"Then I was not cleared when you spoke to me at Hyde Park Gate!" he returned, with a relieved sir. "So it did not matter my giving you the slip. You frightened me horribly, Miss Garston, I can tell you that. I saw those advertisements, too, to Jack Poynter, and I was very near leaving the country: but I am glad I hald on, as Phil advised," drawing a long breath as he spoke. CHAPTER XLVII.

"AT LAST, URSULA, AT LAST!" We were interrupted at this moment by the landlady's voice calling to Eric from the

bottom of the stairs. "Jack, -I say, Jack, what has become

the steak I promised to cook for you? I'll be bound Jenny has eaten it."

"A lady, a friend of my sister's, has just brought me some news. I expect she is as tired and hungry as I am. Do you think," coaxingly, that you could get tea for us in the parlor, Mrs. Hunter? and perhaps you will join us there;" for class instinct had awoke in Eric at the sight of a lady's face, and I suppose, in spite of my Quakerish gray gown, I was still young enough to make him pesitate about entertaining me in his bachelor's room.

There was a short parley after this. Then Mrs. Hunter came up panting, and, still wiping her hands from imaginary scapsuds, carried off the steak and the three-cornered "It will be ready in about twenty minutes, Jack," she observed, with a good natured nod.

Eric employed the interval of waiting by questioning me eagerly about his sisters. Then he tried to find out, in a gentlemanly way, how I contrived to be so mixed up with his family. This led to a brief resume of my own history and work, and by the time Mrs. Hunter called us I felt as though I had known Eric for years.

Mrs. Hunter beamed on us as we entered. There was really quite a tempting little meal spread on the round table, though the butter was not fresh nor the forks silver, but the tea was hot and strong, and the bread was new. And Eric produced from his stores some lump sugar and a pot of strawberry jam, and I did full justice to the homely fare.

When Mrs. Hunter went into the kitchen to replenish the teapor I took the opportunity of consulting Eric about a lodging for the night. It was too late to return to Heath-Besides, I had made up my mind that Eric should accompany me. Aunt Philippa and Jill were in Switzerland, and the house at Hyde Park Gate would be empty. I could not well go to an hotel without any luggage. Eric seemed rather perplexed, and said we must take Mrs. Hunter into our confidence. which we did, and the good woman soon relieved our minds.

She said at once that she knew an excellent person who let lodgings round the corner,-a Miss Moseley. Miss Gunter, who had been a music-mistress until she married the young chemist, had lived with her for six years; and Miss Crabbe, who was in the millinery department at Howell's, the big shop in Kimber street, was still there. Miss Gunter's room was vacant, and she was suce Miss Moseley would take me in for the night and make me comfortable.

I begged Mrs. Hunter to open negotiations with this obliging person, and she pulled down her sleeves at once, and tied her double chin in a very big black bonnet. While she was gone on this charitable errand. Eric and I sat by the parlor window in the gathering dusk, and I told him about Gladya's engage-

he fell into a revery, and I could see there were tears in his eyes.

Mrs. Hunter returned presently with the my sheets at the kitchen fire, and, after a Miss Moseley, after promising to be with me

Bo n after nine the next morning.

I found Miss Moseley a cheerful talkative person, with very few teeth and a great deal o' good nature. She gave me Miss Gunter's history as she made the bed. I could see that her marriage with the young chemist was a great source of glorification to all connected with her. She was still holding forth on the newly-furnished drawing-room, with its blue sefa and inlaid chiffonier, as she lighted a pair of candles in the brass candle sticks, and brought me a can of hot water. I am afraid I was rather thankful when she closed the door and left me alone, for I was tired, and longed to think over the wonderful events of the day. I slept very sweetly in the old-fashioned brown bed that was sacred to the memory of Miss Gunter, and woke happily to the fact that another blue day was shining, and that in a few hours Eric and I would be at Heathfield. I ate my frugal bleakfast in a small back parlor overlooking the blank wall of a brewery, and before I had finished there was a quick tap at the door, and Eric entered. A boyish blush crossed his handsome face as I looked at him in some surprise. He had laid aside his workman's dress, and wore the ordinary garb of a gentleman. Perhaps his coat was a little shabby and the hat he held in his hand had lost its gloss, but no one would have noticed such trifles with that bright speaking face and air of refinement; and, though he looked down at his uncovered hands and muttered something about stopping to buy a pair of gloves, I hastened to assure him that it was so early that it did not matter. "I should hardly have recognized you, Mr. Eric," I ventured to observe, for I saw he was a little sensitive about his appearance; and then he told me in his frank way that the clothes he wore were the same in which he left Gladwyn nearly four years ago.
"They have been lying by all this time,

he wont on, "and they are sadly creased, I am afraid. I have grown a little broader, "and they are sadly creased, I and they don't seem to fit me, somehow, but I did not want Gladys to see me in anything

We had decided to take the ten o'clock train to Heathfield, so I did not keep him long waiting for me. On our way to the station we met a house-painter: he looked rather dubiously at Eric.

"All right, Phil," he laughed, "I am going home; but I shall turn up again all right: this lady has brought me good news." And he wrung Phil's hand with a heartiness

that spoke volumes.

He was very excited and talkative at first, but as soon as we left Victoria behind us he became quieter, and soon afterwards perfectly silent: and I did not disturb him. He grew

be very awkward for both of us. Miss Gar-

awkwardness. "You will be welcomed as we only welcome our dearest and best," I assured him, "Your brother's heart has been sore for you all these years; you need not fear one word of reproach from him." But he only sighed, and asked me not to walk so quickly; his courage was failing; I could see the look of nervous fear on his face.

We had arranged that he should accompany me to Gladwyn. Glady never left her room before twelve, and I thought that I could shut him safely in the cining-room while I prepared her for his arrival. I knew Mr. Hamilton was never at home at this hour, but I had not reckoned on the discrganized state of the house, or the difference my brief absence would make in the usual routine.

I blamed myself for rashness and want of consideration when, on opening the gate, I saw Gladys crossing one of the little lawns around the house, with Max and Mr. Hamilton. At my faint exclamation Eric let go the gate rather too suddenly, and it swung back on its hinges so noisily that they all looked round, and the roor boy stood as though rooted to the spot. But the next moment there was the gleam of a white gown, and Gladys came running over the grass towards us with outstretched hands, and in another second the brother and sister were locked in each other's arms.

"Oh, my darling," we heard her say, as she put up her face and kissed him, and then her fair head seemed to droop lower and lower until it touched Eric's shoulder. I

glanced anxiously at Mr. Hamilton.
"Take her into the house, Eric," he said, in his ordinary voice; but how white his face looked! "It has been too sudden, and she fainted." And, without a word, Eric lifted her in his strong arms and carried her of his own accord to the little blue couch in the drawing-room, and then stood aside while his brother administered the usual remedy. Not a look had passed between them yet: they were both too much absorbed in Gladys. She soon opened her eyes, and pushed away

the vinsigrette I was holding to her. "It is nothing, Ursula. I am well, quite well. Where is my dear boy? Do not keep him from me." And then Eric knelt down beside her, and put his arm round her with a

"I ought not to have startled you so, Gladys. I have made you look so pale. But she laughed again, and pushed back his hair from his forehead, and feasted her eyes on his face as though they could never be satisfied.

"Eric, darling, it seems like a dream; and it was Ursula, dear good Ursula, who has given you back to us. We must thank her presently; but not now. Oh, I must look at you first. He looks older, does he not, Giles?—older and more manly. And what broad shoulders, and such a moustache!"
but Eric silenced her with a kiss.

"That will do, Gladys dear," he whispered, apringing to his feet; and then, with downcast eyes and a flush on his face, he held out his hand to his brother. It was taken and held silently, and then Mr. Hamilton's disengaged hand was laid on his

shoulder caressingly.
"Welcome home, my dear boy," he said;
but his voice was not quite so clear as usual. "I am very sorry, Giles," he faltered; but Mr. Hamilton would not let him speak.

"There is nothing to be sorry for, now, he said, eignificantly. "Have you shaken hands with Mr. Cunliffe, Eric? Gladys, can you spare your boy for a few moments while I carry him off?" And, as Gladys smiled assent, Mr. Hamilton signed to Eric to follow

Max sat down beside Gladys when they had left the room, and Gladys made a space for me on the couch.

"You must tell us how it happened," she said, fixing her lovely eyes on me. "Dear Ursula, we owe this fresh happiness to you: Ho steemed much excited by the news. "I us?" But I would not allow her to talk in always excited when I speak of Ella: she letch his fashion, and I left Max to soothe her very nearly destroyed my faith in women." this fashion, and I left Max to soothe her very nearly destroyed my faith in women." when she cried a little, and then I told them "I cannot bear to think how you suffered," Claude was in a better position, and I asking leave to come and always excited when I speak of Ella: she letch his dear little Lady Betty, It was an one of the come and in the come and it is the c for her even then. Well, he is a first-rate both how I had found Eric in the stable-yard fellow, and I am awfully glad." And then with Nap, and how I had tracked him sucwith Nap, and how I had tracked him suc-cessfully to his lodgings.

"She is a brave, dear child, is she not, Gladys?" observed Max. Then, with a miswelcome news that Miss Moseley was airing chievous look in his brown eyes, "You are proud of your presumptive niece, are you not, dear?" And then, in spite of Gladys' little more talk, Eric walked with me to not, dear?" And then, in apite of Gladye's Prescott street and gave me in charge to confusion, for she was still a little shy with him, I burst'out laughing, and she was obliged to join me, for it had never entered into our heads that Gladys would be my aunt. The laugh brought back her color and did her good; but she would not look at Max for a long time after that, though he was on his best behavior and said all sorts of nice things to us both.

It was a long time before Mr. Hamilton brought Eric back to us. They both looked very happy, but Eric's eyes had a strangely softened look in them. The gong sounded for luncheon just then, and Mr. Hamilton asked me. in rather a surprised tone, why I had not taken off my hat and jacket, so I ran off to my room in a great hurry. As he opened the door for me, he said, in rather an odd tone, "Do you know you have not wished me good-morning, Miss Garston?' muttered some sort of an answer, but he merely smiled, and told me not to keep them waiting. Gladys came in to luncheon, and the morning there will be household duties. took her usual place; but neither she nor Eric made much pretence of eating, though Mr. Hamilton scolded them both for their want of appetite. Nobody talked much, and there was no connected conversation : I think we were all too much engrossed in watching Gladys. Max was in the background for once, but he did not seem to think of himself at all: the sight of Gladys's sweet face. radiant with joy, was sufficient pleasure for him; but now and then she turned to him in touching manner, as though to show she had not forgotten him, and then he was never alow to respond.

begged me to take Gladys to the turret-room and persuade her to lie down.

"I am going to send Capliffe away until dinner-time," he said, with a sort of goodnatured peremptoriness: "under the circumstances he is decidedly de trop. Yes, my dear, yes," as Gladys looked pleadingly at time, and did he not think that Gladys and him, "Eric shall come and talk to you. I am not so unreaconable as that." And I He seemed unwilling to let me go. but I think we all understood the feeling that pleaded my nurse's duties, and then he told made Gladys put her arms round her brother's neck, though we none of us heard her whisper a word. Max consented very cheerfully to efface himself for the remainder of the afternoon, and Gladys accompanied me up stairs. I waited until Eric joined us, and then I left them together.

"Oh, Gladys, he was so good, and I did my face seemed to distract her. She watched not deserve it!" he burst out before I had closely for a moment, then threw her closed the door. "I never knew Giles could be like that." But I took care not to hear shoulder. any more. I hardly knew what to do with myself that afternoon, but I made up my sister! I am so glad!" And she seemed to mind at last that I would finish a letter I had understand without a word when my overbegun to Jili. The inkstand was in the excited feelings found vent in a flood of turret-room, but I thought I would fetch one nervous tears, for she only kissed me quietly, allent; and I did not disturb him. He grew turret-room, but I mought I would love and stroked my hair, until I was relieved and nervous as we approached Heathfield, and out of the drawing-room; but when I reached and stroked my hair, until I was relieved and when the train stopped he had not an atom the head of the staircase I drew back involuntable pagain.

"Dear Ursula," she whispered, "how can divide the control of the "I do not know what I shall say to Giles," bottom of the stairs, leaning against the wall I help being glad, for Giles's sake?" he said, as we walked up the hill. "It will with folded arms, as though he were waiting "And not for mine?" drying my for somebody or something. An unaccount- feeling very much ashamed of myself. ton. Of course I know that—" able timidity made me hesitate; in another "Ah, you will see how But I begged him not to anticipate the second I should have gone back into my was her reply to this.

eyes met. " he said holding out his hand, and there was a sort of impatience in his manner. "How long are you going to keep me waiting, Uraula?" And I went down demurely and silently, but I took no notice of his outstretched hands. I was trying to pass him in a quiet, ordistrip of blue sky, and buried in a happy nary fashion, as though there were no un-usual meaning in his deep-set eyes; but he up, and a brown beard brushed my face.

1. Was trying to pass thin in a quies, order word, when two hands suddenly lifted me disappointing we very up, and a brown beard brushed my face.

2. Once. You are disappointing me very

stopped me somewhat coolly by taking me in his arms.

4 At last, Ursula, at last!" was all he said,

and then he kissed me.

I remember I told Giles, when I had recovered myself a little, that he had taken

things too much for granted.

He had brought me into the drawing-room, and was sitting beside me on the little couch. To my dazzled eyes the room seemed full of sunshine and the sweet perfume of flowers: to this day the scent of heliotrope brings back the memory of that afternoon when Giles first told me that he loved me. He seemed rather perplexed at first by my stammering little speech, and then I suppose my meaning dawned on him, for his arm pressed me more closely.

"I think I understand: you mean, do you not, Ursula, that I have not asked you in plain English to be my wife? I thought we understood each other too well for any such me that fellow Tudor was nothing to you, I

felt you belonged to me."
"I do not see that," I returned, shyly, for Giles in his new character was rather formid able. He had taken such complete possession of me, and, as I had hinted, had taken everything for granted. "Because Mr. Tudor was simply a friend, it did not follow that i cared for any one else."

"Yes; but you do care for me a good deal. darling, do you not?" in a most persuasive voice. "But, for my own comfort, I want voice. you to tell me if you are quite content to accept such a crabbed old bachelor for your husband."

It was a little difficult to answer, but I made him understand that I looked upon him in a very different light, and I think I managed to content him."

"And you are really, happy, dear?"
"Yes, very happy;" but the teors were in my eyes as I answered. He seemed distressed to see them, and wanted me to tell him the reason; but I think he understood me thoroughly when I whispered how glad Charlie would have been. I asked him presently how long he had cared for me, but, to my surprise, he declared that he hardly knew himself: he had been interested in me from the first hour of our meeting, but it was when he heard me sing in Phobe Locke's room that the thought came to him that he must try and win me for his wife.

I think it was in answer to this that I said some foolish word about my want of beauty. I was a little sensitive on the subject, but, to my dismay, Giles's face darkened, and he dropped my hand.

Never say that to me again, if you love me, Ursula," he said, in such a grieved voice that I could hardly bear to hear it. "Do you think I would have married you if you had been handsome? Do you know what you are talking about, child? Has no one

told you about Ella?"
"Oh, yes," I returned, terrified at his sternness, for he had never spoken to me in such a tons before. "Yes, indeed, and I know she was very beautiful."

"She was perfectly lovely,"—in the same hard voice. Oh, how he must have suffered, my poor Giles! "And the memory of that as peacemaker, and he was soon false loveliness has made me loathe the idea condone his sisters' transgression. of beauty ever since. No, I would never have let myself love you if you had been handsome, Ūrsula."

"Oh, you foolish child," very caressingly, "there are actually tears in your eyes! arrived that very mail, telling Giles of his You are not afraid of me, Ursula? I am promotion, and asking leave to come and

faltered, but he would not let me finish. "Never mind; you have been my healer you have always rested me so. Never call yourself plain again in my hearing. No other face could be half so dear to me."
And then, with his old smile, "Do you know, dear, when I saw you in that velvet gown at your cousin's wodding you looked so handsome that I went home in a bad humor, and then Etta told me about Tudor. Well have you safe now." But I will not transcribe all Giles's speech; it was so lover-like. it made me understand, once for all, what I was to him, and how little he cared for life

unless I shored it with him. By and by he went on to speak of our mutual work, and here again he more than contented me.

"I do not mean to rob the poor people of their nurse, Ursula," he said, presently. When you come to Gladwyn as its mistress. I hope we shall work together as we do

now." I told him I hoped so too; that I never wished to lay down my work.

"You are quite right, dear," he answered, cheerfully. "We will not be selfish in our True, your work must be in happiness. limits. When I come home I shall want to see my wife's face. No," rather jealously,
"I could not spare you of an evening, and in You must not undertake too much, Ursula

I told Giles, rather demurely, that there was plenty of time for the consideration of this point. He was inclined to bridge over the present in a man's usual fashion, but my new position was too overwhelming for me to look beyond the deep abiding consciousness that Giles loved me and looked to me for

happiness. So I turned a deaf ear when he asked mo presently if I should mind Lady Betty sharing our home; "for," he went on, "the poor child has no other home, and she is so feather-headed that no sensible man will When luncheon was over, Mr. Hamilton think of marrying her." It was not my egged me to take Gladys to the turret-room place to enlighten Giles about Claude, but I thought it very improbable that Lady Betty would be long at Gladwyn; but I was a little oppressed by this sort of talk, and yet unwilling that he should notice my shyness, so I took the opportunity of saying it was tea-

> me, laughing, that I was a wilful woman, and that I might send Eric to him. As it happened, Eric was coming in search of Giles, and I found him in the passage.

Gladys was lying on her couch, looking worn out with happiness. She was beginning to speak about Eric, when something in

"Is it so, Ursula? Uh, my dear. dear and stroked my hair, until I was relieved and

"And not for mine?" drying my eyes, and

"Ah, you will see how good Giles will be,"

I was sitting alone in the drawing-room before dinner. Giles had brought me some flowers, and had rushed off to dress himself; and I was looking out on the garden and the

he looked very glad.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

"WHAT O' THE WAY TO THE END?" Two days afterwards I went back to the White Cottage and took up my old life again, -my old life, but how different now! ahall never forget how Phobe welcomed me back, and how she and Susan rejoiced when I told them the news. Strange to say, neither of them seemed much surprised. They had expected it, Susan said, in rather an amused tone, for it was easy to see the doctor had thought there was no one like me, and was always hinting as much to them Why, I have seen him watch you as though there was nothing else worth looking at, finished Susan, with simple shrewdness.

I kept my own counsel with regard to Aunt Philipps and Jill, for I had made up word to be necessary. Ever since you told my mind to go up to Hyde Park Gate as soon that fallow Tudor was nothing to you, I as they had returned, and tell them myself. But I wrote to Lesbis, with strong injunctions of secrecy.

The answer came by return of post. It was a most loving, unselfish little letter

and touched me greatly.
"I shall be your bridesmaid, Uraule," it said, "whether you ask me or not. Nothing will keep me away that day. I shall love to be there for dear Charlie's take.

"The news has made me so happy. Mother scolded me when she found me crying over your letter, but she cried herself too. We both agreed that no one deserved happiness more. I am longing to see your Mr. Hamilton, Ussie dear. He has one great virtue in my eyes already, that he appreciates you:" and so on, in Lesbia's gentle, sisterly

The fact of our engagement made a great sensation in the place. People who had hitherto ignored the village nurse came to call on me. I suppose curiosity to see Mr. Hamilton's fiancée brought a good many of them.

My new position was not without its difficulties. Giles, who was impatient and domineefing by nature, chafed much against the restraints imposed upon him by my loneli-

His brief calls did not suffice him. would not let him come often or stay long. Max asked us to the vicarage sometimes, and now and then Gladys or Lady Betty would call for me and carry me off to Gladwyn for the evening; and of course I saw Giles frequently when he visited his patients, but with his dislike to conventionality it was rather difficult to keep him in good humor. He could not be made to see why I should not marry him at once and put an end to this awkward state of things.

We had our first lovers' quarrel on this point,—our first and our last,—for I never had to complain of my dear Giles again. I think hearing about Lady Betty's long

engagement with Claude Hamilton had made him very sore. He had been bitterly angry both with poor little Lady Betty and also with Gladys. He declared the secrecy had hurt him more than anything; but Eric acted as peacemaker, and he was soon induced to

He came down to talk over the matter with me, and to tell me of the arrangements he had made for them

It seemed that a letter from Claude had there seemed no reason against their marry

He had talked both to Max and Gladys and they were willing that Claude and Lady Betty should be married at the same time. The new year had been already fixed for Gladys's, and Max meant to get leave of absence for two or three months and take her to Algiers.; and as Claude would have to start for India early in March, Giles thought the double wedding would be best. They could get their trousseaux together, and the fuss would be get over more easily.

I expressed myself as charmed with all

these arrangements, for I thought it would be very dull for Lady Betty to be left behind at Gladwyn; and then I asked Giles what he had settled about Eric.

He told me that Eric was still undecided, but he rather thought of going to Circuceste

to enter the agricultural college there.
"You see, Ursula," he went on, "the lad
is a bit restless. He has given up his absurd idea of becoming an artist,-I never did believe in those daubs of his, -but he teels he can never settle down to city life. He is very much improved, far more manly and sensible than I ever hoped to see him; but he is of different calibre from myself."

"Do you think farming will suit him?" I

asked, anxiously. "Better than anything else, I should say," was the reply. "Eric is an active, capable fellow, and he was always fond of out-door pursuits. He is young enough to learn. I have promised to keep Dorlicote Farm in my own hands until he is ready to take it. It is only ten miles from here, and has a very good house attached to it, and Eric will find himself in clover." Then, as though some other thought were uppermost in his mind, he continued, "I am so glad that you and he are such friends. Ursula, for he will often

take up his quarters at Gladwyo." It was after this that Giles asked me to marry him at once. He was strangely unreasonable that morning, and very much bent on having his own way. My objections were overruled one by one; he absolutely refused to listen to my arguments when I tried to show him how much wiser it would be to have his sisters and Eric settled before he brought me home as mistress to Gladwyn,

It was the first time our wills had clashed and, though I knew that I was right and that he was wholly wrong, it was very painful for me to refuse his loving importunities and to turn a deaf ear when he told me how he was longing for his wife; but I held firmly to my two points, that I would settle nothing with out Aunt Philippa's advice, and that I would not marry him until Easter.

I told him so very gently, but Giles was not quite himself that day. Lady Betty's secrecy was still rankling in his mind, and he certainly used his power over me to make me very unhappy, for he accused me of coldness and over-prudence, and repreached me with my want of confidence in his judgment. My pride took fire at last, and rose in arms against his tyranny. You must listen to me, Giles," I re-

turned, trying to keep down a cheking feeling. "You are not quite just to me to-day, but you do not mean what you say. You face,
will be sorry afterwards for your words. If
I do not accede to your wishes, it is not beJill?" I asked, rather curlously; but she did cause I do not love you well enough to marry | not answer for a moment, only drew down "You will be a you to morrow if it were expedient to do so; my hand, and looked as the diamonds that ary to his memory."

room, but he looked up, and, as before, our happy woman, Ursula. You are exactly but under the circumstances it will be wiser, were flashing in the ruddy blaze, Giles's. suited to each other." And I knew she was to wait. I will marry you at Easter, if pledge that he had placed there; then she right.

Max's turn came presently.

Max's turn came presently.

Max's turn came presently. perform the ceremony. Will you not be content with this?"

"No," he returned, gloomily. "You are keeping me waiting for a mere scruple: neither Gladys nor Lady Betty would say a "Little she-bear, do you know how glad I much, Ursula. I could not have believed am!" Max joyously exclaimed. And indeed that my wishes were to little to you." But he was not able to finish this outting speech, for I could bear no more, and suddenly burst iuto such an agony of tears that Giles was quite frightened.

I found out then the goodness of his heart and his deep unselfish affection for me. He reproached himself bitterly for causing me such pain, and begged my pardon a dozen times for his ill temper, and so coaxed and petted me that I could not refuse to be comforted.

He laughed and kissed me when I implored him to take back his words about my cold-

"My darling !- as though I meant it !" he said; but he had the grace to look very much ashamed of himself. "Of course you much ashamed of himself. "Of course you startled now. Things were growing serious; were right,—you always are, Ursula: we but Jill gave me a little push in her childleh way. Miss Prudence shall have her own way in the matter; but I will not wait a day longer for all the Uncle Maxes in the world." And so we settled it.

I remember how I tried' to make up to Giles for his disappointment, and to show him how much I cared for him. We were dining at the vicarage that evening with Gladys and Eric, and as he walked home with me in the moonlight he took me to task very gently for being too good to him.
"You have been like a little angel this

evening, Ursula, and I have not deserved it. I believe I love you far more for not giving me my own way. It was pure selfishness: I

see it now.' "I hope it is the last time that your will will not be mine," I answered, rather sadly. "If you knew what it cost me to refuse you, Giles!" But one of his rare smiles answered

It was the end of September when I went up to Hyde Park Gate to tell my wonderful piece of news to Aunt Philippa and Jill. Jill was very naughty at first, and declared that she should forbid the banns; her dear Ursula should not marry that ugly man. But she changed her opinion after a long conversation with Giles, and then her enthusiasm knew no hounds. It was amusing to see the admiring awe with which Aunt Philippa looked at me. My engagement had raised her opinion of me a hundredfold. I was no longer the plain eccentric Ursula in her eyes: the future Mrs. Hamilton was a person of far greater consequence.

I could see that her surprise could scarcely be concealed. I used to notice her eyes fixed on me sometimes in a wondering way. She told Lesbia that she could hardly understand such brilliant prospects for dear Ursula. I had not Sara's good looks; and yet I was marrying a far richer man than Colonel

"I think Mr. Hamilton a very distinguished man, my dear," she continued, much to Leabia's amusement, "He is peculiarlooking, certainly, and a little too dark for my taste; but his manners are charming, and he is certainly very much in love with Ursula. She looks very nice, and is very much improved; but, still, one hardly expected such a match for her.'

Lesbia retailed this little speech with much gusto. Dear Aunt Philippa! she certainly did her duty by me then : nothing could exceed her kindness and metherliness. And Sara came very often, looking the prettiest and happiest young matron in the world, and almost overwhelmed me with advice and pet-

They had come to the conclusion that my position was a somewhat awkward one, and ever. It is ridiculous to think of her as a that it would not do for me to go on living at married woman," he went on; "but Claude the White Cottage. They wanted me to give declares himself to be perfectly satisfied. the White Cottage. They wanted me to give up my work at Heathfield until after my marriage; and at last Aunt Philippa conceived the brilliant idea of taking a house at

Brighton for the winter.
"You have never liked Hyde Park Gate, Ursula," she said, very kindly; "and we shall all be glad to escape London fogs this year: your uncle will not mind the expense, and I think the plan will suit admirably. Heathfield is only twenty minutes from Brighton, and Mr. Hamilton will be able to visit you far more comfortably, and you can sleep a night or two at Sara's when you want to go up to London to get your trousseau.
I thanked Aunt Philippa warmly for her

kind thought, and then I wrote to Giles, and asked his opinion. I found that he entirely

agreed with Aunt Philippa.
"I think it an excellent plan, dear," he wrote; "and you must thank your good aunt for her consideration for us both. I shall see you iar oftener at Brighton than at the White Cottage. Miss Prudence will be less active there : I shall be allowed to enjoy reasonable conversation without the speech -'Oh, do please go away now, Giles; you have been here nearly an hour'-that invariably closed our cottage interviews." I could see Giles was really pleased with Aunt Philippa's proposition, so I promised to go

back to Heathfield and settle my affairs, and join them directly the house in Brunswick Place was ready; and by the middle of October we were all settled comfortably for the winter.

I found Giles was right. I saw him oftener, and there was less restraint on our intercourse. He would come over to luncheon whenever he had a leisure day, and take me for a walk, or drop in to dinner and take the last train back. Gladys and Lady Betty came over perpetually. I used to help them with their shopping, and often go back with them for a few hours. Max was also a frequent visitor, and Mr. Tudor. Aunt Philippa kept open house, and made all my visitors welcome. I think she was a little sorry that Mr. Tudor came so perseveringly; but she was true to her principles to let things take their course and not to fan the flame by opposition. She was always kind to the young man, and, though she generally contrived to keep Jill beside her when he dropped in for afternoon tea or encountered them on the parade, she did it so quietly that no one noticed any significance in the action.

But I think Aunt Philippa's maternal fears would have been up in arms if she had overheard a conversation between Jill and myself one wintry afternoon.

Aunt Philippa had gone up to town to see Sara, who was a little ailing, and she and Uncle Brian were to return later. Gladys and Giles were to dine with us, and Max would probably join them. Aunt Philippa was very fond of these impromptu entertainments, but she had not extended the invitation to Mr. Tudor, who had called the previous day, and I had got it into my head that Jill was a little disappointed.

She sat rather soberly by the fire that afternoon; but when Miss Gillespie left us she took her usual seat on the rug, and her black looks bobbed into my lap as usual, but I thought the firelight played on a very serious

denly,—

"I was only thinking, Uraie dear: I often think about thing. Do you remember that evening at Hyde Park Gate when the lamp fell on me, and I might have been burnt

"Oh, yes, Jill," with a shudder, for I never cared to recall that scene.
"Well, I was thinking," still dreamily.

Then, with a change of manner that startled me, ... Urale, if a person saves another perme, "Ursie, if a person saves another person's life, don't you think that life ought to belong to them?—that is, if they wish it?" with a sudden blush that rather alarmed me. "Stop, my dear," I returned, coolly.
This is very vague. I do not think I quite understand. A person and another person, and them, too: it is terribly involved. Which is which? as the children say."

Jill gave a nervous laugh, but her eyes gave me no doubt of her meaning: they looked atrangely dark and soft. "Mr. Tudor saved my life," she whispered. Ursie, if he wants it, that life ought to be-

long to him."
"Jill, my dear," for I was thoroughly

way.
"Ursie, don't pretend to look so surprised: you knew all about it: I saw it in your face. Don't you remember what he said that night, that he did not know what would become of him if I died, that he could not bear it? Did you see how he looked when he said it?" I remained silent, for I could not deny that Mr. Tudor had betrayed himself at that moment; but she went on very quietly, "Ursie dear, I know Mr. Tudor cares for me; he

does not always hide it, though he tries to do

so. You see he is so real and honest that he

cannot help showing things."
"Jill," I exclaimed, auxiously, "what would your mother say if she knew this ?" "I think she does know it," replied Jill, calmly. "She does not care for Mr. Tudor to come so often, but she is good to him all the same. Neither father nor mother will be pleased about it, because he is not rich, poor fellow; not that I think that matters," finished Jill, in a grave, old-fashioned man-

"My dear child," in a herrified tone, you talk as though you were sure of your

own mind, and you are hardly seventeen."
"So I am sure," was the confused answer. "If Mr. Tudor cares enough for me to wait for a good many years, -until I am one and twenty, -- he will find me all ready : of course I belong to him, Ursula: has he not saved my life? There is no hurry," went on Jill, in her matter-of-fact way; "he is very nice, and I shall always like him better than any one else; but I should not care to be engaged until I am one-and-twenty. One wants a little fun and a good deal of work before setiling down into an engaged person," finished the girl, with a droll little laugh,

I was spared the necessity of any reply to this surprising confession by the entrance of our three visitors, for Max had encountered them at the station, of course by accident, and had walked up with them. That fact was sufficient to account for Gladys's soft bloom and the satisfied look in her eyes: she looked so lovely in the new furs Giles had bought her, that I did not wonder that Max was a little absent in his replies to me. Jill had made some excuse and left us, and it was really a very good idea of Giles's to ask me to come out on the balcony and look at the ses. He wrapped me in his plaid and placed me in a sheltcred corner, and we stood watch-ing the twinkling lights, and the dark water under the glimmer of starlight. He had a great deal to tell me, first how happy Eric was in his new work, and what cheerful let-ters he wrote to Gladys, and next about Captain Hamilton, with whom he professed himself much pleased.

Well, there is no accounting for tastes," with a change of intonation that was very intelli-

gible. And how is Phobe. Giles?"

"Oh, first-rate," he answered, chesrfully; "she likes her new couch much better than the bed. I tell ber if she goes on improving like this we shall have her in the pext room before Easter. By the by, Ursula, have you digested the contents of my last letter? Shall we go the Pyrenees to spend our honeymoon? It will be too early for Switzerland: we might go later on, or the Italian lakes."

"Anywhere with you, Giles," I whispered; and he gave me silent thanks for that pretty

speech. He did not say any more for a little time, and I stood by him watching the dark, wintry sea. Once my life had been dark and wintry too, but how mercifully I had been drawn out of the deep waters and brought to this haven of rest! As I crept nearer to Giles he seemed to utter my unspoken

thought. "I am very happy to night, Ursula, I have been thinking as I travelled down what it will be to me to have you always near me, to share my work and life. I am so glad you love Gladwyn so dearly."

"Love Gladwyn, -- your home, Giles: is there anything strange in that?" "No, dear, perhaps not; but I like to hear you say so. There will not be a wish of yours ungratified if I can help it. I mean to

spoil you dreadfully, Ursula."

I told him, smiling, that I was not airsid of this threat, and just then Max's voice interrupted us:

"Little she-bear, do you know this is dreadfully imprudent? Is this the way Hemilton means to take care of you?"
"Wait a moment, Ursula," whispered Giles. "Do you hear that ballad-singer in the square?" A voice clear and shrill seemed to float to us in the darkness: "Sweet and low, sweet and low, wind of the western sea,' she sang. The waves seemed to splash in harmonious accompaniment; the lights were flickering, the carriages rolling under the faint starlight. I saw Giles's face-as I

loved to see it-grave, thoughtful, and satis-"After all," he said, as though answering some inward questioning, "a man cannot know what his life will bring him. Do you remember what Robert Browning says:

"What o' the way to the end ?-The end crowns

The end crowns all to me, Ursula." And Giles's deep-set eyes gave me no doubt of his

THE END. SACRIFICING HIS LIFE.

Mr. W. C. Lysaght, M.R.C.S., Assistant Medical Officer of the British Royal Infirmary, England, has acrificed his life in an effort to save a patient. About a fortnight ago a man was admitted to the infirmary suffering from an affection of the throat, supposed to be diphaffection of the throat, supposed to be dipntheria. The operation of trachectomy was performed by Mr. Lysaght, but the tube becoming choked, the last chance of saving the man's life was for some one to apply his lips to the tube wand suck the moisture. This Mr. Lysaght did, but without avail, for shortly afterward the patient died of suppressed scarlatina. Mr. Lysaght caught the disease in its worst form and died. A window is to be erected in the infirmary to his memory.