

GERTRUDE MANNERING A TALE OF SACRIFICE BY FRANCES NOBLE

CHAPTER XIX—CONTINUED

"If you please, Miss Mannering, Lady Hunter wishes to know if you are unwell, and if she may come up to you, or would you like anything. She said I was to tell you that Mr. Graham told her you were not well, and had gone up-stairs; and as you did not come down, they did not like to go to bed without hearing how you are, miss."

"Thank you, Roberts. Will you say I am better now—quite well, indeed; but that I prefer going to bed at once instead of coming down again, as I have still a slight headache, and it is getting late? Perhaps Lady Hunter will come to me in the morning if I lie a little longer than usual, as I think I must ask her to let me; but if she does not mind, Roberts, tell her I would rather she did not trouble to come now, as I am all right, and shall be in bed directly."

"And you won't have anything brought up to you, miss?" "Oh, no! thank you, Roberts; I don't want anything, Good-night! And with the sweet, courteous smile which made her a favorite with every one, Gerty shut the door, and was alone again."

"He has betrayed nothing, then, yet. But he is too proud ever to do that, whatever he suffers. Is he suffering much, or is his anger too great against me?"

But she dare not think of his suffering, the thought of which was more terrible than her own—harder, oh! so much harder to bear: the thought that, as he said, he might really bring himself to believe she did not love him, in his inability to appreciate or understand the motives which had obliged her to renounce him.

"I must not let myself think of it. It is all over now; I must never see him again unless—unless—but why do I deceive myself again with hope?"

Then she stood before the fire, with her hands clasped and a perplexed look on her face.

"No, I must not see him again; I dare not trust myself. I think I could be strong; I do not feel afraid now; but we can never tell; we may not even put ourselves in the way of temptation if it can be avoided. I must go away to-morrow—home again to papa. My cousin when I tell her all, will help me. If he goes out for any length of time I can easily manage it; and he will, I think. But in any case I must not see him. God will help me, and will not let me be put in his way, I know. My cousin shall give him a note from me when I am gone; and she will excuse me to the rest. She will know best how; she is always so kind, though it will grieve her so terribly—her and dear old Sir Robert. I can telegraph from the station to papa that I am coming home, and then he will not be so startled to see me." And she thought it out all methodically, as though she were planning, not for herself, but for some one else, with that numb state of feeling coming over her again.

Then, instead of undressing, she began to make preparations for departure. Mechanically she gathered together all her things, her clothes, and all her little possessions which she had brought to Nethercotes, and laid them in readiness to be repacked by the maid in the morning, pursuing her occupation quickly, never pausing until it was finished. Then she drew from her finger the ring which somehow in her agitation she had forgotten until now—the pretty ring which Stanley had given her the evening before, intending as he told her, to replace it later by a handsomer one which he meant to purchase specially for herself, and which he would like her to choose. She took it off quickly, as though not daring to linger over it or look at it, and put it away to be returned to the giver; then, as she stood by the dressing-table, she glanced at the mirror, almost starting at the sight of the face reflected there—so white and ghastly, years older, she thought, since yesterday. Her task over, she lingered still by the fire, as though reluctant to seek the sleep from which the awakening would be so terrible.

"I could do better, I think to stay up all night and face it—the life that is before me—for I have now begun to realize it a little. But to have to let myself forget it for a few hours—to go to sleep and dream perhaps, and then to wake again to it all! But I must, or I should, perhaps, be ill in the morning, and they would not let me go. And I shall have to grow used to it at home; the forgetting it in sleep and dreams, and then the awaking, in all the weary days that are only beginning."

And when once undressed and in bed, with her little convent crucifix clasped tightly in her hand, Gerty soon fell into the heavy, kindly sleep, almost stupor, of exhaustion and utter weariness which often comes when all is over, after a cruel mental struggle such as she had experienced, after a day of such agitation as hers had been.

CHAPTER XX The shock was over, the shock of awakening and remembering everything, which was so much worse

even than she had pictured; and Gerty lay still a while longer, with her eyes closed, as though wishing to defer as long as possible at least the bodily facing of the duty which lay before her. She had glanced at her watch, and found it late for an early riser like herself; but she knew Lady Hunter would not expect her down early, and she must keep her room, if she could, until Stanley should go out, as she hoped and felt sure, somehow, he would do.

In a few minutes there was a gentle knock, and the maid entered, bringing a cup of tea, which Lady Hunter had sent up in case Gerty should be awake.

"Lady Hunter will come up directly, miss," she said.

Gerty drank the tea, and when the maid had left the room she remained sitting up in bed waiting for her cousin, nervously herself for her task. A few minutes more brought Lady Hunter, who sat down at once by the bedside and took both Gerty's hands as she kissed her.

"My love, how white and ill you look; and I expected to find you all right and blooming again! But you did not look well all day yesterday, and I thought at the time something more must allude to the merely Stanley's day's absence."

The color rose now deeply enough to Gerty's face.

"Indeed I am not ill, Julia—not as you think. Nothing ails me—bodily, except I am—a little tired, Julia," she added, forcing herself to the effort, "has Stanley gone out, or—is he going?"

Her cousin looked at her anxiously and earnestly.

"Yes, love, he has gone out with the hounds, with Sir Robert and the rest, for the day; but he will be back before the others, an hour or two, he said, love."

A strange look contracted Gerty's face for an instant, and her lips quivered.

"She whispered, 'before he comes back, before he returns this evening, I must be gone away, back home to Whitwell, to papa.'"

For a moment Lady Hunter genuinely feared she had gone suddenly demented, or was going to have brain fever or something of the kind; but, seeing her alarm, Gerty smiled so quietly and naturally, though sadly, that the fear of that kind vanished, and she only asked very gently and anxiously:

"Oh! surely not, Gerty! It cannot be anything so bad as that. Tell me, if you can, love, what is wrong. You and Stanley have not quarrelled; or, if there has been anything, it will be all right again? You take it too much to heart, love, whatever it is; for though Stanley is stern and hasty, no one is more just or tender in reality; no one could be more sorry if he has said anything to hurt you, Gerty."

Without answering her yet, Gerty questioned her in turn:

"Did he—say anything, Julia, to—make you think anything was wrong?"

"He said nothing, love, not a word, last night. He merely told me he thought you were not very well, and had gone up-stairs when I wondered why you did not come back to the drawing-room. But his look and manner were so gloomy and abstracted that I could not but suspect something, and that was why I did not come to you last night; because I knew in troubles of that kind one likes to be alone, at first at least. Then you did not come down to breakfast, as I felt you would not, love; and as soon as I saw Stanley this morning he told me he was going out with the rest; at which I was surprised, if only because you know, he cares so little about hunting. He was very quiet and silent then, until, as they were preparing to go out, he came to me and said that he should be back an hour or so before the rest, if possible; and though he felt, not of your name, Gerty, I did, from his look and manner, that it was a kind of message for you, love."

"And I must not be here when he comes back, Julia; you must let me go this afternoon." Then putting her hand again in her cousin's, she continued, her heart beating once more after its unnatural calm:

"You remember, don't you, Julia, saying to me yesterday, when I was telling you the news—and her lips quivered—"that I should not always get my own way like you do, that I should have to give in a good deal to Stanley when I became his wife; and I laughed and said I was not afraid; that I should never want my own way, because I should always think his wishes the best for me. Even as I said that, Julia, the fear came up in my heart, though I dared not listen to it then, that there might be one thing which he would ask me to do in which I could not obey him, and about which I must make sure before I became his wife. I think you guess, Julia, what I mean: my religion—whether he would always let me practise it; whether—if there should be children, I might have them too brought up Catholics. Well, I have asked him, Julia, spoken to him about it, pleaded with him as well as I could, telling him I could never be his wife unless I won from him that promise; and—and he—refused to give it, Julia. He pleaded, on his side, that I would yield, as hard as I did on mine to him; for his hatred of religion—our religion—is something terrible, Julia. Even you would be startled at it, I think, if you heard how stern it made him

when he saw that I could not yield; for, O Julia he did love me so! And as the pent-up heart poured out some of its agony in words, a terrible sob broke from it too, and Gerty paused a minute, while her cousin made her rest her head on her shoulder.

"He told me what a love he would give me if I would only yield; that never wife had been so cherished before as I should be; and then when I had to break from him and the temptation of you understand me, don't you, Julia, though you do not care for our holy faith? and when I had to ask him finally if he would grant what I would give up all else; and he will not yield, never will, as he told me so—sternly."

There was a minute's silence, for Gerty could say no more, and Lady Hunter's tears were flowing fast.

"Gerty," she whispered at last, "is there no other way? Is it not too cruel? God is so good and merciful; does He, even in your idea of Him, ask a sacrifice like this?"

"He has the first claim on us, has He not, Julia? If to please a creature we must give Him up, give up what He has revealed as His one holy religion, then He does ask such a sacrifice, even like this; but promising, oh! such a reward, Julia—Heaven and His love for all eternity! And she paused a minute ere she continued: "You would not have me give up God, Julia, would you, believing as I do that I should lose my soul by so doing—lose it for ever in hell, unless time were given me to repent truly? and I could not expect or be sure of that."

"Gerty, do you remember, when you first came to me in London?" and Lady Hunter spoke slowly and solemnly now—"one day that you were explaining the doctrine of hell to me—at least, why it should be easy to believe, even to those who are not Catholics, who take it of course with the rest—and I told you you only fancied you believed it, but that you could not really do so? Well, I shall never say that again, Gerty—never say you do not believe that or any other doctrine. You have proved your faith to me, love, better than a hundred sermons could have done."

TO BE CONTINUED

THE STOLEN ROSARY

The last Thursday of July brought a measure of relief to the two million odd who "summered," or as Charlotte Martin expressed it, to her best friend, Della Smith, "aimed in the city."

As a usual thing Charlotte had scant time or words to expend on weather discussions. The busy little brain under her smart sport hat (bought at a "mark-down" sale, of course) had more than enough to occupy it, what with the ever-present problem of stretching a pitiful small check beyond all possibility, and the occasional, very occasional, "soda" might be indulged in. But in the last two weeks even Charlotte had been drawn into weather discussions.

"What do you think of mother calling me back to get my coat this morning?" she demanded of Della. "I might as well put it on; it just ruins a coat to carry it all twisted upon your arm. They were hurrying along Michigan avenue, and Della smoothed down the offending garment with a sympathetic hand.

"It is lots cooler; I wish I had mine," she said, shivering a little as a boisterous wind swept across the park. "Believe me, I'm actually cold!"

The doors of the sky-scraper which they were passing opened, and out poured a stream of workers. As tiny chips venturing out of a quiet pool are caught up by the waters of a hurrying river, so the two girls were whirled along in the happy, chattering crowd.

The pale, red-eyed man who had been ambling along on the east side of the street, stopping now and again to test the merits of an unoccupied bench, had evidently been waiting for this moment. With no perceptible increase in his shuffling pace, he crossed the street.

The hand of the traffic policeman waved him with a hundred others to safety, holding back the panting automobiles until the passage had been made.

After that, to become one with the home-going throng was a simple matter. The red-eyed man quickened his steps until his heels were in unison with those of a tall woman who swung a bead bag. His hand moved scarce a fraction of an inch toward it, when a promising looking bulge in the jaunty pocket of a blue tricotine coat (purchased also at a bargain sale) made him realize the folly of bag snatching in such a crowd where a "get-away" verged on the impossible. Here was a fat roll in an outside pocket, easy of attainment to fingers long, slim and practiced in their guilty trade. He elbowed the tall woman aside and as she indignantly turned to wither the owner of that offending elbow with a look, the red-eyed man brushed against the distended blue pocket.

"Oh, goodness, don't you wish some of these people would look

where they're going?" scolded Della. "That woman is so anxious to see everything in sight that she doesn't care who she bangs with her old bead purse!"

"Old? I bet you she bought it yesterday; it's exactly like one I saw, but I gave it one glance and passed on. Bead purses don't fit my salary, not this year," laughed Charlotte. Let's take that bus. Oh, we can't! It's filled up and gone. Now we are in for a wait."

They stood in the shelter of the tall building, but the red-eyed man was around the corner and shuffling along Wabash avenue. His soiled fingers were around a bulging leather case. "Feels like good times alright," he chuckled to himself. A closer examination could wait until he had put at least three or four blocks between himself and his victim. The red-eyed man was hungry, luck had been against him all week. He blamed himself for coming into the city at such a time.

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