## TRUE TO HIS WORD

## A NOVEL.

CHAPTER XIV .- (Continued.)

Nellie Neal's duplicity gave Walter confidence, for he had a natural hatred of and indignation against lies. "It is no use your pretending that to me, though you may deceive them by a story of your being engaged in my studio every afternoon. Suppose I had said to your father: 'She has not been there for these seven weeks,' as perhaps I ought to

her eyes, with tears creeping slowly out of them, fast fixed on the ground.

"It is not my place, Nellie, but your father's place, to be talking to you about the manner in which you spend your time. But I do so to spare him and, if it be possible, to save yourself."

Her pale face flushed in a moment, and she sprang to her feet. "What do you mean by that, Mr. Litton ?" cried she, confronting "You have no right to say such words."

"As your friend and your father's friend, Nellie, I have a right; nor do I use them without good cause, or, at least, what seems without good cause, or, at least, what seems it was a relief to him that for the present he so. When a young girl in your position—I don't speak of it disdainfully. Heaven to present himself at his patron's house while don't speak of it disdainfully, Heaven knows!" for she had uttered an ejaculation of what he took to be wounded pride; "the case would be most serious for any young lady who should act thus; but in your case it is most dangerous—I say, when a girl absents herself which means common charity. It was only for hours daily from her father's roof, and is so ashamed of her occupation during that period as to conceal it from him, nay, to trump up a false story, in order to account for her absence, there is good ground to suppose that least. If you have a lover, why should you be ashamed to confess it at home, if he is an honest man ?"

"He is a gentleman," said Nellie proudly. "I am sorry to hear it," was Walter's dry reply; "for in that case, under the circumstances, it is still more likely that he is not honest.

"You do not flatter him, nor me, sir," answered Nellie bitterly.

"I don't wish to flatter you; I wish to tell you the truth. If this man pretends that he loves you, but bids you keep his love a secret your friends, he is lying! Do you suppose that it is you alone who can deceive peo-ple by specious stories? I daresay he has the best of reasons—private ones, but such as you will understand, he says—for not marrying you just at present. In the meantime, he

"You are very, very cruel!" interrupted Nelly, crying bitterly. "You misjudge him

"Still, he does what I have said," answered Walter fiercely.
"And if he does he has a reason for it.

His family is a very high one. But there! it is no use saying anything to you, and you have no right to say anything to me!"

And with that she turned as if to go. There was a look of excited resolve in her face which did not escape Walter's eyes; he stepped between her and the door, and locked

you tell me who this man is. If he is not a secondrel, there can be no harm in my satisfying myself upon that point. If he is"—

"O Mr. Litton, he is no scoundrel! he is a gentleman like yourself, only he does not wish folks to know about it. In a few days I shall be his; he has promised it; but in the meantime I was to tell nobody, and you, least of all."

"Me! What! Do I know the man ?" "O yes! he is a friend of yours; I met him—that is, he saw me here for the first time. It is Captain Selwyn. But he will be so very, very angry if he knew I told you his secret; on my knees I beg of you not to reveal"—

"Kneel to God, and not to me, Nellie!" said Walter in hoarse but solemn tones, "and thank Him that you have told me in time to save you from ruin. Captain Selwyn is a married man; I saw him married with my

own eyes not a year ago in Cornwall."
"Married!" echoed Nellie, and fell forward on the floor, as though she had been a lay figure and no model. She had fainted away.

## CHAPTER XV.

COMING ROUND.

Walter Litton was wroth at the conduct of Reginald Selwyn; and he said consolingly "You have had a narrow escape, Red Ridinghood, and it should be a warning to you as long as you live. The next time a man proes love for you, and "-

Nellie shook her pretty head, and sobbed ut: "Never, never! that is all over now. And please don't call me Red Ridinghood any more: I don't deserve it."

"Well, well; I only say: if such a thing should happen, don't keep it from your father. No good ever came from hiding yet. As to this man Selwyn, you have only to tell him

"I shall tell him nothing from you, sir; I have done mischief enough between you already." answered she firmly.

"But you will not let him persuade you that he is not married?"

"O no, no, sir!" and she gave a little shudder of loathing, which Walter rightly considered to be more assuring than any protestations.

"And now, not this morning, but to-mor-

row, you will come and sit to me as usual; and we will be grandpapa and little Red Ridinghood together, just as we used to be."

"I will come and sit to you, sir," said Nellie humbly, and with a significant ignoring of his last sentence, which was very pitiful.

And the next morning Nellie came as usual,
pale enough, but not with those fever-bright eyes and haggard looks that she had worn on

the previous day.
"Tell me truly, is it all over between you and that man?" asked Walter; but he scarcely Nellie answered not a word, but sat with needed her earnest assurance that it was so to convince him that she was not only out of danger, but cured. Anything short of the actual cautery use of these scathing words: "I saw him married with my own eyes," which Litton had fortunately been able to pronounce, would probably have failed to pronounce, would probably have failed to eradicate the honeyed poison of the treacherous captain; but as it was, she was saved. The shock of the operation had, however, been severe, and the poor girl suffered sadly on her road to convalescence. It was well for her that, besides her duties at home, she had once more her own employment to occupy her thoughts; and it was also well to be in the company of the friendly artist, whose presence could not but remind her of the peril which, thanks to him, she had escaped.

Walter worked hard at his new picture, but his wrath was at white heat against the cap-tain, it would have been difficult for him to discourse of his former ally to Lilian without her seeing that his regard for him had evapowhich means common charity. It was only after many days, and by accusing himself (not without justice) of being so furious against his friend, not because he was a married man, but because he had married Lotty, that he was able to look upon his offence with calmer eyes. There was this to be said, however (and she requires to be saved-from herself, at though it made little difference in the moral aspect on Walter), no harm had been done after all; and when the time arrived for him to revisit Willowbank, he felt that he could plead for the exiled pair, if his pleading might be of any service, almost as honestly as though the captain had not been one of them. He found Mr. Brown in much better case than on his first visit; the gout had left him, and with it much of his peevishness and irritability; while Lilian was looking more beautiful

than ever.

He had chosen an upper room for his studio, where his host bustled cheerily in and out, but kept no dragon's watch over him. Upon the first opportunity of their being alone to-gether, Walter congratulated his sitter upon her more cheerful looks, which he attributed to the improvement in her father's health. "You are more like Joan in her halcyon

days than when I saw you last," said he.
"You mean to say that I don't look so
much as though I had been condemned for a witch, Mr. Litton," answered she, smiling. "Well, you will be glad to hear there is a good reason for that."

"I see one reason in your father's recovery." "Yes; and there is another, which has also, as I believe, been the cause of his convalescence. There is now a well-grounded hope that he will be reconciled with my sister

and her husband.' "I am delighted to hear it," said Walter.

"May I hear how that has come about?"
"Well, partly, if not chiefly (as I shall take care to tell them both) through that picit. "You shall not go to that man to-day," ture of yours in the Academy. I don't think said he; "I will send round to your father at his stall; and he shall take you home." ture of yours in the Academy. I don't think said he; "I will send round to your father at his paid a visit there on his way home from the know that he has a better reason than that. Since, for the present, he cannot see Lotty he solaces himself with that 'counterfeit presentof her.'

"But he can see her if he chooses, I

a very obstinate resolution. That they are gradually giving way, however, I am certain. A letter came to him lately from Mrs. Sheldon Captain Selwyn's aunt, you know."
"Yes, yes; I know her very well. But I

am surprised at her arguments having such an effect, since she was the means—that is, since it was from her house that your sister was

"Very true; but her husband has lately died, and she has written in great sorrow, wishing to be at peace, she says, with all her fellow-creatures, and lamenting the involuntary part she took in separating father and child. You look incredulous, Mr. Litton."

"Do I? I did not mean to do so, though certainly. I should not have availed."

certainly I should not have credited Mrs. them—that is, of course, from any source which might cause him to suspect their authenticity.

"That is true enough," answered Lilian; "but Mrs. Sheldon's communication, it seems (for I have not seen it with my own eyes), also informed him that there was some A distant cousin of his has died".

improvement in Captain Selwyn's prospects.

Sir Reginald!" exclaimed Walter. "I have heard nothing of that. He gains little advantage, however, I am told, in income; but such as it is, it makes the marriage less unequal in point of fortune; or, rather, dear papa is willing to persuade himself so, which is the main point. If he can only be persuaded to forgive Lotty, she and her husband could both come and live at Willowbank. you know, and we should be so happy together. Then you would always find your friend here, Mr. Litton, even if papa should be out, to talk over old times. You look as if there were some doubt of that."

It is became became became became powerful and the proverbial meeting."

Never before had Mr. Christopher Brown and Mr. Christopher Brown delivered himself of such sentiments, or given evidence of possessing such a graceful his competitor for the position.

"I must have a very incredulous countenance," observed Walter, smiling.
"You have a very decipherable one, and I
think I read it aright. Pray, forgive me for

cross-examining you so particularly, Mr. Litton; but this matter is to me of the most vital importance. You know Captain Selwyn's character much better than I do. Do you think it impossible, from your knowledge of him, that he would be persuaded to live

"Indeed, I do not. On the contrary, if he has received no accession of income, I do not see how he is able to live anywhere else."

"But I am so afraid that papa and he may not get on well together; they are so different, you know, in their habits; at least I should suppose so, from all I have heard of my brother-in-law.

"I think that would be of little conse quence," answered Walter; "there would on that very account be less cause for antagonism between them. But, in such a case, Selwyn sells out, of course, and becomes an idle man, and at his age that is seldom desirable."

If Walter Litton's face had been as deci-

pherable as Lilian had described it, and if she had had the key of the cipher, it might have told sad tales. He did not think that plan of Selwyn's living idle at Willowbank would be at all conducive to his wife's happiness; but he could not say so, nor even hint at it.

"Oh, but papa could give him something to do; he has often talked, for example, of getting some one he could trust to superintend

his affairs for him; and don't you think". But here Mr. Brown himself happened to look in, which preserved Walter from the necessity of having to say what he thought of making an ex-captain of Her Majesty's dragoons, who had not at present been re-markable for his business habits, into an estate and property agent. And the subject was not afterwards resumed by Lilian. She was never tired, however, of talking a out Lotty, whose return to her home was evidently her one absorbing thought. Not a taint of jealousy, of fear lest she should once more become her father's favorite, and oust herself from the place which in her absence she had occupied, tinged her sisterly love. She had plenty of conversation upon all topics, for she had read and thought much more than most girls of her age, and, indeed, much more than Walter himself; but this homespun talk of hers pleased him most-not only concerned Lotty. Her every word seemed to give assurance of the simplicity and unselfishness that dictated it. In some superficial respects, she was inferior to her sister. She had not so much of what her sex term "style." She lacked that air of conscious superiority. born of wealth and beauty, which he had no ticed in Lotty when he first met her; but she had the same gentle graciousness of look and manner, and twice the wits. It was shocking, as he admitted to himself, to be making so odious a comparison. If he had been interrogated a month ago about Lotty's intelligence, he would have pronounced it perfect, the fact being that her external charms had been so all-sufficient for him that he had not loooked beyond them; but now he confessed that Lilian was greatly her superior: she had more sense, more feeling, more principle. This was really very hard upon Lotty; but then everything was allowable, or, at all events, excusable, because of this last advantage that Lilian certainly did possess-her thoughts were not entirely monopolized by a beloved object (male). He did not mind their dwelling upon Lotty—far from it—but I think Mr. Walter Litton would have privately resented it had they dwelt upon other Reginald Selwyn. As for having fallen in love with her himself, however, I have already stated what a sensible young man he was, and how ridiculous, impossible and futile any such notion must have appeared to him; indeed, he was continually repeating to himself a hundred arguments against his commit-ting such a piece of folly, from which we may conclude how safe and sound he felt. If this had not been the case, he would have been placed in quite a dangerous position at Willowbank, for Mr. Christopher Brown, as I have said, left him a good deal alone with his stall; and he shall take you home."

"O no, no, no!" pleaded the girl, falling on her knees. "Oh, do not tell my father!"

"I will, so help me Heaven! Nellie, unless for falling in love with her, which a less prudent young gentleman would have found it hard to put away from him. This conduct of his host was caused by his complete confidence in Lilian's character and dutifulness, and not that I had another daughter—Lilian's twin at all from the reflection that she would surely sister?" suppose?" at all from the reflection that she wo take warning from her sister's fate. pride to be broken down before he can permit sidered Lotty's fiasco in the light of an unhimself to be persuaded out of what was once paralleled misadventure, which could not possibly happen twice in a respectable family; and perhaps even drew some comfort from its occurrence on that very ground, just as some folks flatter themselves that travelling by rail is all the safer because an accident has taken place on the same line the previous day. all events, Mr. Brown was not only civil to the young painter, but even, so far as his nature permitted him to be, cordial and friendly. He was confidential to him also after dinner; as Walter thought, extremely confidential, but then he did not know that upon one particular topic (and one only) Mr. Christopher to how much he should own to being cognisant Brown was prone to be confidential to every- of; how much he ought to pretend that he body: this was upon his own personal history and rise in the world, which he was wont to whole, he relate in a didactic manner, for the edification and how. Sheldon with such sentiments. But, again, of any one he could get to listen to him. I should have thought your father to be one of the had begun his financial career by the last men in the world to be moved by earning pennies for skidding the wheels of omnibuses on Holborn Hill, which was in were in doubt whether to add, "also of the reality a flight of imagination, though he had United Kingdom," or not. "She has been a told it so often that he had actually begun to stranger to her home for many months; but had been think that such was the case. He employed, when quite a lad, by the omnibus to-day, I hope you will join us?"
company, on account of his trustworthiness, as a timekeeper, and had occasionally put his But perhaps on such an occasion"— shoulder, or, at all events, his hand, to a "A stranger might be in the way, you wheel. But it was Mr. Brown's weakness to think," interrupted the old gentleman. "If it is the Irish cousin, then Selwyn is disparage beginnings as it is that of others to "On the centrary, we should prefer it. magnify theirs, in order, by contrast, to make will tend to make matters go more smoothly. the present, which he had finally achieved, You have yourself, too, had a hand in the the more magnificent. "I used to earn penmatter—unwittingly, it is true—but still we nies, sir—that is, when I was fortunate enough to get a penny for my trouble instead of a for Philippa. It cannot, indeed, be consid-half-penny—by skidding wheels in Holborn ered a portrait, for Lotty is all smiles and Hill. But while they descended I ascended; brightness; but there is a something in it while I put the drag on in their case I accelerated my own motion towards independence. The pennies became shillings, and begad! I

dred pounds in a lump, young man, and far less three hundred (this was in delicate allusion to the price agreed upon for Joan of Arc) when I was your age; but what I did get I saved and put out to the best advantage. I had only two friends in all the world, sir, at that time, Diligence and Economy; but they stuck to me, and by their help I won the

fight."
Mr. Brown might have added that his too devoted allegiance to them "at that time" had prevented his making friends of a human sort till it was too late to make them. If it had not been for his marriage, which, to his honor, was one of affection, he would have had then feeling that something more than pleasnobody upon whose unselfish attachment he could have counted for the smallest service from those early days on Holborn Hill up to the present date. His wife had died; and one of his daughters, as we have seen, had undutifully deserted him, so that he had but faithful Lilian left. She was a great treasure, it is true, yet only too likely to pass into other hands. It was no wonder that he reckoned that wealth at a high value, which was his only consolation for the absence of friendly faces, loving hands, and for the sake of which he had foregone them. Walter pitied and strove not to despise him while he quoted his shallow laws about getting and saving, as shallow laws about getting and saving, as though they were Holy Writ, and boasted of his growing fortunes. The old man thought him entranced with wonder, and indeed he was so-with wonder how, from such a crabbed stock, two such dainty blessoms as Lilian and her sister could have sprung. And yet Christopher Brown had his good points about him, to which his young guest was by no means blind. He was really a man of strict integ-rity, notwithstanding that he plumed himself so on its possession; nor was he mean, though he was cautious in spending the wealth which he had so drudgingly acquired. "I can do as smart' a thing (by which he meant as liberal a one) as any man when I think fit," he would sometimes say; and therein (though he did not often think fit) he spoke no more than the truth. On that first day Mr. Brown confined his private conversation with his guest almost entirely to the topic of his own success in the world; nor did he say one syllable which would have led him to imagine, had he not been aware of the fact, that he had another daughter beside Lilian. And yet there was one circumstance which, in Walter's eyes sharp enough in drawing a deduction—had a significant reference to Lotty's marriage. After dinner they had adjourned for smoking to an apartment which was evidently the business sanctum of the master of the house a room in which there was no furniture of the ornamental kind, and not a single book, except one bulky one which happened to be lying on the table. This was the Peerage and Baronetage of the United Kingdom. Walter was far too much a man of the world to be surprised at seeing such a volume in such a place; he knew that your "self-made man" is by no means disinclined to worship at the shrine of those who, unlike himself, are in-debted for their making to their ancestors; and he took it up carelessly enough. He was not a little struck, however, by its opening at a particular page, the leaf of which was turned down, so as to point with its edge to the name of Selwyn. "Selwyn, Sir Richard," he read, "fifth baronet; Donaghadee, Ireland, and Long's Hotel, Bond street. Unmarried. Heir Presumptive, Reginald Selwyn, Captain 14th Dragoons. And these last words were underlined in

CHAPTER XVI.

THE DEBT IS PAID.

Twenty-four hours only had elapsed when Walter paid his second professional visit to Willowbank; yet in that short interval, as he could perceive by the manner of his host and hostess, some important incident had taken place. Mr. Brown was fussy and nervous; Lilian was nervous too, though her bright eyes and cheerful tone betokened an unusual elevation of spirits. Nothing was said ex-planatory of this until the three were in the painting room and Walter had settled to his shall be done in your own way."

"My picture! What! from the Academy, ir? Nay; that is impossible."
"Well, if not your picture, the living sir?

likeness of it. You did not know, perhaps, sister ?"

"Yes, sir, I knew it."

"Well, perhaps you know, then, that she has been separated from us by an unfortunate disagreement; in fact, I objected to her mar riage, though she married well, as the world calls it—that is, in point of position. Her husband is Sir Reginald Selwyn, baronet of the United Kingdom."

The air with which the self-made man delivered himself of this remarkable piece of information was something stupendous. If it had not been for Lilian's presence and for one other reason, Walter would have burst out laughing. The other reason was the somewhat serious difficulty of his own position; as was hearing for the first time. Upon the whole, he thought it best to hold his tongue

"Yes, sir, my daughter is Lady Sel-

The old gentleman hesitated, as though he she is coming hither with her husband to dine

interrupted the old gentleman. feel, both Lilian and myself, indebted to you which has reminded me of her very much At all events, we associate you, if you will permit us to do so, with this auspicious

eloquence. That the speech had been pre-pared neither of his hearers could for a moment doubt, but whence could he have culled this flowery style? Could it have been caught, thought Walter, from his connection—indirect as it was—with the Peerage and

Baronetage of the United Kingdom already?
"Under these circumstances," continued
the old gentleman, "we hope you will not refuse to meet Sir Reginald and Lady Selwyn
at our table to-day?"
"I shell ne most pleased" said Walter. "I shall be most pleased," said Walter;

ure was expected of him from such an invita-tion, he added, "and honored." "I am sure papa is very glad that you are going to dine with us," said Lilian when the old gentleman left the room. "He feels not a little embarrassment, after what has passed, in meeting Captain Selwyn, and he has never

seen him, you know."
"And I have seen him so often. Don't you think that will be a little embarrassing for me?" inquired Litton comically.

"No; because he thoroughly understands your position. I have written to dear Lotty to explain it all from beginning to end. It was for her husband's sake and hers, not your own, that you were silent about your previous acquaintance with him.'

"That is true. But I feel not a little compunction in concealing so much from your father. He is so kind and hospitable to me; and I feel as tho gh I had gained his good will by false pretences."

"I quite understand your feelings, Mr. Litton; but I really do not see how matters could have been managed otherwise. I am sure if he had known that you had been acquainted with my sister, and especially your share in her elopement (for such he considers it), he would not have been so moved by your picture; indeed, he might very possibly have believed it to be a concerted plan between you and her husband; and you know it is not as if she had really sat to you. The likeness, if not absolutely accidental, was not designed; you had never even seen her as you have represented her."

"That may be all very true, but I am far from satisfied with my own conduct. Don't you think, Miss Lilian, that now, when all has turned out so well, it would be better to make a clean breast of it, and tell your father?

"Oh, pray, don't, Mr. Litton!" she pleaded. "You don't know how large a share you have had—even papa admitted it just now-in this happy reconciliation. He is not like the same man since his heart has been softened towards Lotty. Oh, please, don't let us run any risk!"

"It shall be as you wish," sighed Walter, "and still, as they say in the melodramas, "I will dissemble." When the truth does come out, and your father turns me out of his house as an impostor, I hope you will say a good word for me, Miss Lilian."
"Indeed, indeed, I will, Mr. Litton. But

as for turning you out of the house, that is nonsense. In fact, what necessity is there for the truth, as you call it—that is, for the facts of the case, which you have never been asked to speak about-coming out at all? It is very much more to Captain Selwyn's interest than to yours that you should be considered a stranger to him. Oh, Mr. Litton," she continued, suddenly bursting into tears, "I am afraid you are thinking hardly of me. I do not love deceit; I hate it; I hate myself for counselling you to hide the truth; it is only that of the two evils—the deceiving my father for his own good, and the telling him all, with the dreadful risk of his forgiveness to Lotty being cancelled—I honestly believe that I am choosing the less,'

"I quite understand you, dear Miss Lilian," answered Walter earnestly, and his voice was low and soft as her own as he spoke the words; "I quite understand; nor have I for a moment imputed to you any other motive save that which has actuated you, and which -whether it be wise or not-seems to me to do you nothing but honor. My only desire is to serve you and yours, and all that you wish

compact; but at the touch of that small palm, Walter's pulses began to throb in a fashion which—if we did not know how very sensible a young man he was, and with what admirable arguments he had steeled himself against the indulgence of futile hopes—was almost like the spring time of Love itself.

(To be Continued.)

The Referee Was An Irishman.

Two men disputing about the pronuncia. tion of the word "either"-one saying it was ee-ther, the other i-ther, agree to reter it to the first person they met, who happened to be an Irishman, who confounded both by declaring "it's nayther, for its ayther." A good old Irish lady in the city of Ottawa, recently went to her grocer for some dyes. He told her he kept the right some dyes. He told her he kept the right makes always in stock, and introduced a package of each. The old lady critically examined each package, and laid them down saying, "I want nayther of them, for ayther of them are bad; give we what they call the Diamond Dyes." If all who purchase dyes for home dyeing, were as particular as this old lady there would certainly bc less discomfort in dyeing, and less loss of time and materials. Diamond Dyenever fail in their work, and are always reliable and eminently satisfactory.

The will of Archduke John of Austri has been opened in Vienna. The Arch duke leaves everything to Milley Stube his morganatic wife. To the document i affixed proof of the marriage. The wi will be contested as invalid under the Au trian law.

At the election for rector of Glasgo University on Saturday, Mr. Balfou Chief Secretary for Ireland, the Conse Chief Sccretary for Ireland, the Conse vative candidate, was elected, receivin 948 votes, against 717 for Lord Aberdee the Liberal candidate. The Right Ho G. J. Goschen, Chancellor of the Exch quer, has been elected lord rector of the University of Edinburgh. He receiv 1,379 votes against 801 cast for Sir Charl Russell, the well known lawyer, who whis competitor for the position.