endidly now, and I press.
what can be done in the
suling him—when, poor as he flies over a stone gap at have gone wrong; for, hich where I saw his neat the heels now appear, and to later I reach his side, I to till and helpless and his g trembling near at hand, that puckered up, wrinkled aking of the home, peddeced has one of my readers will sember having noticed on that equine members has been in severe collision with A fat sheep, the cause of le, lay on its back panting Dismounting, and turning ed couted figure over! I see poned in a moment. He r has been violent expelle nga, er in more technical - a painful experience, as I cost, when, for what seems period, respiration is imi any attempt at speech ends ir guttural groan. Placing ing position against the bank, turning my attention to the en my old friend Timone again distanced, leapy, and glancing at the little figure, apparently in figure, apparently in extrem-to me as he whirled along, to me as he whirled along, by don't ye put him up agin lows cowld (cold)? Prestriend aigns of returning began to explain how the a had been lying at the furthment of the supplier of the supplier of the supplier of the supplier of the horse, cause of all parties concerned pressed himself as being quite in a the sheep showed signs y animation, we placed it on it a moment later were on our love. allowed several hersen

the "rampart difficulty," to the us; on the other hand ort, though it was, had fresherses, so that we were soon ual terms with them. e, for some little time, we full view of the hounds, and a sailing along, at one time their course, perhaps a field tor left fat another, close in. while every now and again rings out full and clear. The what it was in the morning, es are down, but there is nev i a check now, and as Donaldinteman), always in his place, brew of some slightly elevated view nalloa, and on arriving s point once again distinctly ated one gallantly facing the

ing slope. sumbered; for, though going had a certain "bedraggled" h betokens fatigue and dis-li well knew that there was no safety to be found in the lad chosen to adopt. And I the very commencement of life, had so bravely held on id in so doing had given health recise under the sun; and njoyment to such a large num-"Lords of Creation." But the approaching; the ruined chats in front; the county
een crossed, and so have the
ding fields; the last fence has id, and as weary and failing, t fox makes for the ivy-coverif there to find a sanctuary of is overtaken and surrounded, among the grey tembatones thurshyard he yields up his but not before he has left a n more than one of his relents enemies, and after having chase of some sixteen Irish th will long be remembered ho took part in it as the best records of the famous-id, before we separated on our homeward journeys, I heard one genuine sportaman among ont express himself to the ef-rh many will look upon this ental and soft-hearted view of hat so gallant a bid for safety in the very least, the right uance of the life we had so ly taken; that such a gallant i for some more kindly recogple of keen, hungry and ex-unds. R. E. H.

is hunter, aged 65 years, says killed 991 deer and 187 alli-

just not expect to live in clover cause he marries a grass

augh at the gentleman with a my son. It is not nearly so we a head that is bald on the to have a head that is bald on

action in these distress is simply wonderful. Sold 2m

BY ADELINE SERGEANT, AUTHOR OF "JACOBI'S WIFE," "UNDER FALSE PRITENCES," &C.

CHAPTER XXIII. (Continued)

Beatrice was left with Lord Morven' letter in her hand. She was glad to have rescued it; als disliked the notion that one of Lord Moryen's letters could be arned to discredit by people who knew him so little. Still she would not ac knowledge to herself that it contained what Mr. Wiggins affirmed-an actual mention of a fixed sum as the price of his consent. Should she read it, and make herself quite sure of Morren's innocence and Mr. Wiggins' mistake? No. she would not do that. The letter had not been meant for her eyes, and she would not read it without Morven's consent. She would keep it and ask him about it when they met. Till then, it would be safely locked in her dressing-

Lilias on the way as she half expected to do-and put the letter away, then sat down and covered her face with her hands. She only meant to arrange her thoughts a little; she was certain of Morven's honor and good faith, and assured herself that Mr. Wiggins' accusations were not worth serious consideration : yet she felt as if she had received a blow In spite of herself the tears came, and would not be stayed. It was not possible, she thought, that Morven could have been tempted by a bribe to sell his sis- Beatrice, Beatrice"—and then she broke round her counsin's neck, and said what ter's hand. If he had done that, she could never foreive him - never believe in him again. But it was not true-it was too terrible to be true. And yet she cried as if her heart were break-

She mastered herself at last, bathed her eyes, changed her dress, and went to look for Lilias, hoping that the signs of recent agitation would pass unnoticed. To her surprise she found Lilias in no state for observing other people's demeanor. The girl was crying too-not passionately and stormily, as Beatrice had wept-but with a pale face and slow ly dropping tears, which seemed to betoken some fresh wound to her young,

loving heart. "My darling, what is the matter?" said Bealrice, putting her arm round her consin's slight form, "Mr. Wiggins is gone; I don't think you need trouble yourself about him. Have you had bad news?" for she had caught sight of a let-

ter lying in Lilias' lap.

Lilias caught it up and held it out to "Read it," she said, "read it, and you

anything !" "Anything to serve his purpose-I be-

lieve he would," said Beatrice bitterly. as she unfolded the letter. It seemed to her at that moment as if, in some mysterious manner, they were all Dr. Airlie's bond slaves, bought at a price, and not to be ransomed either at the sacrifice of body or of soul.

As she expected, the letter was from him. He did occasionally write to his ly!" "old pupils," as he called them; and his letters were worth having, for they were trice's nerves. What if Lilias were much regret," wrote Authory, "that my went to contain choice morsels of gossip, wrong, and Dr. Airlie right? One heard own unconciliatory manner has alienated amusing stories, keen and ironical com- of such changes sometimes! Bertie was me from my cousin more than I should the lips. "If Bertie had left me, I ments on the news of the day, But on not infallible. In fact Bertie's light, have thought possible. I have now this occasion the communication was easy way of taking things sometimes hort, and trivial; the point of it lay in a made him seem lazy and weak. Was he ed disposed to give me much of his constant to him." few sentences near the end of the let- weak, after all, as men sometimes are fidence. I blame myself for this all the

"Our old friend, Bertie Douglas, is better," wrote the doctor. "I saw him yesterday with Mrs. Pirie's niece, to whom he seems to be paying much attention. She is a widow, and so newhat below him-in position; but as she is one of the most beautiful women I ever saw, the world will probably forgive him. It will no doubt delight your romantic little heart to hear that it was a case of what is called 'love at first sight;' and that the ent on both sides seems to be as ardent as it was unexpected. People are talking of the wedding-day, which is said

to be already fixed."

Beatrice threw down the letter as if a viper had coiled itself round her hand. "It is a he! a base, mean, cowardly lie!" she exclaimed. "Don't be afraid, Lilias. We all know what Dr. Airlie

Lilias raised hor head. "I thought that Dr. Airlie was to be believed if nobody else was," she said. "Morven trusts him entirely."

Beatrice restrained herself a little. "Never mind what Lord Morven as well as I do that this story is not understand. Yours sincerely,

true ?" "Yes, indeed-indeed I do." Then we need attach no importance to it. Don't let it trouble you dearest.

of childlike surprise.

"What would be the use ?" said

Every use! He nought to be told. but in wardly more relieved by the prosagainst him, and believing them. Some-

"Dear Lilias, I think that it would be

thing again."

"Wait, Lilias," said Beatrice in a subdued voice. "You would not quarrel with him willingly, would you? We may think of a better way. Remember the girl. love and kindness that he has shown you in days gone by."

"Gone by, indeed!" said Lilias, almost cornfully. "Is it true that he sent that man-Mr. Wiggins-to ask me to marry him? Did he really give his consent? me to marry that dreadful man?"

Beatrice did her best to soothe and "My dear, I will." console her; assured her that matters were not so bad as they seemed; that Morven loved her dearly; that Bertie was the truest lover that ever breathed and that poor Mr. Wiggins was an estimable man it. But this last statement was

difficult for Lilias to believe. "That odious creature!" she cried. If you knew how insolent he was about Morven before you came in, just as though Morven had promised me to him! Oh, he was hateful !"

"He was sorry afterwards," said Beatrice. And she did full justice to pour Mr. Wiggins' generosity in her account of the conversation. Lilias could not but be allenced, and even touched, by the offer of help to her brother made by her admirer; but the shock of his first proposal was not one that she could easily forgei.

With the outburst of tears, however, her spirit of defiance was somewhat quenched. She spoke less resolutely of seemed to him to be in a very confused will see. Oh, it is not that I believe it ; disobeying her brother's commands, and and perplexing state, and the best thing it is only that I think it so wicked, so on the whole, tolerably ready to listen that he could do, he thought, was simpcruel, to come between me and Bertie in to a suggestion from Beatrice. "I think ly to send Miss Essilmont a selection of the way they do. Dr. Airlie would say the best plan," said Miss Essilmont slow. pages from his diary. He had long been ly and reflectively, "would be for me to write to Mr. Lockhart."

> name; but Lilias noticed nothing amises. "That would be a good plan, perhaps," she said after some hesitation. Lockhart is Bertie's great friend. You think he would understand ?-that it was

wesk?

change his mind in that time. I don't really think it Bertie, but one should though if you think fit to show it to never, never be over-confident."

"I am ashamed of you, Beatrice, said Lilias. "After knowing Bertie all these years, do you thing that he would break his word ?"

more. She got out her writing mate- have to know sometime." rias, and indited a short note to Anthony Lockhart. It was a strangely said Beatrice slowly. difficult note to write. Four or five copies were town up before the final one I cannot bear to wait." was completed. And at the end, it was simple and curt as possible. But it was her to write.

like to know. Will you be sc good as to day. does," she said in a lower voice. "Think agawer at once, 'yes' or 'no,' by tele-

"BRATRICE ESSILMONT."

You trust Bertie? I trust him too, writing to warn him of Dr. Airlie's ma- it seems to me that he is acting like a there is nothing here that I ought not to This story is not worth the trouble of chinations. Although Beatrice feared fool." ment without having some ground for it, two girls had sat together in silence.

a stupidity, rather than a crime. And twice, but she had not said a word.

Dr. Airlie was scarcely capeble of stupidity. When it was in the post she have wanted to sak his sevice about made Lilias understand, to some extent, something." in what form she had conched her question. Lilias was outwardly indignant, but in wardly more relieved by the pros-

would have willingly confessed. the day when an answer might possibly lay between them on Beatrice's lap. They impossible for either of us, under the reach them. The message came at last circumstances, to write to him. You gave Beatrice had tried to keep apart from your word to Morven that you would not Lilias during the day, so that they might that I mean to break my promise then," for a single moment. She was looking said Lilias, rising from her seat. Her over Beatrice's shoulder when the tele-

"Still-" there was the prospect of something to be done. "He had no right to make me "She stepped short se her eyes fell en to do any harm to anybody. She would promise it no right to ask either of us Anthony's reply. It was longer than not injure any person for the world. to do so. You will be his wife some either of them had expected. "I can But to claim what's her right would not

> The paper fell from Beatrice's hauds. her chose-closer still. "What does it mean ?" whisped the

"Beatrice, what does it all mean "

not speak. It was when the dreary day was over a day which Lilias had spent in alter-If he did that, Beatrice, I think that I and prognostications of misfortune-that am absolved from all need to obey him the girl grew very silent. Beatrice equalled for impudence, under the ciras I have done so far—as if he were my came to say good-night to her as she lay cumstances: 'Mrs. Drummond's affairs father instead of my brother. I shall in her little white bed-her face almost what he may some day require. Oh, And then Lilias put her arms suddenly I was angry, and turned to bid her stop down into a flood of passionate tears was in her heart. "I am afraid," she like a shot. I suppose my face did it? "do you think that Ralph really wanted whispered. "Help me Beatrice! Help Shall I speak to Bertie or not?" me if you!" Anl Beatrice answered.

> CHAPTER XXIV. ANTHONY'S OPINION

Arthony's letter came as soon as could reasonably be expected. Both Beatrice and Linas looked forward to its arrival with a mixture of hope and dread. Lilias still maintained her trust in Beatrice's faithfulness of heart; but it was plain that she had some fear of his being influenced, or drawn away from her, by this "most beautiful woman that" Dr. Airlie "had ever seen." And Beatrice was a prey to dire misgivings.

The letter was a long one, extending ever several sheets of paper. It began by an apology for the unsatisfactory nature of the telegram ; but it had been impossible to word it differently. Indeed, Anthony scarcely knew how to answer Miss Essilmont's question at all; affairs in the habit of keeping very copious notes of his daily life, and had lately She turned a little pale as she said the jotted down scraps of his conversations with Bertie with unusual minuteness. If Miss Essilment would kindly read these notes, she would know as much as he knew himself. He would not torce his own conclusions, which might be for Bertie's sake, you know, not for our premature and delusive upon her; he own. Because we trust Bertie perfect- only entreated her to read carefully what and read the words with unflinching he had written, and if possible, to pus-A sort of terror shot through Bea- pend judgement for a time. "I very more because I might have been of some "Lilas," she said gently, "you must assistance to you in this matter, had part, she was beginning to give up hope. not ferget that you have neither seen Bertie continued on his old terms with nor heard from Bertie for nearly five mre. At present I really confess that I Dewar had continued), ""who as every-

Lady Lilias I can make no objection."

loose small hand-writing, were enclosed. girl, he'll be cut by the whole country, Beatrice had silently handed the letter. Beatrice thought it well to say no What difference does it make? I should

"It may give you unnecessary pain,"

Beatrice objected no longer. took up the leaves cut from Anthony's several times but I did not look round.' not in the least what Lilias had meant diary and began to read. The first entry recounted Anthony's expedition "Dear Mr. Lockhart .- Dr. Airlie has with Bertie to the ruined house, and his written to us that Mr. Douglas is going subsequent conversation with his cousto marry a young widow, a niece of Mr. in concerning Mrs. Drummond, Then Pirie's. Is this true? If it is, I should came a passage written on the following

"Wednesday .- To my great surprise of the present. You know-you believe gram? It is all we need; and I should found today that Bertie had gone downstairs and asked to see Mrs. Pirie's niece -alone. This looks odd. The two She sent it off without showing it to were shut up together in Mrs. P's Lilias. She dared not show it. There parlour for over half-an hour or more, have to know them all sooner or later. was not a word about trusting Bertie, or I don't want to be hard on Bertie; but Don't try to make me cowardly, Beatrice

and distrusted the doctor, she did not "There is nothing in that," said Lilias, Lilias opened her blue eyes with an air believe that he would make such a state- when she had read so far Hitherto the point. They read on.

Beat, Beatrice," she said, "is that To invent a story of that sort would be Liliae' face had flushed deeply once or

Why should there to so much secree read on. Beatrice was sitting, Lilias kneeling beside her, with Beatrice's arm They waited with secret anxiety until around her shoulders. The manuscript

"Thursday .- Mrs. P. looked at oddly when she was taking away the not be together when it came. But breakfast things this morning. I suppose you are aware what's going on, sir? she said. 'I can't say I am,' I answered -gruffly enough, I dare say. The wotears and pallor were gone; she was gram was opened. "But I know what man looked down, fumbled with her apatrong and beautiful and brave when the answer will be," she said proudly. prepared speech : 'Maggie doesn't wish day, I suppose, and you must do as he chooses. But I shall never promise any. give you no answer, because he will give injure anyone; and I'm sure that his me none. I will write all I know." lordship and the young lady up at the The paper fell from Beatrice's hauds.

Towers would never may nay if they She put her arms round Lilias, and drew knew—" Then I cut her short. "That'll do,' I said. 'She must settle her own affairs with Lord Morven. I'll have nothing to do with the matter.' 'It's in Mr. Douglas' hands at present,' said she Beatrice kissed her pitifully, but did demurely. "I think Mr. Douglas has quite enough to do for himself without meddling with Mrs. Drummond's affairs.' I said, in rather a sharp way, nations of proud belief in her lover and I'm afraid. Then the woman made me a reply which I have seldom heard

(such an emphasis on the name !) will be his affairs too before long, I'm thinking. chattering ; but she was out of the room

"Monday evening.-Have had no time to write up my dairy lately." Then came details of a short business journey in which he had been engaged. "On my way back from the station, met an old woman with grey curls, who stopped me in the road with a complaint about her roof. Said she was one of B's tenants: name Miss Dewar." (Lilias gave an irresistible little laugh: she knew Miss Drewar of old) "Lives in Rosebank cottage. | Mem. - Macpherse to her tomorrow.] When she had done complaining I was about to move on. but she stopped me by saying (with a strong Scottish accent when I can't produce, and shan't try to), "There's au old proverb which I think you'd better repeat to your cousin, Mr. Lockhart.' What is that ? I asked, "'It's best to be off with the old leve before you are on with the new," she said, nodding intelligently. "Thank you, Good Morning, Miss Dewar,' I said, raising my hat and beginning to walk away as fast as I could. But it was no use. She ran mon politeness to stop and listen. 'Don's take it amiss,' she said. "I know you're influence with Mr. Bertie. and I do hope you'll prevent him from doing anything that would bring discredit upon his family. And it's not for him only that I'm thinking-it's for poor

pretty Lady Lilias'-" Beatrice involuntarily laid her hand over the lines, but Lilias drew it away quietude. "Why should you mind me seeing that ?" She said looking up at her couson with calm, serious eyes - although her face had turned a little pale about should indeed be "poor Lilias," but they are mistaken. He will be as true to me

"My poor darling ?" was all that Beatrice could find to say. For her own

"Poor pretty Lady Lilias" (so Miss months. Dear, a man does sometimes do not know what to think. I am puz- body knows, has been foud of him zled. What I send is for your eye alone, every since a baby, and has had to be sent off to the Continent by that tyrar nical old brother of hers, to keep ler The letter then came to a conclusion, out of Mr. Bertie's way. If Bertie Some loose leaves, well covered with Douglas leaves her to take up with shop-"I must see all," said Lilias, to whom Mr. Lockhart, and that I tell you.' I don't know how I managed to listen to all this, but the woman spoke so fast that I could not edge in a word. The last sentence, however, was too much for me. "Madam,' I said, taking off my hat. "I will take the risk. I must know all; 'I'm not here to listen to ill-natured got-

sip about my cousin, but to do my work. They And away I went. She called after me "Poor Miss Dewar ?" said Lilias with a little smile.

Beatrice was surprised to see her so brave. She leaned back in her chair and looked at the girl. "Lilias," she said, "I think that Mr. Lockhart was right after all when he said that I had better read this to myself before you saw it. There may be more-more painful

things to come." "And what if there are? I should

And Beatrice once more ceded the

TO BE CONTINUED.

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