

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."

CHAPTER XLVIII. "AT LAST, URSULA, AT LAST!" We were interrupted at this moment by the lady's voice calling to Eric from the bottom of the stairs.

"Jack, I say, Jack, what has become of the steak I promised to cook for you? I'll be bound Jenny has eaten it."

"A lady, a friend of mine, has just brought me some news. I expect she is as tired and hungry as I am. Do you think, Mr. Hunter, that you could get tea for us in the parlor, Mrs. Hunter, and perhaps you will join us there?"

There was a short parley after this. Then Mrs. Hunter came up panting, and still wiping her hands from imaginary soap-suds, carried off the steak and the three-cornered loaf.

Eric employed the interval of waiting by questioning me sagely about his sisters. When he tried to find out, in a gentlemanly way, how I contrived to be so mixed up with my family, this led to a brief résumé of my own history and work, and by the time Mrs. Hunter called as 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.

When Mrs. Hunter went into the kitchen to replenish the teapot, she took the opportunity of consulting Eric about a lodging for the night. It was too late to return to Heathfield. Besides, I had made up my mind that Eric should accompany me.

I begged Mrs. Hunter to open negotiations with this obliging person, and she pulled down her sleeves at once, and tied her double chain 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 Gladys's engagement to Uncle Max.

He seemed much excited by the news. "I always thought that would be a case," he exclaimed. "I could see Mr. Cunliffe cared for her even then. Well, he is a first-rate fellow, and I am awfully glad."

room, but he looked up, and, as before, our eyes met. "Oh," 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, Ursula?"

"I do not see that," I returned, shyly, for Giles in his new character was rather formidable. He had taken such complete possession of me, and as I had hinted, had taken everything for granted.

"I think I understand you mean, do you not, Ursula, that I have not asked you to play English to my wife?" I thought we understood each other too well for any such word to be necessary.

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

"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 old 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, Gladys?—older and more manly."

"That will do, Gladys dear," she whispered, springing to his feet; and then, with downcast eyes and a flush on his face, he held out his hand to his brother. It was 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, significantly. "Have you shaken hands with Mr. Cunliffe, Eric? Gladys can spare your boy for a few moments while I carry him off." And, as Gladys smiled assent, Mr. Hamilton signed to Eric to follow him.

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

happy woman, Ursula. "You are exactly suited to each other." And I knew she was right. Max's turn came presently. 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 strip of blue sky, when a hand in a happy revery, with its hands suddenly lifted me, and a brown beard brushed my face.

CHAPTER XLVIII. "WHAT OF 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!

"I shall never forget how Phoebe 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 at such to them."

"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."

"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 my dimmy, Giles's face darkened, and he dropped my hand."

"I do not mean to rob the poor people of their nurse, Ursula," he said, presently. "When you come to Gladys 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 happiness. True, your work must be in limiting. 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 I told Giles, rather demurely, that there was plenty of time for the consideration of this point."

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

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

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

but under the circumstances it will be wiser to wait. "I will marry you at Easter, if Uncle Max comes back by that time, for neither you nor I would like any one else to perform the ceremony. Will you not be content with this?"

"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."

"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 we walked home with me in the moonlight he took me to task very gently for being so good to him."

"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 me.

"I think Mr. Hamilton a very distinguished man, my dear," she continued, much to Ursula's amusement. "He is peculiar-looking, certainly, and a little too dark for my taste; but his manners are charming, and he is certainly in love with Ursula."

"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 my dimmy, Giles's face darkened, and he dropped my hand."

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

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

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

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

were flashing in the ruddy haze, Giles's pledge that he had placed there, then she laid her cheek against them, and said, suddenly: "I was only thinking, Ursula dear: I often think about things. Do you remember lamp-light at Hyde Park Gate when the death?"

"Oh, yes, Jill," with a shudder, for I never ceased to recall that scene. "Well, I was thinking," still dreamily. Then, with a change of manner that startled me, "Ursula, 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?"

"I remained silent, for I could not deny that Mr. Tudor had betrayed himself at that moment; but she went on very quietly. "Ursula 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."

"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 has pleased about it, because he is not rich, poor fellow; not that I think that matters," finished Jill, in a grave, old-fashioned manner.

"My dear child," in a horrified 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 my life! There is no hurry," went on Jill, in her matter-of-fact way.

"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 fur 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 Ursula's to ask me to come out on the balcony and look at the sea. He wrapped me in his plaid and placed me in a sheltered corner, and we stood watching 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 letters he wrote to Gladys, and next about Captain Hamilton, with whom he professed himself much pleased.

"I think Mr. Hamilton a very distinguished man, my dear," she continued, much to Ursula's amusement. "He is peculiar-looking, certainly, and a little too dark for my taste; but his manners are charming, and he is certainly in love with Ursula."

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

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

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

SACRIFICING HIS LIFE. Mr. W. C. Lynght, M.R.C.S., Assistant Medical Officer of the King's Royal Infirmary, England, has sacrificed 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 diphtheria. The operation of tracheotomy was performed by Mr. Lynght, and he was looking and asked the patient to save the man's life, and for some time to apply his lips to the tube and suck the moisture. This Mr. Lynght did, but without avail, for shortly afterwards the patient died of suppressed septicæmia. Mr. Lynght caught the disease in its worst form and died. A widow is to be erected in the infirmary to his memory.