

of the trees is falling ove worse: that is the sorrow of my life shadow e-- the sun is setting-we must go. she said-"the sorrow that takes the He walked by her side through the brightness from my days, the sleep Park. They trampled the wild flow from my nights-the sorrow that ers under their feet; they stopped t seems to hang over me and hide all isten to the low song of the hirds hope from me. To see degraded th they talked of the setting sun and the home that I have loved with such listant hills, of the wheat-sheaves passionate love, to imagine the shame ful future of a race that has neve and the bloom in the hedges; they admired the same views, they often known dishonor-this has produced gave expression to the same sorrow for which there is no cure." thoughts; yet, while Adrian St. Just "I feel keenly for you." he said. vowed to himself that he would wir gently. the beautiful, imperial dark-eyed wo

"No one knows what I suffer," she man for his wife. Vivien neve observed. "If I could save Lancewood by sacrificing my life. I would lreamed that she was in love. do so. I would do anything to re Lord St. Just made no secret of his levotion: he became Vivien's shadow store it and make it what it was in my father's time." every one perceived it long before sh

herself knew what it meant She

had promised to remain for three

"But these friends of Lady Neslic's-who are they?" he asked.

"I cannot tell you. There are tw weeks at the Park, and she fancied that the new, vague, delicious happior three military men-French captains, who play at billiards and drink ness was the result of peace. cognac all day. The ladies-well, She had been so unselfish all he they are quite unlike any other ladies life; she had thought so much of I have seen: they guarrel a great Lancewood, of her father, of her andeal amongst themselves, but in one estors, that she had never given thing they all unite-in flattery and her mind to girlish dreams of ro mance and sentiment. Another girl praise of Lady Neslie.'

"Why do you not leave the place?" would have known what this new feeling meant-she did not. he said. "It must be very uncomfortable for you?" thought Adiran St. Just very kind

"It is uncomfortable." she replied: very clever; she was thankful "but I cannot leave it, Lord St. Just, have so true a friend: she knew that because my father confided the hono. she liked to be near him, to listen of his house to my hands." And then to his voice, to watch his face; but she told him of the will. she did not know that she loved him "If your father uttered such strong came when he knew that life without



lasping her white hands in his. H loved deeply, truly, and well. Vivien looked up into the lovely face. and begun to love unconsciously, and

for any change.

mlar

She

"How am I to speak to you?" I when she awoke to full and complete said. "Kneeling here at your feet, you knowledge of the fact, it was too late seem as far above me as the darket ng skies. How am I to tell you that It was three weeks of love, poetry I love you with all my heart and

and romance. There could be no more pray you to be my wife?" charming companion than Lord St. She did not rise in wonder, n Just. He had traveled-he had studturn angrily away. She sat perfectly ied, read, and thought. He had repassively silent. He went on: solved quite early in life that, though

"It is the whole love of my life ortune had favored him with plenty have to offer you Vivien. You will f money, with a fine estate, an anet me say 'Vivien?' It is the swee cient title, he would not on that acest of all sweet names. I have neve const fritter his life away. It should given even one thought to another not be spent in a round of senseless you the moment I saw you It should not be passlying on the grass, my darling, you d in dissination and folly. He culface white with despair. I loved you ivated his mind by reading the through all the months I spent choicest books-his intellect by travtravel. I love you now more dear! el and the society of clever men-his rds of mine can tell. My taste for art by working hard at it.

usen, will you accept my love, and One thing he had never done-he had give me yours in return?" never indulged in the idle flirtations She made no answer-there was no that so often lead to ruin and sorrow. movement in the silent figure-he He was heart-whole, fancy free. He could not read the expression of her had a fervent admiration for the sex.

but not for any one woman in parti-"I have longed to make you hap-He had never made love. played at love, or imagined himself in py. I have longed to brighten your my darling, give me the love. The first time his heart or fanlife. Oh. cy was touched was when he met Let my love brighten the Vivien Neslie. He carried the memory of her beautiful with him, and that n orrow, if you will love me.' She raised her face to his, and h er to him than the living presence of

saw that the dark, proud eyes wer any other woman. He thought so such about her that she grew into filled with tears. in ideal love for him "My darling," he cried hastily, "le

He resolved to find her out as soon my love bring you happiness, no as he returned home. It would not soriow! I see tears in your eyes. be difficult to discover the wherewant to save you from sorrow, not abouts of the heiress of Lancewood. bring it to you. Tell me, will you try Truc, he might find her married-she to love me?" reight even be dead: but, if she were (To be Continued.) living and well-if she were unmar-



at the Very Lowest Prices. he met Vivien again, and there he heard her sorrowful story. His love JAS. R. KNIGHT increased with every moment that he

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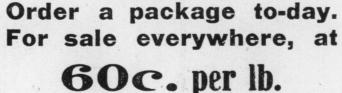
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