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## A Terrible Tangle.

CHAPTER XII.

David's Messenger.

"I did not tell you, Ellen," she said, "but a week ago I wrote to me. She begged me to let her come. I have taken a long time to answer that letter, but finally I have decided that I must meet her. Indeed," added Elizabeth, with a rush of emotion, "I feel I want her. It is only right we should be united."

Mrs. Griffin gave back the note without a remark, but as she saw Elizabeth direct the envelope, and then ring the bell, and gave the letter to the servant to be posted at once, she scowled, then she sighed audibly.

"I am the last woman in the world," she said, "to say a word against family affection, but there are exceptions to every rule. You have given Lillian a most amazing love, and she has given you nothing in return. You would do better with her outside your life, Beth, and from my heart I grieve that you are going to have anything more to do with her."

CHAPTER XIII.

MY HEART ASKS HIM.

Early the next morning Elizabeth interviewed the new addition to her household.

Mary had told her that the girl's condition was poor in the extreme; that she had no cloths except she wore, and no possessions except a little box which she had brought from her wretched lodging the preceding night, and to which she clung as though it contained some great treasure.

It was a labor of love to Elizabeth to drive out quite early and to buy this girl all the things she needed.

A strange little excitement fluttered her heart the while.

"I will send him news," she said to herself.

She had drawn from the girl a full account of what had passed that summer night, and her heart had leaped as she had listened, and more especially when Mary—who had heard the girl's story—had spoken warmly of David Barostan.

"It's no small thing," Mary had said, "strong man though he is, to plunge into the river to save another person's life!"

So it was that Elizabeth resolved that she would write to him.

Mr. Gooch had given her his address abroad, and this matter would afford her an opportunity of approach-

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ing him naturally. The mere thought of expressing some kind words to this man seemed to change the very outlook of life for Elizabeth. Here, too, was something which could be discussed congenially with Mrs. Griffin.

The story of David Barostan enforced the conviction in Ellen Griffin's mind that the man she had prepared herself to fight and despise was one who disarmed her before an encounter.

Mary herself proposed that she travel to the North with girl, who, when asked for her name, first hesitated, and then feebly said she was called Mabel White.

"She is hiding her real name," Ellen travel to the North with the girl, who, is a tragedy written on that poor child's face."

When Elizabeth said farewell to her protegee, she held the girl's hand tenderly.

"Now you must make me a promise," she said. "You are going to try and get quite strong, and to forget, if possible, everything that has been sad and dark in your life. Perhaps it may be a little lonely for you at the White Farm, but if this should be so, all you have to do is to write to me. But I want you to go up there for a time, because I know that the air will do you great good."

The girl could not speak; her emotion was too great even for tears.

Dressed in her new, neat garments, she looked extremely ladylike, and, though she was so delicate and slight, she was undoubtedly vedy pretty.

When Mary and she had gone, there was a slight silence between Mrs. Griffin and Elizabeth for a minute or two. It was the older woman who spoke first.

"She reminds me of somebody, but I don't know who it is," she said, in her abrupt fashion.

"I can tell you," Elizabeth answered, in her low voice; "she has something of Lili about her, and, if I am quite honest with you, Ellen, it was this something that drove my heart toward my sister last night. I fancied to myself, when I saw her, that it was Lili before me—Lili, heartbroken, and poor, and suffering. This girl's coming seemed to foreshadow a time when Lili might need me. Not that she will ever want bread or clothes, but charity is not the only way in which we can help one another."

Mrs. Griffin grunted.

"Well, now that I have settled you here," she said, "I'm off on my travels for a little while. I want to see the sun. I have forgotten what it is like."

"I am sorry, dear," said Elizabeth, wistfully; "what shall I do when you have gone?"

"Oh, you will have Lili," said Mrs. Griffin, gruffly.

Elizabeth was silent.

In her heart there lurked a suspicion that her cousin's outspoken objection to Lili was based on truth, yet she could not steel her heart against her sister's entreaty for friendship. At any rate, she would meet Lili generously, and if sorrow was to come from this, then she must bear that sorrow bravely. It was strange how the fear that Lili really might have need of her lurked in the background of her thoughts.

her, as it seemed she was not very well.

"I have one of my tiresome colds," she wrote. "You know they always prostrate me. Come any time you like, dear."

Elizabeth was ready to go to her, but the letter was so short that the visit was postponed.

Mr. Gooch arrived unexpectedly, bringing her certain papers which required her signature, and eager to discuss with her a matter which, at Elizabeth's suggestion, he had undertaken a week or so before; this was to buy back, if possible, the Glen Farm estate.

Already Elizabeth had made more than one little journey down to the churchyard where Basil Barostan was buried. She had taken this small duty from Mr. Gooch, and so the grave was carefully tended and fresh flowers were laid on it every other day.

And it had seemed to her a positive duty when all this money had come to her that she should try to show some outward mark of appreciation, and the repurchase of this old place appealed to her strongly. Mr. Gooch had to report a great many difficulties in the way, and the matter was one that interested Elizabeth so much that the afternoon was far advanced before she found herself free to go to her sister.

However, when she got into the carriage, its pair of beautiful horses took her rapidly through the streets, and she was quivering with excitement when it drew up at Lady Garland's door. A private hansom was waiting there already.

Before admitting her, the butler spoke to Elizabeth.

"If you please, ma'am," he said, "his lordship begged me to say he would be so pleased if you would go and see him before you left. His room is downstairs, at the back. His lordship is anything but well, ma'am," the servant added, involuntarily. Then he opened the door, and Elizabeth was ushered into Lili's pet apartment.

It was a low-roofed, old-fashioned room, and could have been made charming; its chief impression now, however, was one of confusion; there were so many cushions and so many tables and chairs, the air was heavy with scent, and the light was dim.

As she advanced toward the fire, Elizabeth saw Lili arise rather rapidly from a chair, and at the same moment a man's figure arose from another chair, which seemed very close to the other.

It was the Lili of old, and yet a new Lili, who flung her arms about Beth and kissed her excitedly.

"Oh, you dear, dear thing," she said, "how sweet of you to come! But you are very late. I have been expecting you all the afternoon, and did not know what to do with myself. Mr. Mark came. You know Mark—Lord Ottershaw, I mean—don't you? but of course you do; he had to console you, I remember, at my wedding."

Elizabeth had a dazed feeling upon her.

She had kissed her sister, and held that slender, graceful figure in her arms for one moment. But, as Lili halted, and as she had quickly recognized the man standing beside the fire, her heart had been suddenly chilled.

She felt half suffocated.

The room was too hot; there were too many flowers, and Lili's appearance, with her mass of yellow hair waving loosely upon her shoulders, garbed in white, clinging drapery, that might very well have done for the robes of Ophelia, jarred on her.

The suggestion of intimacy between Ottershaw and Lili brought back, with a rush of pain, all she had suffered that bygone day up at the White Farm, only this time the pang of personal suffering was absent. Instead, her thoughts went with a rush to the sick man below, whose condition, while it could arouse sympathy in his servant, obviously did not touch his wife in any way.

Gradually, but surely, the love she had felt for Lord Ottershaw had died away from her. Their last meeting had shattered every illusion, revealing the true man beneath the glamour.

As Ottershaw came forward now with outstretched hand, she put hers into his. Though she hotly resented his presence, and was touched and saddened, Elizabeth was mistress of the situation.

"I did not recognize you at first," "the light is so dim."

Lord Ottershaw smiled as he merely touched her hand, and uttered something conventional in his turn.

Elizabeth's presence made a note apart in this kind of hothouse apartment. She was simply dressed, wearing black, as usual, but there was something fresh and cold about her beauty, something dignified, that not only set her far apart from all the Lilians of the world, but made her infinitely more desirable to himself.

He had, of course, known that Lili expected her, and he had purposely planned this little rencontre.

His mood toward Elizabeth during these weeks of silence had been increasing resentful. The cold, calm way in which she had dismissed him and refused obedience to his will was something he could not forgive or forget. It was generally recognized that Ottershaw was changed, and the man himself was only too conscious that this was a fact, and was doubly embittered in consequence.

When the news came to him that Elizabeth was a very rich woman, when he realized that she was resolute in her determination to openly declare herself the wife of his successful rival, Ottershaw took a vow to punish her. It was his will against hers, and he would win. The general admiration of her beauty, the knowledge that she was destined to rise, that the world sought her, all served to keep alive this savage intention of dealing harshly with her.

(To be continued.)

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