CHAPTER XXIV.

HER STORY Oh, the happiness of knowing that on can make another happy—entirely of my days.
happy! Oh, how good I ought to grow! So I took courage and since it was For the events which have caused him not allowed me to comfort him in any so much pain, and which he has yet to other way, I just stele my hand inside tell papa and me—they did not weigh his, which clasped instantly and tightly rauch on my mind. Probably there is no family in which there is not some enough. Thus we sat side by side, when such painful revelation to be made; we the door opened—and in walked papa. also have to tell him about poor Harry. How strangely the comic and the ser-But these things are purely accidental and external. His fear that I should "change my opinion of him" made me dressing myself to the neighboring heath- face when he saw us sitting there, er-bush, which might be considered a. Though at the time it was no delicate compliment to the land where he was bern. "Oh, Max, what nonsense you do talk! While you are you and I am myself, you and I are one."

Descending the hill-top, I pressed all these my happy thoughts deep down into my heart, covered them up, and went back in the world again.

"Mrs. Granton and I spent a quiet day; the quieter, that I afterward paid for my feats on the hill-top by hours of extreme exhaustion. It was my own folly, I told her, and tried to laugh at it, saying I should be better te-merrow.

But many a time the thought came what if I should not be better to morrow nor any to-morrow? What if, after all, I should have to go away and leave him with no one to make him happy? And then I learned how precious life had grown, and tasted, in degree, what is meant by "the bitterness of death."

But it did not last. And by this I know that our love is holy; that I can new think of either his departure or my own without either terror or despair. I gladly bestow this little girl as you." know that even death itself can never

Monday came. I was really better. and went about the house with Mrs. saying a werd, or even accepting papa's and the whole truth. Granton all the foreneon. She asked me hand, he walked straight out of the He will assuredly pity me. The what time Dr. Urquhart had said he room. should be here; with various other to him for a long time. But when, at ed matters as well as I could, by explaining that he had not wished to ask me of me, or receive me into his family, reing that he had not wished to ask me of saw it.

dust" into those keen, kind eyes, to tell tell him he may communicate them at Theodora may be acquainted with my the right hand as you enter, my initial's or act a falsehood, as if I were ashamed whatever time he chooses. When such whole history. of myself or him? I could not. So I a man as Dr. Urquhart honestly comes

went to my conscience, that sigh—and ness, I went to explain this to Max. I found him alone in the library, standing care for anything that concerned me.

All the happy days of my life were found out, even by her found him alone in the library, standing care for anything that concerned me.

All the happy days of my life were found out, even by her found him alone in the library, standing care for anything that concerned me.

All the happy days of my life were spent at St. Andrew's. They lasted unslipped out of the room, and the four him, with some silly coquettish speech walls only beheld Max and me when we about how he could think of letting me

After we had shaken hands we sat down in silence. Then I asked him what he had been doing with himself all Max!" I could say no more. yesterday, and he told me he had spent it with the poor Ansdells.

best to go.

"Yes, I am very glad you went."

Dr. Urquhart (of course I shall go en calling him "Dr. Urquhart," to people was no necessity—that papa desired to in general; nobody but me has any hear nothing, only wished him to stay business with his Christian name), Dr. with ns till evening. That indeed, look-Urquhart looked at me and smiled: then he began telling me about these friends and would not let him go. But in vain. of his: and how broken-hearted the old mother was, having lost both her daughters in a few months-did I remember the night of the camp concert, and young Ansdell who sung there?

I remembered some young man being called for, as Dr. Urquhart wanted him. "Yes-I had to summon him home his eldest sister had suddenly died. thoughtless girl. You little knew how angry you made me.

Did I? Something was amiss with beside me. you-I did not know what-but I saw it in your looks.'

Could you read my looks even then, little lady ?"

It was idle to deny it-and why should I, when it made him happy? Radiantly happy his face was, now-the sharp lines softened, the wrinkles smoothed out. He looked ten years younger; ah! I am glad I am only a girl still; in time I shall actually make him young.

Here, the hall bell sounded-and though visitors are never admitted to this special little parlor, still Max turned restless, and said he must go.

" Why ?" He hesitated-and then said hasti-

"I will tell you the truth; I am happier out of your sight than in it, just at present."

I made no answer.

"To-night I mean to start-on that journey I told you of." Which was to him a very painful one I perceived. "Go then, and get it over. You

come back to me soon. "God grant it." He was very

The only woman he had ever wished for his wife. Thus,
like a wife. Talk of Penslope's long
courtship Limbel's narrange it was I
that was in heart and soul, the real wife:
Though like and I were never more
though like and I were never more
though I think Thus, any moment I may hear
though like and I were never more
though I think Thus, any moment I may hear
though like and I were never more
that the dogs.

They pape and Penslope flink
Thus, any moment I may hear
that was in heart and soul, the real wife. for his wife. This, I was. And I felt like a wife. Talk of Pensions's long

ious are mixed up together, in life, and even in one's own nature. ing this, I have gone off into a hearty fit "Max," I said, out loud, ad- of laughter at the recollection of papa's

> Though at the time it was no laughing matter. For a moment he was dumb with astonishment, then he said severely.

> "Dr. Urquhart, I suppose I must conclude-indeed, I can only conclude one thing. But you might have spoken to me before addressing yourself to my

Max did not answer immediatelywhen he did, his voice absolutely made me start.

"Sir. I have been very wrong-but I will make amends—you shall know all. Only first—as my excuse," here he spoke out passionately, and told paps all that I was to him, all that we were to one

Poor papa, it must have reminded him of his own young days—I have heard he was very fond of his first wife, Harry's mother-for when I hung about his neck, mine were not the only tears. He the very sight of this place; and I went by held out his hand to Max.

And here Max tried me-as I suppose people not yet quite familiar will be sure the hope of learning every particular, so glamor of our teens, and fine havers we to try one another at first. Without as to tell you and your father the truth talked to them along those Scores, to the

questions about him. All of which I ever so much unnerved; why should he Mr. Johnston informed me "died answered without confusion or hesita- be too proud to show it? and it might young" after some great derelictiontion; it seemed as if I had now belonged have seriously offended papa. I softenthe blood rushed to my heart, and back papa till a week hence, when he should mains doubtful. It is with the fear of again into my face-and Mrs. Granton be able fully to enter into his circum- this, or any other possibility which I can-

run after him in this fashion. He turned round.

"Oh, Max, what is the matter? Oh

"My child!" He soothed me by calling me that and several other fond "They wished it, and I thought it was names; but all these things are between him and me alone. "Now, good-bye. I must bid you good-bye at once."

I tried to make him understand there ing as wretched as he did, I could not

"I cannot, stay. I cannot be a hypocrite. Do not ask it. Let me go-oh? perly Johnston. You told me yourmy child, let me go."

obstinate, and not in the least able to cratic, but a plebeian family. My see what is good for him or for me either thankfulness at learning this, you will - had it not fortunately happened that, understand afterward. over-powered with the excitement of the last ten minutes, my small strength gave led me! Striking twelve with the same Only a cold and fever—such as you your—way. I felt myself falling—tried to save tongue as it did twenty years ago. Were reason for my joining him, but urging nothing. My blood was at boiling heat, ation of the last judgment-day could myself by catching hold of Max's arm, I superstitious, I might fancy I heard in me to come, and quickly, mademe recoil and fell. When I awoke, I was lying on the coffee-room below, the clink of glass-conscience-stricken from the Gehenna

> Also Max-though I did not at first voice. see him. He had taken his rights, or The town is hardly the least alteredthey had been tacitly yielded to him; I except that I came in by railway instead it, or will ever see it, except yourself. do not know how it was, but my head of by coach, it might be the very same was on my betrothed husband's breast.

questions and he himself explained that I stood looking at from this same nothing. He only sat by me, all after windows are some than 1 stood looking at from this same than my neighbors, or so bad as many I soon became the butt of the company.

The local table of the said. A raw, sected lack than my neighbors, or so bad as many I soon became the butt of the company. noon, taking care of me, watching me and its lights glimmering here and there with his eyes of love-the leve that is to through the general gloom. How I

who was the first to say, "Now, Max, a few things to tell you before I tell you vou must go.

"You are quite better?" very dark across the moor. You must er, and how they both died when Dallas

with papa and Mrs. Granton. He was ves-or, rether, he took care of me; he going to do the same by me, but I loosed was almost as good as a father to me, my hands and clasped them round his from the time he was twelve years learned to pity Max Urquhart the boy. neck. I did not care for what anybody old. might say or think; he was mine and I Let me say a word or two more about and see if I have said all I wished there- I cannot tell-but the end was, they was his-they were all welcome to know it. And I wished him to know and feel perfect character on this earth he was one. will perceive I try as much as I can to infuriated lad-into the street. that, through everything, and in spite of Every creature who knew him thought make it a mere history as if of another I staggered through the dark, silent much everything, I -his own loved him and the same. I doubt not the memory of person, and thus far I think I have done town into a lane, and fell asleep on the would love him to the last.

tale thin qualty. Possops added hardy sales as sales for him at ill But hey 50 100 know; th, Mar, they do not know ! You know, or you will know some day.

CHAPTER XXV.

HIS STORY.

My dear Theodora, I trust you may never read this letter, which, as a preventive measure, I am about to write; I trust we may burn it together, and that I may tell you its contents at accidental times, after one principal fact has been

I mean to communicate it face to face, by word of mouth. It will not seem so wful then; and I shall see the expression of your countenance on first hearing it. That will guide me as to my own con duct, and as to the manner in which it have hoped, at times, that, even after such a communication, his regard for me will not altogether fail; and it may be that his present opinions will not be invincible. He may suggest some atonement, some probation, however long or painful I care not, so that it ends in his giving me you.

But first I ought to furnish him with full information about things into which I have never yet dared to inquire. I shall do so to-morrew. Much therefore, depends upen to-morrow ! Such a chance to the same inn, the White Heart, light nights, the elder and more senti-"Doctor, I forgive you; and there is Salisbury. When you have read this not a man alive on whom I would so letter through, you will not wonder that this is a terrible night for me. I never

> with me. Whether he will ever forgive have spoken of those old days. not now foresee, that I write this letter,

My Theodora! Some day, when she simply sat ailent, and let her think what and asks me for my daughter, you may comes to read a few pages which I seal be sure the very last thing I should ask up to-night, marking them with her like to name us. But go, if you can. Whatever she thought, the good old him would be about his circumstances." name, and "To be delivered to her after Faithful heart! I knew you will always lady said nothing. She sighed-ah! it With my heart brimful at papa's kind- my death," she will understand how I -for I am not a demonstrative man. spent at St. Andrew's. They lasted un-

> In case this letter, and those other letters, do reach you, they will then be session, for he did not like to part with your last mementoes of me. Read them me. Perhaps he foresaw his end, which and burn them; they are solely meant

Should all go well, so that they become needless, we will, as I said, burn them together, read or unread, as you choose. You shall do it with your own hand, sitting by me at our own fireside. Our fireside. The thought of it-the terror of losing it, makes me almost powerless to write on. Will you ever find out how I love you, my love-my love!

I begin by reminding you that I have been long aware your name is not proself that the t had been inserted of late And he might have gone-being very years. That you are not an aristo-

the sofa, with papa and Mrs. Granton es, the tune of "Glorious Apollo," and into which I was falling. You will find

Salisbury on that very same winter's So he staid. Nobody asked any night-the quaint, quiet English town with his eyes of love—the leve that is to through the general gloom. How I last me my whole life. I know it will stared, boy-like, till he came behind and death, would look beside this evil life of the came behind and death, would look beside this evil life of the came behind and death, would look beside this evil life of the came behind and death, would look beside this evil life of the came behind and death, would look beside this evil life of the came behind and death, would look beside this evil life of the came behind and death, would look beside this evil life of the came behind and death, would look beside this evil life of the came behind and death, would look beside this evil life of the came behind and death, would look beside this evil life of the came behind and death, would look beside this evil life of the came behind and death, would look beside this evil life of the came behind and death, would look beside this evil life of the came behind and death, would look beside this evil life of the came behind and death, would look beside this evil life of the came behind and death, would look beside this evil life of the came behind and death, would look beside this evil life of the came behind and death, would look beside this evil life of the came behind and death, would look be also the came behind and death, would look be also the came behind and death. Therefore, in the evening, it was I slapped me on the shoulder, But I have the history of that night. Let me delay

it as long as I can. "Yes, and it is almost dark-it will be You know about my father and mothand I were children. We had no near He rose, and shook hands mechanically kindred; we had to take care of oursel-

> my brother Dallas. If ever there was a in. The narrative seems clear. You turned me out—the obstinate, drunken, him still lingers in those old cloisters of so. The rest I now proceed to tell you road side.

> St. Mary and St. Salvador, where he as circumstantially and calmly as I That is more than a week ago, and I spent eight years, studying for the min-have had no letter; but he did not say istry. I feel sure there is not a lad who But first, before you learn any more

> > back with peculiar tenderness, as I think husband and wife. Remember, we were to take me toward Dallas. He had a all boys do whe have studied at St. An- to have been married, Theedora. drew's. You English de not altogether know us Scotch. I have seen hard-by Southampton to Havre. But in the coast, whence I could take boat to headed, possibly hard hearted men, grim dusk of the morning I mistook the coach; France. At least, that is the vague imdivines, stern military officers, and selfish my luggage went direct, and I found Anglo-Indian valetudinarians, melt to myself, having traveled some hours, on the sfotness of a boy, as they talked of their boyish days at St. Andrew's.

lady? You would like it, I know. To years, it still seems like a city in a dream. I could lead you, hand-in-hand, had best be broken to your father. I through every one of its quiet eld streets, where you so seldom hear the noise of young men of rank and fashion at that other side of the gig was something tall either carriage or cart: could point out time, he was acting Jehu only "for a the notable historical corners, and tell spree." He talked so large, I should way inn, but perceived it which professor lived in this house. have taken him for a nobleman, or a huge stone—a circle of stones. you which professor lived in this house, and which in that; could take you along the Links, to the scene of our celebrated ly told me his name; though he exgolfing match, calling ever the names of plained that it was not as humble as the principal players, including his who it seemed, and expatiated much upon won it-s fine fellow he was, too! the antiquity, wealth, and aristocratic What became of him, I wonder !

Also, I could show you the exact spot where you get the finest view of the coarse, was amusing, and he patronized Abbey and St. Regulus' Tower, and then me extremely. crisis almost unnerves me; add to that away back to our lodgings—Dallas's and mine-along the Sceres, where, of moon mental of the college lads would be never knew anything of him excepting caught strolling with their sweethearts... his name, which you shall have by-andbennie lassies too they were at St. An- by, but I guessed that his life had not would have revisited this town, but in drew's-or we beheld them in all the been a creditable one. He looked about the hope of learning every particular, so glamor of our teens, and fine havers we thirty, or a little elder. sound of the sea below. I can hear it inn where I am now writing, the White now. What a roar it used to come in Hart, Salisbury-he insisted on my thought of his own boy, your brother, with, on stormy nights, against those stopping too, as it was a bitter cold whom you once mentioned, and who rocks beyond the Castle, where a lad and night, and the moon would not rise till his tutor were once both drowned!

I am forgetting myself, and all I had

Theodora, I should like you some time to go and see St. Andrew's. Go there, in any case, and take a look at the old place. You will likely find, in St. "My dear," papa interupted, "go and in order that, whatever happens, my Mary's cloisters, on the third arch to and Dallas's; and if you ask, some old janitor or librarian may still remember "the two Urquharts"—that is, if you care for anything that concerned me.

once. I was to follow, and stay with him the winter, missing thereby one I. boy-like, never thought of, for I was accustomed to his being always delicate; perhaps he knew what a lad of nineteen might turn out, left to himself.

I was "left to myself," in our Scotch interpretation of the phrase; which, no doubt, originated in the stern Presbyterian belief of what human nature is abandoned by God. "Left to himself. Many a poor wretch's more wretched parents know what that means.

How it came about I do not call to mind, but I found myself in London, my own master, spending money like dross. and spending what was worse, my time, my conscience, my innocence. How low I fell, God knows, for I hardly know myself! Things which happened afterward made me oblivious even of this time. While it lasted, I never once wrote to Dallas.

the "Brave," of that uproarious the letter the last I had from him, in this pocket: read it, and burn it with mine. Of course, no one has ever seen

how his pure life, sanctified, though I mine. I was very miserable; and a lad not used to misery is then in the quicksands of temptation. He is grateful to any one who will save him from himself give him a narcotic and let his torment that I was on my way to France to join

extenuation. Though, in some degree, A few taunts, which some English people Max Urquhart the man has long since are rather too ready to use against us

was at college with him—grayheaded lade they would be now, grave preference, or solver ministers of the Kirk, with country manses, wives, and families—not one of them but would say as I say, if you spoke to him of Dallas Urquhart.

But first, before you learn any more about me, let me bid you remember how I love you, how you permitted me to love you—how you have been mine, heart and eyes and tender lips, you know you were mine. You cannot alter that. If I were the veriest wretch alive, heart. Being five years my elder, he had al-loving, and you did love me. Not after most ended his curriculum when I began mine; besides, we were at different colleges; but we went through some Andrews have the fashion of those lads and lassies who whom I ought to have travelled by now. essions together: a time on which I look those, love who expect one day to be

I found my quickest route to Pau was would mount he would drive me to the the road-not to Southampton but to him, and I dozed off to sleep again. Salisbury. This was told me after some My next wakening was in the middle You never saw the place, my little jocularity, at what he thought a vastly of a desolate plain. I rubbed my eyes. amusing piece of "greenness" on my but saw nothing except stars and sky, me, who have not seen it these twenty part, by the coachman. That is the and this black, black plain, which gentleman who drove the coach.

He soon took care to let me know he was a gentleman-and that, like many baronet at least -had he not accidentconnections of his "family."

His conversation, though loud and

I would rather not say a word more than is necessary concerning this pereon; he is dead. As before stated, I

When the coach stopped—at the very thought. two in the morning. He said that, I might as well.

Finally he let the coach go on without us, and I heard him laying a bet to drive across Sallisbury Plain in a gig or dogcart, and meet it again on the road to The landlord laughed and advised him to give up such a mad "neck-or-nothing" freak; but he swore, and said he always went at everything "neck-or nothing."

every word he uttered, and his manner of saying it. Under any circumstances this might have been the case, for he attracted me, bad as I felt him to be. not unpleasant. He was a small, dark Thus I have told it, the secret, which man, hollow-eyed and dissipated looking. until now has never been written or His face- no, better not call up his spoken to any human being. I was then face.

regular topers, as I soon found he was. He appeared poor too; the drinking was for twenty years! to be at my expense. I was very proud clever and agreeable gentleman.

Once, watching him and listening to his conversation, sudden doubt seized me of what Dallas would think of my the night. were he to walk in and find me in this pect me to speak of, present company. And supper being ed both into him and me.

I had been "merry," but stopped at and ever.

recollection. They were habitual face. I started from London immediately, drinkers; none of them had any pity for in great restlessness and anguish of me, and I-I was utterly "left to mymind; for though I had been no worse self," as I have said. A raw, Scotch lad, The last thing I remember is their trying to force me to tell my name, from natural reserve among strangers,

and then from an instinctive feeling that I was not in the most creditable of society, and therefore the less I said about my brother, who was ill. They could I mention this only as a fact, not an not get any more out of me than that. Scotch, made me savage as well as sul. size \$1. -Here I paused to read this over, len. I might have deserved it, er net-

The next thing I call to mind is being awakened by the cut of a whip across my shoulders, and seeing a man st over me, I flew at his three wild creature, for it was he—the "gentleman" who had made me drunk and mocked me, and whom I seemed then and there to hate with a fury of hatred that would last to my dying day. Through it all came the tho

net know, but think it was by offering horse and gig standing by, and said if I pression my mind retains of what passed between us. He helped me up beside

seemed to have no end.

He pulled up, and told me to "tumble out," which I did mechanically. On the and dark, which I took at first for a halfway inn, but perceived it was only a

"Halloo! what's this?" "Stonehenge-comfortable lodging for man and beast-so you're all right. Good-by, young fellow; you're such dull company that I mean to leave you here

till morning." This was what he said to me, laughing uproariously. At first I thought he was in jest, and laughed too; then, being sleepy and maudlin, I remonstrated lastly, I got half frightened, for when tried to mount he pushed me down, I was so helpless and he so strong; from this solitary place, miles and miles from any human dwelling, how should I get on to Dallas ?- Dallas, who, stupefied as I was, still remained my prominent

I begged, as if I had been begging for my life, that he would keep his promise. and take me on my way toward my brother.
"To the devil with your brother!"

and he whipped his horse on.

The devil was in me, as I said. sprang at him, my strength doubled and trebled with rage, and catching him unawares, dragged him from the gig, and Devizes by daybreak next morning, threw him violently on the ground. His head struck against one of the great stones and and

Now, you see how it was. I murdered him. He must have died easily-in-I can remember to this day nearly stantaneously; he never mound nor stirred once: but, for all that it was murder.

Net with intent, God knows. So little idea had I he was dead, that I nineteen-I am now nine-and-thirty; I was persuaded to stay and drink twenty years. Theodors, have pity; with this man and one or two others, only think of carrying such a secretthe blood of a man, on one's conscience

If, instead of my telling you all this, to have the honor of entertaining such a as I may do in a few days, you should have to read it here, it will by then have become an old tale. Still pity me. To continue, for it is getting far on into

new acquaintance, and what he would The first few minutes after I discovsav. or look he seldom reproved aloud -- ered what I had done, you will not ex-

I was perfectly sober now. I had done, I tried to get away, but this man tried every means in my power to reheld me by the shoulders, mocking me, vive him; and then to ascertain for cerand setting the rest on to mock me as a tain that he was dead; I forgot to tell 'milksop." The good angel fled. From you I had already begun my classes in that moment, I believe, the devil enter- medicine, so I knew a good deal. I sat with his head on my knee, fully aware I got drunk. It was tor the first time that I had taken the life of a man, and in my life, though more than once lately that his blood would be upon me forever

with just enough of conscience left to parallel that horror of despair; under it make me snatch at any means to deaden my reason gave way. I was seized with the delusion that, bad and cruel man as Of the details of that orgie, or of he was, he was only shamming to terrify those who joined in it, except this one me. I held him up in my arms, so that person, I have, as was likely, no distinct the light of the gig-lamps fell full on his

TO BE CONTINUED. 1

All errors spring up in the neighborhood of some truth; they grow round about it and for the most part derive about it and for the most part derive their strength from such contiguity.

One of the hardest lessons to learn in life is that the man who differs from you, not only in opinions but in principles, may be as honest and sincere as

Burdock Blood Bitters cures Scrofula and all humors of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys and the Bowels at the same time, while it allays nervous irritation and and tones up the debilitated system. cures all humors from a pimple to the worst form of Scrofula. dealers. Sample bottle 10 cents, regular

Croup, that dire disease, has lost its terrors to those who keep Yellow Oil at hand. Yellow Oil also cures Sore Throat, Quinsey, Congestion and Inflam Throat, Quinsey, Congestion and In-mation of the Lungs, Now is the se to guard against sudden diseases. your draggist for Hagyard's Yellow

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