

NINETY-EIGHT.

BY M. A.

In a fair green island that westward lies... A man stood on the heart of the land... He looked at the woman never did...

One Night's Mystery.

By May Agnes Fleming.

CHAPTER XV.—CONTINUED.

"Keep your congratulations," retorted Miss De Courcy, the fine furious temper she naturally possessed all fires, "and let me get rid of you. Keep your flowers, too—I don't want them. I wish I had never seen them or you!"

"Papa would not be so very angry, and he might forgive him—perhaps." But here Sydney stopped. Papa would be most tremendously angry; papa would never forgive him to the day of his death. She could never dare tell papa the truth; if the marriage was broken off, it must be through her own unwillingness to keep to the compact, not his, else Bertie was ruined for life.

She spoke lightly, but not succeeding in keeping down the flush that crept over her face. "You saved us all that trouble." "Sydney!" Captain Owenson cried, in a voice that made Sydney jump, "there is something more here than I know of. You were willing enough all along, willing when you came home a fortnight ago. What does this talk of breaking off mean now, at the last moment? What have you discovered about Bertie Vaughan?"

A significant squeeze of the arm—Bertie looks around bewildered by the sudden change from matrimony to matrimony, and then Sydney and Cyrella approaching. The question of their respective toilettes has been settled; they are, in hats and jackets, en route to Wyckcliffe, shopping.

blaze up with swift flame, 'not if the wedding-day was to-morrow. Her father's an officer and a gentleman. I'll go to him, I'll go to her, and I'll tell them both what will stop the wedding. Don't look at me like that, Ben—I can't help it. I wish I could. And don't trouble yourself to come home with me any more during the few nights I play; it isn't worth while. You can never get any better than a 'thank you' and a shake hands for your pains."

"I'll take them then, and see you home all the same," is Ben's answer; "but I wish you would think again of this." "If I thought all the day I die, it could make no difference. If I can't be Bertie Vaughan's wife, and she has promised me I shall—if it doesn't much matter whether I am ever anybody's or not?"