THE LOVE STORY OF ALISON BARNARD

KATHARINE TYNAN (Author of " The Handsome Brandons," &c.)

uneasily.

CHAPTER VII-Continued.

"Tis Kitty," said Mrs. Donegan; but she spoke to the empty house. Quickly as the shadow had disappeared Alison had followed and ov- Miss Alison.'

the startled fawn in her air, her attitude, which was a part of the attraction her looks had for critics of a higher station of life than her own. Now that sweet delicate wildness had given place to something a little distraught. Her attitude as Alison overtook her was trattoo the hunted hare. Her light blue ejes were distended as though by fear. A strand of her pale hair had fallen loose and lifted and fell with the summer wind. You had only the summer wind. You had only to look at the throbbing red spot in

ing of the heart in her breast. Alison felt a little bit frightened. The girl looked as though she had been pushed so hard by suffering that ed way. she had nearly gone over the abyss.
"It is I, Kitty," she said, putting arm about her slender figure-"on-Miss Alison. You are not afraid

The girl turned her wide eyes and then tried to laugh, but the ugh was a deal worse to Alison's ught than if she had cried. "I'm frightened of my own shadow

hese days, Miss Alison," she said.
"Come and sit down with me in hat sunny corner where the thyme is bloom. Why you are positively old. Now tell me what is the latter? There,—I know some of it, nat you are breaking your heart ovan unworthy man. Isn't your other's love worth more than that you that you must break her heart leaving her to darkness and old

Her hand fluttered in Alison's en her lips were suddenly pale.

"The mother thinks," she whisper- thods." not bear to see him Nanny's, and to pointed. They were getting out plassification of Sheraton, faces. It was heavenly!" have the neighbors looking at me, that I'm going. It's not then. You won't be kind to me any more when I tell you what it is. It is that if he came after me I'd be afraid I'd follow him, if he was a hundred nation. I'm afraid he'd come after me, for Nanny won't content him very long. The poor, foolish fellow! They may say what they like but he never wanted any one but me. Only it'll be too late when he finds it out."

She looked at Alison, her lips faintly smiling. She made a movement as though to withdraw her hand from Alison's, but Alison.s clasp tightened

"And so you're going to put the width of the Atlantic between you and Nanny Coyle's husband? Is that it, Kitty?"

"That's it, Miss Alison. I keep away from them all, from Father Michael even, because I daren't tell him what I've told you. I wonder you don't look cold at me, and pull your hand away from me." 'Why should I do that, Kitty?" "Because I'm a bad girl, Miss Ali-

"The people who run a world away from possible temptation are not bad, Kitty. They are good." The bees hummed in and out the tated by Sir Gerard Molyneux.

gelus rang from the belfry of Father kinds. Tracy's little church.

tween you and this man, you will with at length. find that he is not so necessary to your life after all. You will come so much as glanced at the long win- though any moment she might elude sound heart."

"If you could say a word to her, Miss Alison? She's terrible patient could hardly refrain from a schoolwith me, so she is. I wouldn't feel boy shout. so bad to leave her if she was more "It was do for me and give me she does be self. country out there at all where I rise; the day's too bright.

"She is too old for transplanting." hope lit up Kitty's pale face. think the joy of it 'ud maybe carry her through. care where she was as long as she ordered

Alison said no more. She was loath to discourage that little flower who had captivated his imagination telegram. of hope and expectation in the girl's vesterday. Miss Barnard of Castle

sad heart. Who will see to her, Kitty?" she

"Her own first cousin, Mrs. Mur-phy, down at the Cross-Roads, has phy, down at the Cross-Roads, has promised me that. She's a managing woman with no children. She and my mother might as well be together; but my mother says she likes her lone the best."

Was that what Mrs. Lang had sung last night with such simple passion? In the more than two hours before they could return, before the carriage could return. Becleetric Oil not only allays pains when applied externally, but will prevent lung troubles resulting from three o'clock for half-past one lunch-back?"

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Wiss Barnard of Castle Barnard was a wan of slenderness. Her young could return. Problem in the could return. The could return.

Kitty made no answer, only stirred

Kitty."

She found Sir Gerard and the priest as she had left them except that the table was strewn with paeach pale cheek to know the flutterpers. Poor Law Returns, Reports

of Commissions, Ordnance maps, over which they were poring in an absorb-"Have you persuaded Kitty?" Sir Gerard asked, with a smile of wel-

come to Alison. "I have persuaded her mother let her go. "She is not strong enough for Am-

erica," said the priest. "I think she will die if she here," Alison answered. "And her mother will die if

"We must keep her alive against

"I am sure she will come back— covered in chintz with a pattern of realed," said Alison; and then was quiet in her seat by the window so ground. The window-curtains were feeling that she had somehow offendthat she should not disturb them. of the same material which also cov- ed him. "I was with papa and

Kitty turned and looked at her tion as though she were not present. chairs. en, and for the second time since had come on this errand Alison that the information is not to be

has less scruple than I about his me- on easels, statuary, exquisite old ning up and down the boughs quite

cards. They'd amuse you "Please let them know that are not to be used." "Well, well! Well, well!"

the priest, with good-humored resignation. "I knew what you'd say. times married to Nanny Coyle. And It's magnificent, but it isn't war. I shouldn't be surprised if Lindsav beat you after all. The people will lose heart over this." "I had rather be beaten than win

with those weapons." Father Tracy sighed and smiled. Alison, saying nothing, remembered a speech of the priest's to her about

Sir Gerard Molvneux. "Men love a woman for various "They love reasons." he had said. a man for being straight. He is the straightest man I have ever known, and the most unselfish.' And Alison's heart had leapt up at the praise.

CHAPTER VIII. Summer Lightning.

Mr. Paul Posanguet had misunderstood his chief's telegram, or rather the transmitter, a pretty, elderly spinster with a nervous hand and eye, had.

'Come to Castle Barnard for lunch at one," was the telegram as dic-

scented thyme.

The box borders of the little garden smelt sharply sweet in the hot reached Paul Bosanquet where he sat The privet-hedge against which in the library at Kylinoe surrounded they were sitting was in sweet flow- by letter-baskets and waste-paper Over a mile of fields the An- baskets and correspondence of all

It was half-past ten and he had "Perhaps you are right to go after just finished Sir Gerard's pressing hidden eyes, he told himself, were the hidden eyes, he told himself, were the most charming of her possessions." "Perhaps when you put the world be- it over to a subordinate to be dealt

back to your mother then with a dows which stood open revealing the darkness of velvety lawns beyond the ibly, comically, of a call he had "You won't tell her, Miss Alison?" spreading boughs of chestnut and sy-camore, the deer, seen through a gap in the trees, feeding in the park. The "If he'd only go away out of it famous woods massed themselves up-I might be able to come back. No on the horizon. A summer wind distance 'll ever cure me of being straying into the library lighter than fond of Tim. And if he wanted me, a butter-fly touched the secretary's and want me he will, I couldn't trust closely-cropped rippled head. Some was treating him as though he were where at the back of his mind he had myself to see him doing without where at the back of his mind he had what he wanted badly." been conscious all the time that the "Shall I try to reconcile your mo-er?" day was heavenly and the wind her invitation.

> "It was lucky I started early with 'Tis planning what she'll a thought of fishing," he said to him-

could be taking her to once I got Castle Barnard of all places! I sup- tremendous hurry. pose they must be going to have lunch in the Glen of Silver Birches "I don't know." A faint gleam of about which Molyneux was talking have chapter and verse for it." "I yesterday, or why this early summons?"

I don't think she'd He put a rose in his coat before he his horse. His mood was nev to precede it. I adore pic-nics. rose-like festal. He was going to see that pretty bronze headed child Barnard was a goddess.

> "Oh, dove of tenderness, Swan of slenderness."

whatever of Irish he could lav his hands upon,—her young cousin was a cluster of nuts, a little nut-brown

The young fellow had left Oxford steeped in the aesthetic traditions pear?" of the place, Morris and Rossetti, "I of Carmina which had had quite a ed out of her shyness. little success outside academic cir- "Well then, if you are going to let cles. He sketched and painted pret- me wait here till lunch-time, Miss tily in water colors. He was some-thing of a musician. On the other at all sorry for myself." "I will come and see her often, "The Lord reward you for that, Surrey were adorned by many and manner brought the blood flying miss Alison."

"And now good-bye. God be with rowing and running and other athle-fear that he might startle her to

of the house she found Kitty standing looking indeterminately from one side to the other as though she did not know where to run to.

The change in her amazed Alison. There had always been something a little wild about Kitty, something of the startled fawn in her air, her attitude, which was a part of the startled fawn in her air, her attitude, which was a part of the startled fawn in her air, her attitude, which was a part of the startled fawn in her air, her attitude, which was a part of the startled fawn in her air, her attitude, which was a part of the startled fawn in her air, her attitude, which was a part of the startled fawn in her air, her attitude, which was a part of the startled fawn in her air, her attitude, which was a part of the startled fawn in her air, her attitude, which was a part of the startled fawn in her air, her attitude, which was a part of the startled fawn in her air, her attitude, which was a part of the startled fawn in her air, her attitude, which was a part of the startled fawn in her air, her attitude, which was a part of the startled fawn in her air, her attitude, which was a part of the startled fawn in her air, her attitude fawn in her air attitude fawn in her air, her attitude fawn in her air fawn in f

'Brown is my Love but graceful. Yet each renowned whiteness, Matched with that lovely brown, los-

eth its brightness.

he rode up to the turreted front of Castle Barnard. A couple of great dogs lay in the shadow of the house were there the last time I was up hardly lifted their ears when the river. And I heard the cuckoo came in sight. The gateway for the first time." which admitted into the grassy quadrangle within was open.

gle, which faced on one side to the ing the first cuckoo, which none else river, and the friendly dogs followed of the party noticed, she had surrep-Tessa?

followed the man into a great draw- He noticed the blush and wondered ing room divided midway by pillars about it, half jealously. What association had she with that day on the ed on to the river. He gazed about him when the man had left him, about him when the man had left him, York who may be trusted to look after Kitty," said Gerard. "I will will will write at once." was standing was a great gilt settee with a coldness in his voice.

self, looking along it to where the whom we had brought with us, to

"I know. It was not true of While he waited there was much to since I sat so still, the birds hopped grasp, turning from cold to hot; ev- course. He believed it was, and he look at, pictures on the walls and about me, and the squirrels went runfurniture, chandeliers of Waterford near me, and the rabbits came out of "The boys will be terribly disap- glass, cabinets of Vernis Martin, their holes and sat washing their more solid, darkly-colored Chippendale, Hepplewhite chairs with little pictures painted in their backs, enamels of Limoges, Battersea heartshaped boxes. It was a room for the connoisseur. Except in a museum he had never seen so many beautiful things together.

He thrilled a little with the feeling an hour or two on the Rance. That of what it would be to own such a house containing such treasures. The Bosanquets had no history. Wealth had only come in the life-time of his father and uncle, and the comfortable solid furnishing of the house amid the Surrey woods had no antiquity to commend it. Castle Barnard fitted Alison Barnard as the grassy ter-race out there fitted the peacock, the background of green leaves, the unsheathing lilies. She was made to

be the chatelaine of some such house. Whereas the little brown girl, he could imagine no splendor for her. A pink cotton frock and a country cottage would best become her. The thought made him in love with sim-

ple rusticity. Then the door opened and she came The blue frock became her as well as the pink could have done. She greeted him shyly, and then sat down on the edge of one of the beautiful chairs and made a little set speech about the weather. She kept her eyes down so resolutely that he was free to discover how pretty her hair was with the red lights in it and the thick satin ripple of it; how white her skin; how thickly dotted about her small straight nose were the little golden freckles. She smiled and her teeth were milky, infantile. She was charming, charming; and her most charming of her possessions. He felt that he must go warily.

She had such an air of flight where While he had worked he had not she sat on the edge of the chair as him. He was reminded irresistthe house and her dog. Only Tessa was far shyer than that other baby.

Suddenly it dawned upon him that his hat in his hands, and was sitting with it now on his knee, as though this were a visit of ceremony that Now as he read the telegram he might be ended at any moment. could hardly refrain from a school- "Miss Barnard," he said.

you know that I have come to lunch? I am not paying a morning call." She raised her eyes then and the "And luckier that I hadn't set surprise in them made him laugh I wonder if there's e'er a bit of out to fish. I wouldn't have got a out. A little French clock on the mantel-piece rattled out eleven in a

"It does seem a ridiculous hour to come to lunch," he said. "But I He held out a telegrain to her. "I thought it must have been pic-nic lunch." he said, "with a jour-

He looked at her bending her deli-

cate brows in bewilderment over the

"It must be a mistake," she said. "Lunch is not till half-past one. I am so sorry She was thinking it was dull for him to come and find Alison and Ger-Was that what Mrs. Lang had sung the more than two hours before they

"For me?" he asked. "For you," she said shyly, "Because you are going to tell me that I must go back to Kylinoe, and

wait till it is a proper hour to ap-"I never thought of that," said Burne. Jones and Pater, delighted Tessa in a startled way. Why it him as they had delighted the unis quite four miles to Kylinoe by the dergraduates of twenty years earlier. road. So Cousin Alison told me onIt was true enough that there had been few of their mood since to "Then why were you sorry for me? been few of their mood since to displace them. With two of his friends he had published a volume "Not for myself," said Tessa, shock-

hand his rooms in the old home in Something of ardour in his voice

"It is the one good thing about Ballycushla that it has the river. Just where it flows through the town it is polluted with all manner of things from the factories. But higher up He rather expected to find carriages it is beautiful, with water-lilies and and cavaliers and horse-women when all kinds of water-birds, and woods

She blushed suddenly, vividly. She had remembered how the party had He rode through into the quadran- landed with a lunch-basket, and hear-A man came to take his horse titiously studied the ground at her while he knocked at the heavy double feet to discover a hair which should door. He asked for Miss Barnard. be the color of her lover's hair. She Miss Barnard was out, riding with had known her school-fellows to do Sir Gerard Molyneux, and was expected back to lunch. Miss Tessa Barnard was at home. Would he see Miss dark brown, with a little curl in it, not unlike at all to the hair of the Yes, he would see Miss Tessa. He young gentleman before her.

They went back to their consulta- ered the many high-backed gilt mamma and my sisters and their friends. And nobody minded when "A beautiful room," he said to him- I strayed with Jane, an old servant, elt sharply her own ignorance and used against my opponent," said Sir door should open and admit his Clusboil the kettle and get the tea ready.

Gerard Molyneux.

door should open and admit his Clusboil the kettle and get the tea ready.

And after they had all gone are a significant to the state of Nuts. "Sure how would ye know, Miss Alison?" she asked. "How would ye know? 'Tisn't likely you'd feel the same as I do, let alone that the gentleman you're likely to set your heart on might be trusted with the world."

Gerard Molyneux.

"I knew you'd say it," said the priest half-regretfully. "Still it would be a grand handle against him. He wouldn't be able, to show his face in Erris. You know what he said about you at the fair of Coolmore?"

There had some little time to wait. Miss Tessa had to be hunted for, and was discovered at last in the garden, standing in a rapture beside it that had come straight down from the mountains. It was the color was more priest half-regretfully. "Still it was the marble basin where gold fish swam round and round in the sun under the spray of the fountain. While had all gone away. Jane, who is always kind to me, let was discovered at last in the garden, standing in a rapture beside it that had come straight down from the mountains. It was the color of peat but so clear. And I saw under the spray of the fountain.

> His brow cleared as though by magic as the soft voice went on. "I am sure it was," he said heartily, while she wondered what has caused the change. "But now, Miss Barnard, supposing we go and inspect the boat-house. We might find a boat to suit us, and we can spend is the name of the river, is it not?'

Her face lit up with delight. "It will be beautiful," she 'I have only to give an order about the carriage being sent for Mrs. Lang and then I shall be ready." (To be Continued.)

The Laughing Philosopher

There was a great philosopher Lived years and years ago; And such a merry soul was he They called him Laughing Joe.

For laugh he would throughout year, Let things go wrong or right; Let Fortune smile or Fortune frown,

His heart was ever light. And little children every day Would gather round his place To listen to his hearty laugh Or see his smiling face.

But gloomy-minded people said They thought it was a shame A man should be disposed to laugh At good and bad the same.

At last they gathered in a crowd And pulled his dwelling down; They hustled him around the streets And drove him from the town

To find a home beyond the sea Upon a foreign strand, And never dare to set a foot Upon his native land.

But when they chased him from the realm Those reonle little knew What even one good-natured soul

And smiling face can do. Now children seeking after Joe Would round the ruins stray, And grieve because the people drove Their laughing friend away.

And long before a year went by Those bad-behaving men, Sent messengers across the sea To coax him back again.

And out they ran with princely gifts To meet him at the shore, And begged him there to live and

In peace forevermore Palmer Cox, in April St. Nicholas.

May our gentle Jesus make our hearts all His, absolutely His! Yes, let Him do it: I beseech Him. If He do not-oh, but He will-at least He will permit us to go and take His. And were it necessary to open breast to lodge His Heart, would we not do it?-St. Francis de Sales.

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