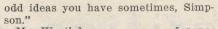


B 22



Mr. Westlake was a man of pene-ation. He had been pondering every-Iration. thing in his mind and he was at a loss to account for the action of the police in suspecting Henry Jackson and sending for the warder. So he went to them and asked from

whom the information came. It is pos-sible that town police would have refused to acquaint him, but the country policemen had no such scruples, more especially as one of their num-ber was engaged to Louise's maid, and the latter did not love that young

"Miss Ormonde gave you the infor-mation!" he exclaimed horrified, "oh, "Miss Ormonde gave you the infor-mation!" he exclaimed horrified, "oh, but that is impossible. How could she know anything about it?" A little further conversation con-vinced him that they were right. He went home heavy at heart. That any young lady,—much more one stay-ing in his house,—should turn iu-former revolted him, and she was be-sides the child of his old friend.

H<sup>E</sup> went at once into the drawing-room where Mrs. Westlake, Ron-ald and Louise were sitting. "Louise," he said solemnly, "I have heard a very terrible thing." "And what is that?" she enquired with outward boldness although her heart was quaking

with outward boldness although her heart was quaking. "That you, the child of my old friend, are the person who has wrought all this terrible mischief that has befallen us of late, who caused misery to Mrs. Cornwallis and was probably the death of her husband." "And pray how did I kill Mr. Corn-wallis and do all these dreadful deeds?" she asked defiantly, throwing heack her handsome head

wants and do all these dreadful deeds?" she asked defiantly, throwing back her handsome head.
"It was you who set the police on to the track of poor Cornwallis."
"And if I did?" for she saw denial was useless; "if seeing a ruffian with one whom I believed was a designing girl quite unfit to mate with Ronald, if I overheard a little of their very suspicious conversation and thought it my duty to acquaint the police, you ought to be very much obliged to me for looking after your interests."
"I am capable of looking after my own interests. If you had had them at heart you would have told me."
"You did this thing, Louise!" said Ronald sternly; "what motive could you have had?"

She faced her foes, looking very

She faced her foes, looking very nandsome. "I will tell you my motive," she re-plied, addressing Mr. Westlake. "I wished to destroy Ronald's infatuation for an apparently low-class girl, and I did it because I loved him, and believed that but for her he would have loved me.

Then Mrs. Westlake spoke.

"Do you call that love, you wicked, cruel girl, to do what my son would have given up all his liberty to pre-vent; to set the police on the track of a poor young girl who had never done you any harm, to hunt a man down, to almost ruin Ronald."

"It was not I who would have ruined

"It was not I who would have ruined him, it was his own foolishness. And it is a little hard I should be blamed for Mr. Cornwallis' death, seeing that I had nothing whatever to do with it." "Do you not know," said Ronald speaking in the same stern tone, for her confession had not softened him in the least, "that the results of our actions are not apparent at the time? That good actions will produce good actions are not apparent at the time? That good actions will produce good fruits, while bad actions will bring forth what the doer of them little dreamt of? You have done your worst for us." "Perhaps it was a hasty impulse; perhaps she is sorry," said kind Mrs. Wastlake

Westlake. "No, Mrs. Westlake, I am not the least sorry," returned Louise with a laugh that made her hateful in Ronald's eyes. "I am a little bit sorry perhaps that the man should have died -though it was no fault of mine—but as to what befell that girl, all I can say is that she deserved all she got, and I wish it had been much more." She made this speech hoping to hurt Ronald for his tacit rejection of bersolf.

"As," she continued, "I see the gen-eral feeling is against me, I will de-part, and say good-bye for all time."

There was no reply and she went out of the room.

Ronald rang the bell, he was very

Ronald rang the bell, he was very angry. "Ask Miss Ormonde at what hour she will have the carriage round, and send a maid to assist her maid in pack-ing," he said curtly, being minded to speed the parting guest. The message brought to him was that Miss Ormonde was going to walk to the station to catch the train that went in twenty minutes' time, and she requested that her trunks might be sent after her as soon as might be sent after her as soon as might be convenient.

B EFORE five minutes had elapsed she had left the house, and no one in it saw her again. Mr. West-lake offered to escort her to the sta-tion but met with a peremptory re-fusal, which he was glad of, although in one way he felt sorry for her.

"I hope we were not too hard on her," he said dubiously. "No one can be too hard on a wo-man who betrays her friends and is not even sorry for having done so when she sees what harm she has done," was Ronald's verdict.

His anger was not on his own ac-count but on that of Enid; her prin-cipal suffering had been caused by a

cipal suffering had been caused by a woman who hated her, and at present he could not forgive that woman. His mind was taken off from the subject soon for a general election took place. Ronald put up for Wil-lowbridge and was returned by a large majority. majority.

majority. He had attained what at one time had been the dearest desire of his heart, to represent his fellow man and labour for his country, but now an-other desire was predominant. He wanted Enid and could not be happy until she became his wife. But could this ever be? She had written more than once but her letters were restrained. He answered them at once, and, on his becoming a mem-ber, she wrote in terms of warm con-gratulation.

gratulation.

gratulation. "For I know," she said, "that you will never become a self-seeker, I know that you have not entered Par-liament because you look on it as a stepping stone for yourself. I know that you will devote yourself to what-ever you consider right and good, and will not be guided simply by party feeling." feeling.

feeling." Then she told him that she and her mother had been abroad long enough, but that before settling down in town for the winter they proposed making a sojourn on the borders of one of the Scotch lakes. On receipt of this letter Ronald be came strangely restless, he could set tle to nothing.

came strangely restless, he could the to nothing. "Mother," he said one day with a laugh; "don't you think I require change of air?" She looked at her handsome stal-wart son and smiled. "You do not look very ill, but if you think you require change of air

"You do not look very ill, but if you think you require change of air why then I think so also." "Best of mothers, that is the right view to take. I require Scotch air, and nothing but Scotch air will set me up. To Scotland I go to-morrow." "Shall you—shall you meet any oue there?" his mother asked timidly. "I hope I shall meet plenty of peo-ple there," was all the information he youchsafed.

"I hope I shall meet plenty of por-pic there," was all the information he vouchsafed. "I believe," Mrs. Westlake said to her husband, "that Ronald is trying to meet Mrs. Cornwallis. I am sure she ought to be rejoiced to get him for a nusband, nice girl as she is." "I hope he isn't looking too high," replied Mr. Westlake. "Of course is should be rejoiced to have her for a daughterin-law. I said so when I thought she was only a poor girl-bui I understand that she is now very rich. Our money, which might have been a set-off for her birth, is not now of the least account." "Does he know she is so rich?" "I don't know that he does. I took care not to say anything about it when someone told me, for fear he should to propose. For anything I know to the contrary, he may think it was Lady Iredale who returned me that five hum dred pounds." "No one is too good for our Ronald. And I am sure she loves him."

And I am sure she loves him.

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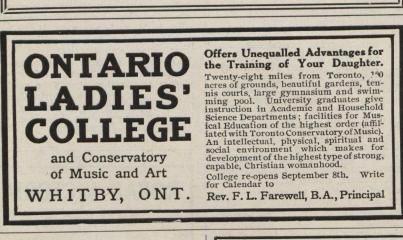
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