

THE_

Bounds.

E1 1 1 4 CHAPTER XXI.

it, I will say I consider our arrangement quite perfection. If you had seen my brother before you came which is impossible, but you know what I mean, you would understand how different he is now. And in pastry, too, the change is astonishing. Time after time Rebecca used to send ap crust that really might have been tossed over the roof with less injury why? Ah, ha! Rebecca knows bet- her mind. ter than to let her fire out when I'm near! And Gilbert's spirits are so ney exclaimed, with more impulse improved, too. Why, I heard him than discretion. laughing yesterday. What was it at,

per I was reading."

perly?" "I tried."

I spelled them out, but that didn't But I labored to amuse him. I used to get hits from the comic papers, and say, 'Here's something so droll for you to hear, Gilbert,' and I would tell him the funniest jokes, and vet he hardly ever laughed. But I

in coin less mutable than gold, must spend youth and energy in brightening this home that the waves of her self-will had cast her into, and for lack of nearer interests must beat the bounds of this narrow dominion till perhaps, she grew into an old maid like Miss Jean Hurst. Well, she and then waked up to find herself bartered for metal that rang false, her lot was one she would have chosen open-eyed, for it was by no means despicable, from its lowliest function



In this last direction her powers waxed stronger week by week. As waned, day only seemed to ound of Sydney's voice. Her preence transformed his life. Did he fact of a most animated intelligence If by aught else, the time to formulate other influence had not come. It was yet hidden, unsuspected, butgrowing.

September took Sydney for her first exeat from Wynstone. The dispens ing of her money accomplished, Jacob Cheene urged that they might meet. The asked-for hours were given instantly, though Miss Hurst was disappointed that the object and destination of her journey were not explain-

Quite early, when the sun was showing a copper-colored disk behind an autumn haze, Sydney set out to the railway-station. Footsteps had already brushed the dew-spangled Love That Knew No cobwebs from the path by the poplars. The white gate stood open Outside was Mr. Hurst. He heard the first fall of her foot, and, his face lighting up with that full expressiveness that made his deprivation seem incredible, asked, might he make his morning walk beside her.

"Gladly," she answered, "if"-instinctively choosing words that would marvelously as he did others about

"Thank you," he said, "but my memory is only canine. I was our to itself than the tiles. Now, you can making to Capel Moor till I learned testify, Miss Grey, our dinners are every nook about the place. I was to not disgraced by such cookery. And have been her heir, but she changed

"Oh! What made her do so?" Syd-

"Common sense. In those days I had a notion I could carve out what "Only a line from Horace in the pa- fortune I liked. Our worthy cousin her brother. The little messenger's "And you could pronounce it pro- her little property to the one she thought would want it most."

chid herself for this ungracious meta-

sioner. When I was young I was arrogant, I fancy. I've fallen on lines

approach to complaint Mr. Hurst ev-

the valley through which the coming them if it is dusk when you return." "Thank you: but it will not be dusk. I shall be home at six."

"Good news. We shall be wanting you. Good-bye till then."

grateful to her. At The Dale her adieus were differently phrased. She could have shaken hands for short farewell, but one of Miss Hurt's superficial rules restrained her. "I tell my brother it makes him look vise him only to bow. I spare his mow," So, with "Good-bye," Sydney onds to watch with what perfect ease meward way. Wynstone regained, Mr. Hurst heard footsteps pattering ear by the door.

"Who is it?" he asked, stooping or the steps were of a pygmy, and a venile treble responded,

"Please, sir, me."

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"Oh, if you please, sir, it's som foxe gloves mother have sent the

"What lady? Miss Hurst?" "No, sir; the young lady, if you please, as come by yesterday and give mother sixpence 'cause she've sprain-

"And you don't know her name?" "No, sir. But, if you please, she's the pretty lady."

He took the flowers carefully in doors, and summoned Rebecca to put them in Miss Grey's room.

Miss Hurst met the flowers en route, and learned their story from took me at my own estimate, and left adjectives, however, escaped repeat-

"It would be Ruth Jones, I expect Natural, this, yet Sydney couldn't Miss Grey likes the road past their "I envy you." What a muddle I us- help feeling that, as events had dis cottage, and she's a person that, I've ed to make of those foreign bits. First, posed themselves, it was something no doubt, poor people would take to." charge of a disabled eagle! Then she Hurst entertained no doubt whatever. "Perhaps it does not signify, Mr. lilac print, her carroty rocks skewered away under a white muslin helmet ushered Sydney through what had been Miss Ambler's shop, but was now promoted to the dignity of a priwith American cloth, to the lodger's apartment, which, rehabilitated by drugget and curtains, polished windows and fresh paint, looked quite ar elegant apartment, full five shilling

filled the air. Jacob, in his Sunda suit, was waiting for her. The odor FAIRY LAMPS in Flint or Colored of excellent coffee, prepared by Mis Ambler's hands for Mr. Cheene's vis itor, blended with the scent of a gor

cob," Sydney said, anxiously, when Nancy having stumped off with the breakfast, she fetched her father's office stool, and seated herself at the old clerk's feet; "you are thinner and paler. You are tired with all our

talking." "Tired with pleasure, then, Miss Sydney, and that never kills." "It had not need kill you-our one

friend-my father's and mine." "No fear. If it could, it would have

done it these last few weeks."

"Were the people glad, then?" "'Glad' isn't word enough, Miss Sydney. They were nearly dazed with delight, some of them."

Then he told her how the few score let him turn back, standing some sec- had thought their savings lost. How and certainty his tall form took the hard cash proved their glad surprise

have done if money had come to him before he died?-for he wasn't the man to injure a soul willingly." And he showed her letters of blundering orthography, but unmistakable, and described his poor, hard-pressed landcame out of his, Jacob's, pocket, and how, when convinced her fortune had come back in a golden lump, she had

and poured out such blessings on her anonymous benefactor, mixed with such self-obloquy at having overstepped the bounds of justice in the matter of her lodger's "leavings," as, confessed Jacob, smoothing his shaggy eyebrows, "made a simpleton of me, Miss Sydney, though I hadn't felt so happy for fifteen years." And he told, too, of poor John Lew-

insisted on embracing Mr. Cheene,

is; how his old cottage would be free at Michaelman, and he was to get back to it; and how, with Nurse's money and his own, poverty would never hang about their door again. Sydney's eyes overflowed at that.

"If only dear old Taffy could have had her share! You put what I told you for her, Jacob?"

"Yes," he answered, "it's there. Her grave won't be forgotten now. But I felt I hardly ought to let you do it, Miss Sydney. You've left yourself poorest of all."

"Poor!" She looked up, a light in her beautiful eyes which prosperity could never have kindled. "Jacob, I never felt so rich! But I am still in debt. There is interest on interest Shall I ever be able to pay it?"

"And I wonder," said Mr. Cheene, "if ever you will get anything for yourself. Money burns holes in your pocket, Miss Sydney."

"It's little gets the chance!

if I were as ruch as Croesus, there are people I couldn't pay. You, for

"That's nothing, Miss Sydney, seeing what I owed your father." 'Ah! you say that to ease me.'

"No, I say it to take what you might feel a burden off your shoul-

"Oh. Jacob, dear, don't tell me this (To be Continued.)

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