

LILIAN, THE EMPRESS.

"Still unrepentant," goes on Lilian, with a mocking smile: "you are a more hardened sinner than I ever gave you credit for. And what is it all about, pray? What has vexed you? Was it my cousin's ring? or my refusing to accompany you to-morrow to Mrs. Bolton's?"

"Both," replies he, feeling compelled to answer. "I still think you should not wear your cousin's ring unless engaged to him."

"Nor yours either, of course," with a frown. "How you do love going over the same ground again and again! Well, determinately, 'as I told you before, I shall wear both—do you hear?—just as long as I please. So now, my puissant guardian,' with a gesture that is almost a challenge, 'I defy you, and dare you to do your worst.'"

Her tone, as is intended, irritates him; her beauty, her open though childish defiance, madden him. Gazing at her in the uncertain light, through which her golden hair and gleaming sapphirine eyes shine clearly, he loses all self-control, and in another moment has her in his arms, and has kissed her once, twice, passionately.

Then recollection, all too late, returns, and shocked, horrified at his own conduct, he releases her, and, leaning against the wall with folded arms and lowered eyes, awaits his doom.

Standing where he has left her, pale as a little colorless ghost, with her lips white as death, and her great eyes grown black through mingled terror and amazement, Lilian regards him silently. She does not move, she scarcely seems to breathe; no faintest sound of anger escapes her. Then slowly—slowly raising her handkerchief she draws it lightly across her lips, and with a gesture full of contempt and loathing flings it far from her. After which she draws her self up to her extreme height, and, with her head erect and her whole figure suggestive of insulted pride and dignity, she sweeps past him into the library, closing the door behind her.

When the last sound of her footsteps has disappeared, Guy rouses himself as if from a hateful dream, and presses his hand to his forehead. Stopping he picks up the discarded handkerchief, that lies mournfully in the corner, thrusts it into his bosom, and turning away towards his own quarters is seen no more that night.

CHAPTER XVIII.
All next day Lilian treats him as though to her eyes he is invisible. She bestows upon him none of the usual courtesies of life; she takes no "good morning," nor gives one. She is singularly deaf when he speaks; except when common etiquette compels her to return an answer to one or other of his speeches, she is dumb to him, or, when thus compelled, makes an answer in her briefest tones.

At five o'clock they all start for the Grange, Mrs. Bolton being one of those unpleasant people who think they can never see enough of their guests, or that their guests can never see enough of them—I am not sure which—and who consequently has asked them to come early to inspect her gardens and walk through her grounds before dinner.

As the grounds are well worth seeing, and the evening is charming for strolling, this is about the pleasantest part of the entertainment. At least, so thinks Lilian, who (seeing Guy's evident depression) is in radiant spirits. So does Archibald, who follows her as her shadow. They are both delighted at everything about the Grange, and wander hither and thither, looking and admiring as they go.

And indeed it is a charming old place, older perhaps than Chetwood, though smaller and less imposing. The ivy has clambered up over all its ancient walls and towers and battlements, until it presents to the eye a sheet of darkest, richest green, through which the old-fashioned casements peep in picturesque disorder, hardly two windows being in a line.

Inside, steps are to be met with everywhere in the most unexpected places—curious doors leading one never knows where—gloriously corridors along which the dead of night armed knights of bygone days might tramp, their armor clanking—winding stairs—and tapestries that tell of warriors brave and maidens fair, long since buried and forgotten.

Outside, the gardens are lovely and rich in blossom. Here too the old world seems to have lingered, the very flowers themselves, though born yesterday, having all the grace and modesty of an age gone by.

Here too the "sunlike lily" hangs its head, the sweet "neglected wall-flower" blows, the gaily sunflower glitters, and the "pale jessamine, the white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet," display their charms, while among them, towering over all through the might of its majesty, shines the rose—"Joy's own flower," as Felicia Hemans sweetly calls it.

Now—being late in the season—the blossom is more scarce, though still the air is heavy with delicate perfume, and the eyes grow dark with gazing on the beauty of the autumn flowers. Through them goes Lilian, with Archibald gladly following.

All day long he has had her to himself, all she has been so good to him, he has evidently pleased and contented with his society alone, that within his breast an earnest hope has risen, so strongly, that he only waits a fitting opportunity to lay

his heart and fortune at her feet. "I can walk no more," says Lilian at last, sinking upon the grass beneath the shade of a huge beech that spreads its kindly arms above her. "Let us sit here and talk."

Archibald throws himself beside her, and for a few minutes silence reigns supreme.

"Well," says Lilian, at length, turning lazy though inquisitive eyes upon her companion.

"Well?" says Archibald, in return.

"I said you were to talk," remarks Lilian, in an aggrieved tone. "And you have not said one word yet. You ought to know, by this time, how I dislike silence."

"Blame yourself. I have been racking my brains, without success, for the last two minutes to try to find something suitable to say. Did you never notice how, when one person says to another, 'Come let us talk,' that other is suddenly stricken with hopeless stupidity? So it is now with me; I cannot talk, I am greatly afraid."

"Well, I can," says Lilian, "and as I insist on your doing so also, I shall ask you questions that require an answer. First, then, did you ever receive a note from me on my leaving the Park, asking you to take care of my birds?"

"Yes."

"Regularly," says Archibald, telling a fearful lie, deliberately, as the lie he read that note to this he has never once remembered the feathered friends she mentions, and even now as he speaks she only the very haziest idea of what she means.

"I am glad of that," regarding him searchingly. It would make me unhappy to think they had been neglected."

"Don't be unhappy, then," returning her gaze calmly and undimly; "they are all right; I took care of that." His eyes meet hers reassuringly. It is many years since Mr. Chesney first learned the advantage to be derived from an impulsive countenance. And now, with Lilian's keen blue eyes looking him through and through, he feels doubly thankful that practice has made him so perfect in the art of suppressing his real thoughts. He had also learned the wisdom of the old maxim:

"When you tell a lie, tell a good one."

"And you tell a good one," says Lilian, after a slight pause, during which she tells herself young men are not so wretchedly thoughtless after all, and that Archibald is quite an example to his sex in the matter of good nature. "One of my chiefest regrets on leaving home was thinking how my birds would miss me."

"An sorry story, your very best friend," says Lilian, with a very long declining to do so at the last moment. It took Aunt Priscilla a full week to convince me of the error of my ways, and prove to me that I could not live alone with a gay and (as she himself) wicked bachelor."

"I have never been so unfortunate as to meet her," says Archibald, mildly; "but I would bet any money your Aunt Priscilla is a highly objectionable old maid."

"No, she is not; she is a very good woman, and quite an old dear in some ways."

"She is an old maid!" raising himself on his elbow with some show of interest, says Lilian, stoutly.

"Oh, she likes old maids," says Mr. Chesney, *sotto voce*, sinking back once more into his lounging position. He evidently considers there is nothing more to be said on that head. "And so she wouldn't let you stay?"

"No. You should have seen her face when I suggested writing to you to ask if I might have a suite of rooms for my own use, promising faithfully never to interfere with you in any way. It was a picture!"

"It pained you very much to leave the Park?"

"It was death to me. Remember it had been my home all my life; every stick and stone about the place was dear to me."

"It was downright brutal my turning you out," says Archibald, warmly; "I could hate myself when I think of it. But I know nothing of it, and I had not seen you then."

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10:00 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction connecting there with train for St. Stephen, Riverview, and Woodville, and for St. John.

10:30 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction, connecting there with train for Bangor and points West, and for St. Stephen, St. Andrew, Riverview and Woodville and for St. John.

10:40 A. M.—From Fredericton Junction and St. John.

10:50 A. M.—From Fredericton Junction, Bangor and points West, and from St. Stephen, Riverview and Woodville.

11:00 A. M.—Express from St. John.

LEAVE GIBSON: 6:00 A. M.—For Woodstock and points North.

ARRIVE AT GIBSON: 4:20 P. M.—From Woodstock and points North.

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