



**Grand Alliance;
OR
Love That Knew No
Bounds.**

CHAPTER XXIX.

If there be truth in the adage, "Coming events cast their shadows before them," then the result of Mr. Drayton's well-planned gift to Dr. Dacie may be taken as apt example of the same, for it certainly brought professional luck back to the gate, which seemed prophetic of better things that followed.

Whether the cob had anything to do with mending matters, or whether having had their turn in the trough of the sea, they were now to rise on a crest of the wave again, must remain a moot question, but just now the outer ring of patients began to discover that after all they preferred the old doctor to his younger rival,

whose bills were apt to be as long as his learned phrases. Moreover, "Alexander McAndrew, Esq., M.D.," as he preferred to be addressed, made a grand blunder in his first visit to Oakleigh Place. Mistaken by an inaccuracy of message, he had gone spanking off thither on the day Mr. Drayton was at St. Clair, in delighted anticipation of physicking through some complicated disorder the earl or countess, or a lady daughter at least, building on that base a vision of county practice that would turn his dog-cart to a brougham, his "buttons" to a full-blown groom!

But woe to his ambition! The patient was the housekeeper. The malady a simple sprain. Alexander McAndrew felt hugely disgusted, and revealed his feelings. When his back was turned, "We won't trouble that young man to come here again!" said the housekeeper, and the fruit of that affront was a summons to Dr. Dacie, and Dr. Dacie only, when a month later an upper house-maid fell ill with sore throat. "The Scotch gentleman don't seem to think us servants worth trouble" for, my lady," Mrs. Pounce had reported, and that settled the Scotch gentleman's business. So what was one man's poison was another man's meat. Six servants obligingly took sore throat one after another. Dr. Dacie tended them carefully and kindly. Then the epidemic attacked Lady Gertrude. He treated her with precisely the same kindly care, mixed with old-fashioned courtliness, which pleased immensely. Then he put a feather in his cap by discovering a mischievous drain; es-

tablished himself as Lord and Lady Comyngham's trusted medical adviser, and by consequence soared into popularity again throughout the neighborhood. Other people besides those at Oakleigh paid their bills promptly, and Mary soon picked up lucky pennies enough to pay hers.

The doctor found prosperity better medicine for himself than any in his dispensary. His wife brightened up like the affectionate old satellite she was; and if his daughter's satisfaction at this new turn of the wheel had any flaw she kept it well and unobtrusively in the domestic background.

It was one of those last May days when great perplexities were approaching at Wynstone that events not unconnected with them were in progress at St. Clair. At noon "Brownie" had just trotted off with Dr. and Mrs. Dacie to lunch with an old acquaintance at a distance. Very cheerfully the elders had started on their mildest dissipation. Ashamed of herself for having to make an effort in reflecting their beaming good-byes, their daughter turned in-doors with the wise determination not to sit down and give rein to the depression that overhung her, but rather to disperse it by some vigorous distraction. A neatly labeled vial in the hall gave her the plea for a six-mile trudge. Her midday meal the matter for a few minutes only, she released the factotum to "Brownie," and the gardener from his errand to Oakleigh Lodge, undertook herself to deliver the medicine there, left word where she was going, and thither set forth in all the freedom of having no one by to see if she were looking glad or sorry.

For a minute she had debated over best or second-best hat, deciding for the latter; a suspicious haze was coming up with the wind; and forever, as she thought rather wearily, out of tune with the mild, promiseful day. "Nobody cares how I look!" so in sombre guise altogether off she went, her mind obstinately playing variations on that dirge-like theme, all the way along by the broom-girt banks and brier-scented hegerows.

But reaching the lodge, she had something else for a time to think of. Her knock unheard, she opened the door, with "Mrs. Rand, I have brought your baby's medicine. May I take word to my father how the little one is?" and not only the keeper's wife replied, but Lady Comyngham came forward to greet Miss Dacie most graciously.

"How kind of you to walk over for that! Just like her father; so thoughtful. And now Mrs. Rand must keep baby warm, and do exactly what Dr. Dacie told her, and Miss Dacie must positively come up to the house as she was so near, and lunch with her and the girls; no one else was at home; but she would not hear of her going that distance back without refreshment."

Vainly Mary, not at all anxious for the honor, protested she had lunched. The countess would hear no excuse, but with good-humored imperiousness marched her reluctant guest up the long drive, paying her the compliment of making just such conversation en route as set her at her ease.

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And by the way, had Miss Dacie been to see Mrs. Edward Duvesne? No? Oh, then, when would she go?



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and next half an hour's rest at the luncheon served with delicate appointments such as seldom fell to her lot. Regretfully her memory was recalling her last hour there, and Sydney with it, when, clairvoyante, as it seemed, Lady Comyngham asked, "Can you tell me, Miss Dacie anything of that charming young friend of yours, Miss Alwyn? I confess to inquisitiveness about her. I imagine no one can enlighten me better than you."

"And I can not do it at all," answered Mary. "I only hear from her just enough to know that she is not forgetting me."

"Travelling with her mother, I suppose?"

"Oh, no. She is in England."

"England! What! has not that long visit her mother said she went on, ended yet?"

"Visit," echoed Mary. "I thought—"

Then she stopped, coloring confusedly.

The countess looked at her keenly. "I suspect," said she, "that visit was a—myth, to put it civilly. Will your mind telling me why the child went away at all? I am really asking for something beyond curiosity."

Mary hesitated. "Sydney hardly gave me a plain reason, Lady Comyngham. There was, I think, some—difference—between her and Mrs. Alwyn. Mamma went over and spoke of it, and brought away the idea it was about a—marriage."

"But you did not think so?"

"N-o!" Mary had to confess. "She hardly thought it was that exactly."

"And you were right," exclaimed the countess. "And I am right!" nodding to her daughters. "Mrs. Alwyn insinuated the story of an engagement to me—"

"There was no engagement," said Mary. "And then some fanfaronade about its breaking off. But I was convinced something else lay behind that. Now there are two things that upset families; Matrimony and money. This was not matrimony. It was money. Used that pretty Cinderella, as my children called her, because she was always getting left at home, to tell you of her money arrangements Miss Dacie?"

"Only," said Mary, naively, "that she wished she had more of it! Till—why yes, just before she went. Then she was so delighted at coming of age, for she was to have—six thousand pounds, I think, of her own."

"There!" cried the countess, excitedly. "The secret is out! Avena is told truly. Miss Dacie, be proud of your friend. She is worth her weight in gold!" Then seeing her hearer greatly bewildered by this outburst, Lady Comyngham explained how her son Edward's maid had disclosed the grievous loss of her parents' savings, and Mrs. Alwyn's insulting reply to the rascal. Stopping Mary's quick "Sydney knew nothing of this!" with, "of course not. Or not up to last summer. Then she must have found it out. Did I not hear of her going into the Midland counties?"

"She went—oh, poor Sydney—to fetch my mother home from Chaddesley."

"And there probably some chance enlightened her. How was she when

she came back?"

"Why"—remembering only too accurately—"changed, Lady Comyngham. I recollect it all now. And I only saw her once again—when she bade us good-bye so strangely."

"Then depend on it, there had been battle royal in the meantime, and the result was, the poor wretches who lost their all through Mr. Alwyn's misfortune got paid at last with his daughter's money. Miss Dacie, I envy you your friend. I would go a good deal out of my way to shake hands with her again!" and the countess ended with Lewis's story, transmitted through Lady Avena, of how the various sums had been distributed through a clerk of Mr. Alwyn's.

"Jacob Cheene!" cried Mary.

"Yes. That was the name. And the giver of this money would not be known, though Lewis and others of the repaid list had put their wits together, and came to the conclusion it must be the old lawyer's child. And if so," declared the countess, with acrimonious emphasis, "that mother of hers of course prefers such action kept in the dark, as she did what led to it. But 'honor where honor is due,' say I. Once let us be sure about this, and then trust me to let people know why Miss Alwyn, at any rate, went away from St. Clair!"

(To be Continued.)



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The other day a big box full of been brought in for called for. None of and several were some cases, the Jews eis had probably dis es were being repa great many cases still living and had to claim their prop wathes had been years.

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Author of "At Go

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