### The Girl of the Cloisters

CHAPTER VII.

A CHAINED HEART. "I must go back!" she says, trying sweetset dismay in her lovely eyes; then she looks over her shoulder, and and shrinking sense of outrage that her face grows more troubled. "No! takes possession of him now.

I could not. I must wade-after all, it doesn't matter. It is quite warm-" arm around her a thrilf-mysterious. "What!" he exclaims, with horror. half pleasurable, half painful-runs "You wade! Why the water is awful- through her; but she can not shrink at you!"

She laughs— a troubled laugh. "But I must. I can't stay here till With a sudden resolution he lifts her dread. the stream runs down!"

"No." he says; then, with a leap of child, and holding her against his the heart, he adds, trying to speak heart wades toward the opposite he falters, with fierce remorse. carelessly; I shall have to carry shore. He can feel her heart beat al-

He makes the bold proposition, fingers just touch his neck; the trimavoiding her eyes and looking straight ming of her dress brushes against his swift, sudden flash of color.

back, please."

A wild courage takes possession of were a mile wide; the rush of the

"Look here," he says, with sup- ears; he is in that paradise which back: you can't turn on this wretch- with fear, for she feels as safe in his ed stone, and you can't wade. Why, strong arms as if she were a child in it might be the death of you, a deli-

cate girl-" "I'm not delicate; I'm very strong!" new and mystical for her to under-"I don't care," he rejoins, waxing stand. bolder each moment. "Anyhow, you'd get fearfully wet, and would be sure

to take cold! Besides, if you won't tion and wonder at his strength. think of yourself, think of me." "Of you?" with wide-open eyes.

had to promise to take care of you! Pretty kind of care it would be if I let you go back wet through, to take a dangerous illness."

## MRS. LEWIS OF BROOKLYN

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The old Marquis; he draws nearer to her, and puts his passed the magic stream—the girl arm around her waist. Even at that passed the magic stream—the girl moment his reverence for her almost Lela Temple, innocent of the meaning daunts him ,and he stands with a of love and passion, has vanished forstrange look in his eyes and a sudden ever, and the woman has taken her

quiver of the lips. has had his arm around a lady's ed by her tears. "What have I done? daunts him, and he stands with a -what have I done? Don't-don't beautiful woman and never felt any cry! That is more than I can bear, shyness, anything of the strange awe and yet I deserve it-I deserve it!"

possesses him setting his heart beat-

ing like a steam hammer and con-

fusing his very brain so that the

At last in silence he reaches shal-

breath, but in reality to regain his

self-composure, to best down the in-

tense, mad longing to draw her still

closer to him and-yet-to kiss her!

He wins the day at last, and bends

feet, but—ah, these buts!—at that

moment a strand of silken hair that

has blown free of its coil sweeps

across his face and catches in the pin

in his scarf. With a faint, awakening

mad longing, like an unseen spirit.

rises within him again and overmos-

ters him, and before he knows what

he is doing, he draws her to his

"Forgive me! Forgive me!"

bank wavers before his eyes.

The tears run down her face unheeded by her in silence for a moment, then she says, in a strangely And she? As she feels his strong still voice:

"Ah, Heaven!" he murmurs, tortur-

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FIRST KISS.

he dawning of a new life struggle for expression. She save not a word, oes not move, does not tear her hands from his pleading grasp. But looks down at him as some vestal might have done in the old Roman

"Forgive me!" he prays, breathless

give me-I will go away. Miss Tem-

Slowly a faint tinge of color comes

back into her face, her eyes lose their

ple-Lela, speak to me!"

cred maidens.

"FORGIVE me! Forgive me!" White, motionless as a statue, she oks down at him with wide-open

"Why did you do it?" His heart leaps with relief at the by deep a little further on, I know. back, even if she would; there is not killing him. Let her upbraid him, lesides, you don't suppose I would room for it. In the moment of his smite him with scorn and contempt, hesitation she looks at him, then her if she will-anything rather than that eyes droop and her face goes pale. awful look of outraged innocence and gently, as easily as if she were a

"Because-because I was a brute and a coward-because I was mad!"

most against his own; the tips of her he does not look like a brute or a coward as he kneels penitently before beyond her, and so does not see the lips, and for the moment the keen sincere contrition. She thinks swiftwide-open surprise in hers, and the delight almost overpowers him. He ly of all his gentleness and considcan not go quickly, lest by a false eration for her—of the nameless little "Oh, no!" she says, softly. "I'll go step he should stumble and drop her. things, looks, tones, that have pro-In his heart he wishes that the stream claimed him a true-hearted gentleman, for all his rough-and-realy water makes ecstatic music in his manner; and she is bewildered and One does not learn to love! No, no! able too, and likewise fiannel, serge,

> her delicate brows knitted, her lips quivering, her eyes fixed on his with its cradle, she lies pale, and rapt in solemn trouble. that mysterious feeling which is too "Why?" he says-then, with a deep

> breath, the truth leaps to his lips. "Because I could not help it: because But rapt and confused as she is, you were so near to me-you hair she is alive to the sense of admira- touched my face. Because I love

It is said at last. For the first time quiet and gentle, that—that I thought Deep as is the water, uncertain as is the footing, he carries her as easily she hears the words which mean so of an angel-" "Yes! Remember what hard work as if he were on the pavement of much, so terribly much in a girl's life. it was to get Mr. Temple to consent Piccadilly. She does not know that For a moment she scarcely realizes he has set his whole mind on this their import, and the bewildered look task, and that every step is taken still lingers in her eyes; then suddenwarily and with the deepest consid- ly the meaning flashes upon her, and can not explain. I could not make eration, and that, strong as he is, it is a vivid crimson rushes to her face you understand if I talked for a week just as much as he can do to keep his and neck, and goes, leaving her pale legs at all in the middle of the and trembling.

stream, with the wild passion that "It is the truth," he says. "It does not excuse me. It-I am only making you angrier-no, not angrier, but more ashamed for me-but it is the truth. I should not have done it if I had not loved you. Ah, Lela, say low water and then dry land; but he that you will forgive me and let me go. I will never come back again— she sinks down onto the grassy bank you shall never be troubled by seeing

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days when the savage Vandal broke into the sanctuary and seized the saie, or meeting me. I will do anything you say or wish if you will just ly. "I was mad! mad! I did not know what I was doing. Do not look at me like that. I have frightened have no cause for fear now. Sea! strange tempest of pain and delight if you will speak to me one word, one and wonder-"I love you! I love little word. I will not ask you to for-

> "You-love-me!" she save. as a child might question some novel fact

fearsome look and slowly fill with "Yes," he says, gently, all the tears; pantingly she draws her hands roughness awed out of him, "I love from his grasp and clasps them

yond him with a meditative look in slip over the head. The sleeve may the large, lovely eyes, as if trying to that never could by any possibility come within the range of her experience; and as she thinks she tries to realize that here, at her feet, Lord A Edgar Fane is telling her that he feels for her this strange, mysterious

He does not speak: he wait

watching her every look. Presently she comes down from heaven to earth again, and fixes her

"Yesterday." she says, so softly that he can hear her and that is all-

"Yes," he says, steadfastly, "for the first time. I know it." "And yet you say that-ah, it i

with passionate fervor and intense and quiver of astonishment and

"Yes, I am sure of it. Why nor? shall only offend and grieve you still 5 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 1%

She opens her lips, but does not to any address on receipt of 10 cents speak; but her hands move slightly, in silver or stamps. and he takes the gesture for one of permission, and goes on:

"As you stood before me-you were so beautiful, so sweet-looking, so

"Ah!" she murmurs, reproachfully. but he will not take back the word.

"Yes, and I could not speak. My heart seemed to go ant from me. were not worthy to stand before you -to speak to you-to hear you speak.

you in that first moment." Something in the ardent words breathed with such reverential devoher tremble, and half unconsciously LONDON DIRECTORY and sits with clasped hands looking lown at the stream.

He rises and stands beside her, his for some sign of forgiveness to ap- don and Suburbs, it contains lists of

"I loved you at that moment; else with the goods they ship, and the Colwhy should I have dreaded the moment when I must leave you? I remember how I longed to stay, how I of leading Manufacturers, Merchants, seized on any excuse to remain; etc., in the principal Provincial Towns though I felt awkward, clumsy, and Industrial Centres of the Unitel rough, and altogether unfit to be Kingdom.

near you." "No, no," she murmurs, but without

"Then I went, and when I had gone I still thought of you, and I came to of \$5 for each trade heading. Larger the cloisters just on the chance, in advertisements from \$15 to \$60. the wild hope, that I should see your shadow in some window, and so know by post on receipt of postal orders for you were near. May I go on? I will \$7.50. go directly; directly you tell me that The London Directory. have not sinned past your forgive-

(To be Continued.)

Plates.

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2744—This model is economical of material and labor. It is easy to de-She looks down at him, then be- as well as silk and cloth. It is cut to be cut off and finished at elbow Either style has a smart cuff.

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2748-For the blouse, one could use galatea, gingham, drill, or linen; for the trousers, these materials are suit-

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