then said, in a low, moved voice: "I feel that natever she has gone through she has been protected in a marvelous way; whatever evil she may have heard or seen has who'lly vanished from her mind—not that I believe it could have harmed her any more than the mud at the bottom of Loch Vaa can stain the whiteness of the lilies floating above. God knows, I'd put her peace and happiness before all else, and if it were to harm or distress her I would not speak; but don't put jurither hindrances between as, don't urge indefinite delay, I couldn't sear it—not now—for since I looked in er fe:n today—I can't explain it, but the world is changed for me."

Sir David looked at him, startled, silent. The young man's new purpose and passion seemed to bear down his opposition somewhat.

"Walt a while at least," he said, in a changed voice. "till Christmas; that is not much ... ask. Fromise me."

"Till Christmas!" echoed Conyers. "Oh, impossible! This is only September. Why, we should have been married before Christmas, and now you ask me to wait fill then sear to sneek to har I see

and had bare 2 tells "The Greatest of These "Their Hearts Desire."

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

CHAPTER VI-(Continued) E HAD but newly



mont after a few sured that there was no cause for anxiety in his cousin's condition, instinct bade him leave parents and child alone to-gether. The "busipleaded as a reawas no mere pre-text, as that hard-

worked word frequently is, but he experienced a most unusual difficulty in giving his mind to it, and his agent found his employer very pre-occupied and indifferent. Possibly the young man found his state of mind somewhat puzzling to himself. He had been en-gaged to marry his cousin; therefore, of course, he loved her, he would have said, if he had ever thought about the matter; but he had been quite content when separated from her, and in Nor-way, before the terrible news came, had in truth thought very little about

way, before the terrible news came, had in truth thought very little about her.

But now Isobel's face when she had raised her head from his shoulder, isobel's look when her eyes had met his, haunted him, and brought back that strange tumult of the blood, that thrillend jar through all his being, as of some new force coming into play which until that night had been unknown to him. From the sheltered outh terrace the Italian garden, with its formal beds, its quaintly trimmed shrubs, its fountains and urns and statues, sloped down to the river, which sparkled by, broad and swift and shallow, a contrast from the black, sullen depths of the Alder Pool. Here, when there was sunlight at all, it seemed to linger, and to heighten the vilen, exotic charm of the old-world garden, which on this placid, tranqulinutumn niternoon seemed steeped in slumbrous peace.

At the farther end of the terrace some warm-lined rugs were spread, and a basket chair or two, heaped with cushions, stood suggestively about. Conyers glanced at them first, expecting to see a slim, languid figure reclining in one, but they were empty, and Isobel was standing straight and tall beside the mossy balustrade, and, with her head turned away, was gazing out across the river.

Some startled sylvan creature poised for instant flight, then the gray eyes, clear as sunlit water, met his. As there flashed into them a quick radiance as of fulfilled expectancy, the young man's eyes were opened, and he knew—knew

what that vague, sweet turmoil of unrest had meant, for now he knew what love meant. Now he knew that he loved this girl, who was no longer his little cousin, to be cherished with a placid kindliness, but a young divinity newly revealed, and claiming his homage, a claim which soul and spirit and body to the immost fiber recognized as just and right, and rose up joyfully to greet. He had been blind—now he saw! In that strange, sweet delirium of the spirit and the senses Basil had much ado not to claim his former rights—rights which had never yet been waived—and take her in his arms then and there as his promised wife; but true love is reverent, and now he stood in awe before the girl whom he had known all his life, but whom today he seemed to be seeing for the first time. Good God! how had he been so blind—so dull—so dead! Was he the same man—was this the same woman? No, whether he realized it yet or not, it was not the old easy-going, light-hearted Basil Conyers who made a hasty step forward and exclaimed in a shaken voice:

"You know me, Isobel?"

was not the old easy-going, light-hearted Basil Conyers who made a hasty step forward and exclaimed in a shaken voice:

"You know me, Isobel?"

"You know me, Isobel?"

"You wast be my cousin, Basil, I think; but I do know you—I have seen you before."

"Where? When?" cried Basil, Had the sudden sight of him really awakened that sleeping memory?

"I know now that it was your face I saw first of all, before even I saw my mother's," said Isobel, shyly. "It was like waking and failing asleep again, or a sudden, vivid dream. I saw the hall quite plainly. I knew it again as soon as I saw it atterward; then saw you; you were bending over me—you did not speak, but my mother did, and then it all vanished again."

As she spoke the sweet young blood came and went in her face like the aerial chase of sun and shadow.

"But it has all come back again—come to stay—and I—I am here, too," said Conyers, with the blundering commonplace and the constrained laugh in which overcharged feeling often finds relief. "But is that all you remember—think?"—forgetting caution and smiling into her eyes.

The light left them as the sun-glint younishes from sippling water.

"Oh, don't ask me to think," she said, almost piteously. "No, there is nothing, it is as if my life had begun that moment when I opened my eyes in the hall. It is like being born quite grownup," trying to smile again, "or a hilm man would have heard of the wonderful world, and have signed for it and for dear faces for years; but I—I awoke at once to this!" with a swift rejoicing glance which took in the glowing garden, the silvery stream, the surfumn glories of the woods, the goiden brown of the moors, and the faint, far blue of the sky. From these radiant heights her eyes fell to his again, and the shadow deepened. "Sometimes I do feel as if there were something beyond—something in the darkness," she said almost in a whisper,

"No, no, you must not think that," broke in Basil, dreading some question and cursing his folly in leading to it. "Think of the wonder was a new Isob waen, no doubt, I was a tiresome little beast—as all boys are, and that all that you know of me—"
"I know at least that you saved my life," said Isobel, with a simplicity which held a certain solemnity—"saved it for this"—again with that revelling glance toward the wide beauty around. "And that you saved my mother's happiness." Her voice and eyes softened to wistful tenderness. "Oh Cousin Basil," stretching out impulsive hands toward him, "that makes me long to remember—to break through this wall of nothingness—to think that she should have loved me so, all my life, and that I could forget it."

The young man wushed a little. How much did she know? Not their former relationship apparently. It was as well, perhaps, that she should have forgotten his slack wooling—forgotten what a poor thing he had offered her in love's great name. He had not meant to speak at

BASIL'S LIPS ARE CLOSED.

CHAPTER VII

once, but her look, her tone upset the frail balance of his resolve.

"Isobeli" he exclaimed, clasping her hands hard, "is there nothing more you know of me? Am I only your Cousin Basil? If you have forgotten it is little wender, for I know now how poor—how unworthy—" terrace, heavy, and yet uncertain.
"It is my father!" exclaimed Isobel, with a little catch of her breath, and

drawing away her hands.

Father, indeed—what had brought him here at this moment! But while, with the hot words checked on his very lips, Conyers was fulminating anathemas on the unconscious Sir David, his ear had caught the strain of doubt, of fear almost, in the girl's voice. Next moment it was forgotten as his eye fell upon her hands—Isobel's fragile, dainty little her hands—Isobel's fragile, dainty little so changed—oh, haven't any words for the little dainty little so changed—oh, haven't any words for the little dainty little so changed—oh, haven't any words for the little dainty little so changed—oh, haven't any words for the little dainty little so changed—oh, haven't any words for the little dainty little dainty little so changed—oh, haven't any words for the little dainty little d most, in the girl's voice. Next moment it was forgotten as his eye fell upon her hands—Isobel's fragile, dainty little hands! It these terrible blank days had left her, as if by some miracle, scatheless, they had left their mark behind them hers.

Isobel flushed, not the sweet maiden rose, but a vexed, smarting scarlet.
"It distresses mother so—and father, too," instinctively putting her hands behind her.

behind her.

"Do you think if I take very great care and never forget my gloves they will recover?" she whispered.

It was the old Isobel, the little child-cousin again, for the moment. Convers caught at one hand and kissed it with a gay, reassuring laugh. That moment are med to bring the girl nearer to hin, a little down from the virginal neights there Love had throned her. His hour would surely come again. He must wait for it with as good a grace as he could.

"Well, Basil, you've got back again.

wait for it with as good a grace as he could.

"Well, Basil, you've got back again. Glad to see you. Plenty of work in the moors now?" said Sir David, in an absent, perfunctory fashion, as he darted a quick, doubtful glance from the one to the other.

With Isobel's exquisite girlish bloom before his eyes, with the recollection of Lady Stormont's face, to which happiness seemed to have given youth again. Basil had expected to see Sir David restored at least to something of his old self. Now he looked at him in genuine surprise and distress. The ploughshare of grief and anxiety had evidently gone too deep for the furrows to be readily effaced. It might be that only the reavy hand of Death would smooth out their traces. From vigorous middle-life the man seemed to have taken a long step toward age. His manner had not yet lost its restlessness, his eyes the anxious, questioning, furtive look. Well, it was little wonder, Convers thought. A man could not go through such a furnace without at least the smell of fire passing upon him. The marvel was rather that mother and daughter had ag soon recovered their elasticity.

"And what have you been noing with yourself?" Sir David asked his daughter, with a slight suggestion of effor.

"I?—do I ever do anything just now, but try to take it all in?" laughed the girl with a little sweep of her hand round.

But the laugh was nervous, the gesture leaked sweetened to anyther to the struck leaked anyther and the struck leaked sweetened to anything Just now, but try to take it all in?" laughed the girl with a little sweep of her hand round.

HATEVER communication Sir David might have to make he seemed in no hurry to begin, when the two men had reached the library, the counterpart of the tapestry room in size and proportion, though the sober dignity of the book-lined walls gave it a more somber air. In spite of the sunlight without, a wood fire crackled and sang in the wide hearth, and Sir David stood for a moment leaning David stood for a moment leaning against the carved chimneypiece and against the carved chimneypiece and absently pushing the biliets of wood further in to the blaze, while Conyers' eyes, wande ing idly round, rested on the paper-heaped writing table. Surely it was in some other existence the had sat there with Sir David hopelessly turning over these futile letters. A whole lifetime of new experience, of throbbing passion, of eager hope seemed already to separate him from these dark da/s, but a chill fell on his mood as he signed at his old friend's droopbut I can't see it that way," said Sir David. "t, until she remembers"—the words r.me with a sort of gasp—"we must wr. till then—it would not be fair to you."

"Does me honor!" broke in Conyers, with a fine scorn. "Does me honor to seek my one desire! Why should we wait till she remembers? If there's any risk, I'm erdy and willing to take it, and if Isobel will have me now—if she cares for me ...ow—I believe there's a brighter prospect before us than ever there gould have been before. And as for anything else" (his face clouding)—"Well, it seems a shame even to speak.

so changed—oh, _ haven't any words for it—but ,ou knew what I mean—it's like a sort of new heaven and a new earth all at once," he wound up in lame and shame-faced fashion, becoming, like his class and I ad, inarticulate when he tried to put any strong feelings into vords.
"Yes," said Sir David in a muffled

voice. "If any one could have foretold this, I would have said it was impossible—wildiy, hopelessly impossible-yet it seems so at times."

yet it seems so at times."
Convers was silent for a moment. He could not doubt the emotion in Sir David's voice, but why was he taking things in this killjoy fashion?
"Have you heard anything about—about where she was?" he asked, rather awkwardly, after the pause. had again lengthened. "Not that, after al., it matters so much now, but if had again lengthened. "Not that, after a.", it matters so much now, but if any one was kind to her, I'd give a good deal to knew. The gypsies at least seemed to have nothing more to teil, and I don't think there was any reason to doubt the woman's story."

And here it may be stated that Conyers had shown his gratitude in somewhat reckless fashion, as the Duncaird police records showed, till at last the camp had been forcibly moved on.

"It's that I must speak to you about," said Sir David, with an effort.

"By the by, did that little testament lead to anything?" broke in Conyers "It was an odd sort of thing that she should have had that in her possession, and absolutely nothing else. That bit of hair, too—it suggested a story of some kind—somebody must have set store by it once upon a day."

Sir David's eyes had shifted from the fiames leastly licking round the fresh wood to the Stormont coat-of-arms, carved in the center of the chimnay-piece

"No," he said, while his finger slow-ly traced the outline of the branching oak. "It has led to nothing—as yet. I have been making inquiries, of course, but quietly. In fact, my wife is not very anxious—" "Quite right," said Conyers, heartily.
"I think the whole thing should be dropped now, and we should try to forget it, as Isobel has done. We've got her back again, her own sweet self, and more.

"No, there are some things we can't forget—there are honor and duty! Your father was at school with me, Basil," with sudden apparent irrelevance. "We were friends till his death. I should be false to my old friend, to you his son, if now—now—"He looked up and met the wonder in the young man's face and eyes, and distress flared out in sudden futile anger. "You know what I mean. Do you think it is easy for me to say this? I am trying to act by your father's son as I believe he would have

would be said and thought by men and women by no means specially disposed to evil thoughts. Had not his former guardian, who had been so keen upon the marriage, written to him, ostensibly to congratulate him on the safety of his fiances, but really to connsel delay "till matters were cleared up a bit." He had flung the letter aside, and the advice, too, with an angry flush and an angrier word. General Cotterell did not know Isobel; that must be his excuse, he had said to himself. And now her own father!

"I am sorry you should think so poorly of me, Sir David, and so poorly of my word and of my honor," the words all the colder for the hot flame of anger within. "Unless you have some fault to find with me things are, I hope, on the same footing as they were month ago. I would have held myses bound to keep my word—surely I needn't say that; but now"—his volce breaking from hurt constraint—"well, your consideration comes a little too late, since I have seen Isobel."

"I might have known this would be your feeling, Basil. It does you honor, but I can't see it that way," said Sir David. "t, until she remembers"—the words r, me with a sort of gasp— "I have done what I could," he mut-tered unconsciously, half aloud, "He cannot say that I did not—I even said 'till she remembers." A shudder setsed him. He looked from the open drawer to the glowing fire. "Why should I keep these to haunt me?" He made a swift motion, as if to

snatch the book and papers from the drawer, when a step sounded outside the heavy door. Hastily he thrust back the drawer and

CHAPTER VIII THE TWO POR-HARITY, as

we are often told, may be-gin at home, gin at home, but "charities," and in this case the plu-ral implies much more than a mere increase in num-bers, undoubtedly, require transplant-ing to a wider field and a more stimulating soil, if they are to flourish they are to flourish at all. And, as is the case with all overcropped ground, the needed stimulant has to be supplied by artificial means, the old-feshioned natural ones not being for anything else" (his face clouding)—
"Well, it seems a shame even to speak
of it, but he surest way to silence silly
tattle is to give no more occasion for it.
We were to have been married before
Christmas" (his face if up; it was not
with calm acquiescence he would look
forward now). "Give me my chance
with Isobel, and, if she consents let it
be as soon as may be." He paused, and
then said, in a low, moved voice: "I
feel that hatever she has gone through

Work thrown in, at Stormont. Thither the whole country flocked, the grouse got a respite for the day, and reluctant sportsmen were dragged from the moors, compelled to don conventional garments and saunter about the lawns, when they would fain have been tramping the heather.

When, therefore, the Heathshire Herald declared that "the mysterious affiction which had befallen our much-respected member. Sir David Stormont, had cast quite a gloom over the county" that phrase was by no means so figurative as it usually is. Duncaird trembled for its annual gala day. The hospital committee was in despair, and to add to its difficulties, the Rudgeleys, or Miss VI, rather had rushed in with an offer of Balachallan, and all its re-

how Isobel would once have fied to the depths of the woods, to the top of Ben Vair if she could, to escape such a function.

"Why not? she said gaily. "I have turned over a new leaf, and find people immensely interesting. Besides, please remember this is my very first garden party, and I think it is a very pretty sight," looking down to the lower lawn, where a couple of gaudily striped marquees were pitched and brightly dressed groups were moving over the gem-like greenness of the old turf, with the silver sickle of the river and the dark pine-clad slopes for a background.

"Yes, it is a pretty sight," assented Conyers, mechanically, but then he was looking at the speaker, not at the surroundings, and, again, as he had done so often in these past few days, he had marveled anew at his former blindness, and had chafed afresh at the promise which Sir David had exacted from him. Why had he done it, for was ever man in a more madening, tantalizing josition than he, Basil Conyers, new was? There was his promised wife in breathing beauty, in sweet unconsciousness before him, her every look and word hurrying his pulses, guickening his breath, firing his blood, and yet his promise bound him to silence, and in that silence the fire Durned but the hotter, for a consuming jealous rage came to add fuel to the fiame. To him it seemed that every man must be his rival, and as true love ever abases as well as exalts a man, he tooks every thinble view of his own pretensions, while who knew but before his lips were unsealed some other one might find favor in Isobel's eyes?

And to that favor there was at least no lack of pretenders. The girl was soon surrounded by a little court, while from a distance the less privileged gazed at her with a devouring curlosity and interest only possible perhaps in a stagnant county town, where the sensations of life rarely

Meantime new arrivals were coming thick and fast, and presently the Rudgeley motor came tearing up the long straight avenue, famed far and near as the Chestnut Walk. After an interval spent in divesting Miss Vi and the other ladies of their oppres-sively gorgeous wraps, more suggestive of suffocation than of com-fort on this tranquil, sunny afternoon, the Balachallan party appeared

soared above a choir squabble or the not unwilling to escape from this talk, misdoings of a maid servant. which had become so suddenly and a which had become so suddenly and so strangely intimate. If only her coust Basil would come he could tell her wh all these people were who met he glances with such ready smiles, b Conyers was engaged three deep with ncaird's dowagers, who, having taken the long, hot drive and bought a six-penny pincushion each, were now deter-mined to indemnify themselves for their

sacrifices by a very hearty tea. He could only send her a despairing glance across a mountainous black shoulder, and meantime Mr. Ashe insisted on getting tea for her. He noted as rather curious her some-what awkward handling of the dainty cup and sau-cer, for he kept his place by her side, till at last her at-tention was claimed

by no less a pertonage than the tutelary deity of the county, his Grace himself. Then, at last, Ashe sauntered across the room to Miss Rudgeley, ho had been vainly signaling him for some time. "Our guinea doll

has awakened up amazingly," she said, looking up from her second ice. "I would give you the credit of being what d'you call him, the man who brought his find that this is not the first time, and

face, with its wry College to trace it out."

Miss Rudgeley laughed to cover her annoyance. She never could remember these intricacles of relationship.

"I know nothing about botany," she said, "and least of all, about family trees and all their twigs and branches, especially when they are so far spread, but I don't suppose I have hurt your family teelings seriously?"

"They'll survive it. When I was a boy I used to think that she was the wicked fairy who came uninvited to the christening. She looks the part, doesn't she?" said Ashe, as a very old lady approached, hobbling along by their host's nipeg.

when the tall white figure by Lades are convenient and to escape the statistics of find an acquaintance in the statistic of the statistic of



on the terrace. If Conyers were tormented at the thought of these as yet hypothetical rivals, it was as well for such peace of mind as he was able to preserve that he had no remotest conception of the ideas rapidly crystallising in Mr. Evelyn Ashe's brain as these opaque gray eyes of his rested upon the tall white figure by Lady Stormont's side.

With his usual tact he managed to find an acquaintance in the faifting growd, and so escaped making his bow along with the rest of the Balachalian batch," and of being swept off with them en masse toward the

The Oldert Engineers are arease break to bey her

EARL'S COU

SUIC

Attempted Suic

and S. S. Scott, having themselves in the case so J. F. L. Embury to appea son's behalf. The case was by the police and the accur ruilty. Mr. Embury, howe that those who had taken

would like to see the ac

an opportunity and would

his behavior. In view of

son was let go on suspen

and later his friends secul a position in the city.

(Continued from page Jackson, the young man npted suicide in the cit lay evening, appeared before trate Trant yesterday after everal gentlemen, among v Rev. G. C. Hill, J. F. Bo

Cousin of Canada's General Suicides York-Claims His Was Cruel.

New York, Jan. 6.—C Duberly, claiming to be Captain James Grey Duber English navy, and cousi Grey, governor general committed suicide today mitage hotel, Seventh Forty-Second street, by narcotic poison. Among other letters incl

to Earl Grey which the s on the table of his roor following: Captain James Grey Duber West Canons, West Ca

Great Yarmouth,

Jan. 6., To my dear father .- By you receive this letter I more. You killed my me you have compelled me suicide. May God have your soul. Had you treate father should treat, a would have been different. want to die cursing you. you, as I hope God will I only hope that you will rest of the children bette have me.

Your Son. Harry Gr The letter to Earl Grey custody by Coroner Coole

MORE WIR LESS STA

Marconi May Go land Business as a Wireless Station

Halifax, N.S., Jan. tion of erecting wireless Vancouver and Hong Kor messages could be practi all round the world, that is taking Signor M from his experiments at and before starting for the Allan Liner Tunisian tor said when he retur Scotia, which would be months, he would have nouncement to make. W tion will be located in V an attempt made to ca business, is one of the which will be decided by trip of Marconi, "There lutely no difficulty in messages from Glace Ba ver," said Signor Marco erection of a station in depend upon whether compete for inland busin

Mount Royal

London, Jan. 6.-The mer, Mount Royal is Fastnet, Ireland, The sending a steamer to to Queenstown, Jan 7.—I due Canadian Pacific st Royal has been signalled Head of Kinsale, sl steaming towards this Montreal, Que., Jan. Royal is steaming into Queenstown harbor, this Queenstown, Jan. 7.— due steamer, Mount F slowly into Queenstor the news of her safety with gladness in shippi had not been heard from day, having been last Lizard, Dec. 10, and wing kept for her on bot Atlantic, and as far so

The Mount Royal bel P.R. Atlantic service. werp, December 7 for B., with 300 Bulgaria and a crew of about first definitely sighted of Kinsale, 16 miles we early today. She was here. She declined the that was sent out to The Mount Royal ha

her boilers and was c

The state of the s

"Isobel was standing, straight and tall, beside the mossy balustride."