

THE LIFTED VEIL.

"I'm asked," he explained, "to beg you to look at this." The voice was English, with that indefinable quality that betokens the man of the world.

Bainbridge broke the seal, and read, standing:

I am the woman who came to you eighteen months ago. Do you remember? If so, will you be good enough to tell the bearer what I told you then? I have tried to do so, but I find I cannot. Either the right words will not come out or he does not understand. I have told him, therefore, to listen to you—and go away or come back, as he judges best. As you will probably know his name it will be easy for you, if you choose, to learn mine; but I trust you. I said that some day I might find a way to let you know that I had profited by your words, and I think I can do it now.

Bainbridge read these lines a second time and a third. It was necessary for him to collect his thoughts and make sure of his connection with the incident to which the writing referred. Many women had come to him, on one errand or another, within the past year and a half, so that his recollection of the veiled stranger, while remaining apart from all others, had lost its vividness. Between each reading he glanced at the tall Canadian, who stood erect and soldier-like, waiting without impatience. Minutes had passed before Bainbridge could take upon himself his duties as a host and say, "Won't you sit down?"

They seated themselves on either side of the smoldering fire which the chill in the wind of the May day rendered acceptable. The clergyman sank absently into the long low arm-chair he was in the habit of using. The visitor, whose glove left hand rested on his hip, while his ungloved right held his hat and stick, took the round-backed