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One in a Thousand, BUT TRUE TO THE LAST

CHAPTER XV.

EYES THAT CANNOT WEEP.

"Poor, little darling!" says old Lady Lasselles, tearfully. "It is such a blessing that he has taken a fancy to Sir Adrian. Not that it is to be wondered at, for he has a marvelous way with children; it is quite a picture to see them together. Poor, little, fatherless lamb!"

Yes, I admit to myself that it is quite a picture to see Adrian with Theo's child. I utter a silent prayer that my heart may not be turned against the little, fatherless child, who has so few to love him—that I may not become so hard-hearted and wicked.

In a short time Adrian returns, and says that the boy is so sound asleep that undressing does not rouse him. The meal goes on; what little is eaten is eaten almost in silence, and we are glad when it is over. I say "Good-night" to everyone but Loys, who is coming with me. Naturally enough she reverts immediately to the sad topic which is occupying all our thoughts.

"How very ill all this distressing affair has made you look, Audrey!" she says, looking at me, critically.

I feel myself turn scarlet beneath her scrutiny; but I carefully avoid looking at her. I fancy she would very quickly discover that in my

eyes, which poor Derrick's death did not bring there, and, absolutely miserable and heartless as I am, I cannot even tell Loys, the sweetest of women and the gentlest of sisters, the story of my unhappy love. I cannot lay bare my stricken heart to her gaze; I cannot let her probe my wound, tender as she is. I answer, as carelessly as I can, that I was terribly upset and shocked by it all, and that I am not so very strong.

"Between you and me," says Loys, impressively, "we Luttrells have very little to boast of in the way of strength."

"A creaking door hangs longest," I return.

"Yes, I'm sure. Who would have dreamed of poor Derrick going off like that? It would not have surprised me nearly so much if it had been Theo. Do you know she is going to the funeral? Lady Lasselles has been trying to persuade her not to do so, but she insists."

"And she will please herself."

"Oh, yes! I told Lady Lasselles it was of no use arguing; she is very determined. If once she makes up her mind to do a certain thing, I don't believe any power on earth would stop her or prevent her from doing it."

I feel the hand of steel closing tighter about my heart as Loys speaks, and the words Theo uttered that night—that last night at Mrs. Dickenson's—flit across my brain—"I would die for him, and I shall cease to love him when I die."

"And so," Loys continues, "we shall have to go, too; and as papa's gout will not allow him to come up, Theo will have to walk with Adrian. If Teddy can get leave, he will take Lady Lasselles."

Ah, now I know why she insists upon going—she will have to walk with Adrian!

"And what a sad journey it will be!"

"Journey?" I repeat. "I don't understand."

"They are going to take him to Park Royal, of course," she answers.

"Is the day fixed?"

"Yes, Wednesday; that will be just week. Poor Derrick! We little thought a week ago—! But dear, dear Loys cannot finish the sentence."

How I wish I could cry like that; I would be such a blessed relief, for my head is aching with quickly throbbing pain, and my eyes are burning and dry. Presently Loys wishes me good-night, and leaves me; and, when the echo of her footsteps has died away at the other end of the corridor, I rise, and, going to the looking glass, survey myself.

Yes; Loys is right—I do look very ill; I look more than ill—haggard and worn. My face is drawn and strange, and on either cheek is a burning, hectic spot; round my eyes are dark rings, while the eyes themselves make me think of the song:

"The eyes that cannot weep
Are the saddest eyes of all."

Ah, me! So long as tears will flow, the troubles do not too deep to be healed. It is when they are denied that the pain is the greatest. I feel now that, if I could fling myself down and sob violently, or fly into a passion, and quarrel with Adrian, my pain might pass away, and I should find that, after all, I do not care so very much for his love—at least, that I am well able to get along without it, and perhaps live to a good old age on purpose to spite Theo and prevent her from taking my place. Then I suddenly remember that she cannot do that, even if I died. Adrian cannot sell his estates, and he cannot very well become naturalized in any other country while his income is derived from Jands in England. So much for that deceased wife's sister law. Even my dying would not benefit them—still, I should not be any further drag upon Adrian, if he wishes—But am I sure he wishes for Theo? I do not know. When we are away from here, I feel convinced that she has made up her mind to win his heart from me, and that no power or effort of mine can prevent it.

I ask myself, with a sudden re-

vision of feeling, of what am I thinking? Am I going mad, or am I only wicked and jealous? Is not poor Derrick, Theo's husband, still unburied? Ah, yes! I strive and pray and fight against the evil thoughts; but, do as I will, I cannot shut them out.

I rise suddenly, and take off my jewels and my dress, and, slipping on a white cashmere dressing gown, sit down by the fire to do my hair, for I have sent my maid to bed long ago. I comb and brush it as carefully as I did in my schoolgirl days, when I had no maid, and, just as I finish the second long braid, Adrian comes in. He draws a chair close to mine, and says he is very tired. A month ago I should have put my hand in his, and told him how sorry I was; but now I say, coldly:

"Yes? What tired you?"

"I've been turning over a lot of papers with the lawyer," he says, leaning his head upon his hand. "I suppose soldiers are not accustomed to use their brains to any great extent. However, it is a good thing in one respect, for I shall have plenty of 'paper' work to do now in the regiment."

"We are to go back Thursday, are we not?" I say, as politely as if Adrian were a stranger.

"Yes, my darling; but I have applied for extra leave. I am really afraid to take you down to Idleminster while you look so ill as you do; it is such a stuffy, headachy sort of place."

"And we are to stay here?" I ask, though I dread his reply will be in the affirmative.

"I think not. This is not much better. I don't think town suits you at all; you looked quite a different woman in Devonshire."

It is evident Adrian does not want me to die just yet, I suppose I look well at the head of the table, and he knows he can trust me with the honor of his name.

"Then where are we to go?" I ask, presently.

"I think, my baby—lifting me bodily out of my chair into his—that we will go and have a peep at Saltburn again. You will like that?"

I rest my throbbing head against his cheek, without answering. Oh, how good it is to be here! Somehow, I forget my troubles. How can I remember them when I am lying in Adrian's arms? While I am here, I can almost defy the hand of steel. It loosens its hold; the numbness which has paralyzed my heart and brain wears away, and slowly the salt tears steal from between my closed eyelids. Adrian judges it wisest to say nothing, and I am grateful for it. I clasp my jealous arm about his neck, and for a time I am at peace.

Three days pass away, even more slowly than their predecessors, and at last the funeral day arrives. We

are obliged to leave early, for we are some distance from the station we start from, and the churchyard at Park Royal is quite two miles from that which we stop at. I do not see Theo until she comes into the large drawing room, where we are all waiting until the dead man shall be carried out; it seems to me that she looks lovelier than ever in her small widow's bonnet, with its white cap, and I watch what effect her appearance has upon Adrian. He is very solicitous for her comfort, and evidently much afraid of having a scene. He need not, for, whatever theatrical exhibitions she may get up for his

benefit or edification in private, to the outer world she is what Lady Lasselles calls "absolutely stunned, poor darling!"

At length we are told that it is time to go downstairs; and Adrian gives Theo one arm, and carries little Derry down on the other. Teddy and Lady Lasselles follow; so I see no more of them—for Loys and I go in the third coach, Rose and Edith Lasselles being in the second one. It is a somewhat remarkable thing that there is not a male representative of the Lasselles family, except the little viscount. The two men who fall to our share are very good friends of Derrick's, with whom he was engaged to ride on the morning of his death.

It is a sad, miserable journey. At the Waterloo Station I see Adrian for a moment—indeed, he comes to make me quite comfortable—but we do not travel in the same carriage with him. It is nearly an hour and a half before we reach our destination—a little, country station about two miles from Park Royal. We find a funeral cortege awaiting us, and an immense crowd of tenantry and villagers, all anxious to do honor to the remains of their lord; it is the last respect they can show him. Slowly we wind our way along the dusty, glassy roads. We pass through the fair, smiling park, and along the south front of the mansion. I think, as I glance out, I have never seen it look so picturesque and lovely. At the churchyard wicket we stop; and, when the coffin has been lifted out and placed on the shoulders of those chosen as bearers, we alight and form a procession behind it. The gray-haired, old rector begins the solemn words of the service for the dead, and we pass slowly up the narrow path, and file into the sacred edifice. There is a moment's silence, which the little viscount suddenly and unexpectedly breaks by pointing to the coffin and asking Adrian:

"What is that?"

At the child's innocent question, his grandmother and aunts burst into a passion of tears, and Adrian whispers something to him, which apparently satisfies his curiosity; then the service continues.

During the whole time Theo remains as impassive as a statue.

(To be continued.)

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NO SUFFERER NEED NOW DESPAIR.
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