THE VILLAGE ANGEL Or, Agatha's Recompense.

CHAPTER L .- (Continued.)

"Will she die?" asked Mrs. Norman. "No, not at once. Poor Freda ! to think how levely she looked to-night, now she is lying in such anguish that death would be a

"She will not sing again," said Mrs. Norman, "nor drive men mad with her heautiful

"No, never again," replied Agatha. "Poor, beautifu! Freds !

"I should not think you would be sorry for her," cried Mrs. Norman; " all the fire trat could burn her could never inflict half the pain on her body she has inflicted on the hearts of others."

"Do not say cruel things, Mrs. Norman!" eried Agatha. "I cannot bear to hear them. Surely that which has driven Paris mad with sorrow and auger is worth a sigh."
"Who did it?" she asked again.

" No one knows; but whoever it is will meet with a sudden and violent death, if the Parisiaus have their way.

"Why?" she asked, briefly. "Because the people have resolved to tear the guilty one limb from limb, they said; they would tear down the Bastile itself to get at the one who did did it."

"They are curious people, these Parisians, said Mrs. Norman.

"They loved Freds," said Agatha.
"Why was it done?" asked Mrs. Norman. "Does any one know the reason?" "Every imaginable reason was given

weak and nervous. I cannot tell you why, but I am afraid my brain is not quite etrong. Will you stay with me?"
"Certainly, I will," replied Agatha. "I

will stay with pleasure, and I will read you to sleep.

But, though she read hour after hour, the weary head tossed to and fro, and no sleep came to the eyes. For two days the unhappy woman kept to

her room, and two such days as they were never fell to the lot of any woman. She would allow no one with her but Agatha, sither by night or by day.
"I am not ill," she would say; "I am

nervous, and frightened by shadows. Stay with me. Do I look wild or strange! It is fancy. near. She remained through two days and two

nights, never leaving her; but what days they were, and what nights! She never forgot them. The nervous clutch of the burning hands, the terrified start at every sound; and Agatha had no chance of seeing Mr. Norman, or telling him anything about his wife's illness. He never came near, but sent up twice each day to know how she was. Neither had she any chance of knowing what he thought or felt over beautiful Freds. She was struck by the avidity with which each day Mrs. Norton asked for the papers, every word of which she devoured. The people of Paris were still in a state of mad rage; they still stood in the streets, swearing vengeance against the one who had so cruelly maimed their beautiful singing-

The accounts given of her were very deplorable. It was not true that the beautiful face was burned away. The bright eyes, that had wooed and won the hearts of many, had not been injured. There was a terrible scar on the white brow, and another on one of the beautiful cheeks. The hateful fluid seemed to have vented its fury on the white neck and shoulders; they were horrible to see, burned and scarred out of all human For some days her life was despaired of, and the bulletins issued by the physicians were read with far greater auxiety than if she had been a queen. The people were troubled to read that their once brilliant worite lay moaning and praying that she

ight die. Then the attention of the Government The turned to the outrage, and a reward vas offered for the apprehension of the Hender.

" Penal servitude for life-nothing less t entence could be." And Mrs. Norman, reading the com-

nents on the affair, among other things, read 'it is a worse punishment than death,"

she said, slowly, and Agatha answered: "It is a worse crime than murder. It is a worse crime than murder. It is a dastardly crime-one that is the outcome of a weak, dastardly, horribly nature : Mrs. Norman shrank and shivered at the

words. She raised the most piteous and frightened eyes to Agatha's face. "Why do you say those things to me?'

she asked. " For no reason except that we were speak-

ing of it," she replied. But from that moment a great and terrible

dread fastened itself with certainty on Agatha's mind. Could it be possible that after all, this miserable woman had committed the crime? She had feared it at first, but the spontaneous evidence of the servants, that Mrs. Norman had returned within seven minutes after she left, had completely destroyed the suspicion; in that short time she could not have gone to the theatre and back. Just now it occurred to her that she might have driven there and back-might have hailed some passing cab, and have driven to a street near the theatre, and have returned in the same fashion.

She looked at her steadily. Ah yes, there was guilt-deep, horrible guilt-in that ost miserable face? Her whole soul repoiled with horror; she could not endure to reathe the same air. She knew well enough tow much the unfortunate woman had sufered, and could make every allowance; but his was too horrible—no one cou'd forgive it It was the outcome of a miserable, depraved, morbid mind. The pure and gentle nature of the girl revolted from any contact with such a criminal; and Mrs.

Norman read her thoughts in her face. It was a strange coincidence that while she stood looking in hopeless anguish and dismay at the guilty face, Aline came to say that Mr. Norman wanted to see her at once. She hastened down and found him in the grand salou, pacing up and down with hasty footsteps, with a face so stern and white she hardly recognized it. He turned to her abruptly, and closed the door. He stood directly

before her. "Do you know," he cried, "what the people in Paris are saying about my wife?" No," she answered. "How should I? Your wife has been ill for two days, and I

have been with her incessantly.' "Ill!" he repeated. "No wonder. Do you know that there is a rumor that she ither did it herself or employed some one !lee to do it? Great Heaven ! you do not

he trembled violently. "It cannot be that you believe it?" he

and she gave him the history of their visit to

the theatre.

Bad as he was, she felt sorry for him; he ooked so unutterably miserable, so distracted. "Is this true ?" he asked.

has siain. What shall I do !" In her whole life she had never seen a man

in such terrible grief.
"What shall I do?"

" I cannot tell," said Agatha. "I wish to Heaven I was far away, I cannot bear it. The woman must have been

"Do not be angry with me," she said, but if she is mad, you have made her so." His head dropped on his breast.

" My sin has found me out," he said. And he stood before her the very picture of shame, confusion and distress. Then he looked at her.

"If that story of yours be true," he said, 'she is in danger. "I should think in the greatest danger,

repeated Agaths. "I cannot think how the rumor ori ginated," he said; the reward offered has, no doubt, stimulated inquiries. If the police should get to know and anything happens, it is your evidence that would

convict her.

"Every imaginable reason was profesamong the crowd. Some said it was professional jealousy I cannot tell which or what they meant."

"You could not help it; you would be compelled. The only thing for you is to get away at once; go where you will, to-day."
"I will, if you wish it," she answered.

"The only servants who know anything about it are, of course, the man who opened the door and her maid. I can manage them. It will relieve my mind if you go at once." "I do not like leaving this poor creature up-stairs," she said.

"It is to save her I wish you to go," he

"I will go at once," said Agatha. "I will provide you with ample funds you will do the only thing that can save my unhappy wife. I will make it all right in the household. Go at once, Miss Brooks. If the police make only one Stay yourself; do not let any one else enquiry, you cannot go. Try to leave the house in an hour."

"I must go and say 'good-by' to that hapless, wretched lady," said Agatha.
"I think you had better not. If she knew you were going away, there is no knowing what she might do; she might break out into some paroxysm or other. The greatest kindness you can do to me and to her is to go at once. Let me tell you how to destroy all traces of where are going. Take a cab from are going. Take a cab from to Rue d'Amsterdam station, from here take a ticket for some distant place—Genoa, Milan, Trieste—then take your seat in the carriage; get out unnoticed at the next station, and go across the country in any direction not absolutely public, taking good care to burn your ticket. No matter how much they try to find you, if you carry out these instructions they will never succeed.

Will you do this?" "Yes, I will," she answered. "Every sound I hear frightens me. Do not let the gendarmes find you here."
"I will not," she replied. "You are quite sare that I can do more for you-notning

better than this?" "Nothing," he said. "Your evidence-and you would be compelled to give it if you re-mained here—would convict her. It has con-

vinced me. Good-by, Miss Brooke." "Good-by, If ever that dreadful affair ends better than you fear, be kind to her." "I will, 'he replied, and there thing like emotion in his tace.

The packing was quickly done; but Agatha could not leave without looking once more at the hapless lady. She would not tell her she was going, but wicked and horrible as her conduct had been, Agatha could not go without seeing her once more. She went to her room before she put on her travelling attire. She found Mrs. Norman crouched on the window-seat, and while Agatha lived she never forgot the expression of her face; her tender, womanly heart bled for this tarribly stricken, desolate woman; she almost forgot the enormity of her crime

in the greatness of pity. She went up to her and laid her hand on

the two that were so tightly elenched.
"God forgives everything," she said, quietly, "to those who ask pardon," but the dull, leaden misery of the face never cleared, and Agatha went in allence. She thanked Heaven when she stood once

more in the free, fresh air—that atmosphere of crime and misery had stifled her; she said to herself that she would far rather die than ever have anything more to do with such a class of people. She did just as she was told; she took a ticket for Genoa, and then destroyed it. She made her way to the country house of the Countess de Tiernay, knowing that she would be welcome there. She wrote to madame, who joined her at once. Agatha would not return to Paris because the young count was there.

It was at the country-house of Madame de Tiernay that she read the finale of the horrible story she had been so deeply interested in. After all, it had been useless sending her out of the way, the evidence against Mrs. Norman was too strong. The trial had caused the greatest sensa-

tion, not only over France, but over the whole of Europe. It was a cause celebre such as the public had rarely gloated over

before. While it lasted, no one spoke of anything else; it filled all the papers and journals; it was dramatized; it formed the one sole topic, then it was forgotten; a nine days' wonder that died before the nine days were gone. The result was the most horrible thing; beautiful Freda lingered for many weeks in terrible torture, then died, and the world lost one of the finest singers

it had ever known. Mrs. Norman was sentenced to penal servitude for life. The real criminal—the man who had driven his wife mad because he slighted and heartlessly abused her-escaped, as such criminals usually do. And Agatha longed to leave the country where she had witnessed such terrible scenes.

CHAPTER LI.

IN A NEW HOME. Antiquity has a beauty of its own, but there is also a great charm about a newlybuilt, magnificent mansion, such as Lord Penrith had erected for himself in place of the tumble-down castle where his ancestors had dwelt. The Penriths were a very old family, and very wealthy; they had never held any particuler position or rank; they had For Agatha's face had grown colorless, and been quite content with living on their five estate, with the season in town, a month or two at a fashionable wateringaid. "Oh for Heaven's sake speak to place, and a few weeks yachting in Lord if there is anything in it, tell me, family about whom the society journals."

town they met with the greatest respect, but they did not mix in any exclusive set.

They were simple people, more than content with the sweet home life. They were famous for their kindly hospitality. Penrith Castle was always well filled with guests, "Yes; perfectly true," she replied, quietly, and the singular thing was that these same "Then she has done it," he cried. "Good visitors were not all famous for rank or Heaven! what will become of her? I never beauty. Lady Penrith had one of the kindest Heaven! what will become of her? I never beauty. Lady Penrith had one of the kindest thought of this. I never dreamed that she hearts in the world; if she knew that any. had such passion in her. It will be the death | body was in reduced circumstances, wanted of her, as well as the beautiful woman she change of air and scene, yet was quite unable to get it, she was at once invited to Penrith. How many poor ladies lived and died blessing her !

The present Lord Penrith succeeded to the title very young; he was a man of sound practical sense, and the first thing upon which he decided was rebuilding the old castle, or rather building a new one. It occupied many years in the building. It was designed by the finest architect in England; it had every modern luxuryand improvement; it combined comfort and luxury with due attention to the picturesque. In fact, when completed, it was one of the most perfect mansions in England. It stood on the brow of one of the sloping Kentish hills, in the midst of one of the most perfect landscapes; scenery of every kind—sunlit valleys, and cool, green woods—the distant sea, the luxuriant meadow lands, white cliffs, yellow sands, and the broad, beautiful river Rithe. which ran down the hill and fell into the sea. But if the house was new, its treasures were old. The portraits and pictures in the long gallery, the antique plate, the Chippendale furniture, the ancient chins, the armor, the grand old family heirlooms—all contrasted oddly with the modern magnificence. To have every known improvement and every modern luxury in a room lined with old tapestry, was at times a little

bewildering.

Both Lord and Lady Penrith loved their beautitul home exceedingly, and seldom cared to leave it. Theirs had been a love-match; they were one of the happiest pairs in England. For many years Lord Penrith had longed most carnestly for a son and heir; for many years it seemed that his longing would not be gratified. Two daughters were born-Beatrice, beautiful, darkeyed girl, with a thoroughly Spanish type of face-and Clare, who resembled Lord

Penrith. Then came a long interval of eight years, and the Lord of Penrith Castle had given up all idea of a son and heir, when to his delight and astonishment Heaven sent him one-s beautiful brave boy, who was worshiped by the whole family. He was followed by a little sister, whom they named Laura, Lady Penrith said often that it was like having two distinct and separate families. Beatrice was seventeen, Clare sixteen, while Bertie was but nine and Laure seven. Beatrico had made her debut ; Clare was longing for the time when she should make hers; Bertie was soon to go to Eton, and Laura bad a governess at home. That governess was Agatha Brooke, and at the time that our story opens again, she had been at Penrith Castle three years.

Lady Penrith had been for some time looking for a suitable lady, one who could speak French and German, who would at the same time be a companion for the elder girls and a governess to the young ones. She found all that she required in Agatha Brooke, who came to her most highly recommended by Madame la Comtesse de Tiernay. Miss Bio ke had been three years at Penrith Castle, and the whole family had grown so warmly attached to her, it was doubtful whether she would ever leave them. She had made but one stipulation with Lady Penrith, and it was that she should never be asked to meet visitors or go to the drawing-room in the evening. Lady Penrith kept her word, and never asked her. A happier household could not have been found. Lord Penrith was a sionately attached to his wife and children, a good friend and neighbor, also an excellent sportsman. Lady Penrith, withont being absolutely beautiful, was a most charming and fascinating woman. Beatrice Penrith was beautiful—the beauty of the family-with dark eyes and hair, a Spanish type of loveliness altogether at which ord Penrith never ceased to wonder. Clare was pretty, but had nothing like the beautiful loveliness of her sisters. Bertie, the only son and heir, was a handsome, promising boy, as full of mischief, and in a general way as tiresome as any boy could be; and Laura was a bewitching little girl of seven.

"A fine family," the country people were accustomed to say; and it was perfectly true. The parents were noble, kindly, generous people; the children all with good natured dispositions. The three years that Agatha had spent there had been full of calm and, as far as possible, peace—not that she had ever forgotten—not

that Vane was ever out of her thoughts. She had learned more in the six years since she had left him than she would have learned in a life-time elsewhere. That terrible tragedy in Paris: the horrors that she had learned there; the light loves; the faithless husbands; the coquettish wives; the tragedies and comedies she had seen in Paris, had opened her eyes to the world. She was no longer the simple, trusting girl, who had read the marriage service by her lover's side, and believed herself to be his wife; she was as innocent and pure as an angel in all her thoughts, words, and deeds; the difference was that in these old days she did not know that evil existed-now she knew that there was more evil than good. She believed then there was but one Delilab, now she found that the character was a very common one. These three years had been like a refuge to her; while they passed she never missed one morning, noon, or night, praying for Sir Vane Carlyon. The strangest thing to her was that she had never heard anything about him. She searched the newspapers for a record of his name, but never found any. She tancied he must be abroad. She looked in the Court Journal and the daily papers, but no mention was made of him; the name of Sir Vane Carlyon never appeared.

Her own soul was more at peace. She had thought a great deal about her own case; except that she had been so foolish, so blindly oredulous, and so ignorant, she could not see that she had done any harm. She honestly believed that for a sin to be a sin, it must be wilful, and she had never wilfully sinned; on the contrary, if the choice had been offered her between offending God and death, she would have died. She knew and understood in its full enormity the offense of which Sir Vane had been guilty, and the victim she had been. She grieved with her whole heart for her fault so far as she was guilty, and she embraced with her whole heart, so far as it lay in her power, every chanceshe had of doing good, so as to atone for it. She was delighted to obtain the situation at Penrith Castle, she felt that she could do good there; she could help to train four young souls for heaven, she could sow good seed in the young minds, and if by good teaching and good he was the most eagerly sought after of any counsel and good example she could draw one man of the day. To be the Countess of Kelso soul nearer to heaven, she would have done

good service.

the little Laura she was more than pleased. Master Bertie looked at her as though measuring her strength.

"Are you our new governess?" he asked, "Yes," replied Agatha.

"I am going to Eton soon-you will not have much to do with me.' "Eton is the best place for boys," she said,

decidedly. "You are very sensible," said the little heir, "and I hope while I am at home things will be comfortable between you and me." "I hope they will," replied Agatha,

gayly. Already she delighted in the bold spirit of the boy.

"I should think," he continued, "that you would teach wisely; but some of the governesses we have had have been awful." "Perhaps you have been just a little bit awful to them," she said, laughingly.

"Ah, well ! I may have been; but I shall like you. Do you know that your face is ike a picture? I say, Clare, look at Miss Brooke. You remember the Madonua that hangs in the gallery-Miss Brooke's face is just like it."

"So it is," said Clare. "How rude we are to speak in such a fashion, Miss Brooke; but you are just like that picture. I will show it

to you. Her welcome had been of the warmest; her beautiful, angelic face and graceful manner charmed them all. Lord Penrith said they had a treasure; Lady Penrith treated her far more like a friend than a paid dependent. As time passed on she became the beloved friend and trusted companion of the two elder girls and the very idol of little Laura's heart. The whole household saw and respected her desire for privacy. When no visitors were present she spent the evenings with Lord and Lady Penrith, but as that seldom happened, she had plenty of time to do as she would.

Now that she was once more in England, with English scenery around her, her heart turned to Whitecroft. She longed to see it once more, she longed once more to look on her father's face, on the old gray church. on the stained glass window, and the fair young sunt; she longed for home, but she knew that she would never dare to seek it again.

To be at rest was something, and she was at rest in this magnificent home, with the gentle mistress and the lovely children. She never dreamed of how that rest was to be broken, she never imagined the curious tragedy that was to change the sunlight of Penrith into darkest gloom.

CHAPTER LII.

"TO LOVE, TO SUFFER, AND TO DIE," During three years not one word had reached Agatha of Valerie; from her former life she seemed to be cut off dead; no friend, or acquaintance, or correspondent remained to her, except Madame de Tiernay; she wondered often and long what had become of the beautiful French woman, but the faintest indication of her fate had never reached her. From that horrible past, with its bitter memories, its cloud and shadow of disgrace she turned in shuddering horror; she tried never to think of it or remember it, but to devote her life to those she lived with.

No one in that household was so loved as the beautiful governess. If any one fell ill she was the most tender of nurses; if the children were not well they clung even more to her than to their gentle mother; if any of the servants fell into trouble of any kind, they sought Miss Brooke. Lady Penrita talked over all her protegees with her; Lord Penrith liked to consult her about his tenants, his schools, his plans for benefiting all the poor on his estate; in fact, the whole household would have been quite at a loss without Miss Brooke.

Her quiet, gentle influence reached every one and penetrated everywhere. The time came at last when Beatrice Penrith was to be presented, and Agatha always remembered were peeping in the green grass, the larches were springing, the birds were on the chestnut trees, the fragrance and faint beauty of the lovely spring shone all over the land. Lady Penrith was in the highest spirits; the grace, beauty and elegance of her daughter charmed her; she already foresaw, in the future, a series of brilliant conquests, to be followed by an equally brilliant marriage. Nor were her anticipations at all visionary. No young debutante ever broke on the world of laubion with such a blinding light as did Beatrice Penrith; her dark, beautful face, the great dark eyes with their rich fringe, the lovely mouth that had the sweet laughing grace of childhood, the dimples in the beautiful cheeks, and one, when she laughed heartily, in the middle of the perfect little

cain. She was like a vision of delight to the somewhat jaded people of fashion—she positively enjoyed everything. If she went to the opera or the theatre she was not at all ashamed to laugh or look sad; when she was in the row every one saw by her shining eyes and bright face that she enjoyed the whole scene—the number of well-dressed people, the fine horses, the grand green trees, and the fresh, bracing air. Many weary eyes followed the girl's graceful figure and lovely

them con amore. She loved dancing, and it was a pleasure to see her.

The bright, happy young face-the slender. girlish figure-the shining eyes-the air of thorough, complete, perfect enjoyment, drew quite as much attention as the loveliness of her face. It was considered a great treat to dance with her-the light heart, the flying feet, the shining eyes were everywhere. She hardly needed dress and jewels to enhance her fair, girlish loveliness. It was some time since the gay world had rejoiced in the smiles of one so young and fair; the beauties had of late been of a far more mature kind. Beatrice was quite new, and she had a most wonderful success. Lady Penrith was somewhat bewildered with it; she had always thought Beatrice beautiful, and expected that she would make a grand marriage, but she was not at all pre-pared for the great furore that her daughter's bright young beauty did create she was quite as much surprised as delighted. She found that there was no need whatever for her to be anxious over her daughter's marriage—she would have many noble wooers to choose from.

In her heart she hoped the girl would not fall in love just yet; she was but seventeen, and her bright, fresh young beauty would last for many years-but mothers propose and fate disposes. Beatrice in her first season, in the loveliest spring-tide of her girlish beauty, in the fairest flower of her youth, fell in love.

The Earl of Kelso was some years older than herself, but that did not matter. He was certainly one of the handsomest and wealthiest men in England. No less than full of good and beautiful things; love three different fortunes had been left him. He was "first at court and in the senate,"

that I may know in time to—to save her, if I troubled themselves much of They held the most comfortable homes in the world, can."

The charming beauty of Bestrice, the grace had houses and lands. He had several very thought of anything so fair as I find it never magnificent estates and the last inshirt very thought of anything so fair as I find it never magnificent estates and the last inshirt very thought of anything so fair as I find it. the most comfortable homes in the world, could count or know what is used what is used to make it never thought of anything so fair as I find it. I am the charming beauty of Beatrice, the grace had honges and lands. He had several very thought of anything so fair as I find it. I am the charming beauty of Beatrice, the grace had honges and lands. He had several very thought of anything so fair as I find it. I am the whole of this wide world magnificent estates, and the last innerttance, Rylton Park, in Kent, surpassed all the others in antiquity and beanty; every rich gift had been lavished upon him, yet he did not look like a happy man—there was a shadow over his face. People said he had been wild in his youth, but there must have in the trees, the ripple of the sweet has a something more than wildness to cause green leaves: the largeting spray of the sweet has largeting spray of the sweet has a something spray of the same to cause green leaves: the largeting spray of the sweet has largeting spray of the same to cause green leaves: the largeting spray of the same to cause green leaves the largeting spray of the same to cause green that shadowed face.

He had seemed indifferent to the beautiful faces that surrounded him until Beatrice Penrith appeared. Then her light heart, her gay spirits, her sweet, childish innocence seemed to have even a great charm for him. His sadness and melancholy disappeared when he was with her.

At first it seemed but the liking of a saddened, sorrowful man for one of the brightest and most beautiful children ever seen. Then it was plainly to be seen that Beatrice cared for him, that she was always delighted to see him, that she contrived always to keep the best dances for him, that when he was present she forgot every one else.

The world smiled approval on this love story, simple and sweet; no one knew what the young ear! thought; that he admired the beautiful debutante was quite certain. Whether he would ask her to be his wife was

quite another thing. Beatrice was happy enough when that brilliant season was ended, and when she, with Lady Penrith, returned to the castle, she was hardly to be recognized. All the glamour of first love was upon her, her eyes full of dreamy splendor, her whole face transformed. There had been no proposal of mayriage, but they were to meet again, at Ryde, at the end of the autumn, and in the meantime the Earl of Kelso had asked her if he might sometimes write to her.

In her happy, sanguine young heart that was quite enough; no more was wanted. It was strange that she took Agatha for her confidente, but she did so. Agatha w: s now a beautiful woman of twenty-six, retain ing all the fairness and freshness of youthno one would have thought her to be more than twenty, she did not look even that-her fair, delicate loveliness was of the kind that

seldom dims or grows old, Beatrice had a worship for the beautiful young governess and she trusted her with the whole of her love story. She never said one half so much to her mother as she did to Agatha; indeed, with Lady Penrith she was just the least degree reserved, as young girls are at times even with the most tender of mothers.

To Agatha she revealed every sweet thought of her young heart, and as she listened to the gay, tender words of the girl her heart went back to her own love story; this reminded her of it, because Beatrice seemed to love her lover much as Agatha had loved hers.

She listened often until her eyes were blinded with hot tears and her heart ached

with unbearable pain. It was the sultry, beautiful month of July, when the cool shade of the green woods, the ripple of the broad river, the beauty of the deep lakes at Penrith were all that one could desire; there was cool shade to be found under the white rocks, down in the glen, by the waterfall, under the ilex grove, and beneath the lime trees in their full glory. Agatha, going toward the rose-garden to give a message to the man at work there about some flowers, saw Beatrice there!

She looked up with a smile that Agatha never forgot, and held out her hands. "What do you think I have here?" she

asked. "Something that has made you look as bright as the morning and happy as an an-

gel."
"You are always thinking of angels, Miss
Brooke," replied the girl, laughingly; "how is it? queen?"
"Because I have heard of queens who

have never known one day's happiness from the time they lay in the cradle until they were kind hearted, genial, accomplished gentleman, proud of his magnificent house, pleased with himself and all his surroundings, pas-

first, I have had many little notes, you understand, but never a love letter -- never one; it is my very first. My heart beat when I saw it; and mamma was so nice, she gave it to me without seeming to see the handwriting. She said, Beatrice, dear, here is a letter for you, just in the most indifferent manner. Was it not kind of her?

"Very kind," replied Agatha, gravely. "I could not read it indoors. I wanted to be out with the birds and the flowers. The happiest moment of my life was when I broke she continued, naively, "you never heard a the seal. What a little thing a letter is, to soldier make love?' make a girl's heart so happy and light. There is not one bit of poetry in it," she continued, raising her beautiful face to Agatha's, "not one; but he says that he has thought of me every night and day since he left me. Now is not that beautiful?" "Most beautiful." replied Agatha.

The girl seemed to think that this was the only love letter that had ever been written. "He says," continued Beatrice, "that the morning sunshine reminds him of me, and that he shall count the days until we meet at Ryde. What a kind letter! What a happy girl I am! Ab, well may the birds sing not one of them has a heart so happy as I. Miss Brooke, sit down here among the roses and listen to me. I must talk about him, or my heart will break, it is so full of love. It was the same at balls; she entered into you think any one has ever been so happy

as I ?" "Heaven help you, Beatrice !" said Agatha, for she saw that woman's doom was on her, "to love, to suffer, and to die."

CHAPTER LIII.

" MY HEART WEST OUT TO HIM." "I like to talk about him," continued the girl, in all the honest enthusiasm of love; it is like reading a poem or listening to music. Miss Brooke have you ever cared so

much for any one? But no, I am sure you

have not," she continued. "Why are you so sure?" asked Agatha, with a faint, sad smile. "Because if you had you could never bear this quiet life. You know those mettlesome hounds of papa's -- do you think, after the ex-

citement of the chase, they could be content

as watch dogs? When one has drunk of the champagne of life who cares for its lees?" Agatha looked dreamily at the young girl.

"It seems strange that you should know so much," she said; "I did not when I was

of your age." When you were of my age, Miss Brooks, said the girl, " you must have looked like an

angel."
I did not act like one, thought Agatha, with a keen pang of self-reproach. "I often say to mamma," continued the girl, happily, "that if you took the pains over dress that we do, you would be hand-

somer than any of us." "I am glad you think so kindly of me," continued Agatha. "It is good to be young, and it is good to be beautiful," sang out Beatrice. "Life is

crowns them all." **Yes love crown them," sighed Agatha, and she wondered what this blithe, happy girl would say or think if she knew the soul nearer to heaven, she would have done good service.

Was the ambition of most of the young beau perils and pains that love had brought her. ma'am," he said good service.

Agatha found that she had secured one of The Earl of Kelso had more money than he Batrice, "I thought a great deal about the shown to you."

been something more than wildness to cause green leaves; the laughing spray of the countains, as the water rose in the sur. it air; the edor of the thousand flowers that bloomed, the bright, beautiful face of the girl who had taken her out among the roses to tell her the story of her love,

"Do I tire you, Miss Brooke!" asked happy Beatrice. "Ah me! I hope not. It is so aweet to have some one to tell. Mamma is so kind, but she is a great lady—stately and gracious; but she would not understand I should not think that great ladies like mamma ever fall in love; do they, Miss

"I should think," said Agatha, "that love is a blessing or curse that falls to the lot of every one."

"It can never, surely, be a curse!" said Beatrice. "I always think that ladies like mamma have to be wooed by proxy-by grand ambassadors. I am so glad, so thankful, that I sw only a girl and not a great

lady."

You will be a great lady some day," said

Countess of Kelso." Agatha, slowly; "Countess of Kelso,"
"I do not care for the title or the money, although people say that the earl is very

rich : that he had one large fortune before he came to this. It is himself I love." "That is right," said Agatha.
Ah, me! How long was it since she had sat in the bonnie green woods, thinking the same thoughts, her heart filled with just the same happiness-how long? and now her

heart was sore as the dead leaves in autumn, "I do not remember," she said gently, "that I have heard the name of Kelso? Is it a new title?"

"New!" cried Beatrice. "No; it is one of the oldest in England—one of the very oldest; but the late earl was a cross old man; he spent the greater part of his life abroad. He lived in Athens for more than thirty years; he was what the people call eccentric. Mamma says that Lord Kelso-my earl," continued the girl, with a happy laugh, "did not care much about the earldom, although it has made him one of the first men in England. Do you know, Miss Brooke," she continued, shyly, " I do not think I like young -that is, very young men. Lord Kelso is not very young; he is not in the least old, but he is some years older than I am. Mamma says it is a good thing to be able to look up to your husband. I had many, what people call, admirers during my one season in

town, but many of them were young." "And none were half so nice as Lord

Kelso," laughed Agatha.
"No; none. There was a young soldieryoung in years but old in fame, he had won the Victoria Cross-Captain Gerald Leigh. Have you heard anything about him, Miss Brooke?

Agatha repeated the name gently to her-self—Captain Gerald Leigh. "No; I think not," she replied; "but

then I have not been much in the way of English newspapers. In what way did he win the cross, my dear?"
Her face brightened, is it always did when

she heard or spoke of any noble deeds. "He said it was simple enough, but every one else seemed to think it very He says that many such deeds grand. were done during the war. He was out in the trenches-if you know what that means, Miss Brooke, I do not-attending to some wounded men, and as he stood speaking to one of them, a shell fired by the enemy

Why do you never say, " Happy as a fell in their midst. If it had exploded they must all have been killed, but he raised it in his hand and flung it away, coolly, calmly, as though he had been raising a cricket ball. It injured him terribly. Some people think he will never have the proper use of his ht arm. hut he eav I heard that when the Queen distributed the crosses, she was amuzed to see so young a man, and she spoke so kindly to him; it was enough to make all men heroes. How grand it is to be young and brave," said the girl fervently, and Agatha looked with admiration at the bright beauti-

> "And this young hero—what of him?" asked Agutha. "He liked me," replied Beatrice, shyly. "If I had never seen Lord Kelso, then I should have liked Gerald Leigh. Perhaps,"

ful face.

"No," replied Agatha, "I am quite surs that I never did.

"They make the best lovers in all the world. There is a romance about them; they are so brave and fearless, I thought, once upon a time, that I should like a soldier lover; but now-' "What now?" asked Agatha.

"I prefer an earl. Gerald Leigh was very

although he is eldest son and heir of Lord Swansea, the great politician. I shall always think that, from the first, mamma wished me to be Lady Kelso." "How fortunate that your wishes and Lady

fond of me. Mamma would not hear of him

Penrith's should agree," said Agatha.

And looking at the bright, heautiful face, she did not wonder that Captain Leigh, Lord Kelso and many others had lost their hearts; it was beautiful to sit and listen to the simple, earnest confidence of the young, loving heart. All the charm of youth and

beauty was on the girl. "Gerald Leigh told me all about his campaign," she continued; "but whenever mamma saw him triking to me, she took me away. He was what she called 'a detrimental.' I thought it cather cruel of her until I saw Lord Kelso."

"Then you did not care about this brave young captain?" asked Agatha. Not in that way. I was not in love with him; but, I am half afraid he was with me, If all soldiers make love as he did, why then I do not wonder at all the girls liking them so much. I think soldiers are quite different from other men; they are so brave and

simple-minded." At your age, Beatrice, one idolizes every-thing," said Agatha; "but I should have thought the young captain, with the Victoria Cross, would have been better suited to you than the earl.'

"Ah, no; the earl, Lord Keiso, is-is the other half of my own soul!" she cried. "Gerald Leigh was very handsome and distinguished looking. I liked him all the better for the scars that disfigured his hands! but the earl-ah, Miss Brooke, he was fair to see. I have wondered sometimes," she continued, " what my life would have been had I never seen him. I should have been content always; but I should never have known this greater, higher happiness-the crown of

Te be Continued.

After the clerk had pulled down everything in the store without satisfying his ous-tomer, a woman, she asked him if there wes anything else he had not shown her. "Yes, ma'am," he said, "the cellar; but if you he said, "the cellar; but if you wish it I will have that brought up and