



**GILLETT'S LYE**  
EATS DIRT

JUST THE THING  
FOR POTS AND PANS.

**SIR WILLIAM'S**  
**WILL**

She suspected nothing. It remained with him to decide what he should do. Flight occurred to him, of course. Flight is the first thing a man thinks of when he has been struck to the heart by love's dart.

But flight seemed to him mean, cowardly. He had undertaken to oversee the building of this jetty at Pethwick; he had thrown himself heart and soul into the work, not recognizing that his ardent sprang from his desire to remain near Clytie; Lord Stanton, the lad who had treated him so well, and to whom he had grown attached, relied upon him; flight was distasteful to him. And, after all, why should he go—just yet?

Clytie had not heard his passionate avowal, was still ignorant of his loneliness with Wilfred Carton; he could surely keep a watch and guard upon his lips for the future. No; he would not fly. He would remain until the jetty was finished; then he would return to Parraluna, develop Silver Ridge, and bury himself in Australia as "Jack Douglas."

She turned to and fro, and strove to forget him, to blot him out; but the memory of his strength, of his manly tenderness, prevailed over her, and when at last she fell asleep, it was to dream of him. She woke in the morning exhausted as much by her emotion as by the feverish cold which Jack had dreaded.

"You will stay in bed, my dear," Mollie said decisively. "Girls who go skylarking in an open boat through a record storm must pay the penalty. And if I have the pleasure of seeing Jack Douglas—I beg his pardon, Mr. Douglas—I shall give him a piece of my mind."

"It was not his fault," murmured Clytie, in muffled accents, as she drew the clothes about her.

"Oh? Then whose was it?" demanded Mollie. "If he doesn't know when a storm is impending, he's not much of a fisherman, and ought not to be trusted with a delicate girl."

"I'm not delicate!" declared Clytie indignantly.

"Yes, you are," retorted Mollie.

"I'm glad," was all Jack said; and he said it with eyes fixed on the boat. She stood for a moment or two looking out at the sea, then she went up the beach, and Jack felt as if she had taken the sunlight with her. He put off in the boat for Pethwick, and tried as yesterday, to absorb himself, to lose himself, in the affairs of the moment, the setting of the timber, the hauling of the stone; but her face, pale and with its subtle wistfulness, haunted him; and his position irritated him.

Here was he, Sir Wilfred Carton, masquerading as Jack Douglas, not permitted to exchange a word more than his assumed position allowed, and others—Lord Stanton, for instance—were free to look at her, talk with her, unrestrainedly.

But he did his duty; and the workmen that day had more than ever good reason and excuse for calling him a "masterpiece;" and though he was sterner, shorter, than usual, they obeyed him cheerfully; for they acknowledged that power, that spell, which had made itself felt by Mr. and Mrs. Jarro and all at Parraluna.

For that day, and many after, Jack worked with the men with what seemed a whole-souled absorption in the task at hand; and seemed so occupied that even Lord Stanton could scarcely get a word from him that did not apply to the building of the jetty.

The two girls came down to the beach every day, but Douglas seemed to avoid them; and once, when Mollie proposed that they should row to Pethwick, Jack declared that he must stay to see the unloading of a cargo of stone, left them to the care of one of the Withycombe boatmen; but he watched the boat awhile with jealous eyes, and turned away with a sigh, as Jack had dreaded.

He begrudged the man his precious charge.

Strangely enough, as Jack grew more wistful and grave each day, Clytie seemed to regain her strength and her old light-hearted spirit. She thought—Mollie said openly—that it was the wonderful sea-air of Withycombe, and the relief of getting away from the cares of Bramley; but Clytie felt that these two causes were not wholly accountable for the improvement. To a woman there is no elixir like that of love, and, though Clytie would not have admitted it, the knowledge that she was loved by Jack Douglas was a precious, but secret, anodyne which soothed her worried mind; and, though it did not solve the problem of her life, indeed, rather complicated it, was like balm to her restless spirit.

She knew he avoided her; but she found a subtle pleasure in watching him from a distance, in listening to his voice, as he gave orders to the men, or called to his horse.

The day arrived for their return to Bramley; and it seemed as if she would leave Withycombe without speaking to him, without saying "good-bye," but the morning of their departure, Mollie met him just outside the cottage as she was going down to the beach in search of a book which Clytie had left in the boat.

"Oh, good morning, Mr. Douglas," she said. "I've come down for a book of my sister's."

"I have found it," he broke in. "I found it last night; I'll fetch it."

He went into the cottage, and returned with the book, followed by Polly.

"Oh, thanks," said Mollie. "Would you mind taking it up to the farm? My sister is just packing."

"Polly shall go with it," he said; but Mollie shook her head.

"Polly's coming down to the shop to buy chocolates for the journey," she said. "You take it, if you don't mind."

He looked round for another messenger; but there was no one about, and, half-glady, half-fearfully, he went up to the farm. Clytie was packing, as Mollie had said, and she was running down the stairs, singing to herself, as she opened the gate. The door was open, as usual, and she saw him and stopped, a faint color stealing into her face.

"I've brought this," said Jack, his voice sounding almost gruff.

"Oh, thank you," she responded, brightly, and she came out to him. "How stupid of me to forget it. My favorite Browning, too! It is very good of you to bring it."

"Not at all," he said, his eyes downcast, his manner still reserved. "You— you are going, so Miss Mollie told me."

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"I hope she hasn't caught cold!" he murmured, as he came to a decision. It sounded like a commonplace aspiration; but it was the true lover's anxiety for the beloved's welfare.

He went home, and to bed, at last; but he could not sleep. In the silence, the darkness, of the room he was back again in the boat, with Clytie's lifeless form in his arms, her head pressed against his breast, her helpless appeal to his strength his protection.

And Clytie? She, too, lay awake; and, as she turned on the pillow in feverish unrest, her mind and her heart were busy. She had heard every word he had said in the moment of his terrible anxiety on her account; she knew that he was Sir Wilfred Carton—this man who was unquenchable as "Jack Douglas"; and she was trying to analyze the feeling which had been avowed by her knowledge. Her face burned, all her body burned, with the remembrance of his passionate words; but she tried to thrust them from her.

This man, who called himself Jack Douglas, who pretended to be a working man, a fisherman, tinker, tailor, what not, what had he been? By his own account, a wastrel, a never-do-well, a lumberer of the earth, not one an honest, pure-minded girl should permit herself to love. And yet how strong and brave he was! Never for a moment, during that awful time, when death hovered over them, and he shown the least sign of fear; and he was doing good, noble work. And how handsome he was, how noble in form and manner! How tenderly, strongly, he had protected her against the storm, against herself.

Jack took the boat to Pethwick, and tried to force his attention to the loading of timber and shaping of stone; but his thoughts were fixed on Clytie and her condition. Low fever is a dangerous thing, you see; and dreadfully dangerous when viewed by the eyes of a lover. He longed for a sight of her.

And the next day his longing was gratified. She came down to the beach with Mollie and Lord Stanton. She was looking pale and thoughtful, and Jack was at once overwhelmed by remorse; but then she laughed at something Lord Stanton had said, and her eyes as they met Jack's were calm, placid, unembarrassed; and, with relief, he thanked Heaven that they were so; it was still more evident that she had not heard the passionate words which had sprung from his lips. Indeed, she scarcely glanced at him, and did not address him directly; not even when Lord Stanton said: "Miss Bramley's none the worse for the storm, Douglas."

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"Yes," she said, checking a sigh. "And I—we are very sorry. We have enjoyed the holiday, the change, so much."

"And you are so much better," he remarked, almost to himself.

She nodded. "It is the air, and the pleasant time we have had. I have to thank you, Mr. Douglas, for— for taking us out in the boat and—taking so much care of us."

"Well, I nearly drowned you," he said, gravely.

"Nearly is far from quite," she retorted, with a bright smile and a heightened color. "I suppose we were in some danger; but I enjoyed myself very much, more than I have done for a very long time."

He looked at her with a grateful sense of what he considered to be her magnanimity, but said nothing; and she went on:

"I suppose you will remain in Withycombe or Pethwick until the jetty is built, Mr. Douglas?"

"I—I don't know," he replied, looking beyond her, as if he feared to meet her eyes. "It all depends."

"Oh, I hope so—I mean," she continued, hurriedly, "that Lord Stanton would be so disappointed, that—that— you must not leave them in the lurch!"

"He could soon fill my place," he said. "But I'll see." He still lingered, his hand on the gate, as if loath to go, and Clytie stood, a graceful figure in her tailor-made coat and skirt, the book clasped in her hand, the other raised to protect her hair from the attacks of the wind; and presently, with a jerk, he said: "Can I help you? There must be a good deal to do—your packing."

"No, thanks. Oh, but yes! Would you mind cording a box for me?" she said with a smile. "It is so heavy, and all the men are away."

He followed her into the sitting-room, where a box stood on the floor. "That is it," she said. "Is it rather full, isn't it? It's the last box, and everything one had forgotten, all the odds and ends have been thrown into it. Perhaps the lid won't shut."

Jack knelt beside it, and eyed the disorder, the shoes, gloves, books, and

self, if I'd been forced to it," she assured him, rather ungratefully.

Jack smiled, but took the cord from her hand, and interposed between her slight figure and the box.

"I'm glad you weren't, then," he said. "It is more than probable that you would have hurt yourself trying to lift it, or, having lifted it, have let it drop on your toes."

"Now, you want a knife," she remarked, looking round.

"Thanks, I have one," he said, and he pulled out the useful and somewhat formidable weapon which fulfilled so many purposes. In taking it from his pocket he brought the glove with it; but Clytie affected not to see it, and he covered it with his knee quickly, waiting for an opportunity to take it up again. But Clytie leaned against the table, her hands clasped against the edges, her whole attitude one of indolent interest in the proceedings.

"You won't want a label?" he suggested, with the object of getting her to move so that he might secure the glove.

"Oh, no," she replied. "A cart is coming for the things."

"Is that it I hear coming down the road?" he asked, hoping she would go to the window; but she did not move, or remove her eyes from him, as she replied sweetly:

"Oh, no; it will not be here yet. Have you quite finished? It is so kind of you. What is that? Oh, one of my gloves," she went on, as, in despair, he rose and revealed the purloined article. "Thanks."

"I—I must have left it out," he said remorsefully.

"Yes; but it does not matter. It is quite an old one," she protested brightly. She swung the glove to and fro, and, at last, as if absentmindedly, it out of the open window. By the exercise of extraordinary self-restraint, Jack refrained from watching it, and, having given a superfluous knot to the cord, rose and reached for his cap.

"I will wish you good-by, Miss Bramley," he said gravely, "unless there is anything else I can do."

"No; nothing, thank you, Mr. Douglas," she returned. "Good-by, and thank you very much—for all you have done for—us," unconsciously her hand stole out to him, but suddenly she remembered his assumed character, and she let her hand wander to the ribbon at her neck, as if it wanted pulling straight.

"Good-by," said Jack simply. "I'm sorry you are going."

As he left the room she ran lightly up the stairs, but paused at the top and called to him:

"Oh, Mr. Douglas!"

Jack swung round at the door like a soldier obeying the call of his superior officer, a dog that of his master; ah, yes! a lover that of his mistress.

"Oh, if you come up to Bramley—to see the Hall, you know—please let me know."

"I will," he replied, gratefully.

"Good-by."

(To Be Continued).

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odds and ends doubtfully as he essayed in vain to close the lid.

"Oh, well," she said, resignedly. "Some of the things don't matter; they are most of them of no value."

She swept off the top layer laughingly; but Jack interposed.

"I'm not much of a hand at packing," he said; "but I think I could manage better than that."

"Oh, I give you a free hand," she said; "but please don't trouble about those old gloves and things. I don't know what I put them in."

She turned away as she spoke, and Jack, as he rearranged the muddle, took up one of the old gloves and slipped it on, standing in front of the looking-glass, and she saw the act reflected in the mirror. Her face went crimson, and she stood quite still for a moment or two, her hand resting on the mantelpiece, her eyes fixed on him.

"I think that's better," he remarked reverently, as he laid a tiny pair of shoes on the top and closed the lid.

"Oh, you have everything in! How clever of you!" she said. "But will you be able to cord it by yourself? Shall I ring for some one? Perhaps I can help you?"

"No, no; please keep away!" he adjured her earnestly. "You might get hurt."

She took hold of the cord and laughed at his anxiety.

"Why, I could have done it by my-

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