

never be able to remember his grand children otherwise than as Ernest and Mabel, and deprecating a second transfer of their names—reached her apartment, removed her travelling apparel, and brushing out her golden hair, and donning a soft half sombre dress of mauve cashmere, at down to await the tray of refreshments which she had ordered a servant to fetch.

How like a dream those last few weeks had passed. What changes! why, it was like a fairy tale.

"Dertram, dear Bertram," breathed the rosy lips. "He shall know all soon, very soon. Dear, foolish fellow. How immoderately papa laughed when he learned that he mistook that little scene in the conservatory for one of love-making, and was terribly jealous in consequence. But oh!"—and May's cheeks paled at the thought—"what if in his angry disappointment he had left England forever, or if not already gone, might depart ere he learned the truth? Oh! he must know. very very soon."

Eladah appeared, bearing a tray of toast, delicate sponge cake, jelly and a dainty cup of Mocha.

"If you please, Miss May," said the maid, placing the tray and lifting the D'oyley therefrom, "there's a gentleman in the blue drawing room who begs to see you when you are quite rested enough to come down."

"Very well, Adah, I am not very much fatigued. Tell the gentleman that I will see him in less than an hour," Mabel told the maid; and within that time she descended to meet the gentleman whoever he might be.

The blue drawing-room was not brilliantly lighted; only one or two jets glimmered from a half-lit gassalier.

Mabel's sylph-like figure floated in.

"Mabel, dearest?" and she was in the arms of the gentleman who had requested to see her, and receiving the kisses of her betrothed, Bertram Waldegrave, for he it was.

"Bertram! and here so soon; how did you find out about papa being my father instead of a lover?" she inquired with a teasing little laugh.

"I will tell you all, darling, only say first that you quite forgive my churlish doubts of you, and pardon my stupid jealousy. Will you, dearest? Remember, the strong should be merciful."

"Yes"—with an arch little smile—

"only you must promise to never doubt me again."

"Doubt you again?—never dear. I was an idiot to ever do so at all; but, henceforth, the whole world's evidences could not make me again cherish doubt of you, my precious Mabel."

Of course, that was not a tithe of the nonsens —such as lovers delight in—that they talked ere Bertram proceeded to relate to his affianced why and wherefore he had so soon returned to Twickenham.

We will explain to the reader in our own way, without any of the lover-like ejaculations with which Mabel's betrothed interjected his recital.

Bertram was driven into the smoke and fog of great "London town" in a frame of mind that baffles description.

For two or three days he wandered aimlessly about the city, attending the opera, the theatre, and fashionable club rooms, in the fruitless hope of finding something enlivening.

Then, worn out, mentally, if not physically, he fell ill. A friend was dispatched to Twickenham, and Mr. Chessom immediately started for the city. When his great uncle reached him Bertram was feverish and somewhat delirious; and from his sometimes stormy ravings the banker discovered to a certainty what he before was tolerably sure was the cause of his sudden departure from Twickenham. A few days of judicious medical attendance and careful nursing brought him safely over the crisis of his illness; and he was ere long able to listen to his uncle's recital of the startling things which transpired on the day of his (Bertram's) leave of Maplewood.

The young man's convalescence was not tardy after that. In a short time he was strong enough to be carried back to Twickenham, where he remained until the return of our party from Wales, Mr. Chessom saying nothing in his letters to his son, while in Cwmdaron, of Bertram's having come back, as he wished for a pleasant surprise to be given his grand-daughter.

Lady St. Ayvas was more chagrined than she would have cared to admit when she was made aware of all that took place in the affairs of the rich banker after she left Maplewood. Indeed, the news reaching her soon after learning, with bitter disappointment, that her eccentric brother, Col. Fairleigh, had bequeathed to Harvey Fairleigh—instead