

ROMANCE
OF A
BLACK VEIL.

BY BERTHA M. CLAY.

(Continued.)
CHAPTER XXI.

But I did not tell him that my chief occupation was thinking about him. For by this time I had learned to love my cousin with a love that was my doom. And it was but natural. My heart yearned for love, and had as yet had no object on which to lavish its affection. Was it wonderful that, having longed all my life for kind words and caresses, I should value his? He was kind when everyone else was unkind; he had welcomed me when everyone else had wished me away; he had been most loving when every one else hated me. Moreover, he was not tall, fair, and handsome, with the light of truth shining from his blue eyes? It was no wonder that I loved him. The fever of love is terrible in its violence, and I think no one ever had it worse than I. I think of myself even now with a passion of pitiful tears. I wonder the three keen women with whom I lived did not find my secret out.

There seems to me about a great love something pathetic, something pitiful, it makes or mars a life so entirely. To me, who know so little of life or the world, it seemed that the one thing to be done was to keep my secret, even at the price of my life. During that brief sweet summer, while shut up from all the world, I learned my lesson.

I marvel now that Lance did not read my secret sooner. I marvel too at my own self-control. When he spoke to me, all my pulses thrilled. I never thought of any one or anything else then. My old school friends, my dead father, my living mother, were all the time forgotten. There seemed to me only two places in the world where he was and where he was not. I waited sometimes two or three hours in the grounds to see him pass by, rewarded if he raised his hat and bent his head to salute me; and I was happy enough if, at the close of a long day spent in thinking of him, he asked me to read to him, or sing to him. That was my delight. I had a talent for music; and people said I had a beautiful voice—low, clear, and sweet as the chiming of bells. I sang to him the grand old Boston melodies, where the heroes were to me pictures of himself; or the sweet old English ballads that have in them the true ring of passion; or love-laden Italian melodies. But he would sit and listen to me, not dreaming that it was of him and to him that I sang. More than once I saw the tears in his bonny blue eyes, but he did not dream of a love that was deep enough and true enough to be the light of a man's life.

CHAPTER XXII.

It was a fine warm evening, and Yaton had a very pleasant look in its autumn garb. The flowers and leaves showed every shade of coloring—indeed the picture was almost dazzling with the variety of crimson and, brown, of green and gold. On this evening all our guests were expected, and on the morrow the shooting would begin. Stately Gladys and fair Daisy retired early to dress. At the last moment Daisy sent for me. "If she did not like me, she had great faith in my judgment and taste."

"Come and advise me, Laurie," she said. "Which of these two dresses will suit me best?"

"One was a fair white silk with soft clouds of fine white lace and trimmings of pale-blue hyacinths; the other was of pale-blue, with white flounces."

"I want to look my best," she said, "since the Marquis is coming."

"I should wear the white, with the blue hyacinths," I told her.

"I will take your advice," she said.

"She was so happy just then to

meet me with her customary hauteur and indifference, too delighted at the thought of seeing the Marquis again.

Daisy Ullswater looked very beautiful in her fifty-like dress with blue hyacinths in her bright golden hair, a delicate flush on her dainty face, a string of pearls round her fair neck.

"Laurie," she said anxiously, "do you not think I should make an ideal Marchioness?"

"Yes," I replied, and was glad to be able to do so, since it pleased her.

I may mention here that, when we all assembled in the drawing-room before dinner, I found Lady Ullswater looking magnificent in purple velvet and point d'Alencon, while Gladys wore a dress of pale amber covered with fine blue lace, and no ornaments save two magnificent Marchal Niel roses—a dress that suited her brunette beauty to perfection.

I was thinking bitterly that no one had thought of my dress, or how I should look, or cared about me, when my maid brought me a little note and a superb bouquet. Oh, when did Lance ever forget me, or was anything but kind and thoughtful?

"My dear Laurie," the note ran—"I have it by me now, yellow with age and worn with kisses—I send you these flowers for to-night. You must wear no jewelry, no ribbons, nothing to mar their beauty or your own."

The flowers were pomegranate blossoms.

"Oh, my lady," cried my maid, "these, with your black lace dress, will be superb!"

This dress was a favorite of mine. It was made of the finest Spanish lace, and was of most beautiful design. I was always delighted with the effect of it. My arms and neck shown marbled white through it, and the crimson pomegranate blossoms lay like glowing rubies in my hair.

As I passed along the passage toward, on my way to the drawing-room, a footman met me. Lord St. Asaph would be much obliged if I would go to the library for five minutes, he said; he would not detain me.

I went at once and found Lance, with a smile, waiting for me.

"Do forgive me, Laurie," he said, "for sending for you. I wanted so much to see you just for a few minutes alone. Come in, dear."

He took my hand, and drew me in, then closed the door. He looked at me for some moments in silence, holding me at arm's length.

"A dream of beautiful coloring," he said—"a perfect picture! I wanted to see how you looked, Laurie. My sisters are positively resentful."

"Are you pleased with me?" I asked.

"Pleased? I am dazzled! I drove twenty miles to get those pomegranate blossoms for you, Laurie."

He rearranged the lovely blooms. He had never been so kind, so loving to me before.

"I did not forget you, Laurie," he said, "I knew my sisters were coming out in style, and I wondered what you would wear. You will outshine them. What a superb dress this is! What exquisite lace! And these blossoms, how well they suit you. Mine was a happy thought."

His eyes seemed to transfuse me. My heart beat fast, and I could feel a hot flush burning my face. If he should see—if he should guess!

"Laurie," he said gently, "I rode, as I have told you, twenty miles for those pomegranate blossoms. I ought not to tell you, but I want a reward."

"A reward?" I said. "Why, you have everything in the world you can want, Laurie!"

"No, not quite everything," he said. "I want something that only you can give me, and you must give it to me voluntarily."

"That I will!" I cried, delighted to have anything to do for him.

"I want a kiss for them, Laurie."

"What an extraordinary request!" I cried.

"Not at all," he replied. "How

can you say so, Laurie? I am your cousin, and affection between cousins is only proper; and I am your brother by adoption. Besides—"

"Then she stopped abruptly. Ah me, I must not let him see! I must hide the gladness shining in my eyes; I must calm the quick beating of my heart, hide the passionate flush rising to my face. He must not see it, or he would know how clearly I loved him."

"Not unless you like, Laurie," he said gently, noticing my hesitation.

I longed to tell him that was not the reason, I did like, and I answered, "Surely," "I have not vexed you?"

"Oh no!" I answered, "It is not that."

"Not that?" he repeated. What then, Laurie? You are shy, and I must take the initiative? Gladly, dear!"

He raised my burning face to his own. For one half moment he gazed curiously at the drooping eyes and flushed face; then he kissed my lips.

I dared not wait to speak to him. That was the second kiss he had given me, and it had awakened my girl's soul to the glowing passionate life of womanhood, never more to return to the innocence of childhood.

I hastened through the corridor, my face burning, my heart beating with delight. Just before I reached the drawing-room door, I met stately Gladys in her dress of pale amber. She stopped suddenly.

"What have you been doing, Laurie?" she asked, looking at me with surprise.

"Nothing," I answered, growing more deeply crimson and trying to pass.

But Gladys barred my way.

"You must wait a few seconds, at least, Laurie," she said. "You cannot go into the drawing-room with a face like that. You look quite dazed. What have you been doing?"

"Have you never felt dazed by anything, Gladys?" I asked.

"No, not as you appear to be."

Even as she spoke, we heard the footsteps of Lance behind us.

"Lance!" cried Miss Ullswater, "appeal to you! Does not Laurie look dazed?"

"Ah, if she had known how, when he came up to look it me, my frame trembled! I turned my head away, lest he should guess what had dazed me."

"She will not let you see her," Gladys laughed. "She appears as though she were intoxicated by a draught of happiness too great to be borne. What has she been doing?"

"Impossible to say," replied my cousin. "We shall be late. Stand out of the way, Gladys."

Father reluctantly glances obeyed.

CHAPTER XXIII.

I had a strange impression as I entered the room, that I had been the subject of discussion.

I went at once to Lady Ullswater. Many curious eyes followed me. I was the late Earl's daughter, the heroine of a secret romance, and I could see that every one was more or less interested. Lady Ullswater, looking very stately, was sitting in her favorite lounging-chair, talking to a lady by her side. Her face darkened as I drew near to her. She knew that she must introduce me to the guests, yet I could see that she disliked doing so.

Lady Goodwood, to whom I was slightly known, greeted me kindly. Something was said about Gladys and Daisy.

"It is like having three daughters, Lady Ullswater," her ladyship observed.

But my aunt replied acutely that it was nothing of the kind; whereupon Lady Goodwood looked grave, and said no more.

I laughed to myself. I was in the mood to laugh at anything now, since Lance had found me so fair.

Just the recesses of one of the large windows, she saw the sheet of bright golden hair, the folds of a white dress, and the gleam of blue hyacinths; Daisy and the Marquis had evidently met again.

I looked at him with some curiosity. He was tall and slender, with narrow shoulders. His face was weak, but handsome, clear red and white, with eyes of turquoise blue and a long, drooping moustache. Later on I found that he looked upon the whole creation as intended to meet the requirements of the Marquis of Rutland. He seemed pleased to be with Daisy, who devoted herself to him.

My introduction to the Marquis was of the briefest. He looked at me through his eyeglass, bowed, murmured something that sounded like "pleasure," then subsided. Daisy was coldness itself; evidently she did not intend me to see much of the Marquis.

Colonel Trentham was a very different man. He was tall, dark, and erect, with a fine patrician face; but there was something I did not like in his eyes. He had more to say to me than the Marquis. I felt at once that he liked me.

There were several other guests present—Sir Colin Gregor, a great friend of Lance's, Mr. Manners, Captain Phillips, Lady Mary Neelham, and Miss Cole. I saw and heard them as one sees and hears in a dream. The young Earl's fair head towered above the others, and my eyes followed him.

Stately Gladys showed no desire to attract the Colonel. She received his attentions much as a queen might receive the homage of a subject. With some little distress, I was most frequently fixed upon me. In proceeding to the dining-room, Lance escorted Lady Mary Neelham, and Miss Cole; the Colonel looked at me and offered his arm to Miss Cole; Captain Phillips took Miss Cole, and I fell to the lot of Mr. Manners, whom I soon learned to like very much, because I found he was fond of Lance. Lady Ullswater followed with Sir Colin, who was a fine, gentle, handsome Scotchman, not ill inclined toward the late Earl's

cassettes of her ladyship. The whole dinner was spoiled to me from the fact that from where I sat with Mr. Manners in close attendance upon me, I could not see Lance. I could talk of him, though, and Mr. Manners must have been flattered by the close attention I paid to his words.

We were to all appearance a merry, genial, happy party, although behind some of the chairs stood a very gaunt scullion. A faint premonition of evil, with regard to Colonel Trentham seized me. I said to myself, that first time I met him, that he was a man who loved money; and I was not far wrong.

Mr. Manners told me story after story of Lance, and they all went to prove that my estimate of him was right.

"He will be a great man some day," said Mr. Manners, with an air of confidence.

I moved aside, so that I could see the face that I loved hitherto for its beauty. Yes, he was right; there were visible the promise of power and the light of genius.

Lord St. Asaph can never be a commonplace man," said my companion. "He is original in everything—in his ideas, conversation, thoughts. He will strike out a line for himself some day."

In the after years his words proved true, and Lancelot Earl of St. Asaph held the balance of power in Europe in his own capable hands; but that came when the tragedy of my life was ended.

I suddenly found my companion's eyes fixed on me with curious earnestness.

"You have had a strange episode in your life, have you not, Lady Dundas?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered; and I liked him all the better that he spoke to me openly on the matter, as so few did, for I always had an intense hatred of mystery. If my father had chosen to make a mystery of his marriage and of my existence, there was no reason why I should imitate him; and I liked Mr. Manners because he spoke quite openly of a subject which every one else seemed to avoid.

(To be Continued.)

TRURO
Narble, Freestone

AND
GRANITE WORKS.
COR. PRINCE & WADDEL STS.

Why do you spend your money for cheap articles to mark your Graves, that will last a few years, when you can get a good STONE at a fair price at the subscribers.

A. J. WALKER,
TRURO, Nov. 30th, 1885.

F. H. JOHNSON & CO.
Carriage Builders & Undertakers.

ADDIA MINES & SPRING HILL, N. S.

CARRIAGES and SLEIGHS made to Order. SADDLES and COFFERS in stock, and finished at the shortest possible notice. Undertaking attended to at all hours. Especial attention to orders from a distance. Burial Robes, Head Linings, Ladies, Flats, and other Collar requisites.

REPAIRS TO BIRDS.
Also, For Sale—Oak Plank Bins, Spikes, Hubs and Wheels, Carriage and Furniture Varnish, Japan Dye, Gold Leaf, Camel Hair Brushes.

Sleighs and Pungs will be sold at a low figure to clear Stock.

WE SELL
Potatoes, Spillings,
Berk, R. R. Ties, Lumber, Laths,
Hay Eggs, &c., &c.

Write fully for Quotations:
HATHAWAY & CO.,
General Commission Merchants,
222 Central Wharf,
BOSTON.

Members of Board of Trade, Corn and Mechanic's Exchanges.

Chapman & Archibald
WHOLESALE GENTS

DE
Boots
(KENT'S OLD STAND),
PRINCE ST.,
TRURO, N. S.

SEE HERE!
YOU CAN SAVE MONEY BY BUYING YOUR

BOOTS & SHOES
AT FORMAN'S.

The Best Assortment in Town!
ALSO, BARGAINS IN COLORED FLANNELS, GREY FLANNELS, From 20c. up, 8 POUND BED COMFORTS, FLEECY COTTON, UNDER CLOTHING, CARDIGAN JACKETS, HOSIERY, &c., &c., &c.

JAS. FORMAN.

THE HALIFAX
WEEKLY HERALD,
ENLARGED TO EIGHT PAGES!

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR:

The Weekly Herald will be sent, postage prepaid, to all parts of Canada, Newfoundland, Great Britain, and the United States, from the date of order to end of December, 1886, for

ONE DOLLAR In Advance.

A special feature in connection with the Weekly Herald is the full and correct Shipping Reports, prepared from telegraphic and special sources by an efficient shipping editor.

During 1886, interesting statistics by the most popular authors of the age will be published.

Also Market Reports, corrected weekly; and an epitome of the entire news of the week from all corners of the globe.

The Weekly Herald, circulating in all parts of the Maritime Provinces, affords a first-class medium for advertisers. Advertisements inserted at low Rates. Quotations furnished on application.

Address:
WEEKLY HERALD
28 and 60 Granville Street,
HALIFAX, N. S.