A FAIR EMIGRANT

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CHAPTER III INTERRUPTION

And now, dear," said Desmone "as I have given you my serious promise, let me go my own way the rest of the evening. I want look over the papers in the old wooden box in the shanty, to put them in order for your reading. Don't expect to see me again till to morrow morning, and tell Jeanne l shall not come in to supper. I shall spend mest of the night at my task. fear it will be a painful one, said Rawn, beginning to tremble for the consequences of her own bold.

Not so painful as it might have been. Your faith and confidence have given me courage, and, after a life-time of silence and isolation with my trouble, your sympathy is very sweet. Already I feel happier than I believed it possible I could ever feel Little daughter, you have

comforted me. Daddy, I hold you to be one of

God's martyrs. "That is wild talk, my darling. Only to-night do I realize fully how wicked I have been. I have suffered morosely, without admitting the elessedness of suffering."

I cannot wonder. My daughter's trust has broken my pride. I freely pardon all who Go, now, my precious one, and pray for me if you would

I am always praying for you Sometimes I think I hear the angels grumbling, 'Here is this Bawn again, clamouring about her father !'

Continue your violence, my dearest. A most unusual hope and happiness have descended upon me to night.

Thank Heaven for it! And after this we shall be so happy !"

Ther they parted, Dasmond going to his shanty and Bawn returning to the house, where she baffled Jeanne's inquiries about her father, merely saying that she had seen him, and that he would not return in time for Retiring early to her room the girl remained long on her knees trying once mere to weary out the patience of the angels. In the vigorous hopefulness of her healthy youth she was not satisfied with asking resignation and peace for her martyr but demanded comfort the most com plete, a crown of happiness the most absolute, to make amends for long years of desolation and pain. How strangely such vehement prayers are sometimes answered only those can know who have dared to utter them.

Having made her demands of Heaven, Bawa lingered stil , looking out of her window, her syds resting on the sleeping, sombre woods, the dreaming prairie spanned by the star-sown sky, the white, moon-silvered gables and roofs of the omestead. A dog bayed in the distance, a faint lowing came from the sheds, and the geese gabbled in the farm yard. Echoes of whist ling and faint laughter floated up from the fields, where some of the labourers were amusing themselves. Red fire-side lights shone under the eaves and made the moonlight more

white, more ethereal by centrast. While her eyes took in the beauty of the night her heart swelled with indignation as she thought over her father's communication of the evening, and asked herself in amazement what kind of men and women these might be whom he had described as good and true, yet who could believe him a criminal, and, driving him lose him out of their lives for evermore. Stupid, base, inconceivable baings There was no word in her vocabulary strong enough to express her contempt and disgust for them. So patient, so kindly as he was, and so quietly brave in spits of that amiable weakness of character which his daughter felt in him, and which made him more loyeable in her eyes! Why could be not have forgotten them? Why could he not despise them as she did? To think that, after all these thirty years, the memory of their love should live se cruelly with-

in him and would not die!

"Oh! that he and I could go back among them," she thought, "and force them to believe in the truth. I am not blighted and heart broken, but young and strong, and full of faith. I would walk into their homes and reproach them with their false-hood. I would tell them of his gentle, and laborious life ; of how the poor come to him for help, and the rich entrust him with their interests. I would ask them to look at his sad eyes, his white hair, and I would say, 'Is this the man you branded and drove out from you?"

Flinging herself on her bed, she cried herself to sleep, and soon slept the undisturbed slumber of pure and perfect health. After some hours she wakened suddenly, with a strange, startled feeling, a belief that her father had been standing at her bed-side the moment before her eyes had opened; that he had bent over her and spoken to her. Even when wide awake, and aware that this must have been a delusion, a dream, she telt uneasy, as though intelligence had been given her that something unusual had happened. Dawn was already making objects dimly visible in the room, giving them that ghostly aspect which all things take at the first sign of the approach of another day, and, wondering if her father had returned to the house, she lay listen ing, thinking it possible his entrance might have wakened her. All was still, and, with an anxiety that would

not be controlled, she rose and went to the window commanding a view of one end of the log hut. The faint star of light which she could always see when he was there at night, was burring still. How long he was lingering over that painful retrospection! Howtiredthe would be to-Full of tender concern for morrow ! him, she dressed quickly, went noise-lessly down the staircase, and let herself out of the house, with the intention of persuading him to give up his vigil, and of preparing some refreshment which he might before going to his much needed rest.

She was soon at the door of the shanty, and, finding it unfastened, went in, calling softly to her father

that it was she. There was no answer. The light on the table was burning low with a licker that seemed to struggle with the encroachments of the dawn-light, and she could see her father's figure sitting in his chair by the table, his head leaned slightly to one side and resting on his hand. His other hand lay upon some papers which were before him on the table—the letters he bad taken from the casket, which stood empty by their side. Her first impression was that he had fallen asieep-no unnatural consequence of his long day's wandering in the open air, followed by hours of vigil. hesitated, unwilling to disturb him, and waited, expecting to see him

wake or stir. The lamp flickered out, and the daylight grew stronger in the room. Desmond's tace was in the shadow and his attitude was one of such perfect repose that his daughter felt no alarm, only remained patiently standing at the window, debating whether she should return to the house and prepare some coffee, or wake him first and parsuade him to

accompany her.
It struck her at last, with a vague sensation of chill that the room was unnaturally still, that she had heard neither breath nor slightest movement from the figure in the chair since her entrance into the hu?. The moment after this vague alarm had seized her she was by her father's side kneeling at his chair, and look. ing fearfully and scrutinisingly into

Something she saw there made anguish, and seize him by the hands, which were stiff and cold to her touch, like hands of the dead. The noble face was grey and rigid, with an awful look, which even the sweetness on the itps and the peace on the brow could not soften. Had death indeed found him in this moment of forgiveness and contentment, and had the brave heart broken while thus reviewing in a tender spirit the evidences of the wreck of its happiness? How Bawn regained the house and summoned aid she never knew, but in a short time every remedy that could be brought to bear upon the apparently lifeless man had tried, and not without affect. He recovered at last from what was proved have been a long and very death.

like swoon. The next day the swooning re turned, and the doctor from St. Paul whispered to Bawn that, though her father was stricken with heart dis ease, yet if properly cared for and saved from all anxiety, he might recover so far as to linger, an invalid, for years. It was a shadowy hope and all but Bawn admitted it to be so. No better sign of the serious ness of his case could have been given than Jeanne's unwonted con trol over her tongue, or at least her tones; for had her husband been likely to recover, she would not have so spaced him. As it was, she did all away from them deliberately, could her grumbling in her store rooms and dairy, where she lamented much in eternity. that she was so soon to be a widow tter all the pains she had

> be a wife. Meanwhile Bawn sat by her father's bedside, looking neither despairing nor melancholy. A run round the garden, morning and evening, kept a speck of colour the size of a carna tion bud in her cheek, so that Desmond should not say she was wearing herself pale with her constant and devoted attendance on him. With smiles that never failed-smiles, sweet and penetrating, that had a restoring power, like good wine—she tended, cheesed, and amused him. If good nursing could bring back any half dead man to life, then Arthur Desmond must soon have arisen and walked. For some time he hoped with Bawn that he should do so, but little by little he learned from his friend, Dr. Ackroyd, how small was the amount of such expectation he could dare to indulge in. Making up his mind to die, he felt no regret, except for the sake of the baloved daughter he was leaving behind him. Watching her sitting at his window, at work on nice things for his com-fort, to be worn, as she fondly hoped, in the coming winter, which he knew he should never see, he remarked the beauty of her face and form, and the signs of an ardent though controlled nature which were so clearly visible under her serene and smiling aspect. In her pale blue linen dress and bunch of field daisies he thought her so charming that nothing could be added to her beauty What would become of her when he should be laid in the earth? Rich, handsome, good, with a mind cultivated far beyond those with whom she was ever likely to come in contact, how was her life likely to be spent? Ah! if he might be spared yet a few years longer, the time he had hitherto spent in selfish, retrospective sorrow should be used in the endeavour to pilot his darling into some secure harbour for life.

would make a trip to Europe-take

her, not to England, but to those Continental places where varieties of these people are to be met. Who would recognize him now or remember his story? It was not possible but that some good man, her mate in heart and mind, seeing her, should love this dear Bawn; and, a shelter having been found for her, what mattered about the rest?

Then, having travelled in imagination as far as Europe, Desmond's thoughts went further still, and the face of another woman became present to his mind. After half-anhour of dreaming he sighed heavily.

"Daddy, what is alling you?" said Bawn, with all her heart in her eyes. "I have been thinking, dear, it is a pity I told you-all I told you that evening. What is the use of it now? The bitterness is gone, for ever gone. Under the shadow of death's wings all things take an even surface. I have often thought to ask you about the letters and papers, dearest. I was reading them when I got this

blow-' Bawn's heart always stood still when he would speak like this, calmly, of death. But she answered in her cheerful way: "They are all safe in the casket. I have not looked at them.'

"Better not look at them at then, my dear-at least not till I am gone. Bawn left her seat and knelt by his

bed, laying her head on the pillow

'Do not talk so," she said, "if you would not kill me. You are going to be well, and then we will torget and be happy. And I must read those letters, though not until you bid me. I have a presentiment that in the course of my years I shall meet those people who spoiled my father's life; and I should like to

know all about it." Dreams, my darling - dreams. How should you ever meet with them and what could come of it but

pain? " I don't know how I shall meet them, but I have a long time to live in this world, and they are in it, too -some of them, surely-and there is no knowing how things may happen. And as for pain, there might be pain, indeed, but the truth might come out

of it." Well, dear, I feel that I have no her start with a cry of fear and right to deny your request in the anguish, and seize him by the hands, matter, having told you so much as I did. You know the worst, and it your mind will run on the subject, it you. Open the casket when you like. and make your own of the contents

" May I speak to you of this again when I have done so?" "Dear, I would rather not. My

life has been lived, my burden borne. Peace has come to me at last, and I will not give it away again. Make what use you please of your knowledge in after years, but smile and prattle to me now while I am I have done with the with you. past, and let us think of it no more,' Bawn was afraid to move her head

lest he should see the tears dripping down her cheeks. His perfect peace forgiveness, satisfaction, wrung her heart more than the most bitter complaints could have done. The peace of approaching death was upon him, though Bawn would not have it How sweet it would be when he should get quite well and would talk like this, about what in former days had been a horror not to be shared or softened! After a long time of silence, she ventured to withdraw her head from the pillow and steal a look at his face. She thought he had tallen asleep, and so he she need not have feared to awake him, for though his eyes were fast closed, his spirit was already awake

CHAPTER IV FROM THE PAST

The second winter after Arthur Desmond's death had come round. and his grave was covered with snow. Bawn, having lived through one tragic year, was trying to begin an other with patience, which was the more difficult to her as Jeanne had begun to wear a gold locket and bracelet's and to entertain friends and relations who in her husband's life time were not welcome in his home.

One clear, frosty evening she came slowlydownstairs from her own room, where she had lived of late almost en tirely, and looked wearily through the windows as she passed them, up at he keen stars and across at the for est darkness, lingering, loath to enter the drawing room, and yet resolved to conciliate her stepmother, whose wrath she often excited by her avoidance of the obnoxious cousins and

As she sat down by the fire in the lamp light she looked very unlike the blooming, vigorous Bawn who had lived so full a life at her father's side. Near her were the books h and she had read together, but she did not read, nor did she sew much though a work-basket stood at her hand with varieties of material for

such feminine occupation.

"Bawn, I wish you would talk quietness. And I want particularly to have some communication with you. Very seldom indeed you allow me to set an eye on you."

Well, Jeanne, you cannot say you are lonely. You have company that pleases you better than mine."

That may be, miss. As you say I am not fitted for a lonely life. Now your of instance, judging by your ways, are fond of mooning all by yourself, and so you will find it easy to yourself, and so you will find it easy to yourself, and so you will find it easy to your on all which are are all and the property of the grow into an old maid, as, from your

good of you. I have not smiled for a long time, I think. How, dear, Jeanne, could you manage to turn into an old maid?

"Oh! you can make pleasantries can you, though you were so angry at my cousin Henri's claver jest the other day, sweeping out of the room like the goddess Dinah!"

Don't, Jeanne-don't remind me of it, please," said Bawn, a slight frown crossing her fair brows. tear I am not as good tempered as I used to ba. I am growing irritable : don't provoke me till I can get back to my natural ways. Some day when your Cousin Henri is tired of coming here you will find me less unamiable than

No, he will not cease to come here, miss; as long as I plasse he shall come here. And that reminds me. I was going to tell you -I suppose you are aware—that I am a widow a year

Yes," said Bawn sadly, and she shivered and drew nearer to the fire. Bold as Jeanne was, she grew a little nervous as she tried to procee Bawn's with her communication. utter obtuseness took her by surprise and made what she had to say more difficult. Could not the girl guess whet was coming? On the contrary, her eyes had fixed themselves on the fire with an abstracted look. She was evidently not thinking of Mrs. Desmond at all

I want to tell you, if you will listen to me," said Jeanne, desperately, "that I am not a woman to have ner life blighted by one man-

Bawn was now sitting bolt upight, startled more by the simper that had come upon her stepmother's face than by the woman's words. and "Hush!" she said sternly, and threw out her hands as if to stop

further conversation. Jeanne shrank back, shocked by the look on the girl's face. "I am acting for the best in all our

interests," she sai whimperingly, and flourishing , nandkerchief of black some inches deep.

Bawn bent her head with one deep

sob, and there was silence in the room for some minutes. younger woman struggled with her I had no motive to urge me to it. grief and disgust; the elder fumed "It is true we both loved h may be well, as you say, that all the her news that evening, no matter to me, and I never dreamed of doubt circumstances should be known to how disagraeable her stepdaughter ing her. The circumstances were might be. 'If you would not always intercept

me I would tell you what I want to engagement to Mave, and then he say," she burst forth at last. "Well, took a dislike to me, fancying I had then, I am going to be married." "Married!" repeated Bawn, mechan-

ically. You will be jealous, I suppose that I have had the first offer : but, indeed, I assure you Cousin Henri s serious in his intentions, too.'

Married!" repeated Bawn to herself. It seemed she could not be persuaded that the woman whom her father had dignified with his name but accident had for the moment could be in earnest in making such a given me a probable advantage over tatament

is a patriot of my own."
"Young man!" murmured Bawn,

more and more amazed. "And why not a young man? suppose you mean to predict that I am not a young woman. Have I a returned to bestow his bones in his grey hair in my head any more than you, miss ?"

Bawn was silent while all the truth pressed upon her. Jeanne was but a year her father's widow, and some vulgar acquaintance.
"I know what you are thinking of,

of course." pursued Jeanne. "The have had the effect of keeping some house and farm are yours, and you can turn us out of them if you please. I may truly say I did not think of him at all, so absorbed But if you would only be reasonable, was I in my happiness as Mave's Bawn, and think of Cousin Henri, we might all live here together and make our fortunes again and again.' Bawn was thinking and did not hear her. After all, the woman was only following her natural instinct in returning to the coarse associations from which Desmond had with drawn her. Let her go. A few minutes' reflection assured the girl that this ought to be a relief to her

rather than anything else. Only it would leave her. Bawn, so solitary, Jeanne's last words rang upon her ears, and the meaning of them came back to her after a few minutes.

"Put me out of the question," she said quietly; "and please do not mention your cousin's name to me again. I will think the matter over. and tell you what I shall do about the house and farm."

"You could never work it," cried Jeanne, "and a manager would be sure to rob you."

And this was all that was said on the subject then. When Bawn laid her head on the

pillow that night, she felt a bitter sense of renewed desolation which she knew to be in reality meaning. less, but which had to be suffered, nevertheless. Jeanne, disagreeable as she might be, was the only creature to whom she was bound by any tie. She had shared the past with little," said Jeanne, pettishly. "It her, and to part from her utterly was makes one fidget to look at your to break the last link that bound her to it. Yet this was what had to be done, and there was only one generous and sensible way of doing it.
The most rational thing that she, Bawn, could de would be to leave this great place, in which she could not think of living alone, to her who had been mistress of it so long, who

intent. But I can tell you I am a dif- suddenly, as if some one had called ferent character and am not going to follow your example."

"Jeanne," said Bawn, with a gleam of her old smile, "you always will not carry out your old idea of seek-"Jeanne," said Bawn, with a great of her old smile, "you always will not carry out your old life of her old smile, "you always will not carry out your old life of her old smile, "you always will not carry out your old life of her old smile, "you always will not carry out your old life of her old smile, "you always will not carry out your old life of her old smile, "you always will not carry out your old life of her old smile, "you always will not carry out your old life of her old smile, "you always will not carry out your old life of her old smile," you always will not carry out your old life of her old smile, "you always will not carry out your old l the details that had been only hidden and not annihilated in it. so the thought that had roused her from sleep showed her the deep desire and unshaped purpose sorrow and weakness had held dor-

mant in her brain. Excellent idea! To what better account could she turn her time and the wealth which her father had left to her? Here was a new interest for her life, and closely linked with the beloved who had suffered, and was at rest.

She rose, lit her fire and lamp, a unlocked the drawer where a year ago she had, with beavy tears, deposited her father's old wooden In proportion as the con tents had been precious to him they were precious to her, but until now she had not trusted berself to look at them. Now she eagerly unfolded document after document, as it she would find between their pages light and instruction to carry out the plan she had conceived.

Under the papers was a miniature portrait, the face of a beautiful girl —soft blue eyes, a cloud of dark hair, face like a blush rose, mouth and chin tender, but weak. The dress was of conventional elegance in the fashion of a bygone day.

"You are the woman who loved and yet condemned him," she said to the pictured face. 'Poor weak creature, I pity you! Perhaps you married a man who was really and so suffered for your sin ; or may he at this moment your heart is knowing a good man when you saw him.

The fair face smiled undisturbed by her reproaches, and Bawn wept. Desmond's own notes and statement ran as follows:

I solemnly swear that I am not had no act or part in the death of Roderick Fingall, who lost his life on be put out, and even new when his the mountain of Aura, in the Glons mother uttered her impatient and of Antrim, on a May evening in 18-. The Even if I were capable of the crime, "It is true we both loved Mave

and teld herself that she would tell Adare; but she had given her promise these: Roderick and I had been good friends enough till he learned of my supplanted him. He had never spoken to her of his love, nor had she suspected it; but he thought she understood him, and mistook for a deeper feeling what was only sisterly friendship for himself. This she declared to me, and I believed her; but he chose to hug his grievance and fancy himself wronged.

Neither Roderick nor I was rich, him. An old man from Barbadoes Yes, I tell you. The young man had turned up in the Glens, and, though the Adares, Fingalls, and I were unconnected by the ties of blood. he was related in a distant way to each of us. He boasted of having made a large fortune, and, having native land, intended to bequeath his money to some one of his kindred. He constantly declared that he would not divide it, but would leave it to whichever of his relatives pleased she was going to become the wife of him the best. This was, perhaps, some vulgar acquaintance. intended to put all on their mettle to be good to him, though it might accepted lover and in the daily en joyment of her companionship. Still, in some way—why I never could tell -a report got abroad that 'Old Barbadoes,' as he was called, had taken a fancy to me and intended to make me his heir. People said that when Mave and I were married he could benefit both Adare and Desmond by giving us the bulk of his wealth. I de clare that neither she nor I believed there was any foundation for this gossip, nor did we allow ourselves to wish it might be true.

"The rumour had the effect of making Roderick more restless and irritable. In the bitterness of his disappointment all the generosity of his nature seemed obscured for the time, and he was heard to say that Maye had preferred me because I was the favorite of 'Old Barbadoes.'

"He was a good fellow at the hottom, though of a passionate temper and a little melodra natic in his ways, and Mave and I did not despair of winning back his friendship in time. But death barred that.

" i was a stranger in the Glens, and my small patrimony lay in th south of Ireland. Father, mother, and sister being dead, I was the only remaining member of my own family. After my mother's death I had been induced to visit Antrim, which was her birth-place, and there I spent th happiest as well as the most terrible months of my life. Mave, in the midst of her family, seemed to me like a wild rose blooming in a poisoned atmosphere ; for the Aderes were strange people, proud, thriftless, and of a morbid turn of mind, who, with failing fortunes and extrav agant habits, considered themselves above the degradation of any kind of The men led idle and unwholesome lives, and were hated and feared by their poorer neighbors and dependants. I delighted in the ow into an old maid, as, from your Upon this decision she slept; but thought of taking my Mave out of the of her uncle and aunt; besides that, meanor to gentlemen, I see is your in the middle of the nightshe awoke strange company of her people, away she's got the most sense, that's certain. thought of taking my Mave out of the

tain which was her home, and bring-ing her to my bright little Kerry domain. We should not have been rich, but I was full of plans for earn. she's a fine lady's maid." est work, for building up my fortunes by determined industry. I said to ified. Miss Dudley kept Mary busy myself, Idleness is the rock on which from morning to night, and the few many of my class in my country split and go to wreck. I will steer

Roderick Fingall's statement that of my being 'Old Barbadoes' 'favorite stung me more than any other of his taunts, and on one or two occasions I spoke angrily of his impertinence and carelessness of the truth. Mave did her best to soothe me, and tween us.

tween Mave and me something like a misunderstanding on the subject of Roderick, and I was a good deal vexed in spirit when I set out to take a long ramble across the mountains, hoping to walk off my ill-humour.

TO BE CONTINUED

WHICH OF THE TWO

"Now, which is it to be, then?" The speaker was an old woman wearing a black scoop or sunbonnet and carrying a can of milk. stood in a tiny garden before a low thatched cottage which stood at the Monier in the Island of Sark. She was haranguing her only son on the subject of his "sweethearts," as she called the two girls whom he was broker by the evil ways of a son. If much inclined to favor. She was a so, you are justly punished for not small, wiry woman with pinched features and narrow slits of eyes; but he was tall and broad, fair and large of feature, slow and large of nature. Mrs. Baker always regretted her inability to rouse his ter per, because she said it would wake him up to get into a rage, but he was exactly guilty of the crime laid to me; that I like her dead husband, whose name he bore. Jacques never appeared to prying words, he only repeated

> Which is it to be, then ? My good, but I don't know myself!"

"Well, it seems it is on purpose for you to look well at them both together, because here they are coming down the lane !"

Mother and son turned to watch the approach of the two girls, both noticeable and entirely different. The taller had a soft, white complexion and gray eyes as still and fathomless as a mountain lake on a summer night; her brown hair was parted in the middle and her walk was slow and dignified. She was the type of womanhood that meant entire self effacement. The other was small and dainty, with laughing brown eyes and yellow hair, curly and shimmering. She might have been a mermaid, one of those supposed to live in the caves that honey combed the coast of Sark.

"You're early this morning, Mary ! said Mrs. Baker to Mary, the tall, gray-eyed maiden; and it was plain the old woman favored the quietest girl in the island.

Yes, I'm early because I'm sent for to Baureagard to speak to one of the ladies that has been so long at Bel Air Hotel."

you, Amy ?" questioned "And Jacques of the yellow-haired little girl who was eyeing him shyly, his eyes wandered often to Mary's still face.

"Me? I'm going to help down to Stock's Hotel. There's a lot of gentry coming from England today. And you, Jacques, is it for flahing

"It's for round the island, to the caves. And it's time I was off. Adi (good-by), everybody

When Jacques was gone the girls lingered a minute or two chatting of heir home affairs with Mrs. Baker. Mary was an orphan, living with a crabbed aunt and uncle, and she had "plenty to put up with," while Amy was the eldest of a large family, sunshiny, hardworking little creature. But Mary's staid manner and quiet dreaminess appealed strongly to nervous, fassy Mrs. Baker, and she was very anxious for Jacques to marry her. He was not exactly of the "catches" of the island, but his mother's land and money would make him quite well off for Sark, and she wanted to see him suited with a good wife who would care for her in her old age, she said.

When Jacques came home that evening he told his mother that the lady and gentleman he had taken round the island had brought a lady and her maid. The lady was Miss Dudley, living at Beauregard, and her maid was no other than Mary, who had agreed to serve Miss Dudley while she was in Sark; to dress her, to do her hair, to attend upon her

entirely, in fact.
"Bah! Mary a lady's maid, indeed!" cried Mrs. Baker. "Why don't you take and marry her, I'd like to know, Jacques ?" "Because-well, she don't give

much encouragement, to tell the truth; and besides, there's something I like about little Amy with her curls. This was the first time that

Jacques had spoken so openly about two girls; and Mrs. Baker hastened to impress upon him the folly of even looking at Amy.
"She's one of many, her, and

there's no land and no money. But as for Mary, she'll get the property

from the gloomy hollow of the moun. She'd never do a foolish or a worldly

thing, her."
"Not a thing, there you're right. But it isn't much of her I'll see now

This conjecture was very soon ver-ified. Miss Dudley kept Mary busy

chats the fisherman had with her convinced him more than ever that she did not intend to give him any encouragement. Bus, on the other Mave had been influenced by the fact hand, he was always meeting Amy down at the harbor, where she fetched baskets of fruit or flowers for Stock's Hotel, which the little steamer "Alert" brought over daily again, at the shop, where she was buying the necessaries for her poor seemed, I thought, unnecessarily and overcrowded home; at the fearful of a quarrel arising bemen waiting to be employed, opposite "I will make a plain statement what occurred, as far as I know, on the evening of Fingall's violent him the encouragement that Mary withheld. He was, therefore, all the more eager to win the good graces of the girl who kept aloof, and he ventured, at last, to call at Beauregard one evening to ask Mary to go to a concert in the Boys' School. She said that she had not a moment to spare, and though she thanked him she did not care to go to the concert. This decision further convinced Jacques of her quiet and unworldly nature, and he wavered a little in his devotion. He knew that Amy would not refuse to go to the concert, but he would not ask her for fear of hurt. ing Mary's feelings. But he did not venture to Beauregard again; and the summer passed into autumn without any advance in his courtship of the quiet girl. Amy, too, was extra busy and, moreover, held aloof now when they met. however, did not cease to fret and tease him to be "man enough," as she put it, to propose to Mary and thus put an end to indecision. this he would not do till he felt more sure of her feelings towards him. However, as Miss Dudley's friends left the island and Mary had a little more leigure, he met her occasionally. and she was very kind to him, and for her quite bright. So one day he She listened ventured to spesk. without a change of color, and when he stopped, overcome by his own feelings and her coldness, she said gravely

"I can't marry. I am going to be an actress ! He stared at her. "You an actress! You that was thought to be so unworldly ! And where is the money to be got for you to learn? It won't be

your uncle and your aunt that will give it !' Mary drew herself up. "It won't be them, because they won't be asked! It's Miss Dudley that's paying, she says I'm just what she wants in her company, and there's many things I can yet help

her about, like as if I was her maid. Jacques shrugged his shoulders. "I thought you would think theatres wicked places! It isn't that I think so myself. But you wouldn't even go to a concert here in little Sark!"

Mary smiled.

"It wasn't because I thought it wicked. But this is good work that I'm going to do. I am going to teke the part of a nun in a new play that omeone has written for Miss Dud-

"A nun!"

The mother of Jacques was a Methodist, he had been brought up to attend the little chapel, and the idea of anything Catholic was almost terrifying to him. He felt, at that moment, a real shrinking from beautiful Mary. She noticed the horrifled expression of his face, and with a quiet "adi" she left him.

He did not tell his mother he had been refused, and he said nothing of her resolve to be an actress and to take the part of a nun. But before Miss Dudley and Mary left the island everyone know of the Sark girl's worldly and terrible resolve, and she was looked at with quickly averted eves. Her uncle and her aunt were so angry that they said they would not leave her a penny of their money, and they hever wished to hear from her again. So Mary left Sark in dis-grace; and Jacques told himself he was a fool to care for an actress, and an actress nun. And the very day she left he asked Amy to go for a walk with him.

It was two years since Mary had left Sark. Jacques was not yet married. He could not make up his mind to forget the quiet, lovely face that was now drawing prowes on the boards of a London theater. His mother was dead and he lived by himself. On the wall of his bedroom was pinned a picture of Mary in her nun's habit. He had cut it out of a paper, but none had ever seen where he placed it. And Amy was still unmarried, working hard for her poor parents with their many children.

One spring morning it was Jacques turn to fasten the excursion steamer to the buoy, as she was moored outside the tiny harbor, for the tide was low and the passengers would have to be landed in small boats. When he had secured the ropes he turned his boat round to take his turn in landing the passengers. A group of them stood at the top of the steps at the side of the "Alert," and when Jacques had pulled in close, one by one the people stepped into the boat The last was a nun, in the habit of the Little Sisters of the Poor.

Jacques stared at her very hard as he rowed towards the landing pier ; she was the last to get out of boat, and, as she did so, she smiled

and said in a deep, quiet voice:
"Jacques, don't you know me?"
"I knew you once," he said; "the
fine actress nun that I've seen in pis-