Helen Vallace Author of "The Greatest of These;" "Their Hearts' Desire," THE NORTH AMERICAN COMPANY. COPYRIGHTED 1907

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

'Yes, I wish you'd tell Jackson to go

hear the "odd thing," whatever it might

CHAPTER IX

CLOUD LIKE A MAN'S HAND.



"Yes, I wish you'd tell Jackson to go a little more slowly when we're passing any one; and oh! my dear, I heard young Mr. Tom Geldschmid say he was going to act chauffeur"—Mrs. Rudgeley's pronunciation of the word was strictly phonetic. "Do you—oh! do you think he's to be trusted?" tremulously, "There's that sharp corner by the Caldron Linn. It's quite bad enough with Jackson, but—" stewed here long enough. For goodness sake come out and get a breath of fresh air. Surely some other body Jackson, but—"
"Oh, no fear," broke in Vi carelessly; could sell penwip-"I dare say Tommy sets some store by his own neck. Perhaps we'd better be trotting, though," to Ashe. In her chagrin on learning that he did ers or pincushic whatever the rubbish is, to these good people. Why should you bother?" said Basil not inlend "trotting" with her and the Balachallan party, Benson's gossip was forgotten for the time—by Miss Rudge-ley at least, not by Ashe, though he had Conyers in an eager, not to say somewhat agittle doubt but that by and by he would

grieved, undertone. The big crowded tent was certainly hot and stuffy enough to excuse his urgency. The sun, which had blazed upon it all day, was now near its setting, and poured in through the looped-up entrance curtains in a long, level, solid-looking stream of dusty gold, leaving the rest of the interior,

level, solid-looking stream of dusty gold, leaving the rest of the interior, with its gaily striped roof and walls and the medley of brightly colored articles heaped upon the tables, in a warm, many-hued, confusing check, against which isobel Stormont's white figure stood out in strong relief.

"It is hot" she said, stepping back out of the shaft of misty light enhaloing her face and hair. ("Quite a stage effect, no limelight artist could have done better" as Vi Rudgeley said.) "But it has been great fun. I have quite enjoyed it. I have really," in smiling answer to Conyers' skeptical grimace. "I don't know how much I have sold, and I am sure it is very good of the people to buy, for I can't even conceive what a lot of these things are meant for," glancing round at the mysterious futilities in crudely colored silk or wool, which seem to drift from bazaar to bazaar, and which, like the immortal razors, must surely only be made to sell and to sell again until some unknown limbo receives them. "Haven't I done well? How much have I sold, Mrs. Wotherspoon?" turning to a stout, middleaged lady, whose comely, kindly face was overlaid by that look of mild vicarious worry which proclaims the minister's wife.

"My dear, I really haven't had time to count, but you've done wonderseally wonders. There's that set of hand-painted doilies Lady Griselda sent—her own work, she said, and they weren't to go under her price. They've lain about all day, and not too fresh to begin with, and old Mrs. Pringle has fingered them ever so often, and she took them from you like a lamb and at the full price, too. When your dear rapa and mamma get their vote f thanks for all they've done, I'm sure you should get one, too—and that gentleman—whelp, too."

what was his name?—has been a great help, too." 'Mr. Ashe, if you like, but I—oh no, I ve only been amusing myself, though Mr. Conyers you't believe it." lightly, "and as leobel as Conyers hurried her away, the smile which gave point to the last words completing good Mrs. Wotherspoon's kindly eyes were not the only ones which watched the pair stroll away into the sunshine. Mankind, including its larger portion of womankind, has a perennial interest, prospective or retrospective, and the sunshine was a little envious, and Miss of the case of the control of

equal to that; but you had better go, my dear boy," nodding at Basil. "You could help to pack the Duncaird downgers into their shandry-dans. You and Isobel can make up your little differences by and by. That will be a leasure to look forward to."

CHAPTER X

EVELYN ASHE'S OPPORTUNITY. ELL, my dear," said the old lady, fixing her young companion with her glittering black eyes, when Conyers perforce had strode wrathfully away, "I wonder who you really are?"

who you really are?"

The girl, a-tingle with smarting pride and hurt feeling, turned sharply round at this amazing query. "Who I am?" she echoed.
"Yes, who are you, or what are you really? You are fiesh and blood," lightly pinching the slender arm, "but you are more like seed or arm. "but you are more like your great-grand-aunt come to life again than your old self. What have you done with that old self, eh?" peering into

the astonished gray eyes.

"Am I really so much changed?" asked Isobel, in a low, troubled

dear," said the old lady, briskly. "However, I am glad to see that other

"She was seized in a strong grasp and snatched aside." Now that he was under the same roof, it would be strange, indeed, if he could not solve the mystery of that curious likeness and even more curious unlikeness, on which all Miss Stormont's acquaintances were remarking, and which seemed to open up a wider field, though it was all vague as yet, than even the causes or happenings of that singular disappearance on which he had first built his hopes.

And how great the prize might be! Weafth, assured position, ease, after all his torturous shufflings and strivings. It yas beyond his wildest dreams. What nore could he want, he would once have said; but now even Stormont itself was not enough. That strangs dull glow kindled in his eyes as they swept round the lofty paneled room and fixed upon the giri olposite, in her simple-sumptuous white dreas, with a handful of heavy-petaled whits hothouse roses, drooping at her young bosom, as white as they.

Yes, there was something more, something which he wanted supremely, something which, cost what it might, he would have. He knew it now, as across the sirining table and through the subdued glow of light and color he looked into Isobel Stormont's face!

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take your word for it, though at times it seems doubtful now."
"You in the nursery!" Lord Dalguise was saying meantime, with a great laugh. He was a joviat elderly man, and an old friend. "Now, if it had been the little Miss Isobel I used to know."
"Oh, please don't talk about her, broke in Isobel, "or I shall soon not know who I am. As it is, I am beginning to wonder. Every one says, 'You are so changed, so unlike the old Isobel,' or as that old lady over there said,' dropping her voice, "What have you done with your old self?" as if I had murdered some one and taken her place. I'm afraid I shall begin to hate that old Isobel soon if I hear very much more of her. She," nodding toward Lady Carruthers, "said I was like a different person." ided in the cyev as they awen't yound the clied in the cyev as they awen't yound to girl of poole. In her simple-sumption while draw with a handless, doubting while draw with a handless, doubting the rooms bosons, as white as they will also the continuity of the continuity while, and will be an interest to continuity while, and the wanted supervised the sub-time while the wanted supervised the sub-time was a supervised to the sub-time while the wanted supervised the sub-time was a sub-time while the wanted supervised into Isobal Stormout a facel to the partier at different sub-time was a sub-time

ity. The ditty was as inoffensive as it was utterly silly, but though it had been whistled and hummed and sung everywhere, it was not the kind of song which was usually heard in the Stormont drawing room, the mistress of which was old-fashioned enough to regard "the 'alls" and all pertaining to them with extreme disfavor. To Lord Dalguise, however, some license was

Midway in the second verse he sud-denly floundered. If he had thought to substitute a fa-la-la or a rum-tiddy-tum for the missing words, they would have conveyed as much meaning, but as he paused, disconcerted with an embarrassed apologetic laugh, a round, fresh young voice suddenly caught up the air and sang out the rest of the verse and the inevitable refrain with a verve and a rollicking swing which left every one agape.

Little Isobel, who would hardly lift her voice to speak, singing like that! The effect was like the sudden splash of a stone into a tranquil pool, breaking up the calm and sending the eddies rushing and hurrying to the banks. There was a murmur of sheer

amazement, and every eye was turned on Isobet, still standing in the full lamplight.

"Bravo, Miss Stormont, give us the rest. Capital—capital—Tillie Travers herself couldn't have done it better," cried Lord Dalguise, innocently thinking that he was paying a compilment.

herself couldn't have done it better," cried Lord Dalguise, innocently thinking that he was paying a compilment.

"Why isobel, I never knew you could sing," came in the same breath from one and another, while Lady Stormont, startled out of all her usual self-control, exclaimed:

"My dear child, where could you have heard that song?"

The clear, bright color flew to Isobel's face and then ebbed, leaving her whiter than her roses, drooping in the heat, as she said in a curious muffied voice, as if between sleeping and waking:

"I heard it everywhere; we used often to sing it at—" Then she stopped dead, a piteous, frightened look leaped to her vacant, dilated eyes as she looked from one wondering face to another. She put her hands to her head in a bewildered way. She was trembling violently, "What is it-oh, what is it? I don't understand," she faltered, "Something seemed to come to me, and now it is gone again—quite gone—oh, what is it?" putting out groping hands, as if she would ward off some impending Presence.

"It's that beastly shock you got this afternoon," exclaimed Basil Conyers, shouldering his way to the girl's side and planting himself between her and the ring of curious faces before even her mother could reach her. "It's no wonder you're upset; you shouldn't have been down at all," he continued in that wrathful tone in which a man's agitation so often finds vent.

"Have you many more surprises for us, my dear?" Lady Carruthers' high piercing treble could be drowned by no masculine bass. "You've certainly provided us with a unique drawing room entertainment. Tillie Travers herself, as George Dalguise says, couldn't have done better."

CHAPTER XII JUSTINE'S STORY.

LD WITCH," muttered Conyers to himself in angry disgust, as Lady Stormont,

his words had offered, hurried Isobel
away amid the murmur of conventional
sympathy with which her guests decently draped their amazed curiosity
until—she would be out of hearing. Basil repeated his unfattering epithet with
even more emphasis as Lady Carruthers,
...ac chief object of interest being
now withdrawn, came hobbiling toward him, her eyes a-twinkle.

"Confound her, she looks so chirpy
she must be going to say something
uncommon nasty; thought the young
man, but shed better let Isobel
a."Well, Basil, there's been no time
for a word with you today, and even
yet I'm not quite certain whether it's
condolence or congratulation I should
offer you."

"I don't see that I'm in any special
need of either, but thanks all the
same," said Conyers, his head very
ereot, his eyes gazing straight over
the trifle of lace perched ca the top
of the old lady's palpable wig.

"Yi's thank you for nothing, so far.
Wait till I make up my mind. A
hroken engagement—well, musingly,
"I work at least; but call it by some
other name—how would a lucky escape do, eh? and that rather alters
the case."

Conyers' eyes fell instantly to the
level of the old woman's.

"My engagement is not broken, so
far as I am concerned, at least," he
said a triffe more loudly than was absolutely needed, for Lady Carruther's
was only very slightly deaf. "Sir
David has taken up a needlessly
quixotic position about it, as it seems
to me, but the matter is in his hands,
for her to decide."

The last words seemed spoten, not
so much to the old lady as to the
pricked and listening ears around in
the silence which had suddenly fallen.

"Then I'd better keep an open mind,"
said Lady Carruthers, with her thin
crackle of a laugh, surely the very dry
bones of laughter. "Don't you prophesy
unless you know is the only safe attitude at present where that young lady
is concerned. But I don't think that SirDavid has taken up a nogen mind,"
said Lady Carruthers, with her thin
crackle of a leugh, surely the very dry
bones of laughter. "Don't you prophesy
u

strikes at the life of the wealth. They have said in in certain cases of wro touching personal or fam real or imaginary—the griet may, if he deems the reparen by the ordinary law it take the redress of his griethis own hands. And, what that he may do so with im A recent recognition of the redress occurred in the Loring of California. Litried by a judge and iury state for the murder at signoung man, hitherto respective proachable, whom he rightly or wrongly, to have his daughter. The evidence from disclosing the guilt or

from disclosing the guilt of tim of the father's vengean in this country, or any Britry, would scarcely have he convict Loring of the cap of murder; but he appealed called "unwritten law," an quitted, apparently without ficulty. The acqu ttal ami iasm of the woman Bra murdered a member of States senate, is a more ample of the same thing. two of many applications in the legal history of The extraordinary concepts sanity, and the extreme la en it as a defense in crim

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trial is a reminder of the barous methods of treatmen

United States courts of sor worst crimes in the calend Thaw been tried in a Britis justice he would have beer long ago. Caught red-har

cowardly and cold-blooded nothing could have saved i

British jury. But being with the right to be tried one of the greatest of the life has been prolonged, w

chance of being spared by

ate acquittal, by this rel

barism called "the unwritte

The principle of this '

been given a scope that

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criminal justice by the Ame

ple. The people who are

cutors under the United S tem, have, in cases of the really become the defenders holders of a species of cri

strikes at the life of the

FIRST CON SASKAT

The University H The Chancell

The first convocation University of Saskatchew last Wednesday in the M Methodist church. There attendance. Chancellor course presided, and on with him were, Principal McGill, Montreal; Princip of University College, To Prof. Bland of Wesley col

peg.

The chancellor's ope was as follows: Before we proceed to welcome you to this, the I say, the first meeting the practically the first meet vocation, the meeting calleth of October by Order having been adjourned quent date, when it was journed. This is practical meeting because you are for the purpose of pros business that appertains

members of convocation. I beg leave to refer to a ulate you on the representacter of this meeting. Your graduates from the colleg-versities of Great Brita land, you are here as gra the colleges and universit out the Dominion of Can look upon this meeting a of a historic character. making history today, and being prepared in which requested to enter your which will be filed as one cords of the university.
will, I believe, be regarde
interest for a good many to come, and those who will find great interest ing who those gentlement formed the first convoca

I also take this opportunity I have b ing you for the honor yo me in electing me cha university. It is a great elected chancellor of any standing, but I consider much greater honor to be first chancellor of a standing, and that this. to be one of standing, I slightest doubt in my plause.) The pleasure I appointment is very large by the fact that I was While, therefore, gethank you for the hon done me, I must frankly