nderstand?" And as she gazed, some-

thing of the profound calm, of the deep

repose of the still features already com-

posed for their sternal rest, poured over her own spirit. He had sinned

but how grievously he Lad suffered. In

that moment of exaltation she could

forget herself, and even feet thankful that the tortured spirit was at rest at

As she sank on her knees beside the

still form the wells of memory opened again and poured out their sealed tides,

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Isobel Stormont, daughter of Sir David Stormont, a wealthy Scotch country gentleman, disappears without leaving the slightest trace. She was a quiet, retiring girl with only one distinguishing feature—beautiful Titian hair, which had been a mark of the Stormont family for generations. Her fance, Basil Conyers, comes from London to aid in the search for her, and finally receives intelligence that a girl answering to ber description has been seen with a band of gypsies. Guided by a gypsy, he finds laobel; almost dead, in an abandoned dwelling. Her clothes have teen changed, and when she recovers she seems to be another girl. All memory of her experiences has been wiped out by the privations she has undergone, and she begins a new life. Her character is quite changed, and she completely captivates Basil, whose effection for her heretcfore has been more of the cousinly kind.

In one of the pockets of her gown is found an old Testament, which Sir David appropriates, and he seems unexplainably perturbed over her return.

In one of the pockets of her gown is found an old Testament, which Sir David appropriates, and he seems unexplainably perturbed over her return.

Various stories of the girl's experiences are circulated, and attract the attention of Evelyn Ashe, a fortune hunter, who meets are at a charity fete given at he home. See at a charity fete given at he home. He will not mean the seems that he will not mean his engagement until Chastmanpicate matters further. Ashe sales to the temporal seems of the see

CHAPTER XXVIII (Continued)



NEED'T tell you the story of that autumn. Our hearts seemed to flow tolike two untain streams For a time I lived only in her, the world beyond the glen did not exist; and at last I perthe

grandfather marry us. I see the dark, heavy manse parlor yet, the old headle and the old housekeeper, the

lived for years as withdrawn from the world as any monk in his cloister, and his hold on life was fast slackening. He accepted my story, my reasons for a private marriage, without any demur, though then I had not the slightest inention of concealment—only till I could prepare the way to bring my bride

"Then came the telegram telling me of my mother's sudden Illness. I came back to the old life, the old exp tions, the old surroundings. I saw how my mother clung to you, Marian; that my mother clung to you, Marian; that you were like a daughter to her. I realized now what the news of my marriage would mean to her. I could not bear to break her heart upon her deathbed, to disappoint her last earthly desire. In my weakness I let matters drift on She lingered long, as you well remember, and while she lingered I delayed.

member, and while she lingered I delayed.

"In the short December days my
wife's grandfather died, and I took Elsie from the lonely manse—the silent
glen—to Edithburgh. Poor child, it was
a sorry change for her, but I feared the
gossip of a country place. She was
infinitely more lonely than in Steve
chuach, and her pride was son the total
because I asked her a time to assume another name.

"A the state of the same of the same another name of our interviews,
our letterage and the same of the same another name of the same another name of the same another name of the same and a woman—a child,
rather, waking from the hot dream of young passion, and seeing
each other with unglamored eyes; and
the further poor Elsie and I drew apart, the nearer, Marian, I drew again
to you. I have no defense for the double wrong I was doing; as day by day
ill that, in my rashness. I had forefall
ewer. My eyes were opened, and I saw
all that, in my rashness. I had forefall
fewer. I had always plenty of reasons
—my poor mother cleigt grew few reasons
—my poor mother cleigt grew few mich
seems to be orgent at Stormont did not
always seem so strong in that dull litdistributed—you remember—I could not
always seem so strong in that dull litdistributed—you remember—I could not
always seem so strong in that dull litdistributed—you remember—I could not
go, so it seemed to me. I wired the
news—I wrote begging her to be patient,
to be reasonable, only a little longer, I
knew it would be a bliefe for some days, and
ther last letter—a letter which by some
her last letter—a letter which by
how the last letter a l

whether her mother was alive or dead, or what amazing series of coincidences brought her to our door. But again, having once accepted her, I let things drift, as with every day the hope of finding our lost one grew fainter; but you will understand many things now, and how I could not let the marriage

go on without some protest.
"And now I am coming to what is hardest of all to tell, what you will find it more difficult to forgive than my sins against yourself, what should have been whispered to you as we sat hand in hand together; but I must tell it as I can. You remember that September storm and a 'business visit' I paid to Eddleston on the day of the reopening of the Murray School. My visit was not to Eddleston, but to Finnarty, a fishing village some miles beyond it. I got a curious, ill-spelled, ill-written letter asking me to go there on a matter of the utmost importance; once I would tossed it in the fire, but now I went. The cottage I was directed to was a lonely one, far out between the sands and the flat fields. Its owner, the writer of the letter, told me-but, my God, how am I to tell you?" and the

know the truth now-there is no longer a lie in my hand. Can you touch my hand again; can you ever forgive me? I do not know; but, if you can, I think God may, and that poor, dead child Elsie may whom I robbed so unthinkingly of her youth and her heart and her life. How am I to meet you again, with this between us? How will you look at me when we do meet?-I shall need no words to tell me if I may

"How am I to meet you-how will you look at me?" Slowly the stricken woman lifted her bowed head at last, the papers fluttering from her nervous hands, as tap! tap! there came a low, insistent rapping at the bolted door.

CHAPTER XXIX

STRONGER THAN DEATH. AP, tap, tap! Lady Stormont heard the sound as if in a dream, but it was some time before she noticed it, or could attach any meaning to it. Those written words had reopened many an old wound, which smarted and blew enew as she read.



a prayer more eloquent than the broken, pitiful words, while slowly, hardly, the

storm in the mother's breast died down as across her dead she looked at her

husband's child, and that last despair-

ing appeal rang again in her cars-

"It i cannot pray for myself, I can beg for pity for my child—she is innocent." Who had suffered the greater wrong.

"The storm in the mother's breast died down as across her dead she locked at her husband's child."

writing, fairly steady till now, became so blurred and uneven that the dilated eyes of and where that the dilated eyes of and where that the dilated eyes of and where the storm he cound a body washed up on the sands—a woman's, with long, light hair, blanched by long immersion in the water. It must have been washed down by the sudden spate in the river, after lying for weeks probably in some deep pool. There were some rings, a fine diamond one smong them, and ditted in occide the summon them, and distention of the property of the propert

But wounded love and pride, the very hower to remember or to think, had been blotted out by that one overwhelm in homor-the nameless consultation in homor-the nameless consultation in homor-the nameless consultation in his homor-the nameless consultation in his bride water at last, as the waves crawled back from the sandy flats, laid in a nameless, unhonored grave amid the dreary bents. "Wy child—my child

the time it was a resurrection—a bunniou, rather than a pacing, for in that beet and highest was nestored to her again—the nout face the other side by an an eraised her head from that meerful transp of healing moments the in through the uncurtained window, touching the marble features and the sun "no more. Instinct prompted her to sun" no more. Instinct prompted her to sun" no more. Instinct prompted her to sun "no more. Instinct prompted her to sun" no more. Instinct prompted her to sun "no more. Instinct prompted her to sun "no more. Instinct prompted her to sun "no more. Instinct prompted her to sun in the sun of the

"You need not force me to tell Jt," in

flash of young, hot pride. "It is ail

"Isobel, my dear love, it's you I want. Whoever you are, you are yourself—that's enough for me! Perhaps you think I should not speak now, but I must and will. My help, my service, all I am, all I have, are yours now and always. Come to me now, dear, and—and I'll read anything you please afterward."

"No, no." The girl strained against his detaining clasp. "I will not—I can't—you don't know—how could I? Oh, cannot you understand—why will you force me to say more?"

"I only want to force you to say one word more! Isobel, dearest," with sudden gravity, "I think I do understand. I do know, and it makes much that was perplexing plain now; but I know, too, that your love is the one supreme good in life for me. Do you think me such a poor creature that I would let any worldly scruple, any silly convention come between us, for I think—I believe—oh, my God, it is true"—between rapture and awe—"you do love me!" In spite of herself, he had drawn her nearer, he was looking into her face. "Isobel, beloved, you are mine—you don't deny it—you can't," in tender triumph. "I bid you put all else aside and come to me."

And worn out by the long struggle. her heart hungering to obey the call of its lord, she came, she yielded. And though beyond the closed door death, the conqueror, reigned, and a s'ilcken heart bowed before his throne, yet 'ite never tarries for death; and here a greater than he ruled, the lovew hich is stronger than death, which no waters can quench nor floods drown.

CHAPTER XXX

CONCLUSION.

THE flag with its blazoned cak drooped at half-mast from the great central 'tower at Stormont. The faint breeze of the mild November day was not sufficient to spread its folds and give its brave old motto to the air. Over the broad valley, the encircling hills and the winding river the pale sunshine lay in the pensive radiance of St. Martin's summer like the benediction of peace upon a resigned and chastened spirit.

The chestnut walk, the terrace, the park were crowded with the throng who had come from far and near, most of them from an honest desire to show their regard and respect for a good friend and neighbor and kind landlord, and-more was the pity—the last of his old name. But even the moet sincere were actuated by the impelling curiosity which had brought so many there.

There was a dead hush as at last the procession appeared on its way to the little green graveyard, almost within the park walls—the great oaken coffin carried by the tenantr'; followed by one of maiden-white, and behind it two tall women's figures, draped in shrouding black, with Basil Conyers walking at the right hand of the younger, white after them the long stream of friends and neighbors fell into place.

This last pageant had been the result of a sore struggle in the mind and heart of the woman walking dryeyed and stately behind her husbands name and memory to the last, to lift up the burden which he had laid down as too heavy for him, to maintain the fiction so universally believed that his child was her own, the one daughter of the Stormont name — It had its strong temptations, for her pride and her love shrank from the storm of scandal which the revelation of the truth would unloose, and to the dead girl what could such tardy restitution bring?

"Let us be done with lies, cost what it may" Isobel had said emphatically when her stepmother had called her into her troubled counsels, and Basil had agreed with her. As the daughter and heiress of the dead man, and the Lady of Stormont, she had a right to be c

dread the revelation joyfully have taken his wife when he believed her to have no name but that

there—you have only to read-I want you to read it; I insist on you reading which he could give her.
"And," Isobel had added, her voice Basil flung the paper aside. It might falling and the tears starting, "I know it will be terrible for you either be neither the time nor the place for it, but the man in him would be denied no longer. He, too, had his uplifting, way, but, oh, I cannot bear to think of her lying alone in that dreary place. Let us bring her tack to her own home, her own people, her own place. If we can give her nothing but a name -a memory-a grave-let us give it to her. I could not bear it, I could not live, if I were still supposed to be she. Don't let me rob her of everything. Bring her home, and then-oh, poor mother, you can at least openly mourn for your child. Some day, perhaps. you will be able to let me call you you will be able to let me call you mother—but now you could not endure the mockery"—her voice faitering—"and neither could i."

"My dear child, you are a daughter to me, indeed," said Lady Stormont. In those sad days, when all that was earthly of her daughter was brought home, Isobel's unfeigned grief and pity drew the elder woman's heart to her, the ice melted, and she could venture to speak of her lost child, and the long-suppressed cry broke out again:
"If only I could know how it happened!"

to speak of her lost child, and the longsuppressed cry broke out again:

"If only I could know how it happened!"

"I have often wondered," said Isobel,
timidly, for she knew the unspoach
dread which underlay the words, "it it
were not—not—what once nearly happened to me. I owe Mr. Ashe thanks
for that, if for nothing else." She
could speak of Ashe calmiy enough
now. That hour in the chapel port.co
seemed an evil dream. "I was standing just as she may have stood on the
grassy brim, at the very edge of the
water, and he warned me to come back,
for the banks were unsale, and I had
hardly stepped back when a great piece
of the turf sl pped down into the water.
It—it may have been so on that day,
she may have lost her footing, and—
there was no one near to help," her
voice failed. The pitiful tragedy of
that cherished young life so mysteriously cut short, and cut short, as it
sometimes seemed, to make room for
her, darkened her heart.

And now it was all over, "earth to
earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust"—
the Stormont vault was closed till it
should claim another tenant, and
tongues were let loose at last, and the
country sat down to a feast of gossip
such as it had not had for years, and
which each discussed according to his
or her kind.

"There could never be any doubt that
the young lady was a Stormont, but
it's little wonder that sne wain' so
very like her stepsister's portrait,"
chuckled old Lady Carruthers. "We
all guessed that Marian wasn't the first,
but what alled the woman to make it
public, and set Stormont in a while
sheet before the country? She might
have kept 'a calm sough,' and no one
would ever have got beyond wondering at the change in little Isobel. It
shows what a little fresh blood will do,
though—the Stormonts will make a
fresh start in this young lady, mark my
words, though I won't have the chance
of seeing it."

Privately the old lady wondered what
Evelyn Ashe's game had been, which
had apparently so completely miscarried.

But Mr. Ashe was not likely to give
her any chance of

ried.

But Mr. Ashe was not likely to give her any chance of discussing "the Stormont romance," as the weekly papers called it, with him. The memory of that last night at Zermatt, when his card-castle had collapsed, still rankled too freshly, and his humiliating tailure was pointed by the practical regret that he had elected to consider his terms till the magning. Now lady Stor-

till the morning. Now Lady Btormont's brave avowal of the truth had redered alls knowledge valueless, savour the tradered alls knowledge valueless, savour the various country houses, notably at the Rudgeleys block, where Miss VI's gueste were now potting pheasants instead of shooting grouse.

"It is wise to make a virtue of necessity," he would say, with a shrug, if Lady Stormont's courage in making known the truth were referred to, and his rechauffe of the Thistle-thwaite disclosures, with delicately malicious word-portraits of the worthy pair, so commended him to his hostess that bets were freely exchanged in the smoking room as to his chances of pulling off "the Rudgeley stakes" after all.

But only faint-echoes of this strife of tongues penetrated to the great gray home in the broad valley, though Lady Stormont have here he had to face the full brunt of the storm. To one who has been through deep waters the pelting of a hall shower maters but little. For the two women there it was a very quiet winter, though the Duncaird tee parties and many a dinner table had never been so lively, Lady Stormont found her interest in helping isobel to prepare for taking her place worthily in her new life. There was no one now to forbid books to Isobel; all the treasures of the library lay open to her, and the girl's fresh mind and quick intelligence made her progressa would intelligence made her progressa would intelligence made her progressa would afterlied her with the many a dinner studies and her singing, for her voice, which had once startled the Stormont began to note that isobel's interest was flagging somewhat in her books and her studies and her singing, for her voice, which had once startled the Stormont for his wife, was being cultivated, and was sweet and round as the blackbird snellow note in the hulls of he had not on the sali. The bridegroom would, indeed, be the one she ha

(THE END)

SASKAT

President Sise S Alberta Als Dun't Admit

Montreal, Feb. 27 .- A meeting of the Bell ' pany of Canada this mo announced by President company is preparing plant and business to t Alberta and Saskatchev a proper agreement cou at. He stated that the had no particular desir they had already done is of Manitoba, but it was this than to enter inte with the government. ders passed a resolution the board to deal with ments of these two pre sale to one or both as News that a sale wa ed to either one of t came as a surprise to ers, as they had no ide move was contemplated

Referring to the bu past year, Mr. Sise, st Bell company as well a had a hard year of it however, done as wel

TRADES CON

Of Canada Makes tions to the Pr Minister of Labor.

The Dominion Trades Congress made its annu on the Prime Minister of Labor for the disposit affecting labor's interest The deputation was ma lows: Alphonse Verville, dent; James Simpson, Patrick M. Draper, tary, and J. G. O'Dona The requests which were as follows :

1. Passing of a workm sation Act for the Don ply to railway compani federal charter. 2 Increase letter car

3. Government insperunning gear on vessels tection of longshoremen 4. That the government dorse and carry throubill now before parliam

for an eight hour da ment works. 5. The appointment sion on technical educat 6. That the public lan minion should be reser

fide settlers. 7. That Monk's bill organisation of co-opera be carried through apply to co-operative b as to co-operative tran

ufacture, 8. Old age pensions. 9. Amendment to the to prevent the importa breakers whilst invest this law are going on. 10. Abolition of imr

uses.
11. Exclusion of Hind The deputation expre ingness of organised by practical results agreed on between the ister and the au for the restriction of

emigration to this cour The deputation was prime minister that rangement was being I et portfolios it was that a separate Minis appointed to take char partment of Labor. time, under Mr. Lem tration of that branc service the interests classes are now alrea looked after.

The control of telep ng vested in the railw which would enable that tect the interests of al

erators. Mr. Lemieux observe il service commission ectively with the clair ter carriers to increas that he was prepared recommendations.

As regards the cont minion lands it was th government already lands for bona fide set As regards the co-operative banks.

to be most careful thing which would tal curity of the Canadia stitutions. The premier said no

the establishment of age pensions in Canad present time.

The Lemieux Act m fect, but it was bette provisions before inti

> The Japanese immi declared Mr. Lemieux tled and measures which would result i recurrence of the Hi

Consideration was other questions pres egation.