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CHAPTER XVII.

BY ADELINE SERGEANT,

Dr. Simpson was a tall, light-haired man with a fair, pleasant face and a keenly observant look in his bright blue eyes Anthony soon felt that he had done the right thing in sending for him. He was a clever young fellow who had studied in Edipburgh and Paris, and was rather pleased than otherwise to have a somewhat complicated case handed over to him. He listened attentively to the facts that Anthony laid before him and examined the patient with great care, but said nothing very definite. Indeed it would have been next to impossible to say anything definite at that point in Bertie's illness. The most evident thing to do was to keep him perfectly quiet and provide him with good nursing.

"I'll get you a nurse from Clasgow if

"I nursed him through his illness in India-I and his servant Donald ; I will stay and nurse him now," said Anthony. "He can be moved, I suppose?" "Meved!" said the young doctor, look-

ing at him in surprise. "Why do you want to move him ?" Anthony looked back in equal amaze-

"We are not staying here," he said. "Where are you staying then, Mr. Lockhart? At the Towers?" "We have left the Towers," said An

thony. "We wanted-lodgings." certain to prevoke comment, and he pulled his long moustache doubtfully, trice did not draw it away with any apas if to cover some embarrassment, But if the doctor divined this uncomfortable it. He looked from Lockhart to the woman of the house with a smile of inquiry ly the circumstances under which they and then of comprehension.

"Mrs. Pirie wanted to let these rooms "Mrs. Pirie wanted to let these rooms last week," he said. "I don't know if 'How is Bertie?" she asked eagerly. they are still disengaged." "Yes, sir," said Mrs. Pirie.

She had withdrawn herself to the door of the room in which Bertie was lying; Dr. Simpson followed her thither and spoke in a low voice-

"Perhaps you would object to a sick person in the house," he said. "As a general rule I wadna care for't

doctor. But I've no objection to Mr. Douglas. I ken the Douglasses weel, an' the Lockharts too."

"Do you?" said the doctor. "Why, Pirie.

"I was nurse to you young gentleman's grandfather in his last illness mony a year syne," said Mrs. Pirie, indicating Bertie with a nod of her head, "An' it's glad an' proud that I shall be to wait on

Accordingly Dr. Simpson lost no time in proposing to Anthony that he should take up his abode with his cousin in Mrs. Pirie's rooms. The house stood alone, whole of the upper storey, to which there that Bertie had left the house." was a separate entrance from the back of the house. Mrs. Pirie undertook to help he and Donald would wait upon Bertie.

"The illness may not prove serious and Lilias trusted him too. My poor after all, surely," he said to Dr. Simpson with an attempt at carelessness.

But the doctor shook his head. "I'm afraid Mr. Douglas is in for a pretty sharp attack," he said.

Before sunset Bertie was installed in Mrs. Pirie's largest and quietest room at house. the top of the house. Donald had been sent for, and arrived with the first instalment of his master's luggage. Bertie's lence—it was not safe to leave him for a estly. He does not often say that he is delirium was rapidly increasing in viomoment alone, and Anthony would not sorry for what he himself has done. I quit him. His own portmanteau had grew hopeful when I heard that." been sent up to the Towers with Bertie's boxes, but he knew that there was no need to trouble himself about them. They would be sent down with Bertie's things. to plead with Lord Morven on Bertie's my cousin." behalf. And indeed he could hardly be-Anthony could not understand it.

ing more clearly; then Bertie woke up in house. And you too-of course." request that Anthony consented, after a ine that an apology for discourtesy meaning. some demur, to walk up to the Towers should come from the offender's own Before either of them said another and see Lord Morven for himself.

you know," said Bertie, with a laugh, which had in it a painful ring that went to his cousin's heart, "but I should like ly understand the position, Mr. Lock-

time that I can't help fancying that I may AUTHOR OF "JACOBI'S WIFE," "UNDER jections.

Se Anthony went. It was twilight when he walked up the drive, and the yellow glow of sunset was fading in the west.

"I shall see nobody," thought Anthony to himself; "they will be at dinner. But I'll ask for Lord Morven. I must know the truth.

He fancied that the man who admitted him tooked at him oddly when he asked swering that his Lordship was at home. notice of the man's face or manner, and followed him tranquilly into the library. Here, to his great surprise, he came face to face with Beatrice Essilmont.

She was sitting at a table in the middle of the room and was writing in great haste. The windows were as yet unshuttered and uncurtained, and the solemn evening sky could be seen through the mullioned panes. The flame of a wax candle gave Beatrice the light that she required for her correspondence. She looked up when Anthony entered and then rose to her feet, uttering an exclamation of surprise.

"Mr. Lockhart, is it you? I was wondering where to find you. I wanted to speak to you."

"Can I do anything for you, Miss. Essilmont?

She had held out her hand to him, imoulsively, as it seemed, with a frank please him. He held her hand as long He was reflecting on the fact that their as he could safely do so—a little longer, sudden departure from the Towers was perhaps than a lady's hand is generally held by a new acquaintance-and Beaif the doctor divined this uncomfortable of comradeship, foreign enough to the sensation he showed no consciousness of habits generally held by them. Certainhad lately met were likely to prcduce either a great hostility or a great

"Do you know why he left the Tow-

that time, however, Bertie has been seriously ill, and is now in lodgings near the town, and not able to be removed.

"Oh, poor Bertie!" cried Beatrice. 'Poor boy, I am sorry! But why-did he choose to speak that afternoon of all others !- just when Morven was so anxcould he expect ?"

tell me.

the events of the afternoon on which Bertie's diaastrous proposal had occurher, if only say good bye to Bertie-I her brow. hardly thought he would refuse his conand, although it fronted the road, was than an hour and no message came. likely to be disturbed by the sound of

"You are on his side then?" said Anin nursing and cooking; a woman was to A faint blush appeared on Beatrice's be found to do some of the other work of the house, and Anthony engaged that

> Lilias! She is very much distressed." ' Did you speak to Lord Morven about

"Yes, I asked him what had happened, and he told me. But I think he was sorry that Bertie had left the

"That is not much to say," remarked Anthony with irrepressible sarcasm, "Yes it is a great deal-from Mor-

ven." said Beatrice, looking at him earn-

"Hopeful? that he would allow the marriage ?"

"Ultimately.

stood him. I was so ill and dizzy at the Morven's secretary for some years. Bertie knows very well that if I write in have exaggerated the matter-I don't Morven's name it is exactly the same know. Go for me, there's a good fellow, thing as if Morven himself had written. and try to get at the bottom of his ob- It might not be the same thing to you; but Bertie understands."

Anthony bowed, "I do not wish to interfere," he said. "We are indebted to you for the way in which you exert your powerful influence."

The color in Beatrice's face rushed once more to her temples. "You mistake; my influence is not at all great," she said hurriedly. "You do not speak generously, Mr. Lockhart, you—Oh, why can we not talk without quarllelto see the Earl, and hesitated before an- ling!" she broke off to exclaim. "I do not know why you should delight in Anthony, however, not being apt to taunting me. I have not known you trouble himself about details, took little very long, but you seem to have pleasure in saying the that hurt and vex me most."

titude of attention.

"I assure you that I was guiltless of any attempt to hurt or vex you," he said. "What you call taunts are not taunts at all to my thinking. I spoke of your influence. Everyone knows that it "Great !" she repeated contemptuous

ly. "Great, indeed, when even I cannot prevail upon Morven to allow Lilias to stay in the house if Bertie comes

"For all that," persisted Anthony "your influence is greater with Lord Morven than that of anybody else. The whole place knows it, I have already been told of it half a dozen of times 'Ask Miss Essilment' is what is said to me on all sides with respect to every friendliness which could not fail to little matter connected even with Bertie's estate."

Beatrice in a low tone : "but he does not take my advice."

"He is influenced by it, no doubt, and that is just what I said ; your influence with him is great, and I thank you in Bertie's name for exerting it in his She looked down at the letter that she

had been writing, and seemed disinclined to answer. But after a few minutes' consideration she lifted her handsome head with a somewhat scornful gesture and met his eyes courageously. "Do you not wonder a little," she said,

'that I should have any influence at all ? I have not much, as I told you, but the small amount that I have don't you marvel how I came to possess it? I have no wealth, nor great standing in the world, no authority. But; if you

"I see," said Anthony, gravely, "that ious and troubled about Gerald! What prectically you rule the whole house." "Yes. It is a good training for me.

I hardly know what happened. I should ple know, and the matter is not to be like to know. He was scarcely able to talked about as yet-that I have promised—at least it has been arranged, that prove so ineligible a suitor——" Beatrice gave him a short account of I should marry Lord Morven."

The stoppages between her sentences with her for some time," she continued, was embarrassed. Her fingers twitched any one. My decision is made. My "expecting that, Morven would send for as she spoke, and the color mounted to sister and Mr. Doughlas must abide by

"I thought as much," said Anthony simply. "I trust that you may be happy with him." Then he paused and looked down; in the dim light his face seemed likely to be disturbed by the sound of wheels or voices. They could have the To my great surprise and distress I found to have suddenly turned pale. "I am My brother——" glad you told me," he went on, in a

scarcely audible voice. "For if not-if not-I might--", What was he going to say? His eyes blazed as he raised them to her face. She at seven o'clock this evening. I have half rose, stratching out her hand to him entreatingly. "Don't go on," she cried;

"don't say any more, I must not lis ten." Then she remembered what she was saying, what she seemed to imply, and the color rushed in scarlet torrents to the very roots of her hair. She sank back in her chair and shielded her half averted face with her right hand. "I beg your pardon," she said, almost mechanically, but with all her old dignity of bearing. "I thought that I heard somebody

at the door. You understand that mymy engagement has not been made generally known."

Anthony did not speak. A sort of dumb anger possessed his soul and sealed his lips. He knew now what he would have felt, would have said, if Beatrice Essilmont had been free. ly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantiwould have felt!" He felt it now with tee it. For sale by J. Wilson, Druggist "Ultimately is a dreary sort of word; "Would have felt!" He felt it now with He was almost sorry that he had no exone for going back. He had a lingering fort to poor Bertie in his present state.

He was almost sorry that he had no exfort to poor Bertie in his present state.

He had a lingering fort to poor Bertie in his present state.

He had lost his high mastery of himself, suddenly, PA., always keep a stock of Giles' Iodide desire to see Miss Essilmont again. Per- However, I am much obliged to you, ignominiously-and as he bitterly told Ammonia Liniment on hand. It is a haps, he thought, he might induce her Miss Essilmont, for your sympathy with himself, irretrievably. He had fallen in love with a woman whom he had known Jordan, Goderich. "I have not finished," said Beatrice for just four days. Was there ever such lieve that he had rightly understood with a smile. "I was writing when you a fool? he said angrily to himself. And Liver Complaint? Shiloh's Bertie's story. Was it possible that after came in—did you not see? Well, I was all these years of friendship Lord Morwriting to Bertie. Morven wished to proved herself brave, faithful, generous; Wilson, Druggist. ven had forbidden his ward the house? apologise for any harsh or unkind ex- and she was very beautiful. If he had loving her.

body, was able to explain to his friend thony with composure. "I do not know said enough. Beatrice, at any rate, by a store. Alex. Reid, general all that had taken place. It was at his how he treated Bertie, but I should im- flash of womanly intuition, had read his of Coldwater, Ont., says :- Dr. Harvey's

hand and not from another person's— word, the sound that Beatrice fancied household word around Coldwater. 1m "I don't want you to plead for me, even though that person were Miss Essil- she had heard made itself more distinct.

to be certain that I had not misunder- hart," she said. "I have acted as Lord found some difficulty in turning the

"There is Morven," she said hurried ly. 'You wanted to see him. Say what

you can for Bertie, I must go." She did not give him her hand; she scarcely looked at him as she gathered up her papers and took her departure by a side door which led to another room Anthony stood stupefied, bewildered and not at all well prepared for an interview with the redoubtable Lord Mor-

But before the Earl had made more than two steps into the room. Anthony was struck by the extraordinary change which had passed over his face during the last few days. His features seemed to have become pinched and old; there was a curious greyness of complexion which made him look almost ghastly and his sunken eyes had a dark troubled expression as of a man who was suffering from pain either of body or of mind. At first he appeared not even to see his visitor : and when Anthony spoke to him, he looked up with a start which told of shaken nerves. Anthony stood amazed : it seemed astonishing to him that a man of Lord Morven's character and physique should have been so com pletely broken down by a few days watching and anxiety at a brother's sick

But after the first moment Lord Mor ren seemed to collect himself, and to make an effort to recover his usual calm. He received Loskhart courteously, and entered at upon the subject which Anhony had at heart.

"I am sorry to hear that Mr. Douglas has been unwell," he said, "I trust that the excitement of our late late in terview had nothing to do with his at-

"I suppose that the fever had been oming on for some time," said Anthony bluntly; "but I have no deubt that his symptoms have been aggravated by ex itement and distress of mind."

Lord Morven did not immediately re "Miss Essilmont was snxious," he said at last, with deliberation, "that he should eturn to the Towers. I hope I need not say that had I known of his illness I should never have permitted him to go,

I am afraid that at present he is to ill to AGE TO THE TOTAL be removed from his ledgings." "Even if he were well enough to be emoved what good would it do him to come here, unless your Lordship were prepared to give what he wants?"

"I am certainly not prepared to do "Is that your last word on the subject ?" said Anthony quickly. "Is there

nothing that would induce you to change your mind?" "Nothing, Mr. Lockhart."

a pause, "to know why my cousin should prove so ineligible a suitor—"

"Mr. Lockhart," Lord Morven, interrupted, "will you have the goodness to seemed the result of deliberation rather understand, once for all all, that I am red. "I took Lilias upstairs and waited than of embarrassment. And yet she not wishful to discuss the matter with

"But--" "Excuse me, Mr. Lockhart. I do not feel equal to much conversation this evening on this or any other subject.

He paused for a few secondss, and turned perceptibly paler during the pause. Then he resumed in a low but perfectly even voice-

"My brother Gerald," he said, "died come straight to you from him. TO BE CONTINUED.

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necessity and achieves wonders in all forms of horse troubles sold by F. 2 Will You Suffer with Dyspepsia and

Anthony could not understand it.

For three or four days he knew nothto beg that Bortie would return to the will maintain in Canada the reputation his right mind, and, though still weak in "Lord Morven is very kind," said An- He did not speak. Perhaps he had it has so justly won in the United States. Southern Red Pine is without doubt the

done more good than other, and is a

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