



**For Love of a Woman;**

**New Romeo and Juliet.**

CHAPTER VIII.

"I promise nothing!" rang in his ears. "I promise nothing!" it was a strange answer. Most girls would have said "Yes," or glanced at him, so to speak, indignantly; but "I promise nothing!" she had said, in her sweet, grave, penetrating voice. Would she come? And if she did, how much the happier would it be? What on earth had come to him that he should be unable to think of anything but this lovely, bewitching girl, so beautiful in face and great in genius?

He woke with a start as the marquis rose, and bowed to Lady Grace, who was quitting the room.

"Come with me and smoke a cigar," said Lord Neville to Spencer Churchill.

"Mr. Churchill will do nothing of the kind!" exclaimed Lady Grace, stopping and looking over her shoulder, not at his smiling face, but at the opposite wall. "How inconsiderate you are, Lord Neville; you forget that I am dying to hear all the latest news."

"I thought you'd heard it all," he said, with a smile.

"Not half," she retorted. "I shall be on the terrace, Mr. Churchill."

He bowed and smiled; then he turned to the marquis.

"There used to be a very fine old port, marquis," he said.

The marquis glanced at the butler, who went out, and returned presently, carefully carrying a bottle in a wicker frame, and Mr. Spencer Churchill slipped the famous wine with angelic enjoyment.

"There is nothing like port," he murmured. "Nothing, yes, marquis, you look the picture of health. Ah, my dear Neville, depend upon it, that the moralists are right after all, and that, if one would enjoy life at its fullest, the thing is to be good!" and he smiled beamingly at the marquis, who had, for a generation, been called Wicked Lord Stoyler.

Lord Neville glanced at the pale, cold face of his uncle, expecting some cutting retort; but the marquis only smiled.

"You were always a moralist, Churchill," he said. "But your advice comes rather late for Neville, who has, I'm afraid, made acquaintances with the prodigal's husks pretty often."

"Why do you think so?" she demanded, in a low voice.

He smiled, until it seemed as if he meant it for his only reply; then he said in a dulcet voice:

"A little bird whispered—" She made a movement of impatience.

"Is there anything you do not know? Is there anything one does or says that does not reach you?"

He shrugged his shoulders, not cynically, but still with the amused gesture with which one meets the petulance of a spoiled child.

"I believe there is no secret in any of the lives of men and women who call you friend—friend!—that you have not become possessed of. How, is a mystery!"

"It is a question of sympathy, my dear Lady Grace," he said. "Nature bestowed upon me a large and sympathetic heart—"

Again she made a movement of impatience.

"Spare yourself the trouble of trying to delude me," she said, in a kind of quiet despair. "There are many who fully believe you to be what your face and voice and manner and reputation make you appear; but I am not one of them—I think I have known you from the first."

"You have been penetration," he murmured, as if she had paid him a delicate compliment.

"I see you without your mask—that mask which presents the appearance of a smiling, benevolent good will. You cannot impose upon me, Spencer Churchill!"

"Do me the credit of admitting, dear Lady, that I never tried," he said, softly.

"No," she said; "it would have been useless. Others you may deceive; me you cannot. Therefore, I ask you plainly, why you came here? Of course I know that you were aware I was here."

"Oh, yes, I was aware of it," he admitted; "but think, dear Lady Grace, such a knowledge does not prove much astuteness on my part. Lady Grace Peyton's movements are one of the social events which are daily reported—"

"None of the papers said that I was at Barton Towers," she said, sharply.

"You got that information from some other source."

"What does it matter?" he remarked, soothingly.

"No," she said; "it does not matter, excepting that it proves what I say, that there is nothing you do not know. And now, once more, why have you come? I put a plain question. I expect a plain answer."

"If I always get what we expected!" he murmured, mockingly.

She coloured and bit her lip.

"You do not mean to answer? It was from no love for or goodwill to me. I know you do not like me, Spencer Churchill!"

He looked quite shocked, and whistled:

"My dear Lady Grace, you hurt me; you do, indeed! There is no one in the charming circle to which you belong whom I more ardently admire and respect. Oh, really, you wound me! Not like you!"—he held out his soft, plump hands reproachfully—"Lady Peyton possesses the whole of my esteem; and if I could do her a service—"

"You would do it!" she broke in, abruptly, with a bitter scornful laugh. He sighed and looked up at the sky with an injured air of patience and long-suffering.

"How little you know me! How cruelly you wrong me! Alas! it is always thus! One's best effort on behalf of others is always met with scorn and incredulity—"

"There is the marquis," she said, as if she had been thinking deeply and had not heard his pathetic appeal.

"What do you know about him? How have you got him in your power?"

"Got the marquis in my power? My dear Lady Grace—"

"Pshaw!" she said. "Do you think I am blind that I cannot see how different he treats you to others? Is there any other man who would come to Barton Towers, and be received as you have been? Is there any other man who would dare to brave him—yes, and taunt him—as you have done to-day? You know something about him—you have some hold upon him. I don't ask what it is—oh, no," she added, quietly, as he smiled, "for I know that you would not tell me—I would palm off some smooth falsehood—"

"Oh, Lady Grace! Lady Grace!" he answered, plaintively; but there was a flicker of self-jubilant and satisfaction on his smiling face.

"It is so, or why should he, who is civil to no one else, be civil to you? You know why I am here?" she said, abruptly, as if to throw him off his guard.

But the ruse failed utterly. He turned his smiling face to her suavely.

"I can guess," he said, softly.

Her face flushed, then grew hard and defiant.

"Of course you can. Guess? You know! I am here because I was commanded by the marquis. I am here because his mightiness pleases to wish that I should—"

He glanced over his shoulder warningly.

"Is it wise to speak so loudly, my lady?"

She made a gesture of impatient self-scorn.

"What does it matter? Why should I care who knows it? I am here that I may learn to regard myself as the future wife of the future marquis. And you know it."

He looked at her quietly, with a frank, benevolent regard—just the look one bestows on an irritable child.

"And is that so distasteful?" he asked. Her face crimsoned, and her eyes drooped, and his smile grew broader.

"Not distasteful, I should say," he murmured; "quite the reverse. Lady Grace let me return you a compliment. You praised me for my power of acting; yours is a great deal higher. You wanted me to believe that the marquis's idea was repugnant, whereas—"

He chuckled smotherly.

Her face grew crimson again, and she turned it from him for a moment, then faced him again.

(To be Continued.)

"And now comes back to find the fatted calf killed for him," sang Mr. Spencer Churchill, sweetly.

The Marquis rose.

"Don't let me interfere with your part," he said.

Neville looked after him.

"I think I can stand about another day of this," he said, quietly.

"After that you would really not be able to resist the temptation to throw him out of the window, eh? He, he, my dear Neville!" murmured Spencer Churchill, with a smile. "Shall we go and join Lady Grace? She won't object to a cigarette, I suppose?"

"I don't know; I never asked her," he said. "I'll go and get some cigars," and he sprang up and left the room.

Spencer Churchill's bland smile followed him for a moment or two, then the expression of his face wholly changed. His lips seemed to grow rigid, his soft, sleepy eyes acute, his very cheeks, usually so soft and round, hard and angular; and he sat with his glass held firmly in his hand, peering thoughtfully at the table-cloth.

Then he rose, and, carefully examining the bottle, poured the remains of it into his glass, and drank it slowly and appreciatively, and then stepped through the open window on to the terrace.

A slim and graceful figure leant against the balustrade. It was Lady Grace; her hands, clasped together, were pressed hard against the stone coping, as if they were trying to force their way through it, and the face she turned towards him was pale and anxious—the face of one waiting for the verdict of one expecting the dread fiat of a judge.

With a benign smile, more marked than ever, perhaps intensified by the famous port, he slowly approached her.

"What an exquisite view!" he said, softly, and extending his hands as if he were pronouncing a benediction on the scenery; "not that Nature is in her spring-time. How refreshing, how inspiring, how vernal! I cannot express to you, Lady Grace, how deeply this beautiful prospect moves me! One must have a hard and unimpressible heart, indeed, who is not moved by such a landscape as this so soft, so—er—green—"

Her clasped hands grew together more tightly.

"Why have you come here," she said, suddenly, in a strained voice.

He raised his pale eyebrows.

"Here—on the terrace, do you mean, Lady Grace?" he said, in a voice of an innocent unsophisticated child; "surely you forget. You yourself asked me."

"Why have you come here?" she repeated.

Without changing his expression or his attitude of bland, serene enjoyment, he murmured:

"I came because I thought you wanted me—and you do!"

CHAPTER IX.

A SECRET COMPACT.

"I came because I thought you wanted me—and you do," said Spencer Churchill, softly.

Lady Grace looked at him with an expression of dislike and fear—actual fear. It displayed itself in every line of the face, perfectly formed face, in the expansion of her clear eyes, in the light—almost painful—compression of her slim, white hands.

"Why do you think so?" she demanded, in a low voice.

He smiled, until it seemed as if he meant it for his only reply; then he said in a dulcet voice:

"A little bird whispered—" She made a movement of impatience.

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(To be Continued.)

**Bee-Stings for Headaches.**

Nature, wonderful Nature, is a sweet, motherly person. She provides remedies for all sorts of invalids, whether human, animal, bird, or insect. They all receive the same kind, unflinching consideration. There is no distinction.

A severe headache is a common complaint with Mr. Bruin. When attacked acutely, he will amble along to the nearest hollow tree and smell out the bees, who in turn become highly indignant and sting the intruder unmercifully. But Mr. Bruin doesn't mind. With a snort and a snug he ambles off home again. His headache is cured.

The bear is a staunch believer in the medicinal qualities of the ivy-leaf, and when feeling out of sorts chooses ivy-leaves as a restorative.

Donkeys are frequent victims to melancholia; but a tonic is close at hand in the scale-fern. It is a sure restorer, and backs them up wonderfully.

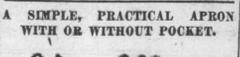
The chameleon is a perfectly harmless little creature. It has, however, one hereditary enemy in the crow, if they should happen to meet, a battle-royal rages. But cautious Mr. Crow is aware of his rival's poisonous qualities, and before waging war eats a leaf or two of laurel as a preventive against poisoning.

Even the busy little bee has an enemy. Sometimes it is attacked by numerous very tiny insects. When infested with these small mites the enraged one makes off to the nearest anthill and causes a commotion. The angry ants come out and attack, but failing foul of the mites, they destroy or carry them all off.

The bee, thus delivered of its aggressors, calmly wings itself away.

**Fashion Plates.**

A SIMPLE, PRACTICAL APRON WITH OR WITHOUT POCKET.



2574—This apron slips over the head and is adjusted at the shoulders. Its fullness is held by a belt which may be omitted. Deep pockets may be arranged on the front. It is nice for gingham, seersucker, drill, percale, khaki, sateen, lawn or cambric.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; Medium, 36-