THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.



2

CHAPTER MILE CONTINUED Berties good looks and Chesterfieldian manners were rangurously praised. Sydney's improved prettings eloquently commented on. Then the privy comment became general. They played croquet, they played billiards, and did odth with such gay langhter and tunnits that they penetrated even to the drawing-form, where the elders addately sat, raising a smill on their sober faces. Star Island was proposed as a matter of ecourse, but Bertle Vaughan profested against it. They were very well off as they were—

They were very well off as they werehe always believed it was a good maxim to let well enough alone. So the idea was given up, and the difficulty tided over.

Let us take a walk on the beach, then,' said Sydney, who loved the sea; 'it is an hour now till dinner time and the water does look so calm and lovely.'

They all went down-Sydney and the Meeers. Sanderland leading the way, Bertie and the Misses Sunderland following. It was lovely ; the soft salt waves came lapping to their very feet, a faint breeze rippled the steely surface of the Atlantic, boats floated over it like birds, and Btar Island lay like a green gem in its blue bosom. The elder Mr. Sunderland had brought a telescope, by the aid of which the revallers could be seen mak-

ing merry afar off. "They're the theatrs people from Wyck-chiffe,' Mr. Sunderland said, adjusting theglass for Miss Owenson, "and a lot of young fellows of the town. That's Dolly. De Courcy's scarlat 'shawl, for a ducat, and that's her black plume. It reminds one of the man in the poem-Delly's ostrich feather is sure to be in the thickest of the fun.

"And 'mid the thickest carnage blazed The helmet of Navarre."

Who's Dolly De Courcy ?' asked Sydney; and Bertie Vaughan's guilty heart gave jump, and then stood still. • Oh! a pretty black-eyed actress from New

York. Very jolly girl-eb, Vaughan? You know, laughed Mr. Sunderland the elder.

In an instant-how Bertie did curse his fatal complexion in his heart-the red tide of guilt had mounted to his eyes. Both the Sunderlands laughed, a malicious laugh, Sydney looked surprised, and the younger Miss Sunderland, who was only sixteen and didn't know much, said :

Law! look how Bertie's blushing."

'I-I know Miss De Courcy-that is, slightly,' said Bertie, feeling that everybody was looking at him, and that he was expected to say something. At which answer the two Mr. Sunderlands laughed more than over, and only stopped short at a warning from Miss Sunderland the elder, and a wondering one from Sydney 'Seel they're going home; they're put-

ting off in two boats,' cried Miss Susie Sunderland, holding her hand over one eye, and squinting through the glass with the other. 'Oh, I can see them just as plain! one, two, three, jour, oh! a dozen of them. There's the red shawl, and black feather, too, and there's Ben ! yes, it is, Ben Ward, Mamie, helping her in. They've-they've sat down and oh! goodness, he's put his arm around

her waist; he, he, he l' giggled Miss Susie. 'Perhaps you would like to look, Mamie?' said the wicked elder brother, taking the glass from Susie and presenting it with much poliseness to his elder sister whose turn it had been to redden at Susie's words. For the perfidious Benjamin Ward, Esquire, had been paying attention' to Miss Mamie Sunderland, very markedly indeed, before that wicked little fisher of men, Dolly De Courcy, had come along to demoralize him.

'No, thank you,' Miss Sunderland responded, hereyes slightly flashing, her tone slightly acidulated; the going on of a crowd of actors and actresses don't interest me. all all down to the festal board. And still All all down to the festal board. And still All the all the all only talk and laughter Ber-the Vargeban and Mamie Sunderland remain filest and district, victims to the green-eved monster in his most virulent form, the image of Daily Definition of the architet all and of Dolly De'Courcy, in her scarlet shawl and gate,' and with anything but a melting ex-ability De'Courcy, in her scarlet shawl and gate,' and with anything but a melting ex-ability divises upsetting the digestion of both, apression, as Mr. Ward poured forth his tender 'And I really think, my love,' says Mrs. wooing.' Owenson, when the strike from the table, 'Weil, I guess not at present. What do you 'that we ought not to linger.' These fall say, Dolly ?' inghts are cold, and you know the doctors all warn you against exposing yourself to cold.' There is wisdom in the speech?, and though on principle Captain O wennon con-that we not strike to her own front door. of Dolly De Courcy, in her scarlet shawl and

tradicts pretty much everything Mrs. Owenson may see fit to say, he cannot contradict this. So adieus are made, and the Owenson party enter their carriage and are driven home.

It is a perfect antumnal evening-blue, starlit, clear. The wind sighing fitfully through moaning pine woods, the surf thundering dully on the shore below, ring dream-

ily in Sydney's cars all the way. She leans forward out of the window, something in the solemn murmurous beauty of the night filling her heart with a thrill akin to pain ; and still that dark and dashing actress occupies her thoughts-and the more she thinks the more convinced she is, that last night Bertie was her companion. If so, he has told her a deliberate lie, and the girl's heart contracts with a sudden sharp spasm of almost physical pain and terror. If he has been false here, will he be true in anything? All her life Sydney had been taught to look apon lying words with horror and repulsion. It is the meanest and most sneaking of all

cowardice,' her blunt and fearless old father had said to her a hundred times; 'don't ever lle, Sydney, if you die for it ?" It is the most beinous and despicable of

all sins,' her ghostly directors had taught the child, in later years. 'No goodness can dwell in an untruthful soul.'

And now-was Bertie false? Bertie, whom she was to marry and spend all her life with.

'I will ask him,' she kept repeating; 'bis tongue may speak falsely, but his face, his eyes, will tell the truth. And if there is anything between this girl and him'-she stopped and caught her breath for a moment-' then I will never, never be his wife.' She looked at him wistfully, but, lying back

in his corner, his bands clasped behind his golden head, his face was not to be seen.

'How silent you young people are,' the squire said at last ; 'anything wrong with you puss? A penny for your thoughts, Bertle."

There was a momentary brightening, but too forced to last. Bertie Vaughan's thoughts would have been worth much more than a penny to the questioner-they were solely

and absorbedly of Dolly. He must see her to-night: impossible to wait until to-morrow. Ben Ward had been at her side all day pouring his seductive flatteries into her ears, offering, very likely, to make her mistress of the new red-brick mansion over in Wychcliffe. And women are unstable, and gold, and offers of wedding rings, have their charm. He had nothing to offer her but his handsome blue eyes and Raphael isce; he had never even mentioned wedding rings in all his love-making. Yes, come what might, he must see the coquettish Dolly before he slept. It was half-past ten when they reached The Place and the moon was beginning to sllver the black trees around it. The squire was growing uneasy about the cold, and it was a relief to all when they drew up on the front steps, and Bertie and Perkins gave each an arm to the stiff and chill old sailor, and helped him to his room.

'Are you going out again, Bertie?' Sydney asked, looking at him in surprise as he re-placed his hat, and turned to leave the house.

' For my usual nocturnal prowl and smoke. Couldn't sleep without it, I assure you. Run away to bed, sis, and good night."

He left the house and made straight for the town at a swinging pace. It was almost eleven now-if he could only reach the theatre in time to see Dolly leave. He was in time. Moonlight and lamplight flooded the little square in front of the playhouse, and standing himself in the shadow, Bertie saw the lady of his love come forth in the famous red shawl and black feather, leaning confidingly on the arm of Ben Ward. She was in the highest of wild high spirits, too. her clear laugh and loud voice mingling with the deeper tones of his rival. 'Awfully late to-night, ain't 1?' he heard her gayly say; 'I expect you're about tired to death waiting, Ben.' 'As if all time would be too long to wait for you, Dolly,' responded gallantly and at-fectionately, Mr. Ben; and the listener gnashed his teeth as he listened. It had come to this then-it was Ben and Dolly; and who was to tell him it was not to be Ben and Dolly all their lives. He followed in their wake, keeping out of sight among the shadows. Keenly sensitive to ridicule, Bertie would not for worlds be seen in the ludicreus role of jealous lover by Ward. They sauntered very slowly, p-als of laughter telling how they were enjoying their tete-a-tete. They reached Dolly's cottagehome and paused at the gate. In the shadow of some trees across the moonlit road Vaughan hid and glowered. Mr. Ward seemed disposed to prolong the dialogue even here, but Miss De Courcy, with a loud yawn, which she made no pretence to hide, declared she was ' dead beat,' and must go to bed right away 'So good-night, Ben,' cries the actress, opening the gate and holding out the other hand; 'and thanks, ever so much, for the flowers, and ear-rings, once more.' 'But not good-night like this, Dolly,' exclaimed Mr. Ward, drawing her nearer, and stooping his head; 'not good-night with a cold shake hands, surely l'

Mrs. Ben Ward, bedise you'll never get a hetter offer, no, by Georgel while your name's Dolly. Have you got anything more to say?" de-

manded Miss De Courcy, standing (at the faltered, tears actually rose to her hard black gate, and with anything but a melting ex-pression, as Mr. Ward poured forth his tender

• (All right, retorted the imperturbable Ben. (Good-night' Dolly.' But Dolly,was gone, and Mr. Ward laughed Hittle laugh to himself, struck a match,

pulled out a stumpy, black meerschaum, lit it, and went on his homeward way.

It's only a question of time,' he said aloud. glancing up at the one lighted window of the cottage ; 'she's a bewitching little devil, and I'm bound to make her Mrs. W. She's soft on 'The Fair One,' at present, but she'll get over that. He must marry little Miss Sydney, and then Doll will have me, if only for spite.'

As he strode away, out from the dark shadows of the pines stalked Bertie, palid and ferocious with jealousy. It was precisely like one of Miss De Courcy's situations on the stage.

"Will she have you if only for spite?" repeated Mr. Vaughan between his teeth in honor. I'm a villain and a fool too, I dare most approved style : 'and she is soft on me say, in this business, but I'll see it to the end at present, is she ! Counfounded cad ! 1 wonder I didn't come out and knock him down there and then.'

Seeing that sinewy Ben Ward could have taken Bertie by the waist-band and laid him low in the kennel any moment he liked, perhaps after all it was not to be wondered at. He opened the garden gate, flung a handful of loose gravel up at the lighted panes, and waited. There was a momentary pause; then the curtains moved about an inch aside, and in a tone of suppressed fury a voice demanded :

'Is that you, Ben. Ward ?'

'No, Dolly-it's I-Bertie.' Like a flash the muslin curtain was swept away, and Dolly's eager face, eager and glad, in spite of all her efforts, appeared.

'You, Mr. Vaughan! and at this time of night! May I ask what this insult means?' 'Oh, nonsense, Dolly. You're not on the

stage now. Come down-there's a darling girl-I've something to say to you." Mr. Vaughan, it is almost twelve o'clock

-midnight! And you ask me to come down! What do you think I am?' 'The dearest girl in creation. Come, Dolly what's the use of that rubbish ?'

Miss De Courcy, without more ado, drops the curtain, goes deliberately down stairs, un-

locks the door, and stands in the moonlight before her lover. 'My darling !' He makes an eager step for-ward, but with chilling dignity Miss De

Courcy waves him off.

'That will do, Mr. Vaughan! I know what your 'my darlings' are worth. If I told you my opinion of you this moment, you would hardly feel flattered. I hope you enjoyed yourself with your charming cousin todav

The withering scorn of this speech could only have been done by an actress. Miss Dolly in a fine stage attitude, stood and looked down upon Mr. Vaughan.

No, Dolly, I didn't enjoy myself. Was it likely, with you on Star Island with Ben Ward? I had to go. I tried to get out of it -tried my best-and failed. I can't afford to offend my uncle-that is the truth-and at the bare mention of my having an engagement he flew into a passion ; and you ought to see the passions he can fly into. No, I did not enjoy myself, but I had to go."

(Oh-h !' said Miss Le Courcy, coldly. 'I always thought you were a grown man, not a this man she loved was! this man who looked little boy, to be ordered about and made do as like a young Apollo here in the moon's rays. ince you are so afraid of this awful Captain Owenson, then, and so depend- to be true to her? Unstable as water, would ent upon him, of course the moment he tells you to marry his heiress you'll buy a white tie and go and do it. Have you anything more to say to me, Mr. Vaughan, because even an actress may have a reputation to lose if seen standing here with you after midnicht.' She turned as if to go-then lingered. For he stood silent leaning against a tree, and something in hisface and attitude touched

Llove you so well that ---- her voice actually

you're very exacting with me, but how am I to know how many lovers you have behind in New York ?--- how am I to know you are not engaged even to some fellow there ?'

It was a random shot, but it struck home. In the moonlight he saw her start suddenly and turn pale.

'Hal' he said, 'it is true, then? You are engaged ?' "Bertie,' she faltered, 'I don't care for a

single man on all the earth but you !! You believe that ?'

But you are engaged in New York ?--'Ye-e-s-that is, I was. But I'll write and break it off-I will to-morrow morn-ing. Bertie, don't look like that. I never really cared for him, he was too fiery and tyrannical.'

"What is his name?' Vaughan gloomily asked.

What does it matter about his name I'll never seen him again if I can help it. I'll write and end it all to-morrow. Come, Bertie, don't look so cross; after all, it only makes us even.'

'Yes, it only makes us even,' he repeated rather bitterly; 'even in duplicity and dis-honor. I'm a villain and a fool too, I dare for all that."

A villain and a fool for caring for me, no doubt,' the actress retorts, angrily.

'Yes, Doll, but I do care for you, you see and I have never refused myself anything I cared for, and don't mean to begin now. So I shall marry you-how or when I don't quite know yet, but I mean to mar:y you and you only. She nestles close to him, and there is silence.

The pale blue moonlight, the whispering wind, the rustling trees, nothing else to see or hear. Why didn't you tell me all this sooner? the girl asks at length. ... Why did you leave it to Ben Ward? Even last night you deceived me-making me think she was a little

ugly school girl.' "Why didn't you tell me about the man in New York? Why hadn't you told him about me? It won't do for you and me to throw stones at each other--we have both been living in glass houses. Let us cry quits Dolly, and bury the hatchet. You know all now. You believe I love you, and mean to marry you, and not Miss Owenson, and that, I take it, is the main point.'

But Bertie, this can't go on long. She expects you to marry her next month." 'Her father does-she doesn't. She would

very much rather not marry me at all. And next month isn't this. Sufficient unto the day the evil thereof. Unconsciously to himself Bertie Vaughan was a profound fatalist, letting his life drift

on, a firm believer in the "Something-to-turnup' doctrine. 'You see,' he went on, 'the governor's life

hangs on a thread—on a hair. At any moment it may end. His will is made, and I am handsomely remembered in it. He may die sud-denly before the wedding-day—in which case a comfortable competence will be mine for life. The moment he finds out this he will destroy that will, turn me out, and disinherit me. Have I not reason enough for silence ? Just let things drift on, Dolly-it will do no harm; and if, on the eve of the wedding-day, he is still alive, then I will throw up the

sponge to fate, run away with you, turn actor or crossing sweeper, and live happy ever after. There is the programme.' He paused, Dolly De Courcy stood silent, her keen black eyes fixed thoughtfully upon him. How selfish, how craven, how utterly without heart, generosity, honor or gratitude,

care. And in two pricing years some inchy follow would win her heart and become master of Owenson Place. A many of jealquay and envy shot through him as he thought it. Ho was prepared to resign both himself, but all the same the idea of that other who would profit by his folly was unbearable to

him. Presently the chamber door-opened and Doctor Howard came out, looking jolly and at ease. Sydney sprang up and ran toward

"It's all right, my dear, it's all right.' the old doctor said, patting the cold hands she held out to him; "rapa won't leave me yet awhile. He thinks he will, but, bless you, we know better. If he keeps quiet, he's good for a dozen years yet. Now, just run in and kiss him good-night, and then away to bed. Those pretty eyes are too bright to be dimmed by late hours. Ah, Mr. Bertie, good-morning to

you, sir.' Sydney shot off like an arrow, and Bertie went slowly, and with a disgusted feeling, to bed. Good for a dozen years

Oh, no doubt, no doubt at all. It is in the nature of rich fathers, and uncles, and guard-ians to hang to the attenuated thread of life, when they and everybody connected with them would be much more comfortable if they went quietly to their graves.

'No fear of his going toes up before the wedding-day, thought Mr. Vaughan, bitterly. 'He'll tough it out, as old Howard says, to dandle his grandsons, I've no doubt. And then there's nothing left for me but the 'allfor-love and the world-well-lost' sort of thing." Dy Jove. Dolly will have to work for me as well as for herselt when I make her Mrs. Vanghan.'

Next day, by noon, Squire Owenson was able to descend to luncheon. A letter from Montreal in a stiff, wiry hand lay beside his plate. It was from Miss Phillis Dormer, and contained a gracious assent to the visit of her niece, Cyrilla. That same evening brought a note from Cyrilla herself to Sydney:

"PETITE ST. JACQUES, NOV. 8th. DEAREST Syb :--- It is all arranged. Aunt Phil chaerfully consents, and has actually [who says the days of miracles are past ?] sent me ten pounds to buy my brides-maids dress. Three days from this I will be with you on unlimited leave of absence. In haste (classbell is ringing), but, as ever, devotedly yours, CYRILLA "

Two days before, Sydney would have danced with delight, but now she read this note, her color rising, a look of undignified trouble on her face. Everything seemed settled-her trousseau had come, the very bridal veil and wreath were up stairs. Cyrilla was coming to be bridesmaid, and Bertie had never spoken one word. She glanced across the table-they were at dinner-to where he sat trifling with a chicken-wing and tasting, with epicurean relish, his glass of Sillery. Was she worth so little, then, that she was not even worth the asking? Less vanity a pretty girl could hardly have than Sydney, but a sharp, morti-fied pang of wounded feeling went through her now as she looked at him-cool, careless, unconcerned.

'rapa forces me upon him, and he takes me because he cannot help himself,' she thought. 'He is in love with that darkeyed actress, and he will marry me and be miserable all his life. Oh! if paps had only let us alone, and never attempted this matchmaking !'

'Bad news, puss?' her father asked. 'You look forlorn. What's the matter, little one? Let me see the letter.' love lost between us from the first, and it

She hesitated a moment-then passed it over to him reluctantly, and the squire adjusting his double eye-glass, read it sonorously aloud. Sydney's eyes were left the plate, her cheeks tingled; Bertie sat, an indifferent untarily, Sydney shrunk a little from her auditor, his whole attention absorbed by his champagne.

Squire Owenson laid down the letter and looked straight at his daughter through his fond of Miss Jones that you put on that glasses.

Courcy's 'rounded and ripe.' Miss Hendrick' patrician profile, and clear cut, colorless, oliv ace, was as unlike, as can well be conceive face, was as unlike, as can well be conceived. Dolly's little saucy retrouses nose and highly. colored complexion. 'Cyrilla, thial's Bertle Mr. Valghan Miu Hendrick.' Bertle flung away his cigar, doffed his hat and bent before Miss Hendrick with his best tow. Miss Hendrick looked at him—looked through him—with those lustrous abon as

through him with those lustrops ebon eres ot hers; smiled, showed very brilliant teeth and frankly extended one invisible gree

"I don't feel at all as though 1 were meeting a stranger in meeting vol, Mr. Vaughan have been your most intimate friend for the past two years-haven't I, Sydney "

'Miss Hendrick's friendship does me proud says Bertie. He would like to utter some very telling and sarcastic compliment ; he has an instinctive longing to 'take her down" a sight, but the truth is, he can think of none Her pronounced manner has taken him de cidely aback. " He had expected to meet chool-girl, more or less gauche and bread-and buttery, and instead he saw a regal-looking lady, with the 'stilly tranquil' manner and gracious civility of a grande dame. The ag-gressive feeling he had felt before he saw her, deepened ten fold. He had intended to be very civil—crushingly civil indeed—to Syd. ney's little school friend ; to patronize her in the most oppressive manner, to get up a mild flirtation with her even, if she had any preten. sions to good looks ; and behold, here she was absolutely patronizing him, and looking him through, to the very marrow of his bones, with those piercing, steadfast black eyes-like in color, but wonderfully unlike in every other respect. Dolly's.

'l expect you two to become fast triends a once !' cries Sydney. 'You know all about each other beforehand, and are compatriou pesides.'

"• None know me but to love me, None name me but to praise, "

says Bertie helping them in. I have heard Miss Hendrick's praises sung so assiduously for the past week, that-

'The very sound of her name bores you --yes, I understand,' interrupts Oyrilla, 'Syd, what a bewitching little turn-out, and what handsome steppers! you will let me drive you, won't you? I'm a capital whip.'

'I'll let you do anything you please. Oh larling, how good it seems to have you with ne again!' Sydney said, cuddling close to Cyrilla's side. ' How are they all in Petite St. Incques? How is Freddy?'

'I have not seen Freddy since the night] risked a broken neck and a shattered reputa. tion getting out of the window to meet him. I managed to answer his letter, and there things remain. For the rest .-- Miss Jones has left the school.'

What I' Perfectly true. It was suddenly discovered that she had a passion for novel-reading (Mile. Stephanie's pet abomination), and was a subscriber to the town circulating library_ that one of the French girls was in the habit of smuggling in the forbidden fruit, and having all her lessons done by Miss Jones in return The crime was proven beyond refutation and -Miss Jones suddenly and quietly left the school.

'Oh-h !'-a very prolonged 'oh,' indeed-Mlle Stephanie dismissed her?'

'So I presume. The fact remains-sh went.' "Cyrilla,' Sydney said, a look of pain on her face, 'did-did you do this?'

'And what if I did, Syd? There was little

pleased Heaven to diminish it on further ac-

quaintance. Yes---indirectly it was through methat Ma'amselle Stephanic made the dis-

There was silence; unconsciously, invol-

Well, Syd, did I do wrong? Were you so

Mr. Vaughan, just see those pretty sea-anemones; please get me some.'

Mr. Vaughan goes for the sea anemones with her, and Miss Mamie becomes absorbed in them, suspiciously absorbed, indeed, but ail the same she covertly watches that coming best with bitterness of heart. Alarm is mingled with Mr. Vaughan's bitterness and as the boat draws nearer and nearer, he rather nervously proposes that they shall go back ; the wind is blowing chilly; Miss Mamie may take cold.

'I never take cold,' Miss Mamie answers shortly. (I prefer staying here.) So they stay, and the boat draws nearer and

nearer. Sydney, with an interest she cannot define, watches it through the glass adjusted upon Harry Sunderland's shoulder. They have a glass, too; the gentleman who sits beside the scarlet shawl and black feather fixes it for his companion, and she gazes steadfastly at the shore.

Still they drew nearer. Does Ben Ward do It (he is steering) with malice prepense? They come within five yards. No need of glasses now. Dolly DeCourcy is sitting very close beside Ben Ward, laughing and flirting, and she looks straight at Bertie Vaughan, who takes off his hat, and never sees him. Mr. Ward elevates his chapeau politely to the Misses Sunderland, which salutation Miss Mamie, with freezing dignity, returns.

Pretty Dolly gave you the cut direct, Vaughan,' says the elder Sunderland, enjoying hugely his discomfiture. Harry Sunderland is a manly fellow himself, and has a thorough-going contempt for insidid dandy Bertie; for else she has suddenly grown shortsighted.'

But Bertie is on guard now, and his face tells nothing, as Sydney wonderingly looks at it. For she recognized the handsome dark girl in the scarlet shawl as the same she encountered walking late last evening with somebody that looked so suspiciously like Ber-110. (1)

The water party float away in the distance, Miss De Courcy singing one of her high, sweet stage songs as they go. As it dies out into the sunset distance they turn as by one accord, and go back to the house; two of the and all the world by uney, up, was rather silent. What did all this mean ? she wondered Most obedient to her father, she was most willing to marry Bertie Vaughan to please him: without much love on either side Yet that he cared for her as much as she did for him, was as loyal to her as she was to him, she had never for a second doubted. But now a vague, undefinable feeling of wounded pride and distrust had arisen within her. What was the actress with the black, bold eyes to him, that he should redden and pale at the very sound of her name?

"It surely was Bertie I saw walking with her last night,' she thought, more and more Perturbed. 'I will ask him; he shall tell no the truth, and that before this time to-MOTTOW P

CHAPTER XIV.

1.1.1.

6. S. MEN WERE DECRIVERS EVER.

DINNER awaits them. It wants but three mainutes to the hour as they straggle, in, and Optain Owenson sits, watch in hand, stormy

But the gate was opened and shut smartly. and Dolly on the other side, had eluded the embrace. (Not if I know it! There's only one man

in the universe I ever mean to kiss, and he isn't yeu, Mr. Benjamin Ward, I can tell you! Good-night.'

'Is it Bertle Vaughan, then I wonder? ris it hercie yaughan, then i wonder? Pretty Miss Vaughan, 'The Fair One With The Golden Locks' werfellows call bim, who that you could be used in the could be the that milk-sop, Dolly, I'm surprised at your taste, upon my word and honor, I am.' 'It's no business of, yours, Mr. Ward, who it is 'clear out Dolly, be the the word, who

It is, cries out Dolly, her black eyes snapping in the moonlight; it isn't you, anyhow, be sure of that. And if you think your earrings are thrown away, I'll give 'an back to you. It shall never, be said that Dolly De Courcy took any man's presents under false pretences.

'Oh ! d----the ear-rings ?' said Mr. Ward. 'I never thought of them, and you know it. But, seriously, Doll, I think heaps of you; never saw a girl in all my life. I like so well; and .I'll marry you any day, you like-so thore I. Can I say fairer than that ?, It's no nse your thinking of Miss Vaughan; it isn't, Dolly, upon my soul. He's, booked for his has been, over since he left off petticoats. He hasn't got a red cent but what the old and the wedding things coming from Paris, I know, Dolly, but he can't marry you, be- miserable evening in my life. wather, threatening in his eyes. The signs cause he hasn't a rap to live on. Now think in Indeed! No one would have thought so to of the tempest clear away as they enter, and over all this, and make up your mind to be hear you and Ward laugh.

'Have you anything more to say ?' she repeated holding the door.

'No, Dolly, since you take that tone-nothing. What you say is true-it is pitiful in a fellow of twenty-one to be ordered about like a fellow of twelve, and I ought to have held out and braved the old man's displeasure and gone with you. I have nothing to say in my own defence, and I have no right to do anything that will compromise you in the sight of Ben Ward. He's rich and I'm poor, and I suppose you'll marry him, Dolly. have no right to say anything, but it's rather hard.'

He broke off. The next instant impulsive Dolly was down the steps and by his side, her whole heart (and it was as honest and true'a heart as ever beat in its way) in her dark shining eyes.

'No right ?' she cried out. 'Oh, Bertie! if you care for me you have every right !'

'If I care for you !' the blue eye looks eloquently into the black ones ; 'do you doubt that too?'.

'No!' exclaimed Dolly, doubt, anger, jealousy, all swept away in her love for this man. 'You do like me, Berlie! Oh, I know that! You do like me better than her?

'Than her?' Than whom?'

'Oh! you know-I've no patience to talk about her, your cousin, the heiress, Miss Owenson. She's sweetly pretty, too-but, Bertie, do say it; tell me the real truth, you do like me better than her?'

He bends down bis handsome face, and whispers his answers—an answer that brings the swift blood into the dusk cheeks of the actress, and a wonderful light into the glittering black eyes.

'But what is the use of it all ?' she breaks out with an impatient sigh. 'You are afraid of her father.' You are dependent on him. You will not dare offend him, and-you will marry her.'

'No, by Jove!' exclaims Bertie. - (PII marry nobody but you, Dolly_that I swear. If I lost you, if you married Ward. I'd blow my brains out. 'I couldn't live without you, don't know how I come to be so awfully fond of you, but I couldn't. And I wish you wouldn't take things from Ward ; ear rings, or flowers even, or from any of them. You belong to me, and I don't like it.'

'Very well, Bertle,' assents Dolly with a long-drawn, happy breath, 'I won't. I don't cousin-she isn't his cousin, by-the by-and shore ; and then Ben Ward told me all about you going to marry Miss Owenson, had me half insane..... It has been the most

False to the core. glasses. not the love of wealth prove the stronger in the end? Might he not play her false, and marry Captain Owenson's fair young heiress after all?

'No!' Dolly cried, inwardly; "that he shall not! I have his letters-I will go to Owenson Place, and show them to this haughty Englishman and his daughter first. He shall never play fast and loose with me.

'And now, darling, I must be off,' Vaughan said, looking at his watch. 'Ye gods ! half-past one. Farewell, Dolly; remember! no more flirtations with Ward. Give him his car-rings and his conge tomorrow.'

'I'll keep the ear-rings, but I'll give him his conge,' replied prudent Dolly. 'Good-night, Bertie. Be as false as you like to all the rest of the world, but be true to me.'

'Loyal je serai durant ma vie !' laughs Bertie Vaughan, and then he is through the little garden gate and away. Dolly stands and watches the slender figure of her lover out of sight, then turns.

'Faithful unto death,' she says to herself. Yes you will be that to me, for I shall make vou.

The clocks of Wychcliffe were striking two as Vaughan came in sight of his home. To hls surprise a light burned in Captain Owenson's chamber, and figures flitted to and fro. He stopped; a sudden thought—shall it be said hope i sending the blood to his face. Was the squire sick, was he -dead? The rest of the house was unlighted. Perhaps, his absence had not been discovered. He softly inserted his latch-key and opened the door. All was darkness. He closed it and stepped in. As he did so a light appeared on the upper landing, and some one lightly and swiftly be-

gan descending the stairs. 'Perkins, is that you?' the soft voice of

Sydney asked. There was no reply. She descended two or three more stairs lamp in hand, wrapped in a

white dressing-gown, her yellow hair streamwith Bertie Vaughan.

OHAPTEB XV.

" TO ONE THING CONSTANT NEVER."

THERE was an instant's pause-both stand and looked, each other full in the eyes. Then Sydney spoke.

"You, Bertie ?' she said, in slow wonder "I sis,' he answered, lightly. I have been to Wychcliffe. The engagement I had to break this morning I kept to night. But what is the matter? Your father

Has been taken suddenly ill-a sort of ague. He must have got thoroughly chilled on our way home. Oh! I wish we had not gone at all. Perkins is away for Dr. Howard.

Ahl here he is now.' The doctor entered with the coschman, and care for them or their presents, but went straight to his patient's room. Sydney I was mad to see you there on the and Bertie waited outside, both silent, both went straight to his patient's room. Sydney pale and anxious, though from very different causes. If the old man died, the young man thought, with his will unaltered, his course lay straight before him. He would marry Dolly out of hand, and go off with her to Nev York. There would be a nine days' scandal -Sydney would despise him-he winced at

'Well, petite, that's all right, isn't it? She'll be here in three days-two more; and you and Bertie shall meet her at the station. What's that troubled look for, then? You're fond of this young lady, are you not !' 'Yes, papa, very fond. Dear old Cy!' 'Then what is it? It isn't that you're

afraid she'll make love to Bertie--hey? and are jealous beforehand ? But Sydney has finished her dessert, and

jumped up abruptly and ran away. It was little short of maddening to see Bertie sit there, that languid smile of his just dawning, | chance, you may be sure of that, Cyrilla.' and feel all the cool, self-assured, almost insolent indifference with which he took her without the asking.

The two days passed. Bertie spent a great deal of his time away from The Place, doing home duties at intervals, when it was impossible to shirk it without arousing the quick | ible a subject at all? Let us talh of yourseli, suspicions of the 'governor.' He drove Sydney and her mother along the country roads together, he rode out twice with Sydney alone, but that conversation had not taken place; the explanation Miss Owenson meant to have she had not had as yet. It was one thing to resolve to ask Bertie whether or no

he was in love with the actress, to tax him indirectly with falsehood, and another thing to do it. Bertie Vaughan, her old comrade and play-fellow" was a man—'a gentleman growed,' as Pegotty says, and every instinct of her womanbood shrank from broaching the subject. It was for him to speak, for her to refuse or accept, as she saw fit. He never did speak-never came within miles of the subject, avoided it, ignored it utterly, as the girl could hardly fail to see. And so the day and the hour of Cyrilla's arrival came, and matters matrimonial were in statu quo.

It was a gloomy November afternoon, onding on snaw,' sky and atmosphere steel gray alike, a wild, long blast rattled the trees and send the dead leaves in whirls before it. A few feathery flakes were drifting through the sullen air, giving promise of ing over her shoulders, and came face to face | the first snow-storm of the season before mid-

night. The train came thundering into the lighted station as Sydney and Bertie took their places. Sydney in a velet jacket, a velvet cap, crowned with an ostrich feather, on her bright, windblown hair, and in a state of eager expectation, For Mr. Vaughan, he had not deigned to take much interest in the new comer from the first udging, from Sydney's talk, he was predis posed to dislike her indeed, as a young person inclined to 'chaff.' People inclined to chaff, Bertie had found from experience, generally chaffed him, and, like most weak men he was soutely sensitive to rdlicule.

The train stopped ; the passengers, for Wycheliffe, half a dozen in number, came out. Among them a tall young lady, in a travelling suit of dark green serge, at sight of whom Sydney uttered a joyous cry and plunged for ward straightway into her arms.

'Oh, of course,' says Bertle cynically, eyeing the pair, 'they must gush. A quarter of an hour of kissing and exclamation points, as though they had not seen each other for a century or so! She's not bad looking either-got eyes like Delly. She might have eyes like Dolly, but there

all resemblance ended. Miss Hendrick's tall, the thought-but otherwise she would not pliant figure bore no similarity to Miss De

ttiend.

overy, I must own.'

'Fond of her ?-no,' Sydney answered, slowly ; 'but I am sorry you did this. Poor Miss Jones! life had gone hard with her, [am afraid, and soured her. She stood quite alone in the world, and it was all the home she had .'

'My dearest Syd,' Miss Hendrick said, laughing, ' if you carry that tender heart of yours through life you'll find it bleeding at every turn. I owed Miss Jones a long debt, and I have paid it—that is all.'

'And she will pay you if ever she has the

I am sure of it, Sydney. But it is not my intention to let her have the chance. She does not know Aunt Phil's address, and most likely never will. People who have got to work for the bread they eat have no time for vendetta. Why do we talk of so contemptchere belle. So that is our Bertie. He is as handsome as Narcissus.'

'And, like Narcissus, knows it only too well.'

There was a touch, all unconscious, of bitterness in Sydney's answer that did not escape the quick ear of her friend.

Everything is settlet, I suppose, and the happy day fixed? When is it to be, darling, this month or next?

'The happy day is not fixed,' Sydney answered, trying to speak lightly, and feeling the color burning in her cheeks; 'not this month certainly. Next very likely, if at all.' 'My dear child,' Cyrilla cried, really startled, 'if at all !' What an edd thing to say P

Is it? But who knows what may happen? Who can tell what a day may bring forth, much less a month? I have the strongest prophetic conviction there will be no wed ding at all.'

She spoke almost without volition of her own-something within her seemed to say the words. In the tragic time that was to come, that was even then at haud, she recalled that involuntary sentence with strange sombre wonder. For Cyrilla-she sat and looked at her, rendered utterly speechless for a moment by this unexpected declaration. 'Don't stare so Cy,' Sydney laughed, recovering her customary good humor. It's very rude, Why, I may be dead and buried in a month !'

Or, Bertie.'

(Or one of us, may prove false,' but as Syd-

ney repeated the answer the color slowly died out of her face. Sydney !' Cyrilla exclaimed, 'it isn't pos-sible -- no, it isn't, that you, have gone and fallen in love since you left school ? Sydney's, clear laugh rang out so merrily that no other answer was needed, and Bertle

turning, round, damanded to know the joke. 'Nothing concerning, you, Bettie-only something very witty Miss Hendrick has said by accident. Here we' are. Cy wel-come to my home, which I hope you will

make yours very, very often. Miss Hendrick was received with profoundest deference by Captain Owenson, with a smiling kiss by sunt Char, and shown to the pretty room pripared for her the prettiest by far that she had ever occupied; and here

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