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TO HIS WORD TRUE NOVEL.

Willowbank, on this momentious occasion had thus, we may say, been very successfully got over for all concerned. Thanks to the old merchant's forbearance, or respect for the baronetcy, and to the captain's intrepid be- spoken had both dislike and disappointment haviour, all disagreeable topics, as well as those embarrassing silences which are almost as bad, had been avoided. It was true that him that that mention of a difference-"and a as bad, had been avoided. It was true that him that that mention of a difference—"and a great difference"—to be made between the the talk had been confined to these two gen-tlemen; but Lotty and Lilian (who had also would have avoided playing the eaves-dropper had it been possible, but their conversation conversation in an undertone full of interest had taken him utterly by surprise, and was for themselves) were thankful to have been now already concluded. The next words were for themselves) were thankful to have been excused from taking part in it ; and Walter was by no means displeased to find himself second-fiddle-or, rather, playing no instrument at all-in the newly united family band. If he could only have escaped observation, and above all, interrogation, for the rest of the evening, he would have thought himself fortunate indeed; it would have been enough for him to watch the others in silence ; to speculate, though with pain and sorrow, upon the causes that had produced the alteration in poor Lotty's looks; how it had come to pass that her pretty ways had vanished, and whether they had been stamped out for ever by poverty and neglect, or if, under the a note of that;" and he took out a dainty case sun of her new-found prosperity, they might grow and bloom again. Upon the whole, he was not hopeful of her; she seemed to him like some bright and shapely vessel which had struck against a hard and jagged rock, and had only not gone down, and that its happy had only not gone down, and that its happy crew—"Youth at the helm, and Pleasure at the prow"—were dead and drowned. Nor did he hesitate to identify that rock with her hus-hand. He was certainly indebted to Selwyn band. He was certainly indebted to Selwyn for having caused matters so far to go off so swimmingly that evening, without hitch or kink; but he was not grateful to him for it; he resented (though he felt the captain was acting a part) that he should seem so ani-mated and careless, while his wile looked so wan and woful eyen in her new-tound home. That she should sit with her sister s hand tast clasped in hers, so silent, and, as it seemed to him, always on the brink of tears, tilled him with pity, but also with anger against the man who had brought her to such a pass ; and even that she could not give himself one smile of welcome or recognition-though that was made impossible by the necessity of the case

-irritated him against the captain. Lilian indeed smiled upon him brightly, nay, grateledge. fully, whenever he looked her way; but she too was pale and thoughtful, and had scarcely addressed a word to him throughout the evening. It was of course but natural that she should be occupied with her sister, and that her face should somewhat mirror that of Lotty ; but he felt it hard that the reconciliation in which he himself had had so large a share should bear such bitter fruit for him. Perhaps, too, though he would not have confessed so much, he was somewhat jealous of ng in the the strides that the captain W favor of his father-in-law; not that he wisned him not to gain his good opinion, and all the benefits that hight flow from it, but that somehow, he felt that whatever influence Sir might acquire with Mr. Brown, Reginald would be used to his own disadvantage. H had more than one secret of Selwyn's in his keeping-especially that one connected with Nellie Neale-the revelation of which might have done him serious harm ; though he would have perished rather than reveal any one of them, Selwyn might not give him credit for such chivalry, and in that case would have cause to fear, and therefore to intrigue against him. A man that would ill-treat his own wife-for he had ill-treated her-and especially such a winsome and delicate creature as Lotty, could not be expected to entertain honorable ideas, or, indeed, to stick at anything. Walter had thought hard things of his former friend more than once, and had repented of them; but now he entertained such thoughts without repentance.

THE ECHO, MONTREAL.

smiling. "Well, of course, she does not go to his studio, Sir Reginald; our friend here is so good as to come here and work." "Oh, indeed !" returned Selwyn, raising his eyebrows; "that must be a very pleasant arrangement for him."

There was such a marked significance in his tone, that even the old merchant understood the innuendo it was intended to convey, and answered with some stiffness : "I hope so ; we do all that we can to make it pleasant, though I am aware that we are putting Mr. Litton to considerable inconvenience."

But notwithstanding the friendship these words implied towards the young painter, the eyes of the speaker wandered to Lilian with an expression of anxiety, if not of alarm ; and from that moment Walter felt convinced that Selwyn had declared war against him, nay more, that he had come that evening with the express determination to declare it. There were immense odds in the captain's favor not only from his position in the family, which might now be said to be established, but because, as he had himself observed, "all was fair in war," in his view of the matter; whereas, as he well knew, Litton was scrupu-lous even eo chivalry. It was a contest be-tween arms of precision and bows and arrows, which could have bet are used. which could have but one result.

Walter did not, however, deign to take notice of the other's hostility, even by a look (and, indeed, the captain had studiously kept his face averted from him during the last five minutes), but turned to Lotty with some commonplace observation, to which she confusedly replied. No person, however unob-servant, could have failed to see that something had gone wrong, and yet it seemed to Walter that her embarrassment, as she answered him, was due to other causes than that knowledge. She had shot a nervous, frightened glance towards her husband, and her words had been very cold. Could it be possible that he had schooled her to refuse him her countenance, bidden her not only to ignore, but to forget that he had been and still was her friend ? Or was she so conscious of her own wretchedness as to feel that she had no cause to thank him for the hand he had had in giving her a husband-who was also a tyrant ?

"I have some work to do at home, Miss Lilian, which your father's hospitality has caused me to neglect," said Walter abruptly, and with a touch of bitterness that he could not wholly stifle. "I must go now ;" and he held out his hand to her.

"But you will come to-morrow at the usual time ?" said she, in her clear sweet tones, made more distinct, as he fancied, even than usual, so that all in the room could hear her. "My sister is very desirous to see you paintare you not, Lotty ?--and she is coming on

Purpose." "I don't know," said Lotty hesitating; "I should like it ;" and again her eyes wandered towards her lord and master.

"O yes, you must come early," put in Mr. Brown author tively, "and spend the day, and Sir Reginald can join us when he likes .-Well, if you must go, Mr. Litton, you must; this is Liberty Hall, you know." And Walter took his leave, exchanging only a nod a nod with Selwyn.

As he walked home with his cigar in his mouth, his anger was still hot against the cap tain; but he could reflect upon what had happened with more patience than when he had been standing "under fire," as it were, in the drawing-room; and as usual with him, however angry, when time for thought was given him, he began to beat about in his own mind for excuses for the offender. If Selwyn really believed him to be capable of telling what he knew about Nellie, it was perhaps natural, though certainly not right, that he should Bnt could Regilook upon him as his enemy. nald, after so many years of friendship, be-lieve his friend so base ? Might there not be mended some other reason that made him hostile to him. Might he not, for example, resent his having drawn that likeness of Lotty, notwithstanding that the result had b een so favorable to his fortunes. Selwyn must surely know him too well to suspect him of entertaining any improper ideas with respect to his triend's wife ; and, moreover, the captain was by no means a jealous man; he was too self-confident (and with reason) to be subject to any such passion. But the Somebodyand there was a possible somebody in the person of Mrs. Sheldon-might have put the notion into his head. By itself, he would doubtless have laughed at it; but coupled with the picture, was it not just within the range of posibility that it had made Selwyn jealous? Nothing could be more unreasonable or more unjust than for him to be so; but if he was, his conduct became to a certain degree excusable. But, on the other hand, was such an explanation of his behavior consistent with that significant remark of his, that the "arrangement" of painting Lilian's picture at Willowbank must be "very pleasant for Mr Litton ?" It was so pleasant, that Walter confessed to himself that if it should be broken off the greatest happiness of his life would thereby be taken away from him; and he had a sorrowful prescience that it would be taken away, and that at no distant date.

"Then Miss Lilian is Mr. Litton's model it. He would have thought it dishonorable-for the present, is she ?" enquired the captain, considering how he had obtained admittance considering how he had obtained admittance to Willowbank, and his hospitable reception there-to speak to Lilian upon such a subject, without first addressing himself to her father; without first addressing himself to her father; and if he did that, it was certain that he would be dismissed at once. Dismissal, in-deed, as we have said, would probably take place at all events; but we had no intention of unticipating it. Whatever peril to him-self, whatever regrets, whatever despair, wight strand make a sure, he recover despair, might attend such a cause, he resolved to be with Lilian as much as he could. His wings might be singed, he might be utterly shrivel-led up by that attractive flame, but the light and the warmth were temptations that he could not withstand, and he would enjoy them as long as possible. And at the ap-pointed hour next morning he presented him-self at Willowbank, and was shown up to the

extemporised studio above-stairs. But the sisters were awaiting him there, and received him with marked cordiality. In the morning light, Lotty looked even more wan and changed than she had done on the wan and changed than she had done on the previous evening; but her manner was warm and genial, as though she was striving to make up to him for the enforced coldness of her late reception. "It gave me pain, Mr. Litton, yesterday, to

have to ignore so true and kind a friend as you have shown yourself," said she frankly. "And you must please to believe that I am not the ingrate that I seemed."

"You seemed nothing of the kind, dear Lady Selwyn," answered Walter, "but only to be the victim of untoward circumstance as, indeed, we all were. I hope the time will soon arrive when there will be no necessity for such concealment:"

"Well, I think it will be better to let by gones be bygones altogether," replied she quickly. "I know what you will say-for Reginald has thought a great deal about it-that it is unpleasant to feel that there is always a risk ; that when we are most secure, and all is going on smoothly, an explosion may occur out of this very secret; but that is no reason why we should light the match is no reason why we should light the match ourselves. Moreover, the longer it is delayed the better condition we shall be in to meet the consequences. At present, things have ha dly joined, as it were ; whereas, in a little time, I hope the reunion will have been fully established—and solid masonry will stand al-most any shock " most any shock."

"Your husband is doubtless the best judge of his own affairs," said Walter quietly. "It seemed to me that he and your father got on capitally last night."

"Yes, did they not ? And dear papa is so very kind to me. He hardly likes me to be out of his sight; and I should have been with him now, but that I could not bear to meet you a second time as a stranger, Mr. Litton.-O Lilian, he was so kind on that journey to Penaddon! What we should have done without him, I can't imagine ! And he has been even kinder since"

She stopped, and blushed; and Walter olored too at this allusion to his loan. He was not, however, so annoyed at it, as he otherwise would have been, since the fact of Selwyn's having told his wife of the matter, seemed to render it impossible that he should have entertained any jealousy of him with re-spect to her. He might have been jealous, and still borrowed the money-that would have been like "spoiling the Philistines," in the captain's eyes—but he would certainly not have let her know with whom he had incurred the obligation.

"I know he has been kind," assented Lilian, "and is so still, since, for your sakes, he is doing violence to his own conscience." Walter could not help comparing the diffe-

rence in the view of these two girls as respected that matter of secrecy : the one had spoken of it as a dangerous risk, and solely with re-gard to the material loss that might result from it; the other had referred to its moral It was true that Lilian had recomnt she had ma

am not mistaken) not quite so friend-like as he used to be; and, therefore, I cannot tell you what I think."

you what I think." "Pray, tell me, Miss Lilian. It cannot hurt Sir Reginald to tell me, and it will not hurt me. My solicitude in not for him, but for your sister. That is not because he was, as you hint, unfriendly to me last night; it

always was so. I could not have painted that picture, had it been otherwise." "I guessed that much," said Lilian softly. "Yes; of course she could be nothing to me, for I never met her till the day she"---he hooked about for some authonious terms in looked about for some euphonious terms in vain-"ran away with Captain Selwyn; but her face haunted me from the moment I first. saw it."

"It is sadly changed," said Lilian, in low grave tones. "Do you think six months of wedded happiness could have altered it so !. No; nor even six months of poverty, or toil, or care. Nothing but misery could have effected her that, Mr. Litton. My poor dear

effected her that, Mr. Latton. My poor dear darling sister Lotty is a miserable woman." "Let us hope not that," said Litton sochh-ingly. "She has been living a hard life of late, remember, compared with that to which she was accustomed under your father's roof; she has had anxieties of the gravest sort, as well as petty cares, which of themselves would effect so delicate a being."

"Yes; and she has had no one to comfort her. That man, Sir Reginald, is no comfort She is afraid of him. Did you not see now her eyes followed him about-not with her. affection, or, at least, certainly not with affection only, but in fear? He is a hard man, I am sure, Mr. Litten, and I believe he is a bad man.

"As I told you once before, Miss Lilian, no man is good, if weighed in so fine a balance as a young lady's judgment-unless he chance to be her husband. Selwyn is doubtless selfiab, like the rest of our sex ; and he is a proud man ; no doubt; therefore, he resented you. father's conduct towards him, implying as it did that this marriage was in some respects a mesal-liance; and resentment does make a fellow a little hard." "But he should not have resented my

father's conduct upon Lotty," urged Lilian

"no man but a coward" "Selwyn is not a coward," interrupted Walter. He could not neglect that chance of defending the captain on grounds where he had good standing; the next moment, he felt that it would have been better to have let. it pass.

"I don't mean that your friend is afraid o swords and bullets, Mr. Litton," answere Lilian quickly. "We are all aware of that but there are other kinds of cowardice—an worse-than that which shrinks from deat and danger. I know that his arm was hurt i battle, but if he had lost it, his empty sleev would not-to me at least-have atoned for his want of heart. He has no heart, to called such; nor courage either, or he woul not have permitted you—his friend—to plu the hypocrite for him. It's true that I d myself urge you to do so ; but had I been he, would have told my father all last night, an excused you to him for what you had done him and his; instead of which, he made cat's-paw of you, Mr. Litton, and show himself neither grateful to you, nor friendly Walter felt that this was true : her sta ment of it, indeed, was the strongest possi confirmation of his own view of the matte but it was a subject that he by no me

wished to discuss. "I am sorry that your sister's husba should have made such an unfavorable i pression upon you, Miss Lilian; I am s that he little suspects you."

"It is no matter to him whether he susp it or not ; so long as he has gained my fath ear, that is all he cares for. My opinion him is of no consequence in any way, nor h me ; it is upon my sister's account alone th am so grieved—so wretched. Of cours have not told her a word of this; nor father either. I had no right to tell it to yo that is, to trouble you with such a matt but I felt as though I could not keep it self." "If it has been any comfort to you to t to me, then I am glad that it has been to said Walter gravely. "I both think and h however, that your affection for your a leads you to exaggerate her woes. In a l time, now that Fortune smiles upon her, will see her become herself again, and her band will be reinstated in your good opin Adversity is not a good school for all o believe me; and in happier days you wil Sir Reginald's character in brighter color "Let us hope so," said Lilian, sighing shall have every opportunity for doin since my father intends to ask him to with us. To have dear Lotty her again be an inexpressible pleasure to me-days ago, I should have deemed it the gr that could befall me; but, on the other to see her the slave of a tyrant, spir joyless, with all her illusions cruelly de ed-that will go nigh to break my heart. Walter saw that his companion was mood to be reasoned with. It was pro that she had some distinct foundation apprehensions or convictions, which show with to disclose; but if even they from intuition, it was difficult for combat opinions which in truth he It was terribly early for her to have made up her mind as to the character man just admitted into her family circ upon the whole it seemed better to le ters right themselves-if that might be to argue the matter further. He therefore, in silence, only now and the dressing his companion npon prof topics. "The heroine's head should topics. tle more to the right, please" - Woo be so good as to smile, Joan, since you yet condemned to be burnt alive gloomy looks are an anachronism;" Then Mr. Brown came in, with Lotty answered on his arm, and was very gracious, the Walter's sensitive cars, his tone la Walter's sensitive ears, his tone lat usual frankness. His looks had chan the better almost as much as those of found daughter had changed for the As he stood complacently regarding not a dream, that he had really record treasure which he had deemed lost Was it the more recollection of tha the hint that Sir Reginald had drop

an income for the future sufficient, with econ-

Dinner-time, and after dinner-time, at than the--that is, than I have deserved of you," returned the other. His words were those of gratitude, and, to his father-in-law, such a man as Selwyn to have to humble himself to one like Mr. Brown, and it also struck addressed by Mr. Brown to Walter himself. "Our frieud, Sir Reginald, has been telling

me, Mr. Litton, that he has not been to the exhibition this year, so that he does not know what a treat is in store for him in your Philippa. "Supplication," by-the-by, you call it, I believe; but that is no matter, for Sir Reginald will have a name of his own for it.

"Indeed !" said the captain, with the most innocent air that his bold eyes and fierce mustache would permit. "How should that be ? "Well, you must go and judge for yourself but, it seems to me, and to Lilian also, the most wonderful likeness—considering that it was quite undesigned—of Lotty herself."

"Dear me ! how curious !" said the cap tain, raising his eyebrows. "What does Mr. Litton call it ?- "Supplication ?" I will make of ivory tablets, and entered the memorandum accordingly.

Walter felt not and uncomfortable ; he did not envy Selwyn his sang-froid, and yet he would have given anything to possess it. He was wroth with him, too, that he had not taken some course more likely to cut the conversation short ; as it was, it was evident that

go to-morrow and see it. ing is that Mr. Litton never set eyes on Lotty before to-night.

A dreadful silence seemed to fill the room as Mr. Brown said this. The two girls sat with their cheeks burning, and their eyes fixed upon the floor. Perhaps they felt like Walter-as though the floor had suddenly opened, and that one false step would precipitate him, and Lotty with him, to utter de-struction. Shame covered his face, and palsied his tongue.

"Well, I can answer for it, at all events, that my wife didn't sit for the portrait," observed the captain, with a light laugh. "We have been rather hard up; but Lady Selwyn never went; out as a model, to my know-

"I should hope not," observed the matterof-fact merchant austerely. "I don't wish to say anything against any calling by which poor folks get an honest living, but I am afraid the models of painters are not generally models of propriety." "Hollo ! do you hear that, Mr. Litton ?"

"Hollo! do you hear that, Mr. Litton; said the captain gaily. "Come, draw and de-fend yourself. Was not your Philippa, Edward's queen, then, all that it seems you have represented her on canvas?-tender-hearted, pitiful, regal, modest, and all the rest of it ?" Walter had felt grateful to his quondam friend for the moment, for picking him out from that hole in the floor, but this impudent allusion to Nellie Neale was altogether too much for his patience. "The model that sat for Philippa is as honest and good a girl as any I know," said he, in a stern voice ; "though it is quite true that persons in her position are thrown much the way of temptation, and-of scoundrels.'

He was standing by the drawing-room table with his coffee cup in his hand, pre-tending to look at some engravings, but in reality occupied in these bitter reflections, when he heard Mr. Brown address his son-in law as follows : "Have you been to the exhibition this year, Sir Reginald ?"

Then Walter knew that it was coming ; that the subject which had been m happily avoided up to that moment was about to be touched upon ; and that he would be called upon to play some deceitful part in the dis-cussion. How he wished he had pleaded indisposition, or work to do at home-an excuse which his conscientious host would have admitted-and taken himself off readily immediately after dinner ! But it was too late now.

"Well, the fact is, Mr. Brown," returned the captain, in a low voice, "that, until the day before yesterday, when your generosity placed us upon quite another footing, dear Lotty and myself had not much money to spare for exhibitions, nor, indeed, for any-thing else."

It was plain that the old merchant was pleased by this confession, or perhaps by the deferential and almost humble tone in which it was couched, for his manner altered at once from studied carelessness to a certain confiden-tial assurance, as he rejoined : "Well, well, all that is over now ; let bygones be bygones. Of course, I cannot forget what has happened. should be very culpable not to make a difference-and a great difference-between the daughter who has disobeyed me, who has may be excused for these little errors; and been undutiful, and her with whom I have

Such an angry blush leapt to the captain's cheek, as told not only of guilt, but also of consciousness that the other knew him to be guilty; yet his answer was careless enough, as he replied : "That is a pretty confession as respects you gentlemen-artists, Mr. Litton; for my part, I thought it has become generally understood that there were no gay Lotharios now except in the army.'

The presence of mind and quickness that the captain exhibited had been certainly far beyond what Walter (though he had always known him to be a clever fellow in his way) had believed him to possess; and he now be-gan to credit him with other qualities, the existence of which he had never suspected in him, and which, perhaps, he had no reason to suspect. It seemed to him that there was a design in all Selwyn said ; that even in that general remark, for example, respecting the gallantry of the military profession, he was either making light of his own behavior to Nellie Neale, or, what was more likely, was paving the way for excuses with the old merin case the matter should ever be hant, brought up against him. If this was so, Mr. Brown, of course, was quite unconscious of it. "Well, well," said he, "let Mr. Litton's original be who she may, he has made a most charming picture of her, of which I am glad

to say I am the possessor. Indeed, it is so good, and also, as I have said, so like dear Lotty, that I have commissioned him to paint me a companion portrait of her sister. It is only just begun—that is, so far as Lilian is concerned-but I already recognise the likeness.

This was said as though he was conferring the highest praise upon Litton's picture which such a work of art could receive ; whereas, as alt of us who are duly subject to authority in such matters are aware, likeness in such a case is a very secondary affair, if only "tone," and "pose," and "meaning," and a number of other æthetic excellences, have been attained. A father, however, and especially a patron, Walter bowed his acknowledgilents, as grace-fully as though Mr. Brown had said : "Your

CHAPTER XIX.

A CONFIDENTIAL SITTING.

Notwithstanding the dismal foreboding that haunted Walter Litton as respected his connection with Willowbank, it is not to be supposed that he was even yet in love with Lilian, in any serious or practical way. If he had been charged with such an imprudence, he would probably have answered : "And am I also in love with the moon ?" but there would have been more bitterness than drol-lery in the reply. We remember a young gentleman of our own acquaintance who was

rallied upon his attachment to a lady consi rained upon his attachment to a lady consi-derably his senior, and who gave considerable comfort to his friends by replying gaily: "A man may not marry his grandmother;" and yet he did wed the lady, after all. But the "table of affinity" was nothing in the way of an impediment compared with the obstacles Walter and Lilian. that stood between Walter and Lilian. He had not even told his love, though that is of He small consequence, since love is one of those things which "goes" — and also comes — "witha had never dreamt of telling

nended the dissimulation, no attempt to justify it; whereas it had not even struck her sister that there was any obection-on the score of conscience-to the plan at all. But in this he was hard on Lotty since it ought to have been evident to him that she was but the mouthpiece of her husband.

"O yes, that's very dreadful, of course," said she; "but it would be a hundred times worse if papa found out you were an old friend of ours, Mr. Litton, and had been plan-

ning and plotting in our favor." "Nay, he could scarcely say that, Lady Selwyn, for, with all the will in the world to serve you, I had no such opportunities. The picture, you know, was aducky chance."

"Yes; how funny, was it not ? I must certainly go and see that picture some day ; as soon as I have got something fit to wear to go in. And that reminds me I have not written

out what dear papa calls a 'rough draft' of the things I am in want of. These are to be quite independent of his arrangement with Reginald—a little present all to myself. Is he not kind, Mr. Litton ?"

And off she tripped, with more of the light-ness of those Penaddon days than he had hitherto seen in her. He was not pleased at the careless way in which she had spoken of his picture (how little did she guess what it had cost him ; how little did she dream that it had been inspired by the memory of herself, and had been wrought out mid vain repin ings !) but to see her so like herself made him forget that, and follow her retreating figure

with tender eyes. "I suppose," said he smiling, "your father thinks he can scarcely do enough to show how pleased he is to get your sister back, Miss Lilian

"That is but natural," answered Lilian gravely. "But there is another reason, I think, for his being so demonstrative ; she looks so piteous-so sad. You see that, Mr. Litton, yourself, I'm sure."

"She is certainly not looking nearly so well as before her marriage," Walter.

"No; and what is worse, not nearly so happy, Mr. Litton."

"And yet she eight to be happy, Miss Lilian, being thus reconciled to her father and reunited to yourself. Perhaps it is the excess reunited to yourself. Perhaps it is the excess ture, his hand beat softly upon hers, a of joy, which, succeeding to much sorrow, has to convince himself that his happi been too much for her."

Lilian shook her head, though Walter was at that moment painting from it, and she was generally a most careful sitter. "No, no; you are quite wrong there; though, as you say, there has been much sorrow. Sir Regi-ing the painter's handiwork, more d and is your friend. Mr. Litten-though (if] the painter himself ? "You are g