A TALE

LADY GEORGINA FULLERTON.

Author of "Lady Bird," "Ellen Middleton," &c

CHAPTER V.

She felt afraid—it was only a little turned her flushed cheek towards the window. She tooked on the lovely landscape below, the broad glad rive, and the purple hills beyond; a little bird was fluttering wildly near the window. It seemed stunned at last, and lying on its "Do so now, Margaret. You will no back, gazed upward in silent terror. A hawk was hovering over it. Margaret watched it with intense interest, and when the bird of pray pounced on its victim, she gave a slight screan and shut and loved you then for that mother's her eyes. When she opened them again, sake. Can you now trust me with your two or three bright feathers, stained with blood, were lying on the gravel walk.
"Poor bird—poor little bird! she said

in a low tone, and her voice trembled.
"What nonsense is this? What is the matter with me?" she impatiently exclaimed, after a moment's interval, and drawing a deep breath, she shook off that strange impression. A wild fit of gayety succeeded it. She sat down at the pianoforte, and her fingers ran over the kevs with triumphant rapidity. She threw open the window, and snatching a branch of lourel from the tree beneath it, she threw the shining leaves into the fire and smiled to herself as the bright flame rose and the sound of a mimic artillery curst from them, such as had often amused her childhood. She moved from chair to chair, from window to window, open every book on the table, and then threw herself into her low armchair before the fire, and gave herself up to a fit of musing, in which was acted and reacted in fancy the short but important scene which had occurred in the study. Her cheeks again turned crimson as she thought that by her own unguarded expressions she had perhaps drawn from Edmund Neville an avowal of his feelings. She had checked that avwel in slightly, as she saidtime to save her own self-respect, but would he ever ask her again to listen to him—or would he take her at her word, and never woo her more? On, no! her eyes-and she looked up in the glass at those large, dark, mischievous blue eyes — would soon bring him back to her feet; and she glanced at the fender on which the smallest feet in the world were resting,—and the smile which played on her lips and which dimpled on her cheek would have been enough to bring back the most restive admirer from one end of the world to the other. "And luckily," thought Margaret, and the smile turned into a laugh, "he is not yet at the other end of the world; and if he ever gets there, or away from Grantley, without asking to be heard again, my name is not Margaret Leslie, and I am not my father's doughter." And the spoiled little beauty left her room with as determined a ster and resolute a countenance as if about to scale the walls of Badajos or the ram

ports of Burgos. When Margaret entered the drawing-room, she found that Walter, for the first time, with the aid of a stick, had in a recess between the window and one dare not trust my own aching fears—and of the huge fire places of that old-fashioned apartment. She held out her ware!—Forget what I have said—think hand, and said to him gayly-

You must not get too active, Walter. I am half angry at seeing you out of your room. You will be taking flight to Heron Castle if we do not take care."

Walter kindly pressed her offered hand, but did not reply in the same gay tone as herself. He asked if she had seen her father since his return.

"No," said Margaret, and at that mo-

aiter an hour's absence. Lord Donningten's ?" she asked.

GRANTLEY MANOR. friend of a man whom three weeks ago without professing it himself, Colonel Leslie evinced for the Catholic religion.

I made acquaintance with him under a false impression! I fancied he had been your friend; I am now undeceived: but I cannot follow you in your rapid changes of opinion, especially when you

cannot account for them." "Your are severe, Margaret, but per-haps just. God forgive me if I have wronged Edmund; if I have misjudge him! I spoke hastily, and—but what do I see?—tears in your eyes, my child? Speak to me, dearest. Do not turn away nervousness—she lifted up her head, and from me. I can bear any thing but that turned her finshed cheek towards the Tell me, Margaret, and forgive me for asking the question—as an old freind-almost a father—"

Oh! if you were my father," she exclaimeg, clasping her hands together, "I

"Do so now, Margaret. You will never repent of it. Trust to the assurance of who has never deceived you, my dear child. Eighteen years ago, I stood by your cradle by the side of your mother, secrets-your little sorrows, if you have

any?"
"Sorrows, Walter?—Secrets?" Yes, a secret, perhaps; but hardly a sorrow, at least ten minutes ago it was not a sorrow."

She sat down at the pianoforte, first played the notes, and than, in a low voice sang the words of a little French song, which ended thus-

"Mon secret, mon secret, mon bonheur, Il est la, il est la, dans mon cœur !"

She fixed her eyes on Welter as she finished her song, and their expression reminded him of those eyes which, in the days of his boyhood and early youth he had so often gazed at from that very spot, and in the silence of his heart he promised his Mary in heaven, that he would watch over her child, and as steady an eye as if he too was beyond the reach of human fears, hopes, and passions. It was a sacred vow, the fruit sects. It weakens the Manitoba of one of those emotions which sink into the heart, until they deepen into action. Margaret turned over the leaves of her music-book; and then shutting it again suddenly, she looked up with gentle and earnest countenance; her voice tremble

I like Edmund Neville,—how much or how little I scarcely know myself, It is their language. The more the quaintance, a person of my own age, and one so unlike those whom I have hither sectarian pressure the more the to so dearly loved -I cannot tell you sects like it. That is the brutal part how dearly, Walter;"—tears again of it. The object is to make Pro-rushed into her eyes, but she restrained testant Ascendancy a fixture for all them, and they only trembled on her dark eyelashes-"and now that I think he likes me; that he has all but told me so . I am afraid of him, of myself, and of you, Walter," she added, with increasing emotion, "for I see that with increasing emotion, "for I see that my folly makes you unhappy. If it be so, Walter—if you really think ill of him t, indeed, as you said just now, the truth is not in him, I will give up 'mon premier secret, mon dernier bonheur!,"

Walter rose and came to her side; his voice was perfectly calm, as he slowly

and emphatisally said—

"My dear child, I spoke without sufficient grounds when I accused Edmund Neville; I have no right to advance such a charge against him, and if you have irst time, with the aid of a stick, had seen that in him which has touched managed to reach it, and was established your heart, I dare not judge him!—I not of me, or my over-intense solicitude -but watch him—watch yourself—trifle not with a treasure of priceless worth -give it not rashly away-pause-and

pray. I can say no more. Margaret gave her nand who pressed it earnestly to his lips; both at the window, rose together and stood at the window, gazing at the black heavy clouds which "No," said Margaret, and at that moment she remembered that instead of spending the whole day out as he had intended, Colonel Leslie had come home after an hour's absence.

"No," said Margaret, and at that mowere careeing wildly across the sky, driven along by the same stormy gusts of wind that swept away before them the last lingering leaves of autumn. They did not speak; both their hearts were were careeing wildly across the sky, did not speak; both their hearts were did not go to full, and both started when the voice of Colonel Leslie disturbed their revery; he I fancy he met the postman between was standing at the door of the library, this and Herrington, and that taking and his manner, if possible, still more his letters from him he found one that made him turn back, At least he said said to Margaret, who had turned around

his letters from him he found one that made him turn back. At least he said something to that effect as he crossed the hall to his study."

The mention of the study recalled to Margarets mind the whole train of hought which had previously occupied her, and when an instant afterwards Walter put to her the same question he had done once before, three weeks ago, and in much the same tone and manner asked, "How do you like Edmund Nevill?" it seemed as if he had read into her thoughts. She gave a slight start, and would have given any thing to keep down the color that she felt fast rising into her cheeks; but as that was impossible, she turned away and stood with her kack to Walter, while she answered in a hurried manner.

"Don't you?" repeated Margaret, and this time she looked him full in the face. "No." was, after a pause of a few seconds, his deliberace answer. "So was atter a pause of a few seconds, his deliberace answer." As more than a training observation. A cloud passed over his face, and he was again silent. Margaret impatiently repeated her question; but she, in her turn, was struck with the suffering expression of his countenance, and stirling down gently by his side, she kook his hand in hers, and in quite another tone, for the third time, asked—"And why do yon not like Edmund Nevill?"

"Bort yellow to be seconded to the suffering expression of his countenance, and stirling down gently by his side, she kook his hand in hers, and in quite another tone, for the third time, asked—"And why do yon not like Edmund Nevill?"

"Bort yellow to be good as to come for a mount to my room?"

Make the previously to be study to be seconded to be seconded to be a sufficient of the previously to the scow of the second correct answer. As Gold Water has the second correct answer as Gold was a proposed to the second correct answer. As Gold was the proposed to the second correct answer. As Gold was the proposed to the second correct answer as Gold was the proposed to the second correct answer. As Gold was the proposed to the "Perhaps I am unjust," Walter said with un effort. "I may wrong him, but I cannot feel any confidence in him." I do not feel as if the trath was in him." I'das he ever deceived you? Has he told you what was not trute?"

"As he ever deceived you? Has he follow has he has he ever deceived you? Has he follow has he had not set rightly to work, even in the supposition that this was actually the case. She was hurt at the coldness of his mamner to herself, and provoked at his indifference to all her objects of interest, animate and imanimate; and interest, and has displayed here there is a very vague charge," returned Margaret, in a tone of annoyance, "and hardly consistent with that charity which thinketh no evil, and which you are always inculcating upon me."

Walter colored deeply, and leant his head on his hand, while she continued. "You, who were once as fond of Edmund! You, who considered him, as you often told me, almost as your son! It must be very strong proof of his unworthiness that can induce you to set his friends against him."

"His, friends!" said Walter, with emotion. "I friends against him."

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"Walter colored him, as your son! I she hear the coldness of interest and his indifference to all her objects of interest, and manner to herself, and provoked at interest, and interest, and interest in all manner, her find the reduced with a remarket manner, her

On this last occasion he turned his eyes on Margaret with a stern expression, which soon changed into one of painful thoughtfulness and deep abstraction. These misunderstandings embittered all their domestic intercoorse, and maintained in his mind a sense of resentment against those who were, as he believed, supporting Margaret against him, and keeping alive her prejudices against his absent child. It was in this apirit, and under these unfavorable impressions, that the father and the daughter met on the occasion we are adverting to.

(To be Continued.)

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Deputy of the Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs. Department of Indian Affairs, Ottawa, March, 1893.



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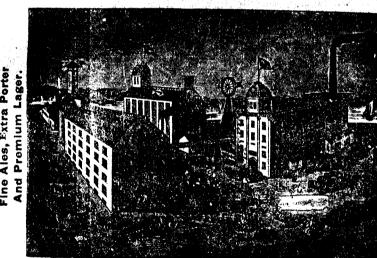
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