# THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

# THE VILLAGE ANGEL; Or Agatha's Recompense

# CHAPTER LXIII-Continued.

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When she went, with here, heart full of love and happiness, to talk to her about the carl, Miss Bricke looked thed, languid and ertainty as to the right and wrong of what she had to do was not the only cause of her affering; she loved him still; this handsome, rereintered, and the whole party it was a mild, warm bright words, no more warm sympathy. Onearl who had done his best to ruin her. She could not take back from him, because he was an orthy of it, the love she had given him. She was a tender-hearted, loving woman, who had suffered a great wrong, but this wrong did not make her hate the svil-doer when she had recovered from her first shock of knowing that he was there under the same roof with her.

It was a fevor-a tortare of jealousy-that her ing, riding, or walking with the earl. She could not always control herself, girl sought. Her heart would ache ; her they had not returned yet. She went quickly have grow pale; her eyes darken with shadows of pain. She loved Lord Kelso, and he had been more than the whole world to her, and she could not endure the thought that the same love and gentle words he had given to her now belonged to woother.

There were times when, after she had seen Lord Kelso ride away from the park gates-she so happy, fair, and smiling, he so stately, kind and handsome-she would go into her room, shut the door, and Hing herself with her face on the floor, there to sob out her woe and grief with bitter sighs and bitter tears.

"Shame to me," she cried, "that I love him yet ! I love him yet ! Oh, my one love -my dear love ! Would to Heaven that 1 might forget you, or might die !" It was wonderful to her how she forgot her lojaries -forgot the great wrong done to her, and thought only of him.

Butrice came to her one day, knowing that Agatha was very clever with her pencil, to ask her to draw a design.

"I want it to embrace Lord Keleo's motto and crest; not the crest he uses now, with the Kelso arms, but those he bore when he was Sir Vane Carlyon. I like them best." "I will do my best to please you, Beatrice."

And the young girl leaned on Agatha's shoulder, as the white slender hugers deftly

used the pencil. "What is the crest ?" asked Agatha ; and her voice sounded cold and chill.

"A crown, with an olive branch," replied Beatrice.

It was with difficulty Agatha kept back her tears. How well she remembered it ! How many hundred times had she seen it and

kissed it ! "What is the motto ?" she asked, gently. "'Vincit Veritas," replied Beatrice, smiling over the words as though she loved them, "and they suit him, Miss Brooke. He seems to be always the very embodiment of truth; it shines in his eyes and in his face-do you not think so ?"

The question was like a dagger in her heart. She evaded it, making some answer that contented Beatrice without betraying through the great entrance hall, and Agatha heraelf.

#### CHAPTER LXIV

AS SHE LOOKED THEN, SHE NEVER GOOKED | LOUTS, I shall feel the cold." AGAIN.

S) September came and went, and an yet was going a way then-joing to town on busimeas connected with the marriage, and Beatrice confided to Agains her seriow at losing

him. "I have learned to love him to well," she know : but it seemed to me coon -that 1 had hardly had time to onjoy my gir't.ood, and it cent and manner." is going to leave me for so short a time." Million word." Lori Koiso went, leaving behind him nething out prefee and good words, while Anothe I red theorgh what seemed to her a torture of suspense; she could come to no decision--the way was dark before her.

Then, suddenly as a thunderstorm; breaks on earl, Miss Bricke looked tired, languid and assummer day, a shock dame to her, an event Valerie, tall and stately, awaited her. anhappy; she had no more cheerful smiles or happened, perhaps the most terrible and the She rose, in silence when the mistress of bright words, no more warm symrathy. Un

rare intervals - and the whole party of guests, with Lord and Lady Penrith, had driven over to one of the neighboring manaione, where they were expected, to take luncheon On such occasions, when the beautiful, stately old mansion was empty, it was Agatha's delight to roam over it, to visit the picture-gallery and the drawing-rooms, so full of beauty and luxury. Many little things that she saw this morning touched her seized her, when Beatrice came, with flying heart deeply. Some music belonging to feet and flushed, happy face, to tell room : she saw her music in the drawing. heart deeply. Some music belonging to that she was going out driv-it in Vane's handwriting. She bent riding, or walking with the earl. down and kissed it, her eyes filling with hot tears. Just then the cound of footsteps on and give the sweet, warm sympathy that the the terrace attracted her attention; surely to the window. She knew that the earl and Beatwice had ridden together. If any unforseen incldent had brought them back again -she must go and see.

But a strange figure was there. A carriage, evidently hired from the nearest railway station or hotel, stood before the grand entrance, and a lady had just descended from it, and was walking up to the hall-door-a tall, stately figure, clad in a black, simple dress, and wearing a black veil, quite a stranger to Penrith, for by mistake she had turned to the terrace on the left-a stranger, yct there was something almost terribly familiar in her style and carriage.

The lady went up to the great-hall door, and Agatha heard a long, loud peal. In some vague way it struck horror into her-it filled her with dread, and then she re-proached herself for being weak and foolish : yet some impulse led her to the great en trance-hall, where she overheard a footman talking to the stranger.

A sudden horror, a dreadful trembling seized her-the tones of that voice were quite familiar. A half-sharp, half-imperious voice, with a piquant French accent. Her heart almost stood still; a chill terrible as the cold of death came over her. What could it mean? Surely as she was living, surely as the bright sun shone in a blue sky, that was the voice of Valerie d'Envers. She stood for a few moments in herrible distress and suspense; then she heard the same voice, but this time in far more imperious accents, say : "I have travelled some distance, at great inconvenience to myself, to see Lord and

Lady Penrith on very important business, and I shall not go away until I have seen them. If they are not at home, I will wait here until they return."

It was Valerio-brilliant, beautiful Valerie. What had brought her here ? Valerie, who had slain her with cruel words ; Valerie, who had robbed her of her happiness, her life, and her love ; Valerie, whose cruel, perfect fice had bent over her in the agony that had been more bitter than the agony of death. Looking neither to the right nor the left-never deigning to let her eyes fall on the figure standing so silent, Valerie swept auxiously followed her with her eyes.

"Show me late a room where there is a fire," she said. "If I have to wait some

Agatha saw a peculiar smile on the servant's face, as he opened the door of abe had come to no decision Lord Kelso one of the anterooms, where a good fro was blazing. She swept in, and the man closed the dcor. Agatha, with a white, wild look on her face, went up to him. "Who is that lady, John ?" she asked.

should think she is a French lady by her acwas almost over. But now I would not John had no more to say, and Agatha chauge it for the world, I would not have it knew that it would not be safe to indulge in one day later. I am misorable even that be any carlosity. It was Valorie, there could is going to leave me for so shorts a time." be no denying that - no mistake ; and judg-And the listening, knowing all, could not ing from her manner, Valerie in her most naughty and determined mood. At first Agatha felt quite sure that it was to seek her that the Frenchwoman was there. She must have heard that she had made her way into the world of pure and good women from which she declared her shut out. She had come to betray her; to tell the story of her fatal mistake ; to ruin her by driving her from this haven of rest, where she had found peace. It must be thatthere was nothing else to bring her here. Yet why would she persecute her? Why, after this long interval of time seek to do her harm? Valeris could know nothing of the Penriths. It could be from no interest in them that she was anxious to betray her. Another thing was how could it be possible that she could have traced her there? Then another, and even more terrible idea, came to her-one that made her tremble. It was, perhaps, not for her that Valeris had come, but for Lord Kelso. She knew nothing of what had passed between Sir Vane and Valerie, but she was wiser now than when she lived in the beauti-Agatha of her future, of that future which ful castle by the lake. She had thought it all over since, and had come to the conclusion do when she lived at Garawood, until there | that the part Valerie played had been sugwere times when the brave, patient spirit gested by jealousy. Could it be possible that broke down, and Agatha turned away with a she had come to harm him? And the woman whom he had wronged and be-Nearer and nearer-every day now brought trayed felt her beart warm and her oxes and cheats to the castle; every day courage rise. Valerie should not injure brought some portion or other of the claborate him-no one should, no one should hurt a hair of his head; she would stand before him, if need should be, and receive the

She went at once to the ante-room, where the casile entered, and made her most stately baw. 35

"You wish to see me," said Lady Penrith quietly, wondering who this brilliant beautiful Frenchwoman could be.

"Yes. Thave come some distance to see you, Lady Penrith ; I wish also to see Lord Penrith, and -and a gentleman who is staying here."

"I do not quite understand," said Lady Penrith, haughtily.

"You will understand afterward, madain. I cannot explain. I must see Lord Penrith. Will you kindly allow me to ask you one question ! Have you a gentleman visiting

"I do not understand the question " replied Lady Penrith. "I do not feel inclined ,to, apswer.it."

"I know that I am doing something quite unconventional, Ludy Penrith, but I feel quite sure, when you know the motive, you will say that I am more than justified. I have a carriage waiting, and my time is limited. May I ask if I can see Lord Penrith ?"

"I do not know what to say. This is a very unusual proceeding. Would you tell me to whom I have the pleasure of speak.

ng ?" "You will not know my name when you hear it, Lady Penrith; but I will that it to you with pleasure. I am Valerie d'Envers," and Lady Penrith, in her turn, bowed.

She knew the name was one of the best in France. That slightly changed the aspect of affairs. A noble lady would not be there

on a trifling erraud. "I wish," continued Valerie "to make communication to you and to Lord Penrith but it must be made in the presence of Lord Kelso.

Then Lady Penrith began to fear, began to wonder what was coming; her face grew pale, and she rang the bell with a trembling hand.

"I wish to see Lord Penrith at once," she said. "Ask him not to delay."

# CHAPER LXV.

#### A FOLLY OR A CRIME.

It was not easy to find Lord Pen rith ; he had gone to speak to the head gardener, who was waiting for him, and the two had walked together to some distant spot of the garden. While the footman was looking for him the two ladies sat in perfect silence. At first Lady Penrith had felt no alarm ; true the proceeding was rather unusual, but the lady herself did not look com

monplace. Yet as the minutes passed, and those dark eyes, with their sombra depths of plasion and power. watched her with that silent, intense gaze, Lady Penrith began to feel sick at heart. What could it

be 1 Nothing surely, which could hurt her hus band or hurt Bratrice-beautiful, happy Bestrice--surely nothing could hurt her? Yet the thought fastened like a servent on her heart, her face grew pale and still : thu dark eyes of the other woman acver wavered, never took their glance from her. It was relief to her when she heard her husband's footsteps.

" Here is Lord Penrith," she said ; but no change came over the solemn gloom of the beautiful foreign face. The very eight of himself 'Heriot,' and saying that he would him, when he opened the door, gave Lady like to take the chateau, not for a few Penrith a sense of protection ; nothing could months, but for a year or two. There was go very far wrong when her husband was near. He looked at Valerie in wonder, quick

enough to see the sombre beauty of her face,

If that beautiful head were turned to her but house. She knew atterward all that every question. Listen; perhaps we can for eac monomit and she dark eyes flashed when time had healed the reply." "I am corry for you," said Valerie to Lady bitter woulds. At first no word was she furthed is an and the state of the strange lady; then the foot state of the strange way. At first no word was she furthed is she caught sight of a glad ". "I am corry for you," said Valerie to Lady Penrith that a visitor is abbing you to the heart I would, but I can not. You have accepted Lord Kelso as a suiter for your daughter, therefore you consider kin an honorable man." 'I believe so," said Lord Penrith. stiffty

"I Believe so," said Lord Penrith, stiffly. He did not like the lady's manner, or the triumph that he saw shining in her dark eyes.

If wrong had been done to Beatrice, great Heaven ! how he would avenge it. "You would not take a servant into. your household without strict inquiries as to character, honesty, and integrity, would you, Lord Penfith ?"

"Certainly not," he replied ; "although I do not see what that has to do with the question." "Only this," she replied, her lips curling

-" only this, that if you had made as many inquiries about your daughter's lover as you would have made over a housemaid or a groom, you would not have consented to his becoming your daughter's husband." "Oh, Beatrice ! my beautitul, bright Bestrice !" wailed Lady Penrith.

Aud then her hushand spoke sharply.

"We have heard nothing that affects Beatric > yet," he said.

"Had you made enquries about him," persisted Valerie, "you would have found out that he was not fit to marry a young, inne-cent girl like your daughter; that although he bears the name of a great man, although people say there is no real harm in him, and that he is his own worst enemy, there are deeper, darker crimes to be laid to his charge -crimes that have blackened his soul until, I repeat, the white, pure soul of your daugh

ter would shudder at contact with it." "Assertion is not proof," said Lord Pen-

rith coldly.

"I (hu give you proof," she said. "All the world—that is, all the fashionable world of London-knows and will remember the terrible scandal about Lady G-She was young and beautiful; her husband was many years older than her-self, she had three little daughtersbaby girls. Sir Vane was a young mun then, handsome enough to win the heart of any woman-he won hers; he took the poor, hap less lady from her nusband, her children and her home. She gave up all the world for him, He tired of her in a few months. The love that was to have been immortal died, as wisked love always does, and she has been lost over since. Do you call that a folly or a crime, Lord Penrith?'

" A crime," he unswered, in a loud, clear voice ; but Lady Penrith laid her gentle hand n her husbaud's shoulder, and cried ou. .gain for Beatrice, her beloved child. "You are right," said Vulerle ; "it was

a crime. No honorable man could ever give his daughter to a man whose hands were red with the heart's blood of another woman, There are people in the world," she continued, "who profess to think lightly of such things, and will tell you that a young man must sow his wild oats.

You are not one of those, Lord Penrith ?" I am not," he replied, proudly. "I thought not. I pass over miny such

stories I have heard, and I will relate the one I know myself to be true, and in which I must, unfortunately, take a part." Lord Penrith laid his hand caressingly on

the gentle head of his wife. It was some comfort that whatever they had to bear, they could bear it better together.

"I have told you," continued Valerie, "that I lived with my aunt, Madame D'Envers, in the Chatzau Bellefleurs, and that it was ber habit during the spring and summer to let part of the castle and the grounds. I think it is about five years since a young Englishman wrote to her, signing himself 'Heriot,' and saying that he would only himself, his wife, and their servants. The terms he offered were so liberal that my aunt saw at once sho had to do with the rich

I did not think at first there was anything.

natural that a young husband, devoted as

"I need not go through the details. nor

weary you by telling you how I found out

his wife, she was no more married to him

CHAPTER LXVI.

-what was to be done ?

Husband and wife looked still at each other

"I do not ask a favor that you should sum

chateau.

they called Mrs. Herist.

married in a church.

we judge."

the door.

Valerie would have continued talking, but 1 35.65 Lord Penrith said : " There will be no need now for another word until he comes."

the table to the other end of the room, and the two stood, in earnest conversation together.

Agatha, know that Valerie was with Lord and Lady Penrith, was almost sence of such a woman as you, Ludy mad with suspense. Was it about her and Penrith, but I am afraid I have merely look.

would anything go wrong with Beatrice and Lord Kelso ? "I would rather die myself," she said,

"than anything should happen to Beatrice." She tried to attend to the children's lessone, but it was impossible ; she could not even hear what they said ; all her heart, thought, and interest were with Valerie. What was she doing !--what was she saying ? She could not bear it. She left the lessons and the children to their fate and went to

her own room ; while Lord Kelso and Bea-trice, having half an hour to spare, had found their way into the music room. There woman-it is easy to betray innocence or was no fear of interruption, no fear of in-simplicity-but it is not so easy to deceive traders, and happy Beatrice enjoyed half an

hour with her stately lover. " Oh, love, if you were only here,

Beside me in this mellow light. Though all the bitter winds should blow

And all the ways be choked with spow. 'Twould be a true Arabian night,"

sang Beatrice, and Lord Kelso, smiling at the clear young voice and pretty words, said : "I am here, Beatrice-you have but the

said, "or I might, in my turn, make certain one love I suppose." "Oaly one," said the girl, raising her eyes revelations not very pleasant for Mademoi-"Only one," said the girl, raising her eyes to his, "and I shall never have another-you and you only. One life will not be enough to love you in."

but she has not told you what a snake in the grass she proved herself to the girl He felt, with a sharp parg of rain, how unworthy he was of this sweet, girlish idelaunworthy he was of this sweet, girlish idela- whom she drove to her death. I tell you try. When he was with Beatrice, as with henestly that I leved that girl with my whole Agatha, he always wished himself a better heart, and I would have married her legally man. " My little love," he whispered, "I wish and properly long ago but that I was ashamed to let her know that I had deceived her be

I were more worthy of your love, but I will do my heat to make you very happy.'

"I could to be anything else but happy," she said. "I should be happy if even I only saw you once each day, but to be with you every day, and all day long, is too much happiness to bear thinking about. I say to my

self often it can never be true, I cannot realize it. When you have been staying here and go away again, it is just as though sunlight changed to darkest night. I am to live always in brightest sunshine, am I not?" "Yes, always, my darling," he said, 'always."

Just then a footman came to the door with message that Lord Penrith would be much obliged if Lord Kelso would go to him at loog forrow. She whose name I may never

once, he wanted to see him. "That is unkind," said Beatrice, "just the only few minutes I have to spend with the same thing, but they have settled down you. If pipa knew how cruel it was he afterwards, have married good women, would never have sent for you."

She smiled as he whispered some loving have done the same-living with one so good words to her, and no one living ever taw the same smile on her face again.

He went, wondering what particular business the earl could have with him just before dinner, and recretted that he had not spent the half hour with Beatrice-it was too bad. He laino more idea of what awaited him than a laughing child has of grim death. "Come in !" said Lord Penrith, who was

you have succeeded in making me suffer. longing to be able to speak his mind, but who was restrained by prudence for a time.

I shall suffer all my life. You need not be proud of the feat you have accomplished. Lord Penrith, when this person has gone, we Lord Keho went in. They knew he was guilty, and that she had spoken the truth, when they saw his face—as it looked when will speak together." his eyes fell upon her.

Lord Penrith left his wife's side, and ad-Beatrice, it was with great difficulty that he vanced to meet him. refrained from taking the man before him by

"I want you, Lord Kelso," he said. "This lady, Mademoiselle D'Envers, has come here the throat, and ending the life that to him taid "At first, when I thought how soon any name or any card. She wants to see my and to recognize from its expression that she was there on no peaceful errand. We were to be married, I was not corry, you lord and my lady- and see them she will. I was there on no peaceful errand. seemed accursed. Lady Penrith read his wife, and settled down comfortably at the challenged me to bring you face to face with her. "They must have been enormously rich, The woman leved him-her face changed, as my aunt said, for they spaled no luxury; paled, grow crimson, and quivered; her eyes they had everything in the wide world they glowed and darkened. wished; carriages, horses; they went where Lard Kelso, who had quickly recovered his

was never taught. I was born the heir to great wealth, and I always thought I could do as I liked. I am not all bad. I believe that if any one had ever said to me that self. Then be drew Lady Penrith away from control and self-restraint were noble, I might have tried to be noble. As it was quite naturally, I thought of nothing but my own pleasure. I have never done what the world Under the same roof and at the same time would call a mean thing. I have been genertwo other scenes were taking place full of ous-I may even say charitable-but have not respected the claims of women. I am doubly ashamed to say it in the preabout Vane that she was there ? It must be oue or the other. What would happen ? Would she be sent away in disgrace, or vices of devils. I love Beatrice. I feel that my lips are not worthy to mention her name. love her because she is like an angel." He turned to Valerie.

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"You can say what more you will, he said, quietly; "you have had your revenge." "Yes, I have had it, and the taste of it is sweet to my lips," she said.

Lord Kelso tarned to the unhappy parents. "Whatever you have to say to me, wait until this woman is gone. She has had her

vengeance ; let her go." "I have more to say before I go," said Valerie. "It is easy to deceive a fooling woman---it is easy to betray innocence or and betray a French noblewoman. told you my revenge should last my life. Every time you attempt to make any woman believe in you, or attempt to make any woman marry you, I will repeat what I have done this time."

He made no answer-a contemptuous smile curled his lips. A woman's threats wou'd never move him. "I will not retaliate upon a woman," he

fore. If that woman with her horrible

treachery had not come between us, in sil

probability we should have been married. I

love Beatrice because she resembles in her

purity, her innocence, and her sweet gayety

the girl whom this woman murdered with

"Hush !" cried Lord Penrith. "You

Lord Kelso's handsome face grew deadly

"Is it so ?" he said. " I cannot complain.

You see, mademoiselle, you-work is done-

your revenge is very complete. You have

doomed a bright, happy, loving girl to a life.

more mention need never have known of my

and have so become good men. I might

and pure would have made a good man of me.

tion of what she had been saying when he

left her, came back to him, his voice faltered, and the tears came to his eyes. "You have

had full vengeance, mademoiselle : 1 scorn to

retaliate. If you wish to know whether

yes, you have done so-I do suffer, and

Lord Penrith made no answer; thinking of

bave made her very happy."

I could have protected her from all evil, and

The recollec

must never mention my daughter's name

false words."

again.

pale.

Lord Killo was to return at the end of Sctober for a few weeks, and then they were not to meet again until the wedding day ; it was scalled for the twenty-second of Decemlier.

The bright hours passed, and, with each one bringing her nearer to the one she loved, Restrice became happier every day. She was in the highest spirits : her beautiful face was bright with smiles ; to look at her was to feel young, and happy, and gladeome. While every day the gentle heart of Agatha Brooke grew more heavy, more uncertain, mare despairing-her thoughts and ideas did not seem to grow clearer.

Every day abe saw greater preparations made for that marriage which seemed to her so cruel, and Beatrice, loving her every day, trusted her more and more. She talked to seemel so bright to her; of what she should moan on her lips.

boxes and chests to the castle ; every day trousseau which might have been prepared for a princess.

be obsorged.

What was she to do? She had no one to help and advise her ; she had no certain rules to grade her ; she could not tell, as she generally due, at the first glance what was right come to him-never while she could avert it. and what was wrong.

If any one had ever prophesied to Agatha that the time would come when she would hesitate as she was doing now, would have given much for a ray of light to anxious.

was like a real coming home, for he had forgotten no one. Lady Penrith raised her hands and even in amagement at the number | would end. and splendor of the presents he brought with well and strong, but there was no happiness light of her love, she never looked sgain.

They rode up to the front, the grand can Be could have stretched out her hands trance, and with some little confusion of the could have stretched out her hands trance, and with some little confusion of the stretched the

give her life for him cheerfully, as she had given her heart and her love. And the

woman who should have bated him, found herselt weeping hot tears lest harm should Then, again, she could not see what harm

could be done. It did not matter to Valerie whether he married or not, or whom he married. One thing was certain, he could never not knowing right from wrong, she have any thought of marrying her, or he would not have believed them. Now she would have done so. She was miserably

guide hor on a dark road, The chill, sere month of October brought and ask her what she was there for. Then the earl back again to Penrith Castle. It the fear came to her that she might perhaps be doing more harm than good. She did not know in what manner her rash interforence

She stood at the window when the party The children were in costany-they returned, and the first two who came wished that such a lover came every day; and up the long avonue were Beatrice Beatrice was bappier in a quiet fashion, and the earl, riding side by side-she She said less, but Agatha saw that she smiling, blushing, happy, as she would have him more. Her loving heart could not never be in this world again. The sunrest antil she had saught one glimpse of him. shine fell upon her face, on her figure; they The went to one of the unused rooms of the seemed to have found a home in the radiant enstern wing that she might watch him from eyes raised to her lover's face; and as she thence as he monated his horse. He looked looked then, in the sight of the sun, in the

to him with a loving ory. Ah, if, she dare ! laughing and talking, they entered the and hear-there are always two sides to was a pause.

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He glanced at his wife.

"You want me, Philippa ?" he said ; and then the strange lady arose from her seat and stood before him, tall, erect, and stately. "No; it is I who wish to see you, Lord Penrith," she added. "I have come from some distance, and at some inconvenience, " she added. "I have come from for the purpose of sseing you and Lady Pen rith. Would you kindly see that the door

is closed, and that we have no interruption.' For all answer Lord Penrith turned and locked the door.

"We are quite secure now," he said ; "no one will come near us."

"I and a stranger to you, Lord Penrith," said the stately lady; "let me introduce myself to you. I am Valerie D'Envers; the strange in the matter ; it seemed to me quite name you will recognize as one well known in France.

He bowed low, feeling, as his wife had done, that there was something unusual and extra-ordinary to bring this lady, in this fashion, to them.

"You admit the fact," she asked. "Do you doubt my identity? If so, I can prove it to you in many ways." "I do not dispute it," said the ear!.

"I should like briefly to say a few more had the fair, white soul of an angel. 1 must words about myself," she continued, "so bear this testimony to her-that she was, that you can rest assured of my re-spectability and responsibility. Unlike most perfect woman I have ever known. most French unmarried ladies, I am She bal the most spiritual soul. When I perfectly independent. My father left me a good fortune, and I have been ac-customed to speed one-half of my time among have looked at her I have often thought that her heart lived in heaven. She was so kind. so charitable, so good to the poor, so tender and loving to every one. If I tried I could my friends in Paris ; the other half has been spent with my aunt, Madame La Baronne not describe her; I bow to her in involuntary homage now, as I speak of her. "At first I had no suspicion, but after a D'Eavers, at the Chateau of Bellefleurs, in Switzerland, and it is in consequence of what I saw there that I am here now,'

"I must explain that my aunt lost the greater part of her fortune, and that, in order to make up her income, she, dur-Nothing elso was spoken about; it was sword-thrust meant for him. He had ing the spring and summer, lets the greater slways Lord Keko and the wedding-the betrayed her, wronged her, inflicted part of the chateau to the rich English who wedding and the trousseau --autil even Lidy the deadliest isjury upon her, but go abroad. You will understand soon why Penrith langhed and said the subject must no one should ever hurt him. She would I tell you this. In what I have to say, do not for one moment imagine that I am speak ing untruthfully. If you did you will find it out and punish me. but every word I and he had tiken advantage of her innocence. have to say to you is as true as it is that He had deceived her in the most heartless the sun shines in heaven; therefore, as fashion, and, while she believed herself to be I tell you my story, do not seek comfort in these words-'It cannot be true.' It than I, Lord Penrith, am married to you."

is true. I should not have come all this way to tell lies." She looked suddenly up into Lord Penrith's face. "You have staying with you now the Earl of Kelso, who was Sir Vane Carylon some years ago, but

who succeeded very unexpectedly, and through some terribly sudden death, to the Kelso title and estates.'

Lord Penrith bowed. This was a true face." statement, and there was nothing to be answered.

"I have read," she continued, "in papers which should be well informed, that Lord Kelso is about to marry your eldest daughter. Beatrice Penrith."

"Oh, Heaven' Beatrice," cried Laly Pen rith. It seemed as though her fears and doubts were to be realized ; she stretched out ner hands as though she would ward off a blow. "Beatrice," she repeated, and Lord Penrith went up to her ; he knew how she loved this beautiful child ; he threw his strong arm round her.

"Ask Lord Kelso if he will come hare,'

Lord Kelso, who had quickly recovered his they would, and did as they would. When I self-possession, turned to her with a how, went, as usual, to spend some months at her which she returned.

chatean, I found my aunt enchanted with her lodgers, above all with the fair, beautiful girl "This is your vengeance," he said. "Yos," she replied, " this is my venge ance."

"It was only natural that I should be very "Will you snewer sound questions which I shall wound and Kelse," she said, "questions which I shall much with them; we were all young, and Mr. Heriot, one of the most charming and sek on your honor as a gentleman ?" He looked contemptuously at her, but made fascinating of men-no one could resist him.

no reply. "Is the story told of you and Lidy G----

true or not ?" she asked.

"Of what consequence can it be to you?" he replied. "I would not condescend to an-swer you." Mr. Heriot was to his wife, would naturally prefer the beautiful solitude of Bellefleurs to crowded places, where he would have less time to spend with her.

"No! I felt sure that you would speak the truth ; if not, Lord Penrith. who wishes There were times when 1 envied her, to know the truth, had better put the quesand thought how strange it was that she tion himself.' should have everything, and I-nething. She was unlike any one else; she was fair as an angel, and, what was more, she

"Is it true !" asked Lord Penrith, with dark frown.

"I wm ashamed to say that it is perfectly true," he replied.

It was a horrible crime, but if anything could redeem it, it was the frank, manly fashion in which he owned it.

"You see that I was right!" oried alerie, in triumph. "Now let him Valerie, in triumph. "Now let him deny, if he can, that he deceived one of the most innocent and beautiful girls in the world :: that he made her believe in some wretched attempt at a mock marriage, and took her away with him to Switzerland, where she lived with him for some time, time we talked, as all girls do, about love and marriage. My suspicions were first aroused when I found that she had not been believing herself to be his wife. Is this true ? "

He looked at Lord Permith as though the question came from him.

"To my eternal regret, sorrow, and con-demnation," he replied, " it is true." There was a dead silence for one half min-

the truth, and the truth was sickening and "Mr. Heriot, whom you know as Sir Vane ate, then a muttered carse fell from the white lips of Lord Penrith, and again Valerie cried, and Lord Keiso, had most cruelly deceived this girl. She was as innocent as an angel, in triumph :

" You see, now, that I have spoken the truth."

## CHAPTER LXVII.

## DOOMED TO A LIFE-LONG SORROW.

Lord Kelso was not a hardened man-he A low wail from Lady Penrith, and again her husband soothed her with loving words. recoiled with pain when Lady Penrith turned her white face, haggard with misery, to of those who consider the destruction of the " Do not forget that we have heard only him. one side, Philippa; there are always two

"Why have you done this to my Beatrice! sides to every question. Let us wait before What has she done to you that you should spoil her life? Oh, Heaven I who is to tell "You shall have every chance of judging," her, and she preparing for her wedding said Valerie ; "you shall bring us face to day 🖓

Lord Keleo's voice was full of emotion as

words to snawer you. I wish that I had you make Beatrice suffer for my sins. What been dead before I had brought this trouble

non him," she said; "I demand it as a right. I appeal to you, bring here this man who has spoiled my life, and see how he meets the charges made against him." myself; I do not wish to make iess of my her life with such a life as yours. sin, but let me say this much for myself-if I had my life to live over again I would act Lord Penrith rang the bell and unlocked differently. I say it, with team of sorrow and contrition, that I have never

"Name, "Nay, dearest Hildebrand," she said, "that will make matters worse. Be calm and patient-blind, hot rage will not help us." Valerie made a sweeping bow.

"My mission is accomplished," she said. "You know, Lord Penzith, if any one attempts to win your consent to this marringe what will happen. I shall be there, I shell stand by the altar and the priest to denounce him, and your name shall be associated with the greatest scandul that has ever been known in this land of scandols."

"Ihreats would never deter me from doing what I thought right," said Lord Penrith.

Then, without auother word, he opened the door and held it-a hint that no person could mistake.

"I must express my opinion of you," he said to her. " Lord Keiso does not shine in the stories you have told, but the most contemptible person I know or have heard of-i. vourself.

Lady Penrith said no word as the woman who had marred her daughter's life passed out of sight ; but she stood there with a look on her face that hurt Lord Kelso more than anything else in this world.

"Who is to comfort my child ?' she said to her husband. "Who is to tell her ?"

Then Lord Kelso went nearer to her, and bowed his head before her.

"Lady Penrith," he pleaded, "will you listen to me? Need this cruel deed be done ? -need Beatrice be told ? My folles or sins were all over before I over saw her, Since I have known her I have been true to her in thought, word and deed, just because she is so sweet and innocent. I would respect her innocence, and shield her with the best strength of a man. Could you inrgive me?" The passionate sorrow in his voice touched

her gentle heart. "I could forgive you," she said ; " hat 1

could never give you my beautiful, loving child.

" Thick better of it ! " he cried, with passionate energy. "I own my crims-I have done wrong; I am heartily sorrow for it; I would undo it if I could ; I would make any atonement I could-no man can do more."

"This is true; but what you have done quite unfits you to be my daughter's husband. should never rest for thinking of her-L should never be happy about her. I am one coul as far worse than the ruin of the body. Lord Penrith looked at Lord Kelso.

"If my wife would give my daughter to you, I would not. I would sconer a thoasund times see her lying dead !"

Lord Kelso attered a cry of despair.

"It seems unmaily to plead against your decision," he said, "but do, for Hraven's suke, stay and think. If you send me away. has Beabrics done t"

ta you and to Bestrice. I wish, indeed, that "Nothing-that is the ornelest part of I had died. Will you listen to me for a few it," said Lord Penrith. "She may suffer, minutes I cannot make any excuses for and she will suffer. Better that, than to link

"You are too hard," groaned Lord Kelss. "I do not think so," said Lord Penrith.

Then they were silent, while the carriage Trheels of the woman who had come down " round her. "Ask Lord Kelso if he will come have," studied anything except mysels, and my upon them like a whiriwind folled down the "Hush, Philipps !" he said, gently; "wait he said to the servant-man, and again there own pleasures. Only Heaven knews whether avenue.

it will be any excase for me to pay that I have to consider our manage said