

AUGUST 10, 1887

"Surely Mr. Hamilton ought to know that his brother is alive."

"Yes, but not now, -not until I have seen him. Ursula, you are very good ; you are my greatest comfort ; but indeed you must be grided in this by me. You do not know Giles as I do. He is beginning to influence you in spire of yourself. If Giles knows, Etta will know, and then we are lost."

Her tone troubled me : it was the old kevnot of suppressed hopeless pain : it somehow recalled to me the image of some belpless innocint b'rd struggling in a fowler's net. Her cyes looked at me with almost agonized entresty. "If Etta knows, we should be lost," she

repeated, drearily. "She shall not know, then," I returned,

pretending cheerfulness, though I was inwardly dismayed. "You and I will watch and wait, Gladys. Do not be so cast down, dear. Remember, it is never so dark as just before the dawn."

'No," she roplied, with a faint smile, " you are right there; but it is growing dark in earnest, Ursula, and I must go home, or Leah will be coming in search of me.'

"Very well; I will walk with you," I rcplied; and in five minutes more we had left the cottage.

We walked almost in silence, for who could tell if eaves droppers might not lurk in the dark hedge-rows? I know this feeling was strong in both our minds.

At the gate of Gladwyn we kissed each other and parted.

"I am happier, Ureula," she whispered. "You must not think 1 am ungrateful for the news you have given me, only it has made me restless.

"Hush! there is some one coming down the shrubbery," I returned, dropping her hand, and going quickly into the road. As I did so, I heard Leah's smooth voice address Could such a thing be possible ? I began to Gladys :

"You were so late, ma'am, that I thought I had better step dows to the cottage, for fear you might be waising for me."

"It is all right, Leah, was Gladys's an-swer. "Miss Garston walked back with me. Thank you for your thoughtfulness." And then I heard their footsteps dying away in the distance.

CHAPTER XXXV.

NIGHTINGALES AND ROSES.

I was very busy the next morning. I went round to the Marshall's cottage to see Peggy, and then I paid Phoebe a long visit, and afterwards I went to Robert Stokes,

They seemed all glad to welcome me back, especially Phoebe, who lay and looked at me as though she never wished to lose sight of me again.

When I had left her room I sat a little while with Susan. She still looked delicate, but at my first pltying word she stopped me. "Please, don't say that, Miss Garston. If

you knew how I thank God for that illness ! it has opened poor Phoebe's heart to me as she looked, but still thin, oh, far too thin, — nothing else could have opened it."

"She does indeed seem a different creature," I returned, full of thankfulness to hear me, as though he wanted to find out the

"I have most certainly enjoyed myself. Aunt Philippa was so kind: indeed, they were all good to me. Did you hear of Jill's accident, Mr. Hamilton? No. I must tell you about it, and of Mr. Tudoi's presence of mind." And I narrated the whole circum-

stance. "It was a marvellous escape," he returned, thoughtfully. "Poor child i she might have fored badly. Well, Miss Garston, the green

velvet gown was very becoming." I looked up quickly, but there was no mockery in Mr. Hamilton's smile. He was

regarding me kindly, though his tone was a little teasing. "I saw you in the church," I returned.

quietly. "Yes, I suppose there is a kind of magnet-

ism in a fixed glance. I was losking at you trying to identify Nurse Ursula with the elegantly-dressed woman before me, and somehow failing, when your eyes encountered

mine. Their serious disappio al most certainly recalled Nurse Ursula with a vergeauce.'

He was laughing at me now, but I deter mined to satisfy my curiosity.

"I was so surprised to see you there," I replied, seriously: "you were so strong in your denunciations of gay weddings that your presence as a spectator at once quite startled me. Why were you there, Mr.

Hamilton ? "Do you want to know really ?" still in a

teasing tone. "Of course one always likes an answer to

a question." • You shall have it, Miss Garston. I came to see that velvet gown."

"Nonsense !"

"May I ask why?" "Well, it is nonsense; as though you came for such an absurd purpose !" But, though I answered Mr. Hamilton in this brasque fashion. I was aware that my heart was beat ing rather more quickly than usual. Did he really mean that he had come to see me wish I had never put that question.

"I either came to see the gown or the wearer: upon my honor I hardly know which. Perhaps you can tell me." But if he expected an answer to that he did not get it : I was only meditating how I could break off this têle-à têle without too much awkwardness. No, I did not recognize Mr. Hamilton a bit this afternoon : he had never talked to me after this fashion before. I was not sure that I liked it.

"After all, I am not certain that I do not like you best in that gray one, especially after I have picked you some roses to wear with it : something sober and quiet seems to suit Nurse Ursula better."

"Mr. Hamilton, if you please, I do not want to talk any more about my gown."

"What shall we talk about, then ? Shall And then he looked at my face and checked himself. His teasing mood, or whatever it was, changed. Perhaps he saw my embarrassment, for his manner became all at once very gentle. He said we must go in search of the roses; and then he began to talk to me about Gladys, -how much brighter and was I not glad to have her back again i and all the time he talked he was looking at

reason of something that perplexed him.

What a strange question ! I flushed a gray nun in the moonlight." ttle as I told her that her old friend Vire. "It is so late that I must put on my little as I fold her that her old friend Mrs. Maberley had put me in possess on of all the bonnet," I replied, quickly; for I was bent family secrets. "Quite against my will, I on making my escape before the candles assure you," I added; for I always had a were lighted. Never had I dreaded Miss lurking conscioneness that I had no right to Darrell's cold scrutiny as I did that night. know Mr. Hamilton's affairs.

"Well, it does not matter. I dare say Giles will tell you all about it himself some day. You and he seem great friends, Ursula; and indeed-indeed I am glad to know it. Poor Giles! Why should you not be kind to him ?'

What in the world could Gladys mean ?

"I was only a child," she went on ; " but Gladys; it will all come right by and by. of course 1 remem: er E la. She was very Ouly be strong and patient, my darling." beautiful and fascinating, and she bewitched us all. She had such lovely eyes, and such a sweet laugh ; and she was so full of fun, and so high-spinited and charming al-ogether. Giles was very different in those days; but he reminds me of his old self this evening."

I made no answer. I seemed to have no words ready, and I was glad when Gladys rather abruptly changed the subject. Leah was crossing the field towards the cottage with a basket of eggs on her arm. As we

looked after her, Gladys said, quickly,-"Your talk last night seems like a dream. This morning I asked myself, could it be true-really true-that you saw Eric? 1 have hardly slept, Ursula. Indeed, I do not mean to be impatient; but how am I to bear this restlessness ?"

"It is certainly very hard."

"Ob, so hard ! But for Eric's sake I must be patient. I saw the advertisement this and it seemed as though there was nothing morning in the Standard, Lady Betty read it aloud to us at breakfast time; but Giles took no notice. I wished that we dired to tell Mr. Cunliffe about it; he might employ a detective; but I am to afraid of Etta. "I think we may safely wait a little," I returned. "I have faith in Joe Euggins; a five pound note may do our work without fear of publicity."

"If you hear any news, if you can find out where he lives, remember that I must be the first to see him; Giles shall be told, but not until I have spoken to Eric."

"Do you think you will be able to per suade him to come home ?"

"I shall not try to persuade him," she turned, proudly. "I know Eric too well returned, proudly. "I know Eric tco well for that. Nothing will induce him to cross the threshold of Gladwyn until his innocence is established, unless Giles has apologized for the slur he has thrown upon his character.'

"I am afraid Mr. Hamilton will never do that."

"Then there will be no possibility of restopped with an affected laugh. conciliation with Eric, Ursula. If Eric does not come home, if things remain as they are, I have made up my mind to leave Giles' roof. I cannot any longer be separated from Eric : if he be poor I will be poor too; it will not so late, Miss Garston ?" hurt me to work ; nothing will hurt me after the life I have been leading these three vears." And the old troubled look came back to Glady's face. Lady Betty join.d.us. and our telk ceased, and soon afterwards we went up into the turret room to prepare for dinner.

After dinner Lady Betty proposed that we his. "Different,—nay, that is not the word: the heart of a little child has come back to home again, that all this gayety has spoiled her with a smile that he had a nightingale on "He will think that I am not glad to be nightingales; but Mr. Hamilton informed i

decided im ligh those candles? You know how I hate darkall true and faithful earthly attachments. I was expecting Mr. Hemilton, and yet it gave ness ; and there is Miss Garston standing like

"Don's let the hope go out of your voice.

when I am alone," she answered, with a

rlight shiver; and then we heard Lady

Baity's voice calling her, and she left me re-

luctually. I thought she would come back, so I did

not hurry myse f; but presently I got tired

of waiting, and walked to the head of the

staircase. As I looked down on the lighted hall I saw

Mr. Hamilton standing with folded arms, as

me a sort of shock when I saw him coming up the read : he was walking very fast, with his heat boat, but his face was in the direction of the cottage.

66]

Be-

I sat down by the window, and took out some work, but my hands trembled so that I Gladys followed me rather we arily. "Well, it has been very pleasant, but our was compelled to key it aside. It was not that I was afraid of what he might suy to me, for my heart had its welcome ready, but holiday has been brief," she said, with a sigh ; and then she laid her cheek against natural womanly timidity caused the slight mine, and it felt very soit and cold. With a fluttering of my pulses. sudden rush of tenderness I drew it down

The moments seemed long before I heard the click of the gate, bolors the firm regular footsteps crunched the gravel walk; then came his knock at my door, and I lose to greet him. But the moment I saw his face a "I am strong when I am nead you, but not sudden anxiety seized me. What had happened? What made him look so pale and ·mbarrassed, so strangely unlike himself? This was not the greeting 1 expected. This was not how we ought to meet on this morn ing of all mornings.

As he shook hands with mequickly and rather nervously, he seemed to avoid my eyes. He walked to the window, picked a spray of jasmine, and began pulling it to pieces, all the time he talked. As for me, I sat down again and took up my work : he should not see that I felt his coldness, that he had disappointed me.

"I have come very early, I am afraid," he began, "but I thought I ought to let you know. Mrs. Hantury's little girl, the lame one, Jessie, has got badly burnt, -- tome curelessness or other; but they are an ignorant set, and the child will need your care."

"I will go at once. Where do they live ?" But somehow as Easked the question I felt as though my voice had lost all tone and sounded like Miss Darrell's.

face. "Do you know, Miss Garston, Lady Betty tells me that the nightingales are singing so at the Man and Plough, is ill tco, and they He told me, and then gave me the neces. But I was always meeting him in the village, and his cheery graeting was a cordial to me. He told me, and then gave me the neces. But I was always meeting him in the village, and his cheery graeting was a cordial to me. He told me, and Plough, is ill tco, and they He always walked back with me, talking in He told me, and then gave me the necescharmingly; she and I are just going down sent up for me this morning; it seems a the road to listen to them, if you can put up with our company for part of the way.", though: but the men from the soap works Giles-I called him Giles in my heart that are having their bean-feast, and all the folks ing over the gate and chatting with me. By night, for comething told me we belonged to are too busy to pay Janet much attention."

looked round at mothen, as though my quiet ments. matter of fact answer had suprised him, and In all No one heard the nightingales, but only Lady Betty commented on that fact. Miss for a moment he surveyed me gravely and Darrell was talking too volubly to hear her. wistfully; then he seemed to rouse himsolf with an effort.

She clung to my side pertinaciously, almost affectionately; she wanted to hear all about the wedding; she plied me with questions about Sars and Jill, and Mr. Tudor. All the "Yes, those are the only cases at present. Thank you, I shall be much obliged if you will attend to them. Little Jessie is a very way up the hill she talked until we passed delicate child: things may go hardly, with her." Then he stopped, picked another spray the church and the vicarage, until we were at the gate of the White Cottage, and then she of jasmine, and pulled off the little starry flowers remorselessly. "Dear me, I have actually walked the

whole way ; how tired I am !-and no wonder, for there is eleven chiming from the I feel I owe you some sort of explanation. wish to tell you that I have only myself to blame. I have thought it all over, and I have come to the couclusion that it is no fault secret exasperation. Mr. Hamilton had not spoken ones the your nature to be kind. You did not wish of yours that I misunderstood you. It is

"I um not aware that I ever mislead peogood night his clasp of my hand gave me the ple," I returned, rather proudly, for I could not help feeling a little indignant: Mr. "Never mind; he will come to-morrow Hemilton was certainly not treating me well.

us both, and I wondered which of us would see the sunshine first.

I do not wish to speak much of my f. plings at this time : the old adsge, that "the course of true love never runs smooth," was true, alas, in my case; but I was too proud to complain,, and I tried not to fret overmuch. Most women have known troubled days, when the current seems against them and the waves run high; their strength fails and they seem to sink in deep waters. Many a poor roul has suffered shipwreck in the very sight o: the haven where it would fain be, for man and woman too are "born to trouble as the

sparks fly upward." Sometimes my rain was very great; but I would not succumb to it. Liworked harder

than ever to combat my restleseness. My worst time was in the evening, when I came home weary and dispirited. We seemed so near, and yet so strangely apart, and it was hard at such times to keep to my old faith in Mr. Humilton and acquit him of unkindness. "Why does he not tell me what he means?

Do I deserve this silence ?? I would say to myself. Then I remembered his promise that he would speak to me again about these things, and I resolved to be brave and patient.

I was longing to see Gladys, but she did not come for more than ten days. And, alas ! I could not go up to Gladwyn to seek her. This was the first bitter fruit of our estrangement,--tlat it separated me from GAUNT

Ludy Betty had gone away the very next day to pay a two months' visit to an old school-fellow in Cornwall: so Gladys would be utterly alone. Uncle Max was still in Norfolk, detained by most vexations lawyer's business : so that I had not even the solace of his companionship. If it had not been for Mr. Tudor, I should have been quite desolate.

But I was always meeting him in the village, his eager, boyish way. And I had sometimes quite a trouble to get rid of him. He would stand for a quarter of an hour at a time leana sort of tacit consent, he never offered to "I will see about her," I returned. "Are come in, neither did I invite him. We were those the only cases, Mr. Hamilton ?!' He both too much afiaid of Miss Darrell's com-

> In all those ten days I only saw Mr. Hamilton ouce, for cm. Sunday his seat in church had been vacant.

> I was dressing little Jessie's burns one morning, and talking to her cheerfully all the time, for she was a nervous little crea ture, when I heard his footstep outside, And the next instant he was standing beside us.

His cunt "Good-morning; how is the patient, nurse ?" braced my faltering nerves "Miss Garston, I want to say something : in a moment, and enabled in a moment, and enabled in a moment. He had his grave without embarrassment. He had his grave in a moment are and looked hard and improfessional air, and looked hard and impenetrable. I had reason afterwards to think that this sternness of manner was assumed for my benefit, for once, when 1 was preparing come lint for him, I looked up inadvertently and saw that he was watching me with an expression that was at once sad and

(To be continued.)

wistful.

and tell me all about it," I said to myself as "No, of course not," looking excessively Nature would make a good editor. Nothing I walked up the narrow garden path between pained. "I know you too well to accuse you in the universe gets crowded out for want of

the rows of sleeping flowers. If I lingered of that. If I misunderstood you, if I imagined space,

church tower. For shame, to keep us all up "I will not detain you," I returned. with whole way, only walked silently beside me; to mislead me."

but as he set open the gate and wished me assurance that I needed. should go down the road a little to hear the and tell me all about it," I said to myself as

though he had been waiting there some time; at the sound of my footstep he looked up quickly and eagerly, and our eyes met, and then I knew, I know ! "Come, Ursula," he said, with a sort of impatience, holding out his hand ; and some-

and kissed it sgain and again.

how, without delay or hesitation, just as though his strong will was drawing me, I went down slowly and put my hand in his, more to be said.

I saw his face light up; he was about to speak, when Miss Darrell swept up to us noiselessly with a hard metallic smile on her

each other-said nothing, but his face clouded, and we went out together.