IN MEMORIAM.

[CHAS. EBNEST SMITH, DIED APBIL 28RB, 1881.]

In the graveyard softly sleeping,
Where the oppress branches wave,
Lies our little Ernest, keeping
Silence in the narrow grave.
There he sleeps, and no to-morrow
Wakes him in that silent home,
There he rests, no sign of sorrow
Clouds with grief his rural home.

There the daisies and the roses
Pour their incense at his feet,
On the spot where he reposes,
Where the grass is green and sweet,
There the wood lark, sweetly singing,
With her music charms the air,
And the busy wild bee winging
Hums—a hymn for flowrets fair.

But they cannot wake our darling
On his bed within the tomb.
Angels up in Heaven missed him,
So they came and took him home,
Took him where the wondrous glory
Fills his happy soul with love,
Where his heart can feel no sorrow
In his blessed home above. LORETTO ABBEY, May. 1881.

REDMOND O'DONNELL LE CHASSEUR d'AFRIQUE.

PART II. CHAPTER XXIX .- CONTINUED. She hears a footstep approaching up the avenue, but no one in whom she is the least interested ever comes to Scarswood, so she does not look up. She goes on with her work so absorbed that she forgets all about her intruder. He sees her afar off, and pauses a moment to look at her. The afternoon sun-shine gilds the sweet, fair drooping face, and kindles into a halo the bronze bair. Slowly he draws nearer, stepping on the grass that he may not disturb her. He comes close-so close that he can look over her shoulder and see what it is that holds her so absorbed. Then he speaks close behind her, and very

" If you intend that for a fancy face, Lady Cecil. I have nothing to say. If for a portrait then I must tell you it is most egregiously

She starts up with a cry; for it is a likeness of Redmond O'Donnell she is drawing, and it is Redmond O'Donnell himself who stands smiling before her.

"Good day to you, Lady Cecil"—he lifts his hat as though they had parted yesterday, and holds out his hard--" I am airaid I have startled you; but not so greatly, I hope, that you cannot shake hands. Ah! thanks!" As scarcely knowing what she does she lays four cold fingers in his. "I thought at first you meant to refuse. And how have you been since I saw you last?" He takes a seat in the rustic chair, which accommodates three, and she sinks down, scarcely knowing whether she is asleep or awake beside him. Her heart is throbbing so fast that for a moment she turns giddy and faint. She has not spoken a word-she does not try to speak now. "Well," O'Donnell says, in the same cool tone, "you don't look over-glad to see me. I friends a pleasure surprise. And I flattered myself you had sufficient friendly interest in cline." m6, or if not, common politeness enough at

least, to say you were glad to see me back." "I am glad." Her voice is not steady-she quivers as she sits. " But-it was so sudden. I am nervous I suppose, and little things startle me." She lays her hand on her heart to still its tumultuous beatings, and looks up at him for the first time. "You are the last obscurity for my sake. You will be my wife person I expected to see. I thought you were and never repent. You will go with me and at Algiers.

"The last person we expect to see is very often the first person we do see" O'Donnell answered, still eminently self-possessed. " I haven't been at Algiers, and I'am not going. I shall turn my sword into a scythe, my rifle into a plougshare, and go in for peace, respectability, and pastoral life. I have been out in

"In New Orleans?" Yes. I recieved a telegram from my grandfather after leaving here, telling me his wife l and son were dead, and requesting me to bring Rose back. We went. We have been there

one was beginning to recover now. She drew a little further to him, and began tracing figures in the grass with her white parasol.

Pearl and Pansy are coming, and you know the proverb—Little pitchers have great heard. parasol.

"Your sister is well, I hope?"

"My sister is quite well, thank you." "She remains in New Orleans with your grandfather?"

"She is in London, and my grandfather is dead." "Indeed." She is strangely at a loss what

to say, something very unusual with Lord Ruysland's high bred daughter. "I hope then we will see Miss O'Donnell down at Scarswood shortly."
"Well, yes. I suppose Rose will come.

She is very anxious to see you. In fact, she wanted to accompany me on this occasion, "Objected! Why?"

"I preferred to come alone. Other people may be very anxious to see you as wall as Rose-may they not? And you know I never like third persons during my interview with

She still looks down at the emerald turf, still traces figures with her parasol. He looks at her, and there is silence. "You have heard of Sir Arthur Tregenna's

marriage?" she says at length with a sort of Women are always the first to break these embarrassing pauses. "No doubt he sent you word ?" "He sent me no word-how could be?

He thought with you I was in Algeria. Still I heard of it-from whom do you think? Our mutual friend, Charlie Delamere." "Ah! Charlie," with a smile; "he knew your address then?"

"Yes-after six months of Louisians, I grew sick for news of England and my tance and are lost to you and me forever. Is friends. I did not care to write to any of those friends direct for sundry reasons, so I sent a line to Charlie. I got all the news I | well? wished immediately-Sir Arthur's marriage among the rest. He's a fine fellow, and in spite of the Miss Herncastle episode, his wife gerfield, dragging out their married, not matsuits him. She suits him—all is said in that,

they will be happy." I hope so," she answered softly. "Your father is in Germany, Lady Cecil?"

seems to make it his home. Poor papa!" A "And you," the blue eyes that can be so keen, so hard, so steely, so tender, alternately, are watching her with a light she feels, but cannot meet. "And you still reside with your cousin and Sir Peter. I am glad, by the

bye, that they are reconciled. Doesn't the life strike you as rather a dull one?" "Not particularly. I hope I have com-mon-sense enough to know life cannot be all sunshine and roses for any of us. Scarswood is always a pleasant place, and I am too busy to find time for idle repinings. Work is a boon-I have found that out. I am the children's governess, now, you know. So," with an effort to change the subject, "you

have given up all thoughts of Algiers. Lanty Lafferty will rejoice at that! How is Mr. Lafferty ?" Silver Rose to see his old sweetheart. I be- KATHERINE.

lieve a marriage will follow in the fullness of time. and so you are governess to the twins, terrible drudgery, I should fancy—and practice drawing in the intervals. Let me have another look at my portrait-clever, perhaps, as a work of art, but, as I said before absurd-ly flattered as a likeness. You do think of me then sometimes, Queenie?"

The old pet name! A faint rose-pink flush deepened all over the fair, pearly face.

"I think of all my friends-what an opinion you must have of my memory, and I have a private gallery of their portraits. Please give me my sketch back—it is easier for you to criticise than to do better." "A rule which applies to all criticism, I

fancy. I'll give you the sketch back on one condition—that I may give you myself with it 1"

"Captain O'Donnell !"

"Lady Cecil !" The faint carnation was vivid scarlet now. She started up, but he caught both her hands and held her. The bright blue eyes, full of piercing, laughing light, looked up into the startled brown ones. Not much fierceness not much sternness there now.

"What do you mean, sir! Let me go Here comes the children—pray, let me go!" "Let them come!" cries this reckless young Irishman. "Let all the world come if it likes. I shall not let you go until you promise, You like me excessively-oh! it's of no use denying it-you know you do, but not one thousandth part as I like you. And I want you to marry me. It will not be so very much more stupid than vegetating at Scarswood and teaching the nine parts of speech to Pansy and Pearl. Come, Queenie! We have been in love with each other pretty nearly seven years. They say the certain cure for love is-matrimony. Let us try it." "Captain O'Donnell, let me go."

"Not until you promise. Queenie, I mean it. I have come all the way from New Orleans to say this. I love you-be my wife. Since you can bear up under the drudgery of a governess' life you can endure to be the wife of a poor man. The question is-will you

"I would have tried it six years ago, if Redmond O'Donnell had given me the chance. I would have tried it eight months ago, if his pride had not stood between us. I am not afraid of poverty—perhaps because I was born to it—poverty and servitude were my birthright. Does Captain O'Donnell forget princely blood flows in his veins, and in mine -that of a waiting-maid?"

"That is meant as a reproach. Well, my stiff-neckedness in the past deserves it. But think again, Queenie-how you have been brought up—that luxury has been the very breath you drew-think what marriage with a poor man means. Six stuffy rooms-one grimy maid of all work-one silk dress a year -no carriage-no opera-no society-the beautiful and poetical of life a dream of the past. Think!"

"I do think. I think you want to talk me into saying no-you fear I may take you at must say. This is what comes of giving ones | your word. Very well, sir-I say it. | am | deeply honored by your offer, and beg to de-

> He drew her to him-close, closer. If those innocent twins are anywhere in the visible horizon now, they stand a strong chance of being amazed and scandalized.

"Queenie, my darling-whom I never hoped to hold, to kiss like this—you really love me well enough to endure poverty and resign everything?"

"Everything! Ob, Redmond! I shall have vou!"

And then-the twins are drawing nearer -their howls can be heard through the trees, Lady Cecil has some consideration for their artless youth, it Le Beau Chasseur has none, and laughing, and blushing, and looking--oh! so lovely---withdraws to the extreme end of the rustic seat.

"No, Captain O'Donnell---not one inch nearer--- insist upon it! My hearing is excellent---any remarks you may have to make I can hear at this distance perfectly well. And the other performance is not necessary.

"Confound Pearl and Pansy! Queenie, you are sure you will never repent marrying penniless soldier of fortune!"

"I tell you I like poverty. How stupid some people are---forcing one to repeat the same thing over and over. I prefer it decidedly-yes, 1 do-don't look like that-1

"Ah!" O'Donuell said gravely, "I am sorry for that. It may be painful for you to hear, Lady Cecil, but-I have had a fortune left

me !" "Redmond!" starting up, indignantly "A fortune!"

"Yes, my love-don't let your angry passions rise if you can help it—a fortune. M. De Lansac died three months ago, and divided his fortune equally between Rose and me It was two million dollars. A pittance, perhaps, as compared with the inheritance of Sir Arthur Tregenna; but to poverty-loving, humble individuals like Lady Cecil Clive and Redmond O'Donnell, sufficient for the bread and cheese of life, a page in buttons, and two silk dresses per annum. My love my love !"

Where is the distance between them now -and the twins are standing petrified, openmouthed and eyed, at what they behold six vards off.

"I can give you wealth as well as love. Thank God for the happiness he has given me

The light fades from the scenes and the faces we know—the hour has come to part. One by one they glided into the shadowy disany one who has followed their fortunes sorry to let them go, I wonder-to say forever fare-

Take one last look, before the curtain falls to rise no more. Of Sir Peter and Lady Daned, lives in the grandeur and dullness of Scarswood. Of Lanty Lafferty, a married man, with "Shusan," for his wife, the prosperous proprietor of a "public." Of Henry Otis "He is always in Germany of late—he and his mother, prosperous in London, with Katherine and his hopeless love already a dream of the past. Of Squire Talbot, who hopes very soon to bring home a mistress to Morecambe--a mistress as yet known as Rose O'Donnell. Of Captain and Lady Cecil O'-Donnell, happy beyond all telling of minehappy in that perfect wedded love rarely found upon earth. And lastly, af Sir Arthur and Lady Tregenna, with the past but a dark, sad dream they never recall, loving each other, trusting each other, as great hearts and noble souls do love and trust. They are still abroad, in pleasant wandering through pleasant lands. One day they will return to Cornwall, and among all the mistresses that in the lust four hundred years have ruled it in hoary old Tregenna, none will be more loved, none more worthy of all love and honor, than she who was once Helen Herncastle. Her face floats before me as I write the words, noble, " Very well, and strongly matrimonially in- tender, womanly, peaceful, and happy, at last. clined. He is down with me and gone to the let the name that began this story end it-THE END.

CHARLIE STUART

AND HIS SISTER.

BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING. CHAPTER I.

BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM ELECT. Firelight falling on soft velvet carpet, where white lily buds trail along azure ground; on chairs of white-polished woodthat glitters like ivory, with puffy seats of blue satin; on blue and gilt panelled walls; on a wonderfully carved oaken ceiling; on sweeping draperles of blue satin and | before in my life. Ah | why can't we all be white lace; on half a dozen lovely pictures; on an open piano; and last of all, on the

before it—Inez Catheron. The month is August-the day the 29th-Miss Catheron has good reason to remember it to the last day of her life. But, whether sort of weather for the last week of August the August sum blazes, or the January winds | cold as Iceland and raining cats and dogs; the howl, the great rooms of Catheron Royals are ever chilly. So on the white-tiled hearth of the blue drawing-roown this summer even-

The mistress of Catheron Royals-the biggest, oldest, queerest, grandest place in all sunny Cheshire—this slim, dark girl of nineteen, for three years past the bride-elect of Sir Victor Catheron, baronet, the last of his death it never beat like that again. Saxon race and name, the lord of all these smiling village of Catheron below. The master of a stately park in Devon, a moor and "bothy" in the highlands, a villa on the Arno, a gem of a cottage in the Isle of Wight. "A darling of the gods," young, handsome, heathy, and best of all, with twenty thousand a year.

She is his bride elect. In her dark way she is very handsome. She is to be married to Sir Victor early in the next month, and she is as much in love with him as it is at all possible to be. A fair fate surely. And yet while the August night shuts down, while the wind whistles in the trees, while the long fingers of the elm, just outside the window, tap in a ghostly way on the pane, she stands here, flushed, angry, impatient, and sullen, her handsome lips set in a tight, rigid line.

She is very dark all at times. Her cousin Victor tells her, laughingly, she is an absolute nigger when in one of her silent rages. She has jet-black hair, and big, brilliant, Spanish eyes. She is Spanish. Her dead mother was a Castilian, and that mother has left her her Spanish name, her beautiful. passionate Spanish eyes, her hot passionate Spanish heart. In Old Castile Inez was born; and when in her tenth year her English father followed his wife to the grave, Inez came home to Catheron Royals, to reign there, a little imperieus, hot-tempered Morisco princess ever since.

She did not come alone. 'A big boy of twelve with a short head of blue-black hair, two wild, glittering black eyes, and a diabolically handsome face came with her. It was her only brother Juan, an imp incarnate from his cradle. Hc did not remain long. To the unspeakable relief of the neighbourhood for miles around, he had vanished as suddenly as he had come, and for years was seen no more.

A Moorish Princess! It is her cousin and lover's favourite name for her, and it fits well. There is a certain barbaric splendour about her as she stands here in the firelight, in her trailing purple silk, in the cross of rubies and the fine gold that burns on her bosom, in the yellow, perfumy rose in her bair, looking stately, and beautiful, and dreadfully out of temper.

heavy patter, patter of the rain beats on the glass. That, and the light fall of the cinders in the polished grate, are the only sounds to be

A clock on the mantel strikes seven. She has not stirred for nearly an hour, but she looks up now, her black eyes full of passionate anger, passionate impatience.

voice; "and he should have been here at six. citable sort of nature, and were ever in-What it he should defy me?—what if he clined to hyperbole; and it is a lady's prividoes not come, after all?"

She can remain still no longer. She walks across the room, and she walks as only Spanish women do. She draws back one of the window-curtains, and leans out into the night. The crushed sweetness of the rain-beaten roses floats up to her in the wet darkness. Nothing to be seen but the vague tossing of the trees, nothing to be heard but the soughing of the wind, nothing to be felt but the fast and still faster falling of the rain.

She lets the curtain fall, and returns to the fire.

herself. "Will he dare stay away?"

There are two pictures hanging over the house were never shrews. And even you, be. I can mantel—she looks up at them as she asks my dear, may go a little too tar. Will you already!" the question. One is the sweet, patient face of a woman of thirty; the other, the smiling been traitor and coward? It is well we face of a fair-haired, blue-eyed, good-locking should understand each other fully." lad. It is a very pleasant face; the blue eyes look at you so brightly, so frankly; the boyish mouth is so sweet-tempered and laughing that you smile back and fall in love with him at sight. It is Sir Victor Catheron

and his late mother. Miss Inez Catheron is in many respects an extraordinary young lady—Cheshire society has long ago decided that. They would have been more convinced of it than ever, could they have seen her turn now to Lady Catheron's portrait and appeal to it aloud in impassioned words:

"On his knees, by your dying bed, by your dying command, he vowed to love and cherish me always—as he did then. Let him take care how he trifles with that vow-let him

take care!" · She lifts one hand (on which rubies and diamonds flash) menacingly, then stops. Over the sweep of the storm, the rush of the rain, comes another sound—a sound she has been listening for, longing for, praying for— the rapid roll of carriage wheels up the drive. There can be but one visitor to Catheron she can look back upon no time in which her Royals to-night, at this hour and in this

storm—its master. She stands still as a stone, white as a statue, waiting. She loves him; she has hungered and thirsted for the sound of his voice, the sight of his face, the clasp of his hand, all these weary, lonely months. In some way, it is her life or death she is to take from his hands to-night. And now he is

She hears the great hall-door open and close with a clang; she hears the step of the master in the hall-a quick, assured tread she would know among a thousand; she hears a voice-a hearty, pleasant, manly English voice; a cheery laugh she remembers well.

"The Chief of Lara has returned again." The quick, excitable blood leaps up from he cannot meet. her head to her face in a rosy rush that

makes her lovely. The eyes light, the lips part—she takes her step forward, all anger, all fear, all neglect forgotten—a girl in love going to meet her lover. The door is flung wide by an impetuous hand, and wet and splashed, and tall and smiling, Sir Victor Catheron stands before her.

"My dearest Inez!" He comes forward, puts his arms around her, and touches his blonde mustache to her flushed check.

"My dearest coz, I'm awfully glad to see you again, and looking so uncommonly well too." He puts up his eye-glass to make sure of this fact, then drops it. "Uncommonly well," he repeats; "give you my word I never saw you looking half a quarter so handsome Moorish princesses, and wear purple silks and vellow roses?

He flings himself into an easy chair berfore handsome, angry face of a girl who stands the fire; throws back his blonde head, and stretches forth his boots to the blaze.

"Ap hour after time, am I not? But blame the railway people-don't blame me. Beastly very dickens of a storm, I can tell you.'

He gives the fire a poke, the light leaps up and illumines his handsome face. He is angry flush burning deep red on either dusky cheek, an angry frown contracting her straight black brows.

The mistress of Catheren Pour in the flush of "beauty's bright transient glow" has died and the flush of "beauty's bright transient glow" has died and the flush of "beauty's bright transient glow" has died and the flush of "beauty's bright transient glow" has died and the flush of "beauty's bright transient glow" has died and the flush of "beauty's bright transient glow" has died and the flush of "beauty's bright transient glow" has died and the flush of "beauty's bright transient glow" has died and the flush of "beauty's bright transient glow" has died and the flush of "beauty's bright transient glow" has died and the flush of the face, the hard, angry look has come back. That careless kiss, that easy, cousinly embrace, have told their story. A moment ago her heart beat high with hope—to the day of her

He doesn't look at her; he gazes at the fire sunny acres, this noble Norman pile, the instead, and talks with the hurry of a nervous man. The handsome face is a very effeminate face, and not even the light, carefully trained, carefully waxed mustache can hide the weak, irresolute mouth, the delicate, characteriess chin. While he talks carelessly and quickly, while his slim white fingers loop and unloop his watch chain, in the blue eyes fixed upon the fire there is an uneasy look of nervous fear. And into the keeping of this man the girl with the dark, powerful face has given her heart, her fate!

"It seems no end of good to be at home again," Sir Victor Catheron says, as if afraid of that brief pause. "You've no idea, Inez, how uncommonly familiar and jolly this blue room, this red fire, looked a moment ago, as I stepped out of the darkness and rain. It brings back the old times—this used to be her favorite morning-room," he glanced at the mother's picture, "and summer and winter a fire always burned here, as now. And you, Inez, cara mia, with your gypsy face, most familiar of all."

She moves over to the mantel. It is very low; she leans one arm upon it, looks steadily at him, and speaks at last:

"I am glad Sir Victor Catheron can remember the old times, can still recall his mother, has a slight regard left for Catheron Royals, and am humbly grateful for his recollection of his gypsy cousin. From his conduct of late it was hardly to have been expected."

"It is coming," thinks Sir Victor, with an inward groan; "and, O Lord | what a row it is going to be. When Inez shuts her lips up in that tight line, and snaps her black eyes in that unpleasant way, I know it to my cost, it means 'war to the knife.' I'll be routed with dreadful slaughter, and Inez's motto is ever, 'Woe to the conqueror!' Well, here goes!"

He looks up at her, a good-humored smile on his good looking face.

"Humbly grateful for my recollection of you! My dear Inez; I don't know what you mean. As for my absence—"
"As for your absence," she interrupts,

vou were to have been here, if your memory will serve you, on the first of June. It is now the close of August. Every day of that Weak you may be, fickle you may be, but you absence has been an added insult to me. atve been here if I tomb. Outside the wind is rising, and the had not written you a letter you dare not neglect-sent a command you dare not dis- things to you? I hate myself for them, but obey. You are here to-night because you dare not stay away."

Some of the bold blood of the stern old Saxon race from which he sprung is in his I love you. What more can I say? I forgive veins still. He looks at her full, still smil-

"Dare not!" he repeats. "You use strong "Seven!" she says, in a suppressed sort of language, Inez. But then you have an exlege to talk." "And a man's to act. But I begin to think

Sir Victor Catheron is something less than a man. The Catheron blood has bred many an outlaw, many bitter, bad men, but to-day I begin to think it has bred something infinitely worse-a traitor and a coward!" He half springs up, his eyes flashing, then

falls back, looks at the fire again, and laughs. "Meaning me?"

"Meaning you."

"Strong language once more-you assert your prerogative royally my handsome cousin. From whom did you inherit that two-edged "Will he dare dely me?" she whispers to tongue of yours, Inez. I wonder? Your a coward. I stand here perjured before God, Castilian mother, surely; the women of our drop vituperation and explain? How have I

He has grown pale, though he speaks quietly, and his blue eyes gleam dangerously, He is always quiet when most angry.

"It is. And we shall understand each other fully before we part-be very sure of that. You shall learn what I have inherited from my Castilian mother. You shall learn whether you are to play fast and loose with me at your sovereign will. Does your excellent memory still serve you, or must I tell you what day the twenty third of September is to

He looks up at her, still pale, that smile on his lips, that gleam in his eyes. "My memory serves me perfectly," he answered coolly; "it was to have been our wedding day."

Was to have been. As he speaks the words coldly, almost cruelly, as she looks in his face, the last trace of colour leaves her own. The hot fire dies out of her eyes, an awful terror comes in its place. her heart, all her strength, she loves the man she so bitterly reproaches. It seems to her love for him is not.

And now, it was to have been! She turns so ghastly that he springs to his feet in alarm.

"Good Heaven, Inez! you're not going to faint, are you? Don't! Here, take my chair, and for pity's sake don't look like that. I'm a wretch, a brute-what was it I said? Do sit down."

He has taken her in his arms. In the days that are gone he has been very fond, and a little afraid of his gypsy cousin. He is afraid still-horribly afraid, if the truth must be told, now that his momentary anger is gone.

All the scorn, all the defiance has died out of her voice when she speaks again. The great, solemn eyes transfix him with a look

"Was to have been," she repeats in a sort of either. It is a very lovely face—a very grace- the Second Grenadiers, his only guest. Four

whisper: "was to have been. Victor, does that mean it never is to be?"

He turns away, shame, remose, fear in his averted face. He holds the back of the chair with one hand, she clings to the other as though it held her last hope in life.

"Take time," she says, in the same slow, whispering way. "I can wait. I have waited so long, what does a few minutes more matter now? But think well before you speak—there is more at stake than you know of. My whole future life hangs on your words. A woman's life. Have your ever thought what that implies? 'Was to have been,' you said. Does that mean it never is to be?"

Still no reply. He holds the back of the chair, his face averted, a criminal before his judge.

"And while you think," she goes on, in that slow, sweet voice, "let me recall the past Do you remember, Victor, when I and Juan came here from Spain? Do you remember me? I recall you as plainly at this moment as though it were but yesterday -a little, flaxen-haired, blue-eyed boy in violet velvet, unlike any child I had ever seen before. I saw a woman with a face like an augel, who took me in her arms, and kissed me, and cried over me, for my father's sake. We grew up together, Victor, you and I, such

silent, but his left hand has gone up and

"You remember that last night, Victorthe night she died. No need to ask you whatever you may forget, you are not likely to forget that. We knelt together by her bedside. It was as this is, a stormy summer night. Outside, the rain beat and the wind blew; inside, the silence of death was everywhere. We knelt alone in the dimly lit room, side by side, to receive her last blessing—her dying wish. Victor, my cousin, do tor Catheron's infatuated ear. you recall what that wish was?"

It was at Margata this meet

She holds out her arms to him, all her heart breaking forth in the cry. But he will neither | English watering places; and the Cheshire look nor stir.

her dying eyes looking at you. With her dying lips she spoke to you: 'Inez is dearer to me than all the world, Victor, except you.'

He was a very impetuous young man a She must never face the world alone. My son, you love her—promise me you will cherish and protect her always. She loves you as no one else ever will. Promise me, Victor, that in three years from to-night you will make her your wife.' These were her words. And you took her hand, covered it with tears and kissed and promised."

"We buried her," Inez went on, " and we parted. You went up to Oxford; I went over to a Paris pensionnat. In the hour of our parting we went up together hand in hand to her room. We kissed the pillow where her dying head had lain; we knelt by her bedside as we had done that other night. You placed this ring upon my finger; sleeping or waking it has never left it since, and you repeated your vow, that that night three years, on the twenty-third of September, I should be your wife."

She lifts the betrothral ring to her lips, and

kisses it. "Dear little ring," she says, softly, "it has been my one comfort all these years. Through all your coldness, all your neglect for the last year and a half, I have looked at it, and known you would never break your plighted word to the living and

the dead. "I came home from school a year ago. You were not here to meet and welcome me. You never came. You fixed the first of June for your coming, and you broke your word. Do I tire you with all these details, Victor? But I must speak to-night. It will be for the last time-you will never give cause again. Of the whispered slanders that have reached me I do not speak; I do not believe them. are a gentleman of royal race and blood; you een vour nii phted troth. O. fo me, Victor! Why do you make me say such and the sweet face had grown suddenly and your neglect has driven me nearly wild. What have I done?" Again she stretches forth her hands in eloquent appeal. "See! all the past: I ask no questions. I believe nothing of the horrible stories they try to eyes had shrunk from his eager, flushed face tell me. Only come back to me. If I lose and looked over the wide sea. For fully five

you I shall die." Her face is transfigured as she speaks-her

hands still stretched out. "O Victor, come i" she says; "let the past be dead and forgotten. My darling, come back!"

But he shrinks away as those soft hands touch him, and pushes her off. "Let me go!" he cries; "don't touch me, Inez! It can never be. You don't know

what you ask !" He stands confronting her now, pale as herself, with eyes alight. She recoils like one who has received a blow.

"Can never be?" she repeats. "Can never be!" he answers. "I am what tradesman and his fat wife, and worshipped you have called me, Inez, a traitor and him. They burned incense at his shrine; and you, and my dead mother. It can never be. I can never marry you. I am married

The blow has fallen—the horrible, brutal blow. She stands looking at him—she hard- lt was the quietest, the dullest, the most blow. She stands looking at him-she hardly seems to comprehend. There is a pause the firelight flickers, they hear the rain lashing the windows, the soughing of the solution the Grenadier Guards—Pythias, at present, to gale in the trees. Then Victor Catheron Sir Victor's Damon—the parson, and the pewbursts forth

"I don't ask you to forgive me-it is past all that. I make no excuse; the deed is done. I met her, I met her and I loved her. She has been my wife for sixteen months, and —there is a son. Inez, don't look at me like that! I am a scoundrel, I know, but-"

He breaks down-the sight of her face unmans him. He turns away, his heart beating horribly thick. How long, the ghastly pause that follows lasts he never knows—a century, counting by what he undergoes. Once, during that pause, he sees her fixed eyes turn slowly to his mother's picture—he hears low, strange sounding words drop from

her lips: "He swore by your dying bed, and see how

he keeps his oath!" Then the life that seems to have died from her face flames back. Without speaking to him, without looking at him, she turns to leave the room. On the threshold she pauses and looks back.

"A wife and a son," she says slowly and distinctly. "Sir Victor Catheron, fetch them home; I shall be glad to see them."

CHAPTER II.

WIFE AND HEIR.

In a very genteel lodging house, in the very genteel neighborhood of Russell Square early in the afternoon of a September day, a young girl stands impatiently awaiting the return of Sir Victor Catheron. This girl is his wife.

It is a bright sunny day-as sunny, at least, as a London day ever can make up its mind to be—and as the yellow slanting rays pour in through the muslin curtains full on face

ful, though petite figure. She is a blonde of the blondest type; her hair is like spun gold, and, wonderful to relate, no Yellow Wash, no Golden Fluid, has ever touched its shining abundance. Her eyes are bluer than the September sky over the Russell Square chimney pots; her nose is neither aquiline nor Grecian, but it is very nice; her forehead is low, her mouth and chin "morsels for the gods." The little figure is deliciously round. ed and ripe; in twenty years from now she may be a heavy British matron, with a yard and a half wide waist-at eighteen years old she is, in one word, perfection.

Her dress is perfection also. She wears a white India muslin, a marvel of delicate em. broidery and exquisite texture, and a great deal of Valenciennes trimming. She has a pearl and turquoise star fastening her lace collar, pearl and turquoise drops in her cars, and a half dozen diamond rings on her plump, boneless fingers. A blue ribbon knots up the loose yellow hair, and you may search the big city from end to end, and find nothing?fairer, fresher, sweeter than Ethel, Lady Catheron,

If ever a gentleman and a baronet had a fair and sufficient excuse for the folly of a low marriage, surely Sir Victor Catheron has it in this fairy wife—for it is a "low marriage" of the most helnous type. Just seventeen months ago, sauntering idly along the summer sands, looking listlessly at the summer sea, thinking drearily that this time next year his freedom would be over, and his cousin Inez his lawful owner and possessor, his eyes had fallen on that lovely blonde face, that wealth of shining hair, and for all time—aye, for eternity-his fate was fixed. The dark image of Inez as his wife faded out of his mind never to return more.

The earthly name of this dazzling divinity in yellow ringlets and pink muslin was Ethel Margaretta-Dobb!

Dobb! It might have disenchanted a less rapturous adorer—it fell powerless on Sir Vic-

It was at Margate this meeting took place -that most popular and most vulgar of all baronet had looked just once at the peach-"With her dying hands she joined ours, bloom face the blue eyes of laughing light,

He was a very impetuous young man, a very selfish and unstable young man, with whom all his life, to wish was to have. He had been spoiled by a doting mother from his cradle, spoiled by obsequious servants, spoiled by Inez Catheron's boundless worsbip. And he wished for this "rose of the rose-bud garden of girls" as he had never wished for anything in his two-and-twenty years of life. As a man in a dream he went through that magic ceremony, "Miss Dobb, allow me to present my friend, Sir Victor Catheron," and they were tree to look at each other, talk to each other, fall in love with each other as much as they pleased. As in a droam he lingered by her side three golden hours. As in a dream he said, "Good afternoon," and walked back to his hotel smoking a cigar, the world glorified above and about him. As in a dream they told him she was the only daughter of and beiress of a well-to-do London soap-boiler, and he did not wake. She was the daughter of a soap-boiler.

part of the grimy metropolis; but, remarkable to say, she had as much innate pride, self-respect, and delicacy as though "all the blood of all the Howards" flowed in those blue veins.' He wasn't a bad sort of young fellow, as young fellows go, and frantically in love.

The paternal manufactory was in the grimiest

There was but one question to ask, just eight days after this..." Will you be my wife?"-but one answer, of course..." Yes."

But one answer, of course! How would it be possible for a soap-boiler's daughter to refuse a baronet? And yet his heart had beaten with a fear that turned him dizzy and sick as he asked it ; for she had shrunk away for one instant, frightened by his fiery startlingly pale. Is it not the rule that all maidens shall blush when their lovers ask the

question of questions? The rosy brightness, the smiles, the dimples, all faded out of this face, and a white look of sudden fear crossed it. The startled minutes she never spoke or stirred. To his dying day that hour was with him-his passtonate love, his sick, horrible fear, his dizzy rapture, when she spoke at last, only one word—" yes." To his dying day he saw her as he saw her then, in her summery muslin dress, her gypsy hat, the pale, troubled look

chasing the color from the drooping face. But the answer was "yes." Was he not a baronet? Was she not a well-trained English girl? And the ecstacy of pride, of joy, of that city soap-boiler's family, who shall paint? "awake my muse" and—but, no! it passeth all telling. They bowed down before him (figuratively), this good British they adored the ground he walked on; they snubbed their neighbors, and held their chins at an altitude never attained by the family of Dobb before. And in six weeks Miss Ethel

secret of weddings-not a soul present except Papa and Mamma Dobb, a military swell in opener. He was madly in love, but he was ashamed of the family soap-boiling, and he was afraid of his cousin Inez.

He told them a vague story enough of family matters, etc., that rendered secrecy for the present necessary, and nobody cross-questioned the baronet. That the parson was a parson, the marriage bona fide, his daughter "my lady," and himself the prospective grandfather of many baronets, was enough for the honest soap-boiler.

For the bride herself, she said little, ha a sby, faltering little way. She was very fon! of her dashing, high-born, impulsive lover, and very well content not to come into the full blaze and dazzle of high life just yet. If any other romance had ever figured in her simple life the story was finished and done with, the book read and put away.

He took her to Switzerland, to Germany, to Southern France, keeping well out of the way of other tourists, and ten months followed-ten months of such exquisite, unalloyed bliss, as rarely falls to mortal man. Unalloyed, did I say? Well, not quite, since earth and heaven are two different places. In the dead of pale Southern nights, with the shine of the moon on his wife's lovely sleep-ing face; in the hot, brilliant noontide; in the sweet, green gloaming-Inez Catheron's black eyes came menacingly before him-the one bitter drop in his cup. All his life he had been a little afraid of her. He was some-

thing more than afraid of her now. They returned. The commodious lodgings in Russell Square awaited him, and Sir Victor "went in " for domestic felicity in the parish of Bloomsbury, "on the quiet." Very much "on the quiet"—no theatre going, no opera, and figure, you may search and find no flaw in | no visitors, and big Captain Jack Ecroli, of