

CHAPTER I

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CHAPTER I. 'Yes I' mused Sir Humphrey Tempest, as he stood at the library window and meditatively over the spacious grounds be-lonoing to the Court, his ancient ancestral home; 'I'm to old and too settled in my habits to marry now; I've lett it too late. I am in the sere and yellow, and always disapproved of unequal marriages. How can any man of my sge ever genninely be-lieve he has really won the heart of a boutiful girl? It is against Nature, and underneath her smiling acquisesence, I fear I should soon detect an aching heart, or, perchance, a worldly, mercenary spirit. No !I shall never contract a marriage my-selt, and, therefore, I must accede to Gra-han's request, that I set my affaire in order, and nominate my beir without fur-ther loss of time.' Traham was the family solicitor, who had to be more himself the rather unpleasant

ther loss of time." Graham was the family solicitor, who had taken upon himself the rather unpleasant taak of writing to his client, Sir Humphrey Tempest, to remind him that, as he had now just reached his sixtieth birthday, with-out taking unto himself a wile, it was his positive duty either to marry at once or choose some relative for his heir, and make his will accordingly. his will accordingly. Just at first the letter was extremely un-

palatable. No one likes to have his probable early death set before him in plain black and-white, and the baronet felt inclined to use rather strong language about Graham's 'confounded interference'; but after the slight pause which ensued on reading the letter, he admitted that the man of law was justified in setting the bare facts of the case bafore him

Justified in setting the back lacks of the car-before him "After all, he only says that, if I ever mean to marry, it is quite time I set about it; in which he is right. It was time long ago, and is too late now. That being freely admitted I am brought to the second point of his argument—namely, the selection of may heir.

Well, there can be little difficulty over that. When should I choose but Claude. my brother's orphan son, the lad I have

my brother's orphan son, the lad I have brought up as my own. 'Point number two settled. I will make my will at once, and leave all I possess to Claude. But stay !--struck by a sudden thought---the lad shows only too clear signs of following my example and remaining a bachelor. Now, that's all very well for me, but I cannot permit him to do it. 'Claude must settle down and marry, with my approval, upon which I bequeath the Court and my whole tortune to him and his heirs for ever. Yes,'--briskly----that provides for everything. I'll see Graham to morrow, an set things in train. Claude is a good lad, and will do exactly as I wish.

PROGRESS, SATURDAY, AUGUST 11 1900.

Buckle's invitation, and igo home to my uncle.' Vere's eyes sparkled with approval. With all a woman's quickness of percep-tion, she had seen the momentary conflict in his mind, and rejoiced at the result, though she lost by it. 'You have chosen rightly,' she replied. 'I too, am an orphan, and can realize what a debt of gratitude you owe your second father. When I leave Ledy Buckle's I am going to stay with an uncle and sunt. I hope I may find them one tenth part as good to me as your uncle has been to you' When they reached the Chestnuts. Claude parted from his new triend with the utmost reluctance. They had tacitly arranged that he was to call and be formally introduct d on the the following day.

onsent.

make his adieux, he only whispered in Vere's car-'We shall meet again, and soon. You will trust me and wait for me dearest?' To which ahe replied frankly-'All my life, Claude; you were first, and there will be no other to the end of time.' Half eagerly, half reluctantly, he bied him to the court, making no doubt of find ing it rather dull after the gaiety of the Chesnut.

ing it rather duil after the gaiety of the Chesnut. Great was his surprise, consequently, to find there were guests at the court also. and his uncle, so far from being lonely and depressed, full of life and spurits. J at when first he began to see through Sir Humphrey's plans even he himself did not know, but gradually the fact was borne in upon him with irresistible force. He tound himself constantly with Lady Mabel Clarke. Everyone in the place conspired to

Mabel Clarke. Everyone in the place conspired to throw him in her way, and she accepted all his forced attentions with complacent ap-proval.

his forced attentions with complacent approval. Try as he would, he could not change the state of affaira—it was soon evident to him what everyone desired and expected from him, herself included, and he telt that his position was becoming serious. Sir Humpbrey either would not or could not, take his hints of a previous attach ment elsewhere. and, indeed, the baronet had worked himself up to believe that Lady Mabel was the only girl in the world who was suitable to be his nephew's wife. She was a tall handsome woman of state-ly presence, with a great ides of her own importance, yet clever enough to carry favor with the rich uncle in whose hands lay all the power and actual wealth. If he announced his intention of making Claude his heir, she would gladly marry the young man.

and his wife a trifle enviously, for it seem-ed a little hard to her that her own girls had been passed over by the millionairs for her husband's nices, whom they had only invited out of pity for her loneliness

only invited out of pity tor and poverty. Still, as Lady Chetwynd told her. girls in private, as one of them had not secured the millionaire, it was the next fortunate thing that Vere had done so, instead of mathider.

the millionaire, it was the next fortunate thing that Vere had done so, instead of any outsider. "She is really a very sweet girl," pro-nounced her ladyship; undoubtedly lovely refined and fit for any society. She is also of a grateful, affectionate nature, and I am sure, will never forget that it was under our roof, owing to our hospitality, that she met her husband. "Th y will take a grand mansion in Park Lane and another in the country, and en-tertain largely, and you girls will reap what we have sown. As you know, we can only give an occasional ball or recept-ion, but the Gormans will keep open house. He means to go into Parliament and work for a peerage. So let us all do our best, and make ourselves agreeable over it. In all of which her ladyship showed a nice di-position, and a fine sense of how to really succeed in the world. She knew when she was beaten, and used even her own deleats as a wespon against others. "Unlike the usual aunt, whose portionless niece has cut out her from her posi-ion, but taccepted the situation smilingly, being by nature too proud and honorable to adopt any tactice to break off the affair and spoil Vere's prospects. But, atrange to say, they had reckoned without their host--that is to say, the girl herself. "Vere studiously ignored the milionaire's

berself. Vere studiously ignored the milionaire's attentions, or really did not take them to

berself. With smile and blush, she denied that he had any serious intentions towards h

berself. With smile and blush, she denied that he had any serious intentions towards her at all. And really I sincerely hope be has not,' she declared laughingly, 'for I could never marry him; he is so very unlike the style of man I should choose for a husband— "Choose I' laughed her hand in reply. Girls have no chance of choosing nowadays busbands are not so plentiful. They just accept thankfully the goods the gods pro-vide, close their eyes to any little defects, and only see the virtues. The longer you live, Vere, the more you will realize that "Chance is a very fine thing," and that it is very different to a man before he has pro-posed than at the time he does it. You scarcely see the mare himelt, you know; you see a house in Park Lasee, carriages, horses, jewels, fine clothes, sicks of gold and silver, and far away in the distance a mere speck—that is the man. Oh ! I know the world of men and women well, and I declare to you on my word of honor that these matches turn out the best of any. If is merely a fair exchange—a bargain. You are both caln, and therefore safe to arrange betorehand all important details. The man wants a young, pretty, well-born, agreeable, in-dugent husband, and there you are. Love matters are very unsatisfactory things. Both parties bagin- by thicking as ch other perfect and expecting to drift through life as a pair of honeymooners. Soon after marriage they wake up to find that they are both very imperfect, and once disillusioned, disap-pointed, they fly to the other extreme, and tell themselves they have been cheated. If money falls short, love cannot bear the strain. If flies through the first open win-dow, leaving behind it a gloomy, dissatis-fied man, and only too often a sad, broken hearted woman. There, dear ! that's a very long lecture, but every word of it is true, and when Mr. Gorman does propose, you will remember it all and say 'Yes.' Dear anut, you are so kind and good, you think you believe every word you asy, but you don't, and— and don't be angry with me, tor I s

Claude is a good lad, and will do exactly as I wink. Now, who shall the girl be? Laty Mabel Clarke, of course. Il lis sort him can give his description to his poise. Let may get a factor of the order at the sort of the order at the order at the order at the order at the sort of the order at the ord



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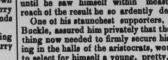
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They had tacity arranged that he was to call and be formally introduced on the the following day. Needless to say, he did so, and Lady Buckle only too delighted to find he was staying so near her country house, pressed him into the service of impromptu dances, private theatricals, and so on. If she could not have him for Christmas, she would do the next best thing, and have him before So it turned out that 'shooting, took up very little of his time, and each day found him at Vere's side, more and more in love, and longing ardently for the hour when he could stand boldly torth as her suitor. Just then it was impossible. Vere's legal guardian was abroad, and not expected home for some monthe; while Claude fait that, before he asked anyone to be his wite, he must obtain his uncle's consent. not a day more. 'So be it,' repled Claude ; 'and whatever decision I come to means wretchedness for me. I love only two people in all the world, and one or the other must be given up; the future will decide which.'

Therefore they hid their love from the rest of the house, and when Claude had to make his adieux, he only whispered in

Going by chance to a ball given by Lady Chetwynd, a handsome matron with balt a dozen daughters on her hands, he met a Miss Vere Chetwynd quite the pretiest girl he had ever seen, and succumbed to her charms with a suddenness and com-pleteness which surprised no one more than bimself.

CHAPTER II. 'Then you have spokes to the girl her-self, and she quite understands the honor you wish to pay her ?' 'Quite. I proposed to her last night at Lady Howard's ball I even ventured to point out to her all the advantages which a man in my position. But she really showed such an amount of obstinacy and blindness to the situation, that I was not a little chagrined and surprised, 'and cer-tainly the expression of Silas Gorman's face was not only chagrined and surprised, but angry and sully as well. Trom his point of view, it was wickedly absurd of a girl in Vere Chetwynd's ano-malous position to besitate for a moment in jumping at the chance of marrying him, when hall the women he knew made a dead index of a girl in Vere Chetwynd's ano-the secure him for their husband. Bias Gorman was one of these individ-values to smile. He had inherited a very large fortune from his points of view, it see we for business, had almost doubled it since it came into his possession until, at thirty-five, he found himself in the proud posi-tion of a millionaire whose smile was sought by men and women alike, the sycophant world at his fetter. He looked like a man who had lived al-most too well, and was pompous, and op-pressed with his own importance. Having now 'made his pile' and taken for the in the commercial world, he be-gan to hanker for higher things; the en-trance into 'society,' and the rank of Mem-ber of Parliament--that hall mark of a self made ma. Possessed as he was of a golden key,

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CHAPTER II.

ATALL

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the tere and yellow, and look upon you as a son. I write in good time, to prevent your intering into other arrangements, and hope to see you in three weeks from this date.

'Your affectionate uncle, 'HUMPHREY.'

Claude did not besitate a moment on receipt of the letter, but dashed off an im-pulsive reply-

Pulsive reply— 'R:ckon upon my turning up punctually at the date mentioned by you,' he wrote. 'Not only this Christmas, but every suc-ceeding one I hope to spend with the man who has been a tather to me ever since my own was taken. My duty as well as in-clination will bring me to the Court in three weeks' time.'

Then he replied to have a doz in other invitations which he had received, declining them wi hout allowing himself time to

them wi hout allowing himself time to regret. Perhaps he had to suppress a faint in-clination to sigh when he came to Lady Backle's, but he did not hesitate a moment. 'Jolly place,' he murmured, 'no time to be gloomy or sad there, always something on. and p enty of life about the house. Still, I can go there later, and it would be very dreary for my uncle to be alone at the Court 1'll post these at once.' He set out for the village—he was stav-ing in the heart of the country, with some friends, for the shooting season—and was half a mile from his destination when a loud cry 'Help I' and threat of vangeance in a hoarse voice struck upon his ear. Glancing hastily sil round to take in th bearings of the pisce, he paue I a moment to try and find out what was t e matter.

if about to tear it into shreds, and change the refusal iato acceptance. She was so very pretty, and her eyes told him she wanted him to come. Never had he fclt such a sudden, strange attraction towards anyone. Something had entered his heart to which hitherto he had been a stranger. The girl was too modest to attempt to inflaence his decision, but also too guileless to be able to hide successfully the sweet anxiety in her lovely eyes.

anxiety in her lovely eyes. It was a strong temptation, to which he

Then he said alowly— 'It is a real disappointment to me to have to reture Lsdy Backle's invitation but I will tell you why I do so. My parents died when I was a mere child, leaving me prac-tically alone in the world, save for an uncle to whose care thay commended me. Most

Parsons Fills

octors recommend them for Billous ess, Sick Headache, Constipation, a ness, Sick Headache, Constipation, al Liver and Bowel Complaints. They cleanse the blood of all impurities Mild in their action. Of great benefit to delicate women. One pill is a dose Thirty pills in a bottle enclosed in wood-25 cenfs; six bottles, \$1.00. Sold everywhere or sent post-paid. 1. S. JOHNSON & COMPANY, Boston, Mass own wishes for Claudes intentions, and told him, point blank, that he must propose to Lady Mabel without further delay. In blank dismay, the young man refused, and attempted to explain how matters really stood. In vain, however.

really stood. In vain, however. Sir Humphrey, when he did get angry, entirely lost his sell-control, and raged like a hurricane. You ungrateful fellow !' he cried, 'to treat me so, after all I have done for you. I adopt you, remain single for your sake, and never ask a favor of you all these years, except one—to marry a beautiful, well-born girl, in return for doing which I am prepared to settle my whole fortune upon you. Once for all, Claude, will you obey me or not ?' 'I cannot, sir, tor I love ano:her,' re-plied his nephew. 'You did not think me worthy of your

'You did not think me worthy of your confidence"-sarcastically-'since I have heard rothing of it ' I have tried a score of times to intro-duce the subject during the past month, but failed.'

"This is the only time I have ever put your obedience to the test. Either pro pose to Lady Mabel, or go--' 'At least give me time'-desperately-'you are demanding my whole lite.' 'I will give you three months' grace-

pleteness which surprised no one more than himself. Lady Chetwynd was the wife of a bar-onet; they were far from wealthy for their position, seeing that they had six daugh-ters and three sons to set up in life. The daughters would doubless all marry well, as they were good looking, but there would be no hope of much money with them, as so many had to be provided for. It would not be a grand match, Mr. Gorman told himsell, but just good enough p rhaps to secure a passport into the char 1-ed circle. An awful shock awaited him, however. To his horror, he discovered that the one girl he had singled out for the proud posi-tion of his wife, was not a daughter of the baronet's at all, but only an orphan nicee, absolutely of no importance, and pamiless. It said much for the reality of his at-tachment that it survived his discovery, for atter he had put it sternly aside for a short time as an impossible thing, it returned with rent wed torce, and, after arguing and wreatling with his weakness for some weeks he collapsed again. Vere was just the one girl in the world be desired above all others, and life with out her would be valueless. Having ome to this decision, he lost no time in communicating his views to her uncle and aunt, both of whom warmly ap-

time in communicating his views to ber uncle and aunt, both of whom warmly ap-proved his suit-Sir George unleignedly,

lived again. had hithen some to him future out o ates, thrille He had only

creasing the room on that handsome young fellow's arm ? What a splendid pair they would make, to be sure !' 'Hush! you don't know what mischief those words migbt cause if they were over-heard,' was the mock serious reply. 'The girl is Miss Vere Chetwynd, and is of no importance, except tor her rare beauty. 'She is the daughter of Captain Chet-wynd, late brother to the baronet. Her pretty face has caught one of the the great catches of the season, Silas Gorman, millionaire. He is her most devoted admirer, and is only waiting his opportunity to formally propose; no doubt it will 'come off' tonght. 'The tellow she is with now is young Claude Tempest, and people do say there's been just a bit of a firtation between them for some time past. Anyway, he has had an awul row with his uncle, Sir Humphey, for retissing to marry a girl selected for his wife; was given three months in which to make up his mind whether to marry Lady Mabel Clarke and he made his ancle's hear, or refuse, and see one of a horde of

mapel Clarke and be made his uncles heir, or refuse, and see one of a horde of svaricious cousins put over his head. 'I he holds out, his little furtation with pretty Miss Vere will have cost him dear, for he is a pauper practically, though he, has been brought up by Sir Humphrey, and (CONTINUED OF FURTHERE PASE.) ED ON FIFTHENTH PAGE.) (CONTI



temptation undergoing hypocrisy and honor ? At last h

incerity co flict, such could under

