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# SIR NOEL'S HEIR. 

## A Novel.

By Mrs. MAY AGNES FLEMING,

"NORINE"S REVENGE," " THE MYSTERY AT' BLAOKWOOD ORANGE," E'TC., ZTO.

Prom Puterson's Magasine, by speotal arrangoment with Mr. Charies d. Petarson. $\rightarrow$

## CHAPTER L.

ETR NOEL's DEATH-BED.
The December nigbt had closed in wet and Fild around Thetford Towers. It stood down fn the low ground, smothered in trees, a tall, gables and atacks of chimneys, and rook-inlested turrets. A queer, massive, old bouse, built in the daye of Jrmes the First, by Sir Huga Thetford, the first baronet of the name, and as staunch and strong now as then.
The December disy had been overcast and gloomy, but the December night was stormy and wild. The wind worriad and wailed through the tossing trees with whistling moans and shrleis 8 that were desolstely human, and made me think of the sobbing banshen of Irish legends. Frir away the mighty voice of the stormy aea mingled its hosrac base, and the rain lsshed the Windows in long, sianting lines. A desolate inte still within for on his bed this tompeatuous winter night, the last of the Thetford baronets lay dying.
Through the driving wind and lashing rain 8 groom galloped along the high road to the viliage at break-neck speed. His errand was to Dr. Gale, the village surgeon, which gentleman he found just prepsilng to go to bed.
"For God's aake, doctori" crled the man white as a sheet, "come with me at oncel Sir Noel's killed!"
Dr Gale, albeit phlcgmatic, ataggered back, and stared at the spebker aghast.

What pir Noel kitted?"
or oertain aure but doctor; none of us knows man. Come quick, for the there like s dead man. Come quick, for the love of goodness, is you want to do any bervicel"
dootor, learing the room to minuter," sald the dootor, leaving the room to order his horse and don his hat and great coat.
Dr. Gale was as good as his word. In less chan ten minutes he and the groom were liyting
"How did it happen?" sakea it, foctor, hardly whla to apeak fo: the furious poce at Which thoy were gning," "I thought he was at Lady Stokasiu 'na's ball",
"He did go," repliad the groom; " leastweys
he took my iady there; but he sBld ha had a he took my iady there; but he skld he had a friend to meet from London at the Royal Georga to-night, and he rode bsck. We dont, none of rider than Sir Noel there ain't in Devonshirc but Diana must have slipped and threw him. She came galloping in by herself sbout haif an bour ago sll blown; and me and three more set off to look for Sir Noel. We found him about tweniy yards from the gates, lying on his face in the mud, and as stif and cold as if he was dead."
me?"
"Directly sire Some wanted to aend word to my lady; but Mre, Hilliard she thought how you had best see him tirst, bir, $80^{\prime}$ 's we'd know what danger he was really in before alarming her ladyahip."
"Quite right, Wmiam. Let ue trust It may not be serious. Had Sir Noel been-I mean, I suppose he had been dining?" suppose he had been dining willism, "Arneaud, that's his valey de chambre, you know, aald ho thought he had teken nore wine than wie prudent going to Lady dokertans'g ball, whleh ber ladyship is very parilcular abont such, you know, sir."
"Ahl thst accounts," mil d the doctor, thaught fully: "and now, Wililam, my man, con't let's taik sny, more, for I feel completely blown already."
Ten minutes' aharp rding brought them to the grest entrance gates of Thetford Towers, An oid woman came out of a little lodge, built in the buge masonry, to admit them, and they dashed up the long winding avenue under the anging osks and eheatnuts. Five minutes more and Dr. Gale was running up a polished staircase of black, alippary oak, down an equally wide and hlack and alippery passage, and into the chambar where Sir Noel lay.
A grand and stateiy ohamber, lofty, dark and wainecoted, where the wax eandle made lumi-
nous clonds in the darknees, and the wood-me on the marble hesrth falled to give heat. Tre aak floor was overiald with Perslan rugs the windows were draped in green velvet and the center wo uphostered in the aame. bed, tall broad, ret, and on it, cold and lifeleas, lay the wounded misn. Mrs. Hillilard, the honaekeeper, sat beside him, and Arneadd, the Swiss vaiet, Fith a frightened face, stood near the fire.
"Very shocking business thls, Mrs. Hilllard," sald the doctor, removing his bst and gloves"vary abocking. How is bei Any aigns oft conaciousness yet 9 "
"None whatever, alr," replled the bousekeeper, rising. "I am so thankful yon have come. We, none of us, knew what to do for him. and it is dreadful to see him lying there like that."
She moved away, leaving the doctor to hle examinatlon. Ten minutes, fifteen, twenty passed; then Dr. Gale turned to ber with a very paie, grave face.
"It is too late, Mrs. Hiniard. Bir Noel is a dead man!"
repeated Mrs, Filllard, trembling and holding by a chair. "Oh, my ladyl my ladyl"
"to am going to bleed him," sald the doctoe "to restore consclonsness. He msy last unt marning. Send for Lady Thetford at once,
Arncand started up. Mrs. Hilliard looked him, wringing her hands.
"Break it gently, Arneaud. Oh, my lady
my dear lady so my dear ladyl so young and bo pretty-and oniy married ive mont the
out Swiss valet left the roam. Dr. Gale got out hila lancet, snd desired Mrs. Hilliard to bold the basin. At first the blood refused to flowThe presently it came In a little, fceble stream The ciosed eyelids duttered; there was a restleas movement, and Bir Noel Thetford opened hit eyes in tils mortat life once more. He looked flist at the doctor, grave and pale, then at the housek eeper, sobbing on her kneee by the bed He was a young man of seven-and-twenty fate and handsome, as It was in the natose of the Thatiorda to be

SIR NOEL'S HEIR.
"What isit $\%$ " he faintly asked. "What is the
"You are hurt, Sir Noel," the doctor answered, sadly; "you have been thrown from your horse. Don't attempt to move-you are not able."
"I remember-I remember," ssid the young ghastly face. "Dlana slipped, and I was thrown. How long ago is that ?
"Ahont an hour."
保 Badly ${ }^{\prime \prime}$
docter's face and with a powerful look on the doctor's face, and that good man shrunk away
from the news he must tell. from the news he must tell.
a peremptory tone, that told all of his at,
"Ah! you won't speak, I seel I am, and 1 feel

- I feel. Doctor, am 1 going to die ?"
He asked the questlon with a sudden wildness -a sudden horror of denth, half starting ap in bed. Still the doctor dit not speak; stil Mrs.
of the vast room. shar Now as ghastly nad awfal as death itself lying on his tace. But he was a brave man and the descendant of a fearless race; and exeept for one couvulsive throo that shook him frot head to foot, nothing told his horror of his sudlay staring straight at the oaken wall, his hloodless face awful ia its intensity of hidden feeling. Raia and wind outside rose higher and higher, and beat clamorously at the windows; ar ustin off volce of the ceaseless sea.
The doctor was the first to speak, in hushed
and awe-struek tones.
My dear Sir Noel, the time is short, nud I can do little or nothing. Shall I send for the
Rev, Mr. Knight?"
The dying eyes turued upon him with on steady
gaze.
"How long have I to live? I want the truth." Heaven's will. Bat a few hours, I fear." "so soon?" sald the dying man. "I did not think- send for Larly Thettord", ho for Lady Thetford at onee!"
"she will be hero fory hoon," said the doetor; Sir Noel-the elergyman. Shall we not send for hlm?" "Nol" said Sir Noel, sharply. "What do I Went of a clergyman? Leave me, both of you. Stay, you can give mo something, Gale, to keep Now go. 1 want to sce no one but Lady Thetford,"
"My lady has comel" cried Mrs. Ililliard, starting to her feet; and at the same moment the door was opened by Arueaud, and a lady in a sparkling ball-dress swept in. to face with a bewildered air.

She was very young-seareely tweaty, nnd nnmastakably beautiful. Taller than common, jng dark eurls, and a colorless olive skin. The dsrkly handsome face, with prido in every feature, was blauehed now nlmost to the lue of the dylag man's; but that glittering, bride-lise figare, with its misty point-lace and binang dinidea of death.
"My ladyl my ladyl" eried Mrs Hlliard, with a suppressed sob, moving near her.
The deep, dark eyes turned upon her for an mstant, then wandered baek to tho bed; but she never moved.
"Ada," said Sir Noel, faintly, "come here, The graceful tigure In its shining robes and jewels, flitted over and dropped on its knees by his slde. The other threo quitted the room and with only death to overhear.
"Ada, my poor girl, only five months a wifoit is very bard on you; but it seems I must go. can't dio without saying. I have been a rillain, Ada-the grentest viliain on earth to you."

She had not spoken. Shen did not speak. She knelt besids him, whito and still, looking and of white borror in her face put very little of the of white horror in her facepbut very litto of the
despairing grief one would naturally look for in the dylig man's wife.
"I don't ask you to furgive me, Ada-I have
wronged you too deeply for that; but I loved
you so dearly-80 dearlyt Oh, my Godt what
a lost and cruel wreteh I have been." a lost and cruel wreteh i have been." He panting and gasping for breath. There was a draught which Dr. Gale had left standing near, and he made a motion for it. She held it to his lips, and he draak; her hand was onl"] cannot speak loudly, Ada," lıe said, in a husky whisper, " my strength seems to grow less every moment; but I want you to promire
me betore I begin my story that yot: will do what I ask. Promisel promise!"
He grasped her wrist and glared at ber almost flerecly. "Promise"" he relterated. "Promise! prom"Ise" I promise," she said, with white ! 1 ps.
"May llearen deal with you, Ada Thetford, as you keep that promise. Listen now."
The wild night wore on. The eries of the wind in the trees grew loader and wilder and more desolate. The win heat and beat agalast flared; and the wood-tire fickered and died out. And still, long after the midnight hour hai tolled, Ada, Lady Thetford, ta her lace and
silk and jewels, knelt beside her voune hushand, and listened to the dark and shameful story he bad to tell. She never onee faltered, she never spoke or stirred; but her face was dilated with a horror too intense for worts. The voice of the dying man sank lower and lower-it fell to a dull, choking whisper at last. "You have heard all," he said huskily.
The word dropped from her lips like ice-the frozen look of blank horror pever left, hor face.
"Ynd you will keep your promise?" "God hless yon! I can die now! Oh, Atal
I canaot ask you to forgive me: but I lose you so much-so mueh! Kiss me onee, Ada, before I go." voiee fatled even with the words. Lady Thetford bent down and kissed him, but her lips
were as cold and white as his own. They were the last words Sir Noel Thetford ever spoke. The restless sea was sullealy ebl-
iag, and the sonl of the man was floating away with it. The gray, chill light of a new day was dawaing over the Devonshire fields, rainy sid
raw, and with its first pale ray the soul of Noel Thetford, baronet, left the earth forever.
An hour later, Mrs. Hilliard and Dr. Gale An hour later, Mrs. Hilliard and Dr. Gale
rentured to enter. They had rapped again and again; hut there had been no response, and nlarmed they had come in. Stark and rigicl Tiready lay What was mortal of the Lord of Thetford Towers; aad still on her knees, with
that frozen look on her face, knelt his living wiff.
'My ladyl my ladyl' cried Mrs. Hillard, her tears falling like rain. "Oh! my dear lsdy, come away",
She looked up; then again at the marble form on the bed, nad without a word or ery, slipped buek in the old housekerper's arms in a dend taint.

CIIAPTER II.
Cipt. EYERARD.
It was a very grand and stately ceremoninl, that funersl procession from Thet ford Towers. A week after that stormy December bight they
lald Sir Noel Thetford in the family vault, where generation after generation of his race sle, t their last long sleep. The gentry for miles and
miles around were there, and among them cnme miles arouad were there, and among them enme
the heir-nt-law, the Rev. Horaco Thetford, only na obscure couatry curate now, but failing male heirs to sir Nocl, successor to the Thetford es-
tate and ifteen thousand a year. In a bedehamber, luxnrious as wealth can make a room, lay Lady Thetford, dangerously ill. It was not a brain fever exactly, bat some-
thing very like it into which she had fallen coming out of that death-like swoon. It was all very sad and slooeking-the sudulen death of the gay and handsomo young baronet, and the
serious illness of his poor wife. The funeral serious illness of his poor wite. The funeral
oration of the Rev. Mr. Kulght, rector of St, Gosport, from the text, "In the midst of life we nro in death," was most elopuent and iapres-
sive, and women with tender hearts shed tears, and men listened with grave, sad faces. It Was such a little while-only five short moaths

- sinee the wedding-bells had rung, and there had been boalles and feasting throughcut the village; and Sir Noel, looking so proud and so
happy, had driven up to the illuminated hall
with hls handsome bride. Only five months;
nd now-and nowl
The funeral was over and everybody had gone back home - everybody but the Rev. Horace Thetford, who ingered to see the result of nuy
lady's ilness, and if she died, to take possession of his estate. It was unutterably uismal in ths
dark, lushed old honse, with Sir Noel's ghost seeming to hannt every room-rery dismal and ghastly this waiting to step into dead people's
shoes. But thea there was fifteen thousand a year, and the flnest place in Devonshire; and the rev. Horace woud hare faced a whole reg
taent of ghots nnd lived in a vault for that.
But Lady Thetford did not die. Slowly but surely, the tever that had worn her to a shadow roses peped through the first blackened earth, shown feeble and frail and weak, colorless as death and as silent and cold.
The Rev. Horace went baek to Xorkshire, yet
not entirely in despair. Female heirs conld not inherit Thetfort-lee stood a chance yet; and he widow, not yet twenty, was left alone in the
dreary old mansion. People were very sorry for her, and came to see i. r, and begged her to be resigned to her great Loss; and Mr. Knight preaehed endiess homilie's on Datience, and tened to them just as if they hal been talking Greck. She never spoke of her drad husband that night at his dying bed had changed her as ambitious, pleasure-loving girl, she had grown into a silent, haggard, bopeless woman. All
the snany spring days she sat by the window of her boudoir, gazing at the misty, boundless sea, pale and mute-dead in life.
The friends who came to see here and Mr. abnormal ease, but very sorry fur the palo young widow, and disposed to think better of her than ever before. It must surely have been
the rileat slander that she had not cared for her husband, that she had married him only for his wealth and title; and that young soldier-
that captain of dragoons-must have been a myth. She might have been engared to him, of course, before sir coel eane, that meemed to
bo an undisputed fact; and she mitht have jilted him for a wealthier lover, that was all a
eommon case. But sle must have lovel her husband very dearly, or she never woult have seea broken-hea ted like this at his loss.
Spring deepened into summer. The June
oses th the flower-gardens of The ford were in rosy hloom, and my lady was ill again-very, very iIl. There was an eminent physician down
from Loadon, and there was a frail littlo mite of tabyhood lying among lace and flannel; and the eminent physieian shook his head, and looked portentously graye as he planeed from
the erib to the bed. Whiter than the pillows, whiter than snow, Ada, Lady Thetford, lay, hovering in the Valley of the Shadow of Death;
that other feeble little life seer ed flickering, that other feeble littlo life seer.ed fliekering,
too-it was so even a toss up between the great rival powers, Life end Death, that a strnw might bave turned the seale either way. so slight
being that baby-hold of gasping becath, that Mr . Knight, in the absenee of any higher anther, took it upon himself to baptize it. So a china bowl was brought, and Mrs. Ililliard and the child was numed-the name which the mether had said weeks ago it was to be cailed, if a boy-Rupert Noel Vandelear Thetford; for
it wes a malo heir, and the Rev. llorace's cake was dough.
Days wint by, weeke, monthes, and to the surprise of the eminent physician neither mother turned; and the anniversary of Sir Nocl's death came round, and my lady was able to walk
dowa-stairs, ahivering in the warm air under all her wraps. She had expressed no pleasure or thankfulness in her own safety, or that of her child. She had asked eagerly if it wero a boy or
a girl; and hearing its sex, had turned ber face to the wall, and lay for hours and hours speechless and motlonless. Yet it was very dear to her, too, by fits and starts, as lt werc. Sho would ering it with kissea, wlth jealous, passlonate love, erying over lt, and half smothering it with
caresses; sud then, again, in a fit of sullen apathy, would resign it to its nurse, and not ask to see it for hours, It was very strange and is-
explloable, ber conduct, altogether; more es.

pecially, as with her return to health came no return of cheerfulness or hope. The dark gloom that overshadowed her life seemed to settle Into a chronic disease, rooted and incurable. She never went out; she returned no visits; she gave no lnvitations to those who came to repeat theirs. Gradually people fell off; they grew tired of that sullen colduess in which Lady Thetford wrapped berself as in a mantle, untll Mr. Knight and Dr. Gale grew to be slmost lier only visitors. "Mariana, in the Meated Iirange," never led a more solitary and dreary existence than the banlsome young widow, who dwelt a recluse at Thetford Towers; for she was very handsome still, of a pale moonlight sort of beauty, the great, dark eyes, and abundant dark hair, maklog her flxed and changeleas pallor all the more remarkable.
Months and seasons went by. Summers folowed winters, and Lady Thetford still buried herself alfve in the gray old manor-and the little hoir was six years old. A delicate child tili, puny and slekly, and petted and spoildd, anli indulged in every childish whim and caprice. His mother's image and idol-no look of the fair-haired, sanguine. blue-eyed Thetford sturdiness in bis little, plached, pale fuee, large, dark eyes, and erisp, black ringlets. The years hwi gone by like a slow dream; life was strgnant enough in St, (rosport, doubly stagnant at Thetford Towers, whose mistress rarely weut abroad be;ond ber own gates, savo when she took her litile son out for an airing In the pony phaton.
She had taken him ont for one of those alrings on a July afternoon, when he had nearly aceomplished bis seventh year. They had driven eaward some miles from the manor-house, and Jady Thetford and her littlo boy hal got out, and were strolling leisurely up and lown the hot, white sunds, while the groom waited with the pony-phacton just within sight.
The long July afternoon wore on. The sun that had blazed all day like a wheel of fire, Iropped lower and lower into the crimson west. Che wide sea shone red with the retlections of the lurid glory in the heavens, and the numberess waves glittered and flashed as if sown with stars. A faint, far-off breeze swept over the sea, salt and eold; and the fishermen's boats danced along with the red sunset glinting on their sails.
Up and down, slowly and thoughtfully, the lady walked, her eyes fixed on the wide sea. As the rising breeze met her, she drew the scarlet hawl she wore over her black silk dress closer bround her, and glanced at her boy. The little ellow was runniag over the sands, tosaing pebbles into the surf, and hunting for shells; and her eves left him and wandered once more to the lurd splendor of that sunset on the sea. It was very quiet here, with no living thing in lght rut themselves; so the lady's start of ase toaish'aent was natural when, turaing an abrunt angle it the path leading to the shore, she say a man coming toward her over the snnds. tall, powerful-looking man of thirty, bronzed and handsome, and with an uninistakably milltary air, although in plain black clothes. The lady took a second look, then stood stock still and gazed like one in a dream. The man approached, lifted his hat, and stood sllent and grave before her.
"Captain Everard!"
"Yes, Lady Thetford-after eight years-Captain Everard ngaln."
The deep, strong voice sulted the bronzed, grave face, and both had a peeullar power of their own. Lady Thetford, very, very pulc, held out one falr jeweled hand.
"Captain Everard, I am very glad to see yo" gain.
Ha bent over the litle hand a moment, then "fropped it, and stood looking at her silent
ng to be at ease. "When did you return p", try-
"A month ago. My wife is dead. I, too, am widuwed, Larly Thetford."
"Did aha diy in "Did she dle in India 9 "
daughter," I have come home with my little daughter."

Yonr daughteri Then she left a child ${ }^{\prime \prime}$ One, It ts on her account I have come. The climate killed her mother. I had merey on her daughter, and have brought her home,
maln in Indla for your wife. Why did she re-
the loved me, Lady Thetfordi"
"he loved me, Lady Thetfordi"
His powerful eyes were on her face-that pale,
besutitul face, Into which the blood came for an

Instant at his words. She looked at him, then
8way over the darkening sea.
"And you, my lady-you gained the desire of your beart, wealth, snd a title In't me hope they have made you a happy woman.
"I sm not happy""
"No? liut you have been-you were while Sir Noel llvedp"
"My" husbaud iwas very good to me, Captain Everard. His death was the grentest misfortunc that could have befallen me.
"But you are young, you are free, you are rich, you are beautiful. You may wear a coro net next time.

His face and glanee were so darkly grave, that the covert sneer was almost hidden. But she felt it.

I shall never marry again, Captain Everard:
"Never? Yousurpaise me! Sis years-hay,
ven, a widow, and with indumerable attracgeven, a widow, and with inpumerable attrac tions. Oh, you cannot mean it!'
She madea sudden, passionategesture-ivoked at him, then away.
" It is useless-Worse than useless, folly, mad ness, to lift the vell from the irrevoeable past.
But don't you think, don't yon, Lady Thetford, that you might have been equally happy if you had married me?
She made no reply. She stood gazing seaward, cold and still.
"I was inadly, insanely, absurdly in love with pretty Ada Vandelenr in those days, and I think I would have niade her a good husband; better however-forgive me-than 1 ever made my poor dead wife. But you were wise and amblitions, my pretty Adn, aud bortered your blnek eyes and raven ringlets to a higher bidder. You jilted me in cold blood, pror love-sick devil that I was, and reigned rusplendent as my Lady Thelford. Ah! you knew how to choose the better part, my pretty Ada!"

Captnin Everard, I am sorry for the past-1 have atoned, if suffering can atoue. Ilave $n$ littlo pity, and let me alonei"
lle stood and looked at her silently, gravely. Then said, in $n$ rolee derp and calm
"Weare hoth free! Will you marry me now, Arla!"
"But I love you-I have always loved you And you-I used to think you loved me!'
Ie was straogely calm and passionless, rolce and glance, and face. But Lady Thetford had covered her face, and was sobbing.

I did-I do-I always havel But I cmnnot marry sou. I will love you all my life; but don't, don't ask me to be your wife"
"As you please!" he said, in the same pasalonless voice. "I think it is best, myself; for the George Everard of to-day is not the Geore Everard Who loved you elgnt hat. Ada, is that your son "'
"Yes."
"I should like to look at him; Here, my little haronct! I want to see you,"

The boy, who had been looking curionsly at the stranger, ran up at a sign from his mother The tall cantain lifted him in his arms and gazed in his amall, thin fsee, with which his bright tartan pladd contrasted harshly.
"He hasn't a look of the Thetfords. He is your own sen, Ada. My littlo baronet, what is your name?
"Sir Rupert Thetford," answered the child, strucgling to
know youl
The caplain set him down with a grim smile and the boy clung to his molher's skirts, and eyed the tall stranger askance.

I want to go home, mammal I'm tired and hungry."

Fresently, dearest. Run to Willam, he has enkes for you. Captain Everard, 1 Bhall be happy to have you at dinner."

London London to-nght. I sail for India again in a week."

So soonl 1 thought you meant to remnin." "Nothing is further from my intentions. her a homet that is why I have troubled yout wer a hou the "Take your little girl 9 Oh , most gladlymost willingly ""
"Thanksi Her mother's people are Frencl and I know little about them; and, save yourself, I can claim friendship with few in England She will be poor; 1 bave settled on her ail 1 am worty Thetford, you ean teach year; and you, grows up, to catch a rich hushand." When ehe

She took no notice of the taunt; she looked only too bappy to render him this service.
"I ant so pleased! She will be sueh a nles
"mpanjon for Rapert. Ilow old is she y" "Nemrly four."
"Is she here?"
"No; she is in London. I will fetel her down "n a day or two."
"What do you call her 9 "
"S Mabel-after ber mother. Then it is setthed, Lady Thetford, I am to fetch her ", with mer"
"No. I must catch the evening train. Farethree days I will be bere acrain."
lle lified bis liat and wallied nway. Lady Thetford watched him ont of sight, and then urned slowly, as she heard her littie boy ealling her with shrill impatience. Tho red suuset had faded out; the sea lay gray and cold under the wilight sky, and the evening breeze was chill. Changey in sky and sea and land told of coming night; and Lady Thetford, shivering slightly in the risiog wint, hurried away to be drlvea home.

## (CIIJTENLII.

"lattle may."
On the evening of the third day after this intervlew, a fy from the railway drove up the long, winding arenue leading to the great frovt entrance of the Thetford mansion. A bronzed nilitary gentforran, a nurse and a littlo girl, ocensied the fyy, and the gentleman's keen, dark eyes wandered searchingly around. Swelling meadows, relvety lawns, sloping terraces, ish-ponds, park, with sprightly deer-that was what he saw, all bathed in the golden halo of the summer sunset. Nassive nod grand, the old house reared its gray head, half overgrown with ivy and climbing roses. Gaudy peacoeks strutted on the terraces; a graecful gazelle fitted ont for an instant amongst the trees to look at them and then tled in aftright; and the barking of male a dozen mastiffs greeted their approach noisily.
"A fine old place" thought Captain Evgrand old pretty Ada might hare dono worse. The staunch place for that puny chite Thetfords is sadly adulterated in his pale veins, I fancy. Well, my llttle May, and how are you going to liko all this ?"
The ehild, a bright-faced little creature, with reat aparkling eyes and rose-bloom chegks, wae woking in delight at a distant terrace.
"See, papa! See all the pretty peracocks Look, Ellen," to the nurse, "three, four, fivet Oh, how pretty!"
"Then IIttle May will like to IIve here, where she can see the pretty peacocks every day ${ }^{\prime \prime}$ "
"And all the pretty flowers, and the wate and the little boy-where's thelittle boy, papa? "In the house-you'li see him presently; bnt you must be very good little May, and not pull his nair and seratch his face, and poke yonr fogers in his eyes, like you used to do with Wille Brandou. Little May must learn to be good."
Littla May put one rosy finger in her month and set her head on one sido like a deflant canary. She was one of the pretticest little fairles imaginable, with her pale, flaxen curls, and sparkling light-gray eyes and apple-blossoni complexion; but ahe was evidently as much spoiled as little Sir liupert Thetford himself.
Lady Thetford sat in the long drawing-room after her solitary dinner, and littio Sir Rupert played with his rocking-horse and a plle of bieture-books in a remotn corner. The young widow lay back in the vioset-velvet depths of a carved and gilded fauteuil, very simply dressed in black and crimson, but looking very tair and stately withal. She was watching her boy with a lialf smile on her face, when a footman entered with Captain Everard's card. j,ady Thetford with Captaia Eve
looked up eagerly.
"Show Captaln Eperard up at once."
The footman bowed and disappearerl. Five minutes later, and the tall captain and his little daughter stood before her.

At lastl" aaid Lady Thetford, rising and bolding out her hand to her old lover, with a mile that reminded him of other days-" at ast, when I was growing tired waiting. And forth your little girlamy little piri from benceforth? Come here, my pet, and idiss your nef
mamma."

She bent over the little one, kissing the pink cheeks and rosy 4 ps .
-She is fair and tiny-a very fairy; but she resembles you, nevertheless, Capt. Everard." "In temper-yes," said the eaptain. "You will find her spolled, and willful, sad cross, and capricious and no cnd of trouble. Won't' she, May?"
May "She will be the better match for Rupert, on
that aeconnt," Lady Thetford sadd, smillng, and unfastening little Miss Everard's wraps with har own fitir fingers. "Come here, Bupert, and Welcome your new sister.
The young haronct approached, and dutifuliy cissed little May, who pat np her rose-bud mouth right willingly. Sir Rupert Thetford wasn't tall, rather undersized, and dellcate for bis seven years; but he was head and shoulders over the flaxen-haired fairy, with the bright gray eyes.
"I want a ride on your rocking-horse," and oht what niee pleture wooks and what a lot"
The children ran of together to their distant corner, and Captaia Everard eat down for the arst time.
"You have not linedp" said Lady Thatford. "Aliow me to -" her hand was on the hell but the eaptain interposed.
"Many thanks-notining. We dined at the village; and I leave ngain by the seven-ffity rain. It is past seven now, so I have but littio ime to spare. I fear I am putting you to a reat deal of troubie; but May's nurse insists on being taken back to London to-night."
"It wil' be of no consequence," repilied Lady Thetford, "Rupert's nurse will taks charge of her. I tatend to adrertise for a nursery governess in a lew days. Rupert's health has always beer so extremely detieate, that ho has not even began a pretert of learning vet, and not even began a preeext of learning yet, and but Dr. (iale telis me frankiy his constitution is biangerously weak."
She sighed as she spoke, and looked over to where he stood beside little May, who had mounted the rocking-horse boy-fashion. Sir mounted the rocking-hor
Rupert was expostulating.
"You oughtn't to eit that way-ask mamma. You ought to sit side-saddie. Only boys sit like You 0
that."
"I

I don't carel" retorted Miss Everard, rockmg more vioiently than ever. "I'll eit what Way I likel fot me alonel"
Lady Thetford looked at the captain with a ${ }_{4}{ }^{6} \mathrm{H}$

Hor father's danghter, surelyt bent on arfing ier own way. Whats fairy tit isl and Fet sueh s perfect picture of health.'
"Mabel was never Ill an hour in her life, I believe, sald beril. good for this worid. I only hope she may not oughly spoiled."

And I fear if she were not, I should do th Ahi I expect she will be a great comfort to me and a world of good to Rupert. He has never had a playraate of his own years, and children They sat for ten minutes
They sat for ten minutes convarsing gravely, May's annulty $\rightarrow$ not at all as they had with littig $t$ ay sannult $\rightarrow$ not at all as they had conversed half-past seven drew the sea-gide. Then, a balf-past seven drew near, the captain arose.
Come here, little May, and be in time as it is, "ome here, little May, and bid papa good-bye." Let papa come to May, responded his danghter, stili rocking
Captain Eversrd laughed, went over, bent down and kissed her.
'Good-bye, May; don't forget papa, and learn to be a good giri. Good-bye, baronet; tiry and grow strong and tall., Farewell, Lady Thetford, with my best thinnes.,
Sha held his hand, looking up in his sanourned face with tears In her dark eyes.
"We may never meet again, Captain Ever ard," she said hurriedly. "Tell me before wo part that you forgive me the past."
"Truly, Ada, and for the first time. The service you have rendered me fully atones. You should have been my cbild's mother-be a mother to her now,' Good-bye, and God bless rou and your boyi"
He stooped over, touched her cheek with his ups reverentially, and then was gone. Gons orever-never to meet those he left behind this idds of eternlty.
Ifttis May bore the loss of papa and nurse with philosophical indiference-her new playnate sufficed for both. The ehildren took to
one another with the readiness of childhoodRupert ali the mese readly that he had never before had a playmste of his own years. He was naturally a quiet ehild, caring more for his
picture-books and his nurse's atories than for picture-books nud his nurse's etories than for tops, or bails, or masbles. But little May Ever-
ard seemed from the tirst to inspire ard seemed from the tirst to inspire film with
some of her own supcrabuadant vitality snd some of her own supcrabuadant vitality and life. The elhin! was never, for a sinkie instant, quiet; she was the most restiess, the must impetnous, the most vigorous little creature that can be conceived. Feet and tongue and hands never were stili from morning till night; and the life of Sir Rupert's nurse, bitherto one of idie ease, becamo all at once a misery to her. The littie giri was every where-everywhere; especialiy where sho had no business to be; nad ourse never knew an easy moment for trusting after her, and rescuing her from alt sorts of periis. sha could climb like a cat, or a goat, and risked her neck about twenty times per diem; sle sailel he shoes in the soup when let in as a treat io diuner, and washed her hande in her milk-and-water. She became the intimate friend of the pretty peacocks and the big, yood-tempered logs, with whom, in utter fearlessness, she roll d about in the grase half the day. She broke young Rupert's toys, and tore his picture-books and slapped his face, and pulled his hair, anc. made herself master of the situation before she had been twenty-four hours in the house. Shis was thoroughiy and completely spoiled. What India uurses had left undone, injndiclous putting and flattery on the homeward passage hyd completed-and her temper was som thing appailing Hcr chrieks of passion at the slightest contradiction of her imparigi will rang through the house, and rent the turtured tropanims of all who heard. The little Xantippe would filng hergelf tlat on the carpet and literally acrean herself black tn th facs, until, in dread of apoplexy and and den death, her frightened hegrers hastened to yield Of course, one such victory insured all the rest As for Sir Rupert, before she had been a reech at Thetford Towers he dared not cali his soul his own. She thad partlally scalped him on several occations and left the mark of her cat like nalis in his pender visag but ber venomone power of aceeching for ours at will had more to do with the litto baronet's dread of her than anything else. He fled ingloriously in every battlo-rnaning in tears to mamma, and leaving the fleld and the trophles of vic tory triumphantly to Miss Everard. With all this, when not thwarted-when allowed to smash toys, and dirty her clothes, and smear her infantile face, and tear pictures, and torment inoftensivo lapdogs; when allowed, in ment inofrensivo "lapdogs; when allowed, in
short, to follow "her own sweet will," little May was as as charming a falry as ever the sun shous on. Her gleeful laugh made musle in the dreary old rooms, snch as had never been heard there for many, a day, and her miechievons there for many a day, and her miechievone thereby. The gervants petted and indulged her and fed her on unwholesome cakes and sweetmeats, and made her worse and worse every day meats, and
of her lifo
Lady Thetford saw all thls with invard apprehension. If her ward was completely be yond her powes of control at four, what would ohe bea dozen years hence?
"I am lhought the lady "I am afrald she will give me a great dcal o trouble. I never aaw so headstrong, 80 utterly unmanageable a chill."
But Lady Thetford was very fond of the falry despot withal. When her son came running to her for succor, drowned in tears, his mother took him in her arms and kissed him and soothed him-but she never punished the offender. As he never fought back. Little May had all the halr-pulling and face-scratching to herself.
"I must Ret a governess," mused Lady Thet
ford. "I may find one who can control this little vixen: and it is really time Rupert bepan his studies. I Bhall speak to Mr. Knight abont it.' Le dy Thetford sent that very day to the reo tory her ladyship's compliments, the seryant sald, ind would Mr. Knight call at his sartleat conve lience. Mr. Knight acnt in asswer to expec him that same evening; and on his way he fell in with Dr. Gsle, going to the manor house on a professional visit

Little Sir Rupert keepe weakly," he said no constitution to speak of. Not at all llke the Thetford-mplendid old stock the Thetfords, but run out-run ont. Sir Rupert is a Vandelsur, inherits his mother's constitation-
delicate child, very,"
" Have you seen Lady Thetford's ward ?" in quired the clergyman, smlining; no hereditary weakness there, I fancy. 10 answer for the strength of her lungs, at any rate. The other day she wanted Lady Thetiord's watch for a piaything; she couldn't have it, and down she fell tlat on the floor in what her nurse calls 'one of her tantrums.' Yon should have heard her, her shrieks were appalling."
"I I have," said the doctor, with cmphasis had anything to do of the old demon. If Whip ber witho she wants, lots of weh of ber The Lord ouly knows the future, but I pity her proepective husband!'
"The taming of the shrew," langhed Mr. Knight. "Katherine and Petruchlo over again For my part, I think Lady Thetford was unwise to undertake such a charge. With her delicate benlth it is altogether too much for her.
The two gentlemen were shown into the library, whilst the servant went to inform his lady of their arrival. The library had a French windory openins on a sloping lawn, and here chasing butterflice in high glee, were the two children-the pale, dark-eyed baronet, and the flaxen-tressca intle East Indian
Look," sinid Dr. Gille. "Is Sir Rupert going to be your Petruchicy Who knows what the not be may bring forth-Fho knows th
"she is very pretty," sald the rector thought fully, "and she may change with years. Yous prophecy may be fulfilled."
The present Lady Thetford entered as be spoke. She had heard the remarks of both and there was an unusual pallor sud gravity in her face as she sdyanced to reeeive them.
Little sir Rupert was called in, and May fok lowed, with a butterfly crushed to death in each fat tittie hand.
"She kills them as fast as she catches them," said Sir Rupert, ruefully. "It's cruel, isn't it, mamma?
Little May, quite unabashed, displayed her dead prizes, and eut ehort the doetor's confenence by impaticntly pulling her play-fellow away.
"Come, Rupert, come," she cried. "I want to eatch the black one with the yellow wings. Stick yountongue ont and come."
Sir Rupert displayed his tongue, and sub mitted his pulse to the doctor, and let himself mittca hed pulse to the
"The gray mare in that span is decidedly the better horse," langhed the doctor. "What a better deapot in ping fore it is ", little dcopot in pinafores it is,
When ber visitors had left, Lady Thetford Walked to the window and stood watching the two children racing in the sunehine, It was with pain.

## "No, no

not o, no," she thought. "I hope not-I pray not. strangel but I never thought of the poesibillty before, she will be poor, and Rupert
must marry a rich wife, so that if-" must marry a rich wife, so that

She paused, with a sort of shadder, then added: father and mother if that day ever comes ?"

## CHAPTER IV.

## MRs. WEYMORE

Lady Thetrond had settled her business satisfactorily with the rector of St. Gosport.
"Nothing coall be more opportune," he satd I am going to London nex week on businese Which will detain me upward of a sortnight. will immed

## you want."

 "I do nat require a young girl. I wish dle-aged peraon-a widow, for instance, who has had children of her own. Both Rupert and Biag are spolled-May particularly ls perfectyuinanageable. A young girl as governess foe unmanageable. A
Mr. Knlght departed with these instructiong and the following week started for the great metropolis. An advertigement was at once inserted in the Times newspaper, stating all Lady Thetford's requirements, and desiring immodinte application. Another Feek later, and
Lady Thetford recelved the following commn. Lady The
"Drat Lady Thirford-I have heen faifly bo sieged with applleants for the past week - all wid. ows, and all professing to be thoroughly com off ore thonght 60 many eculd spply for one editaction
tances, wh reapectabl
manner, $\mathbf{W}$ goveruees from her le tellis mer, I
ward "' in. hereditary Th for the The other vateh for a
d down ahe norse calls have heard emphasis d, I sboukd -that'e aD Lord only aughed Mr over again her delicate into the inform his and bere ire the two net, and the
upert going that we do

## ear thought

 ered as beks of both, kg of both,
d gravity in hem. ad May for
eath in each ches the m,'"
nel, isn $t$ th splayed ber or's confer-
fellow avay cllow away. and sub(Idedly the
"What a y Thetford It was 10t-I pray f the poes. ben added oy, of
mes ${ }^{\prime \prime}$
mances, Who, I thlak, will solt. She is eminently jenpectable in appearsnoe, quiet and lady. like in manner, with five years' erperience io the nursery goveruese line, and tha highest reeotnmandation trom her late umployers. she mand from ber look and manner alto gether, 1 should judge she was a person conarts it with misiortune. soe Whil return with

Lady Thetford read thla letter with a littl aigh of rellef-some one else would have th cemper and outbriaks of little Mas to contend with now. She wrote to Captain Eperard tha uame day, to announeu bis dangiter's well-being and thform hitn that she had found a suitable governess to take chargo of her
The second day of the ensuing week the reetor and the new governess urrived. A fy irom the rallway brought her and her juggage to Thet ford Towers late in the afternoon, and ghe was taren at once to the room that had been pre pared for har, whlist the servant weat to inform Lady Thetford of her arrival.
"Fetch her bere at once," sald her ladyshlp, Who was alone, as usual, in the long drawing foom with the children, "I wish to see her.
Ten minutes after the drawing-room door wa dung open, and "Mra, Weymore, my lady;' unnouneed the footman.

Lady Thetford arosa to receive her ilew de pendent, who bowed and atood before her with t somewhat futtered and embarrassed air. She vas quite young, not older than my lady her velf, and eminently good-looking. The tall nlender figure, clad in widow'a weeds, was as tymmetrical as Lady Thetford's own, and the Iull black dress set off the pearly fairness of the bloade skin, and the rich abundance of air hair. Lady Thetford's brows contracted a little; ser fair, subdued, gentlo-looking, girlish young woman, was hardly the atrong-minded midde-aged matron she had expected to take the nobsense ont of obstreperous May Everard
"Mrs. Weymore, I belleve," bald Lady Thet ford, resuming her fauteuil, "pray be seated. I wished to see you at once, beeause I am going jut this evening. You have had five years' ex perience as a nursery-governess, Mr. Knight bells me.'
"Yes, my lady."
There was a little tremor in Mrs. Weymore's low voice, and her blue eyes ahifted and fel banghty gaze.

Yet you look young-much younger than I mafiuet, or wished."
"I an twenty-seven years old, my lady. the looked hall a dozen years the elder of but iwo.
"Are you a native of London?"
"And you have been a widow, how long?" What ailed Mrs. Weymore? She was all whlte and trembling-even her hands, folded and presged together in her lap, shook in spitc of her.
"Eight jears and more,"
She gaid it with a sort of sob, hysterically ohoked. Laily Thetford looked on surprised, moman, and certainly wished for no seene with ber hired dependents. oolly. "You hava lost children ?"
"One, my lady." Again that enok
want on pltllessly.
"Is it long ago ? "
"When-When I lost Its father ?"
Well. I hope you understand the manage hard. Well I hope you understand the management a children-spolled ones particularly. Here -May, come here."
Mrs. children came over from their corner Mrs. Weymoro dre
ams is my ward-thls is my aon. I premame Mr. Knlght has told you. If you can sabdue the temper of that chlld you will prove yourself, indeed, a treasure. The east parlor has been fitted up for your usc; the childien Whl take thair meals there with you; the room adjoining is to be the school-room I have ap pointed one of the maids to walt on you.
"Excoedingly ao, my lady." comiortable.
"And the terms proposed by Mr. Knight ault you ${ }^{\text {Mrs. }}$
Mrs. Weynnore bowed. Lady Thetford rose
" Close the interview.
your journey. I will not detaln gou longer. To-morrow your duties will commence.'
Sbe rang the bell-directed the servant who came to show the governess to the east parlor and sea to her wante, and then to send nurse for the ehlldren. Flften minutea after she drove away in the pony-phaton, whilst the new governess stood by the window of the east phr or and watched her vanish ln the amber haze of the August sunset
Lady Thetford's buslness In St. Goeport de tained her a couple of hours. The blg, white August moon waa rialag as she drove slowly homeward, and the nightingale aang its veaper lay in the seented hedge-rows. As ahe passed the reetory ahe saw Mr. Kalght leaning over his own gate enjoying the placid beauty of the summer evening, and Lady Thetford reined in her ponles to speak to him.
"So happy to ace your ladyshipl Won't yon allght and come la f Mrs. Knight will be de lighted."
"Not this * ening, I thlnk. Had you much rouhle about my business ?
"I had applieants enough, certalnly," laughed the reetor. "I had reason to remember Mr Weller's Immortal advice, 'Beware of widders. How do you like your governess ?
"I have hardly had time to form an oplaton. he is younger than I could desire."
"She looks mueh younger than the age she gircs, I know; but that is a common case. I trust my choice will prove satisfactory-her references are excellfonc. Your ladyship has had an interview with her $p$ "

A very brief one. Iler manner struck ma anpleasantly-so odd, and shy, and neryous. I may he a paragon of characterize it; but she Good erening; best regards to Mrs. Knight. Call soon and see how your protege gets on."
Lady Thetford drove away, As she ulighted Prom the pony-carriage and ascended the great front ateps of the house, ahe saw the pale govraess stlll seated at the window of the east parior, gg
"A most woeful countenanee," thought my lady. "Therc ls gorae deeper grief then the loss of a hushand and child elght years ago the matter with that woman. I don't like her."
No, Lady Thetford ald not like the meek and bubmissive looking governness, but the children and the rest of the household did. Sir Kupert and little May took to her at once-her gentle rolce, her tender smile seemed to win its way to their eaprieions fayor; and before tha end of the first week ahe had more infuence over them than mother nond nurse together The subdued and gentle gevernesa soon had the lose of all at Thetford Towers exeept its mistrese from Mra Hilliard the gtately housekecper . she wes courteous and conslderate so anzlous to evoid giring trouble Abore all that fyed expression of hopeless tronble on her ead, pale face, made its way to every heart. She had full charge of the children now; they took their meala with her, and ahe had them in her keeping the beat part of the day-an office that was no sinecure. When they wers with their nurse, or my lady, the governess ast alone in the east par lor, looking out dreamily at the anmmer landscape, with her own brooding thoughts.
One erening
Towers over a fortnigh Mro Hulland ctfor owera a, found her sitting dreamily by Lerself, neith er reading nor working. The chlldren were in
the drawing-room, and her duties were over for the day.
"I am afraid you don'tmake yourself at home here," said the good-natured housekeeper; "you tay too much alone, and It isn't good for young people like you.
I am used to solitude," replled the gover ness with a smile, that ended in a sigh, "and havo grown to like it. Will you take a seat?"
"No," arld Mrs. IIlliard. 1 heard you 8 ay the other day you would like to go over the house; so, as I have a conple of hours' lelsure, The governess now.
The governess rose eagerly
"I have bcen wanting to see it 80 maeh," she aid, " but I feared to give trouble by asking It ls very good of you to think of me, dear Mrs Milliard.
"She Isn't much used to people thinking of her," reflected the housekeeper "or she wouldn't be so grateful for trifles. Let me see, aloud, "you have seen the drawing-room and library, and that is all, except your own apart-
ments. Well, come this way, Lll show you the ments. Well, come this way, L'll show you the
old wouth wing."

Through the long corridors, up wlde, black, allppery atalr-cases, Into vast, unased rooms, where ghostly eehoes and darkness had It all to themselves, Mrs. Hilliard led the governess.
"These apartments have been unused since before the late Sir Noel's time," said Mrs. Hilllard; "his father kept them full ln the husiting season, and at Christmas time. Since Sir Noel's death, my lady has shut herself up and recelved no company, and gode nowhere. She is begir. ning to go out more of late than she has cona ever since his death.
Mrs. Hilliard was not looking at the gover ness, or the might have been surprised at the nervous reatlessbess and agitation of her manner, as ahe listened to these very commonplaca remarks.
"Lady Thetford was very much attaehed to her busband, then ?" Mrs. Weymore said, her volee tremulous.
"Ahl that she was! She must have been, for his death nearly killed her. It was sudden enough, and sbocking enough, goodness knowsl 1 shall never forget that dreadful night. This is the old banqueting-hall, Ars. Weymore, the largest and dreariest room in the house.
Mrs. Weymore, trembling very mueh, etther with cold or that unaccountable nervousness of hers, hardly looked round at the vast wilderness of a room
"You were with the late Bir Noel, then, when he died ?"
"Yea, untll my lady carne. Ahl it was a riding hongl lie had taken ber to a ball, and the doctor and my lady at oncc; and when she came, all white and seared like, he sent us out of the room. He was as caim and seneible as you or me, but he aeemed to have aomething on his mind. My lady was ahut up with him for about three hours, and then we went in-Dr. fale and me. I shall never forget that aad airht. Poor Sir Noel was dead, and ohe was kneeling beside him in her ball dress, like somebodturned to stone. I spoke to her, and she looked up at me and then fell back in my arms in 8 fainting fit. Are you cold, Mrs. Weymore, that you shake so?"

No-yes-it is this desolate room, I think," the governess answered, hardly able to speak. lard is debolate. Come, I'll abow you the bis room Sir Noel died in. Ererythine remains just as lt was-no one has ever alept there aince. If you only knew, Mrs. Weymore, whet a and time thas. lost a busband yourself!"
The governess flung up her hands before ber face with a suppressed ery 80 full of anguish that the housekeeper stared at her aghast. Almost as quickly she recovered herself agaln.
"Don't mind me," she suid, In a choking rolce, "I can't help it. You don't know what I suffered-what I still suffer. Oh, pray, don't mind me!"
"Certainly not, my dear," sald Mrs. Hllliard, thinking inwardly the governess was is very odd person, indeed.
They looked at the billard-room, where the ables stood, dusty and dieused, and the balls lay

don't know when it will be used again," sald Mrs. Hilliard; " Jerhapa not until Sir Rupert grows up. There wins a time," lowering her os old that I thought he would never live to be pondect and ang as he now. Ho was the punlest baby, Ars. Weymore, you ever looked would hare been a plty, you knew; for then the would hare been a pli, youknow, for then the braneh of the famlly, as it would, too, If Bir Rnvert had been a little girl."
Rnvert had oeen a the building, followed by Mrs. Weymore, who the buidding, followed by Mrs. Weymore, who
seemed to grow more and mors agitated with seemed to grow more and mord
every word the housekeeper sald.
n an is in an awe-struek whisper, as if the dead man still lay there; "no one ever enters here but me."
She unlocked it as she spoke, and went in, Mrs. Weymore followed, with a face of frightened pallor that struek even the housekeeper

Good eracious mel Mrs. Weymore, what is the matter You are as pale as a ghost. Are you afruld to enter a room where a person has died ?
Mrs. Weymore's reply was almost inandibles ahe etood on the threshold, pallid, trembling, un accountably moved. The housekeeper glanced
at "Yer suspicionsly.
governess is either the most nervous person ever met, or eise-no, she can't Lava known Sir Noel in his lifetime. Ot course not."
They left the chamber after a cursory glance around-Mrs. Weymore never advancing beyond the threshold. She had not spocien, and
that white pailor made hel face ghastiy still. that white puilor made hel face ghastiy still.
"l'll show you the picture-galiery," said Mrs. Hilltard: "ond then, I belleve, you will have
eeen ali that is worth seelng at Thetford Town all,
She let the way to a long, hale-Ilghted room, wainscoted and antique, like all the rest, where long rows of dead and gone Thetfords looked down trom the carved walis. There were knights in armor, canntesses in ruffles and powder and lace, bishops in mitre $r$. head and crozler ln hand, and judges in gown and wig. There were ladies in pointed stomachers and jeweicd fans, with the waists of their dresses under their arms, but all fir and handsome, and unmistakably ailke. Last of afi the long array, there was sir Noel, a fair-haired, handsome youth of twenty, with a snile on hts face and a bappy radlance in his biuc eyes. And by his side, dark and haughty and beautiful, was my lady in her bridal-robes.
"There is not a fiandsomer face amnngst them all than my lady's," satd Mirs. Hilliard, with pride. "You ought to have seen her when sir Noel first brought her home; sho whs the most beautiful creature I ever looked at, Ah! it was such a pity he was killed. I suppose they'll be having Sir Rupert's taken next and hung beeide her. He don't look much like the Thetfords; ae's his mother over again-a Vandeicur, dark and stili."
If Mrs. Weymore made any reply the housekeeper did not cateh it; she was standing with her face averted, hardly looking at the portraits, and was the first to leave the picture-gallery.
There were a few more rooms to be seen-a drawing-room suite, now closed nnd disused; an ancient library, with a wonderful stained win. dow, and a vast echoing reception-rnom. But was all over at last, and Mrs. Hilliard, with her keys, trotted cheerfully ofs; and Mrs. Weymore was left to solitude and her own thoughts once more.
A strange person, certainly. She locked the door and fell down on ber knees by the bedside, sobbing until her whole form was convulsed.
"Oh! why did I come here? Why did I come hare ?" came passionately with the wild storm bel Nearly nine years-nine long, long years, and not to have forgotten yet !"

## CHAPTER $V$.

A journey to london.
Verf blowly, very monotonously went life at Thetford Towers. The only noticeable change was that my lady went ratber more into soelety, and a greater n maer of visitors came the the
manor. There had been $\varepsilon_{i}$ chlldren's party on manor. There had been \& chlldren's pary on Mrs. Weymore bed played for the little people Mrs. Weymore bad piayed for the little peopie
to dance; and my lady had cast of her chronic to dance; and my lady had cast off her chronic gioom, and been bandsome and bappy as of
old. There had been a dinner-party later-min old. There had been a dinner-party later-bu and the weeds, worn so long, had heen discarded, and in diamonds and black velvet Lady Ada Thetford had been heautiful, and stately, and gracious, as a young queen. No one knew the reason of the sudden cbange, but they accepted the fact just as they had found it, and set it down, perhaps, to woman's caprice.
So slowly the summer passed: autumn came and went, and it was December, and the ninth anniversary of Sir Noel's death.
A ploomy day-wet, and wild, and windy. The wind, sweeping over the angry sea, surged and roared through the akeieton trees; the rain lashed the windows in rattling gusts; and the leaden sky hung low and frowning over the drenched and dreary earth. A dismai dayvery like that other, nine years ago, that had been Sir Noel's last.
In Lady Thetford's boudoir a bright-red coul fire blazed. Pale-blue curtaina of aatin damaek shut ont the wintry prospect, and the softest and richest of foreign carpets hushed every footfall. Before the fire, on a little table, my lady's breakfast teniptingiy stood; the siliver, oid and quaint; the rare untique porcelaln sparklingin the ruddy firelight. An casy cbair, carved and gilded, and cushloned in azure velvet, stood by the table; and near my lady's plate lay the letters and papers the morning's mail had brought.
a toy of a clock on thir jow marhle mantle
chimed masically ten as my lady entered. In her dainty morning negligee, with ber dark hair ripping and talling iow on her neck, shelooked very young, and farr, and graceful. Rehind her came her maid, a blooming Engliah girl, who
took off the cover and poured out my lady's took off th
chocolate

Lady Thetford sank languidly into the azure valvet depths of her fauteull, and took up ber letters. There were three-one a nnte from her man of business; one an invitation to a dinnerparty; and the third, a hig offlicial-iooking document, wilt a huge seni, ind nnend of postmarks.
The languid eyes sudenis' lighted; the paie The languid eyes suddenis ligited; the paie
cheeks flushed as she took it eagerly up. It was cheeks flushed as she took it eagerly up.
a ietter from India from Capt. Fverard.

Lady Thetford sipped her chocolate, and read her letter leisurely, with her slippered feet on the shining fender. It was a long ietter, and she read it over slowiy twi.c, three times, before she jaid it down. She finished her breakfust motioned her maid to remove the service, and ying back in her chair, with ber deep, dark cyes fixed dreamily on the lire, she fell into a reverie of other days far gone. The lover of ther girl-
bood came back to her from over the sea. He was iying ut her feet once more in the long summer days, under the waving trees of her girlbood's home. Ah, how happyl how happy she had been in those by-gone days, hefore sir Noel Thetford had eome, with bis wealth and his tltic, to tempt her from her lovo and truth.
Eleven struck, tweivo from the musical clock on the mantie, nnd still my lady aat living in the past. Ontside the wintry storm raged on; the rain ctamored against the curtained glass, and my lady awoke from her dream, and mechanicaliy took up the Times newspaper-the first of the liftie heap.

Vein! vain!" she thought, dreamily; "worse than vain those dreams now. With my own my 1 threw back the heart that loved me: And now the old iove, that I thought would dle in the splendor of my new iffe, is stronger then ever-and it is nine years too late."
She tried to wrench her thoughts away and fix them on her newspaper. In vaful her eyes Windered aimlessiy over the closely-printed col-unns-her mind was in India with Capt. Everard. All at once she started, uttered a sudden, eyes and whitening cheeks. At the top of a column of "personal" advestisements was one which her strained eyes literaliy devoured.
"If Mr. Vyking, who ten years ago left a male infant in charge of Mrs. Martha Brand, wishes to keep that chill out of the work-bouse, he will call, witbin the next flive days, at No 17 Wad (aington Strect, Lambeth."
Again and again, and again Lady Thetford read this apparently unintereating advertisement. Slowiy the peper dropped into her lap, and she sat staring blankly into the fire.

At last she thought, at last it has come. I fancied all danger was over-that death, per haps, bears, foreatailed me; snd now, after ali
these years, I am sumoned to keep my broken these years,
promise!
The hus of dcath had settied on ber face; she sat cold and righd, staring with that blank, fixed gaze into the fire. Ceaselessly beat the rain; wilder grew the December day; steadily the moments wore on, and still she sat in that fixed
trance. The ormula clock struck two-the sound trance. The ormula
aroused her at last.
will! Must!" she said, setting her teeth. "I will My hoy shali not lose his birthright, come what may!"
She rose and rang the beli-very pale, but icily cailm. Iler maid answered the suinmons.
"Eiiza," my lady asked, "at what hour does the afternonn train leave St. Gobport for Lonthe afte
don "
Eliza
Eliza stared-did not know, but would ascertain. In five minutes sho was back.
"At haif-past three, my lady; and another at
Lady Thetford gianced at the clock-it was a guarter past two.
" Teli William to have the carrlage at the door at a quarter past three; and do you pack my dressing-case, and the few things I shali need
for two or threo days' absence. I am going to for two or
London."

Eliza stood for a moment quite petrifled. In all the nine years of her service under my lady, no such order as this had ever been received. To go to London at a moment'e notice-my lady, who rarely weat beyond her own park gates Turning away, not quite certain that her ears
had not decelved her, my lady's voice arrested " ${ }^{\text {sig }}$
Send Mrs. Weymore to me; and do you loee Eilize in packing up.
Eliza departed. Mra Weymore appeared. My lady had some instructions to give concernlig the children during ber absence. Then the goveruess was dismissed, and she was again Thro
Through the wind and rain of the wintry storm, Lady Thetford was driven to the station, in time to eatch the three-fifty train to the metropolis. She went unattended; with no message to any one, onjy saying she would be back in three days at the furthest.
In that duil honsehoid, where so few eventa ever disturbed the etagnant quit, this sudder ourney produced an indescribable sensation, Wlat could have taken my fady to London at a moment' notice s some urgent reason it must have been to force her out of the gloomy seciusion in whiteh sho had buried herself since het hustand's death. But, discuss it ae they might, they could come no nearer the heart of the mystery.

## CIIAPTER VI.

0ty.
Tus rainy December day closed in a rainiea night. Another day dawned on the world, sunless, and chilly, and overcast stili.
It dawned on London in murky, yellow fog, ness, and a raw, easteriy wind. In the densely populated strecte of the distriet of Lambeth, where poverty huddled in tall, gaunt buildings, the dismal light stole murkity and siowiy oves the crowded, flithy strecto and awarming puriсия.
In a amall upper room of a iarke dllapidated house, this bad December morning, a painter atood at his easel. The room was bare and cold, was middle-aged in the extreme; the painter and very much out at elbows The duld gray light fell full or his work-no ingpiration of geniua by any means-only the portrait, coarsely colored, of a fat, well-to-do butcher'a danghter round the corner. The man was Joseph Legard, scene-painter to one of the minor clty theatrea, who eked out his slender income by puinting portraits when be couid get them to paint. He was aa fond of his art as any of the greant, old masters; but he had only one attribute in commasters; but he had only one attribute in comfor his aalary was not large, and Mr. Legard found it a tight fit, indeed, to "make both ends meet."
So be stood over bis work this dull morning, bowever, in, hisisting a tune. In the adjoining brown face, whisting a tune. In the adjoining shrilily, and the cries of half a dozen Legards. He was uaed to it, and it did not disturb him; and he painted and whistled cheerily, touching up the butcher's daughter e ennb noee and fat cheeka and double chin, untll light footsteps came running up-ateirs, and the door was flung fide hy an impetuous hand. A boy of ten, or hereabouts, came in-a bright-eyed, fair-haired ad, with a handsome, resolute face, and eyes "cloudless, \&axon biue.
"Ah, Guy!" said the scene-painter, turning round and nodding good-hamoredly. "I've
been expecting youl $W$ Wht do you think of been expecting
Miss Jenking ${ }^{\prime \prime}$
The boy looked at the jlcture with the glance of ar embryo connoisseur.
'It's as like her as two peas, Joe; or would nc, if her hair was a little redder, and brit nose a little thleker, and the freckles were plainer. But it fooks like her as it is."
"Well, you see, Guy," baid the painter, going on with Miss Jenking's left eyebrow, "It don't
do to make 'em too true-peopie don't liks it: do to make 'em too true-people don't like it; they pay their money, and they expect to take
it out in good looks. And now, any newn this it out in good loo
The boy leaned against the window and looked out into the dingy street, hia bright, young free growing gioomy and overcast.
"No," he said, moodily; "there is no news, except that Phil Darking was drunk last night hat's no news, I'm surel'"
"And nobody's come abont the advertisement in the Times ?"
"No, and never will. It's all humbug what granny says abont my belonging to anybody ago. Phil says my wother was a housemaid,
and mo f
glad to gt $\underset{\text { galet, gras }}{\text { glad to }}$ he'll tarn I'd rather starve in The blu them pase up with a
'It'e n Eilen are
at's not
" It it $h$ ly "but
why jou
tion. Yo now; and than ever With spa an artist He sto came a $h$ door. then ope lightly o "Now the habit In cabs. ne be landing. landing,
Martha
"For "For
shouldn advertis she's
Gny! :"
Yes, tered on a baby she ing Waik is she lady int
Over a an old an old a pleass Foman curious
But Bnviou Bracd vant's

## do you lose

appeared. concernwas again
and my facher a valet-and they were ouly ton glad to get me off their hands. Vyking was a vajet, granny says ahe knows; and it's aot llkel he'll tarn up after all these years. I don't care Id rather go to the work-house; I'd rather
starve lo the streets, than live another week starve 10 the stree
with Phil Darking.

The blue eyes filled with tears, and he dashed Them passionately away. The painter looked up with a distressed face
"LIas he been beating you again, Guyp" Elien are sorry -he's a brute! Granny and Elien are sorry, and do what they ean; but at's nothing, I wish I had never been born!" ly " "but keep; up heart, (Guy; if the worst comes, why you can stop here and take pot-luek with the rest-not that that's much better than starvathon. You can take to my business sinertly, now; and you'lt make \& better scene-pa
than ever I could. You've got it in you
than ever I could. You've got It in you."
"Do you really think so, Joo? "cried the hoy "Do you really think so, Joo?" cried the hoy,
with sparkling eye. "Do yous" I'd rather be with sparkling eye. "Do yous" I
He stopped short in surprise, staring out of the window. Legard looked. Up the dirty atreet came a handsome cab, and stopped nt their own door. The driver alighted, made some inquiry then opened the cab-door, and a lady stepped lightly out on tile curb-stone-a lady, tall and stately, dressed in black nnd elosely veiled.
"Now, who ean this visttor be for ?", sald Legard. "People in thls nelghborhood ain't in the hablt of haring morning calls made on them in cabs. She's comiag up-stairst"

Ile held the door open, listening. The lady ascended the first flight of stalrs, stopped on the landing, and inquired of some one for "Mre. Martha Brand."
"For grannyl" exclaimed the boy, "Joe, I ahoulda't wonder if it was some one about that advertisement, after all!"

Neither should I," sald Legard. "Therel aho's gone in. You'll be gent for directly, Guy! ',
Yes, the iady had gone in. She had encountered on the landing a slckly young woman with a baby in her arms, who had stared at the name ohe iaquired for.
"Mrs. Marthe Brand? Why, that's mother! Walk in this way, if you please, ma'am."
She opened the door, and ushered the velled lady fato a small, close roota, poorly furnlshed. Over a smould ring firo, mending stockings, sat an old woman, who, notwithstanding the extreme shabbiness and poverty of her drese, lifted a pleasant, intelligent old face.
"A lady to see you, mother," said the young woman, hushlag her fretful baby and looking curiously at the velled face
But the lady made no attempt to raise the anvious screea, not even when Mrs, Martha Brand got up, dropping a respectful little servant's courtesy and placing a chair. It was a nothing could be discovered of the face behlnd It but that it was fixedly pale. She sank into the seat, her face turned to the old womaa behind that sable acreen
"You are Mre. Brand?"
The votee was refined unc patrician. It would have told she was a gady, even if the rich germents ske wore did not.

Yes,ma'am - your ladyship; Martha Brand." "And you inserted that advertlsement in the Times regarding a child left in your care ten years ago ""
Mother and daughter started, and atared at the speaker.

It was addressed to Mr. Vyking, who left the child in your charge, by whlch I infer you are not awere that he has left England."

Left England, has he?" said Mrs. Brand More shame for him, then, never to let me "now or leave a farthing to support the boy!"

I am inclined to believe it was not his fault, said the clear, pad clar reason to think, will never relurn But have are others interested-more interested then be are others interested hore interested hen be could possibly be-lin the child, who remala, and who are willing to take him of your hands, But first, why is it you are so anxious, after keeping him all these years, to pet rid of him?" Brand, "it is not me, nor likewise Ellen there Brand, "it is not me, nor likewise Ellen there who is my daughter. We'd keep the lad and welcome, and share the last crust we had with him, as we often bavo-for we're very poor people; but, you see, Ellen, she's married now, and we call him, your ladyahip -Guy, which it was

Mr. Vyking'a own orders. Phil Darking, her hushaad, never did like him somehow; and when he gets drunk, saving your ladyship's presence, he beats him most unmerciful. And now we're golng to America-to New York, where Phil's oot a brother and work is better, and he won't fetch Guy. so, your ladyship, I thought I'd try onee more befere we deserted hlm, and put that advertisement in the Times, which I'm very glad 1 did, if it will fetch the poor lad any riends.'
There was a moment's pause; then the lady asked, thoughtfully: "And when do you leave for New York?"
"The day after to-morrow, ma'am-and a ong journey it is for a poor old body like me." chlid with you-in thls nelghborhoals",
chlld with you-in thle neighborhool?
all, your ladsabin It was Lowdean indon at all, your ladship. It was Lowdean, In Berk shire, and my hushand was alive at the time. had just iost my baby, and the landlady of the hotd me thirty sovereigns, and promised me pald me thirty sovereigns, and promised me thirty more every twelvemonth, and teld me to
call it Guy Vyking-and that was the last I ever eall it Guy
saw of him.'
"And the infant's mother?" said the lady, her volce ehanging perceptibly"-"do you know her volee ehanging

But very little," sald Martha Brand, Bhaking her head. "I never set eyes on her, although she was sick at the inn for upward of three weeks. But Mrs. Vine, the landlauly, she saw ber twice; and sho told me what a pretty young ereeter sine
lady yet."
"Then

## wasit?"

Well ng as your ladyship, It was an aer ldent, seeVyg as how the carriage broke down with Mr. the last London train, a driving furious to cated that she had to be earried to the was so hated quite out of her carried to the inn, and went ike. Mr Vyking head, raving and dangerous het until he could the landiady to wait upon nurse, which ono came telaph to to and took charge of her. The baby wasn't two days old When he brought it to me, and the poor young mother was dreadful low and out of her head all the time. Mr. Vyking and the nurse were all that saw her, nud the doctor, of course; but she didn't die, as the doctor thought she would, but got well, und beforg the came right to her sebsers Ir. Vyking paid the doctor and told him he needn't come back. And then, a little more than a fortnight after, they took her away, all sly and sceret-like, and what they told her about her poor baby I don't know. I always thought there was something dreadful wrong about the whole thing.'"
"And this Mr. Vyking-was he the child's athet-the woman's husband i
Martha Brand looked sharply at the speaker, as if she suspected she could answer that quesIon best herself

Nobody knew, but everybody thought who. I've always been cf opinion myselt that Guy's father an
"Does the boy know his own story?"
Yes, your ladyship-ail I've told you."
"Where is he ? I should like to see him."
Mrs. Brand's daughter, ail this time hushing her baby, started up.
' I'll feteh him. He's up-stairs io Legard's, I
She left the room and ran up-stairs. The painter, Legard, still was touchlng up Miss Jenkins, and the bright-haired boy atood watching the progress of that work of art
"Guy! Guyt" she cried breathlessly, "come down-stairs at once. You're wanted.

Who wants me Fllen
"A lady, dressed In the most elegant and cxpensive mourning-a real lady, Guy; nnd she has come abont that advertisement, nad she wants to see you,"
"What
hat is sho like, Mrs. Darking 9 " inquired the painter-" young or old?"
roung, I shouid think; but she hides her face behind a thick reil, as if she didn't want to e known. Come, Guy,'
She hurried the lad down-stairs and into their ittle room. The veiled lady stlil at talking to the old woman, her baek to tile dim daylight and that disguising veil still down. She turned slightly at their eotrance, and looked it the boy through it. Guy stood in tho middle of the ifoor, his fearlass blue eyes fixed on the hidden face.
Could he have aeen it be might have atarted at
the grayish pallor which overepread it at alght of " m . between her set teeth "It ls turrible it to mat velous!"

This is Guy, your ladyship," sald Marthe Brand. "I've done what I could for him for the last ton years, and I'm almost as sorry to part with him as if he were my own. Is your ladyabip golng to take him away with you now P"
"No," sald her ladyship, sharply; "I have no such Intention. IIave you no nelghbor or friend who would be willing to take and bring hlm up, If well paid for the trouble ?
money shall be pald without fail."
"There's Legard's," eried the
I'li go to Legard's, granny. I'd rather be ergerly. "Joe than anywhere cise."

It's a neighbor that Ilves up-stalrs," mur mured Martia, in explanatlon. "Ile always took to liny and Guy to him In a way that's quite wonderful. IE's a very decent man, your ladyship-a painter for a theatre; and Guy takes kindly to the business, and wonld like to be one himself. If you don't want to tnke uway the boy, you eonldn't leave him in better hands."

I am glad to hear it. Can I see the man ?" "I'll fcteh himl" cried Guy, and ran out of the room. Two minutes later camo Mr. Legard, paper eap and shirt-sleeves, bowing rery low to the grand, black-robed lady, and only too delighted to strike a bargain. The lady offered liberally; Mr. IAgard elosed with the offer at once.
"You will clothe hint better, and you will rducate hlm and give him your name. I wish lim to drop that of Vyking. The same amount I give you now will be sent you this time every year. If you change your resiflence in the meantime, or wish to communleate with me on any occurrence of consequence, you can address Madam Ada, post offle, Plymouth.
She rose as she spoke, stately and tall, and motloned Mr. Legard to withdraw. The palnter gathered up the money she lndd on the table and bowed himself, with a radlant face, out of the room.
"As for you," turning to old Martha, and taklog out of her purse a roll of crisp, Bank of Fngland notes, "I thlnk this will pay you for the tronblo you have had with the boy durlag the last ten year the money.'
She moved to the door, made a slight, proud gesture with her gloved hand in fareweil, took a last look at the golden lyaired, bluo cycd, handsomo boy, and was gens. A moment later and her eab rattled out of the murky street, and the trio were alone staring at one another, and at the bulky roll of notes.

I should think it was a dream only for this," murmured old Martha, looking at the roll with glistealng eyes. "A great lady-a great lady, suretyl Guy,

## CHAPTER VII.

## COLONEL JOCYLN

Five miles away from Thetford Towers, where tho multitudinous waves leaped and glistened all day in the sunllght, is if a-glitter with diamonds, stood Jocyln Iall. An imposing etructure of red brick, not yet one hundred years old, with sloping meadows spreading away into the Whith sloping meadows spreading away into the
blizon, and densely wooded plantations glding down to the wide sea.
Colonel Jocyln, the lord of these boundlees meadows and miles of woodland, where the red deer disported in the green areades, was absent in Iadia, and had been for the past nlae years. They were an old family, the Joeylns, es old as they were an old family, the doeylns, es old as nny in Devon, and with a pride that bore no
proportion to their purse, untll the present proportion to their purse, untll the presen Jocyln had, all at once, become a millionaire A pennik'ss young leutenant in a cavairy regi ment, quartered somewhere in Ireland, with a handsome face and dashing manners, he bad captivated, at first sighi, a wild, young Irish heiress of fabulous wealth and beauty. It was a love-match on her side-nobody krew exactly What it was on his; but they made a moonlight flitting of it, for the lady's frlends were griev onsly wroth. Lieutenant Jocyln liked his profession for its own sake, and took his Irish bride to Indla, and there an heiress and only child was born to him. The elimate disagreed with the young wife-sho sickened and dled; but the young offleer and his baby girl remadoed ln In-
dia, In the fullness of tlme he berame Colonel

Jociln; and one day eleotrited his he usekeeper by

enEngland Fith his iftile daughter Alle on for good. Lady Thetford on that mysterious L wadon jourLady Thetford on thst mysterfous Lado nonths after, when the May pismoses and hyacinths were all sbloom in the yreen selside woodhanda,
home.

Eariy on the day suceeeding his arrivil, Colonel Jocyin rod w through the brfyht spriag sunahine, along the pieasant high road between Jcovia Hall and Thetford Towers, fle hsd met the late Nir departure for India; but there had hee! no aedeparture for India; but there had heel no ae-
gusintance sufficiently close to warrant thl speedy call.
Lady Thetford, sltting alone in her toudolr. looked in surprtae at the card the servant $b$ ought. be colonel jooyin," ahe said, "I did not event know be had srrived, And to exll so so
She rose at the thought, ber pale cheeks flushing a Ittle with expectlon, Mail after mail bad mirived from that distant
Captain Eversid, Lady Thetford descended at once, She had few enilers; but she was alwsys exquisitely dressed sad ready to receive at a monient's notice. ber entrance.

Lady Thatford Ah, yeal Most happy to see Four ladyshlp once more. Permit meto apologize When you hear my reason.
Lady Thetford held out her whlte bnind.
Colonel Jocyln. You have come fork to England this time I hope. And little Alleea is well, I trust $y^{\prime \prime}$, shlpboard. Ineed not ask for young Sir Rupert I saw bltm with his nurse la the park as I rode up. A tine boy, aad like jou, my lady.
matual friends in indla 4 . And matual friends in Indla ${ }^{\circ}$
The momentous questlon sio. had been longing apoke it as steadliy as though it had been a questhoa of the weather.
Colonel Jocyln's faoe clouded, darkened.
"I bring bad news from India, my lady. Captala Everard was a friend of yours?
"Yeas he left his little daughter in my charge."
"I know. You bave not beard from him latelv" "No; and I have been rather from him latelys. Nothing has berallea the eaptain, I hope $\mathrm{Y}^{\prime \prime}$. admirable training, ard the slender fingers looped and unlooped nervousiy her watchechain.
befall hady Thetford; the very worgt that eould betall him. George Everard is cead
are and dowanst pause, Colonel Jooyla looked "He was my friend," he s
"my intimate frlen co for manv, targ a low volee, and brave as a lior, Mauy, many nighta we have laln with the stars of India shinlng on our blivoune whilst he talked to me of you, of England, of his daughter." Lady Thetford never spoke, never stirred. She Was sitting paziag stemifastiy out of the window ould not see her face.
"Ie was as glorious a soldier as ever I knew." the colonel Fent on; "and he died a soldier's d $\exists \mathrm{ath}$-shot through the heart. They huried him
out there with mllitary honors, and some of his out there with military honors, and
There was another blank pause. stlll Lady Thetford aat with that fized gaze on the brilliant May unshine, moveless as storic
"It ls a sad thing for bls poor little pirl," the In-
dian ofler sald; "she is fortunste in haring sueh dian offcer sald; "she is fortunste
Lady Thetford awoxe from her trance. She had been in a trance, and the jears had ellpped backFard, 6nd she had Everard, her handsome impet's ons fover, by her sids. Slie had loved him then, even when bhe said no and married another; she
leved him still, and now he was dead-deadj Bnt loved him stili, nad now he was dead-dead] But sine turne
nothing.
"I am so sorry-so very, vert orry, My poor
Httle Mayl Did Captain Everarc speak of ber, of Hetle Mayl Did Captain Everarc speak of ber, of
me, before be died "'
"He dled instantaneously, mplady. There was ootime," ${ }^{\text {n }}$ " Ah, nol poor fellowl It is the fortune of warbut it is very sad,"
Thst was nll; we
Thst was nll; we may feel Inexpressibly, but we Can onis utter commonplaces, Lady Thetford was
Fery, very pale but her pallor told nothing of the "Would you like to see Ittle May! I will send for her."
Little May was sent for and came. A brilltant ittla fairy as ever, brightly dressed, with shimstood Sic Rupert-the nine-year-old baronet, growing tall very fast, pale and slender still, and lookColonel Jocyla held out his band to the flaxen haired fairy
"Come here, little Maj, and Klss papa's triend
"Yes," dald May, altting on his knee contentedly Oh, yeal When la papa coming bomer He haid
In msmma's letter he would fetch me lota and lot In mamms's letter he would fetch me iots and ot
of dolis and pieture-books. Is he coming home' Not very soon" "the colonel sald, inexpreasibly vouched, "but little May will go to papa some dzy
You and msmma, il supposer" smiling at Lady Thetford.
Yes," nodded Msy, "that'a mamma, and Ru pert's mamma. Oit 1 rm so sorry papa isn't com gag home soont bo you know -looking up la bla
 drop, becsuse it's ull white; and limpert's ls blsck mamn nsme is Sultan? Aad rve got a wateh nsme-the bip one fant christrast opens its eye and esys 'mamma, nnd 'pape' - is sonera. Have youg got any little wirls at home?"
"What's her names"
"Alleca-Alleen Jocyla."
"Is she nice?

## "Very niee, I thlnk."

"Will she ecume to see me $?^{\prime \prime}$
"If you wish it aud mamma wishea it."
"Oh, yesj yau do, don't you, mamma? How blg Is your littlo giri-as blg as me?

Biager, I faney She ls nine years old."
Then she's as bis as ltupert -he's nine ye
May she fetch her doll to sec soneray
"Certainiy-a regiment of dolls, if she wishes,"
Can't she come to-morrow ${ }^{4}$ naked Itupert. "To-morrow's May*s blrthday; Ma
old tomorrow. Mayn't she eome

That must be as mamma snys." "Oh, fetch her I" cried Lady Thetford, "It whll be so nlee for Miny and Itupert. Only I hopa little
May won't quarrel with her; sha doesquarrel with her playmutes a kood deal, 1 am aorry to eay." fault. Oh, Itupert I there's Mrs. Weymore on the lawn, nad I want her to come and Bee the rabbits,
There's five little rabbits thls moralng, mammaThere's fire little rabbits this morang, mammamayn't I yo and show them to Mrs. Weymorei" and away ran littlo May and liupert to show the Col. Jocyln Ningered for hali an bour or upward, conversing with his hostess, nad rose to tuke bls leave at last, with the promise of returning oa the
morrow with bis ittle daughter, and dlning at the hiorrow with bis ittle daughter, and dinink at the ward, "a bsuntlig shape, sntmage gay," followed hilin through the genial May sunghine-Lady Ade Thet ford, fuir, and stately, and graceful.
"Nina years a widow," he mused. "They any wonder, corilering hus death very hard-and no is a tolerable time in whlch to forget. She took the news of Evcrard's desth very quietly. I don't suppose there was ever anything really In that old
story. IIow hanilsome shels, and how gracefuli Me broke off in hls muslng fit to light a cigar, and see tirough the curling smok edark-eyed Ada, Manma to little Alleen as weil as the other two. In all these yearr of his widowhood; but the want struak him forelbly now
"And Alleen wanta a mother, and the little baronet a father, , he thought, oomplacently; " m So next dsy at the earllest posslble hour, came back the gal/snt colonel, and with him a browahaired, brown-eyed, quiet-looking little girl, as tali, every Inch, as Sir lupert. A little embryo patri-
clan, with pride in her Infantile lineaments alcian, with pride in her infantila ineaments apilited poise of the graceful bead, a Ight, eiastlo step, nind a softly-modulated voiee brown eyes in wide wonder st the antics, snd cambols, and obstrepcrousness, gencraily, of littlo May. There were two or three childrea from the reotory, and half a dozen from other familles in the nelghborbood-and the little birthlay least was
under the charge of Mrs. Weymore, the governess pale and pretty, and subdued as of old. They gamboled In the parden, and had tea in a falry summer house, to the musle of plashing fountrins -and little May was captala of the band. Even shy, still Alleen Jocyln forgot her youit
and raced and laughed with the best
"It was so nice, papat" ghe oried rapturonsly, riding home in the misty moonight. pever enoyed myself so well. Ilke Rupert 80 much-bet-
ter than May, sou know; Mny's so rude so loud. I'Ye neked them to come and see me, papa; and May suld she would make her mamma Cok-I shall always llke to go there
Col. Jocyin smiled as he listened to his little danghter's prattlo, Perhsps he sgreed with her; perbapa he, too, jiked to go there. The dinner-
party at which he and the rector of St. Gosport and the rector's wife were the only guests, had been quite as pleasant as the birthday fete, Very graceful, very fuir and stately, had looked the lady of the manor, preslding at iher own dinner:
table. How weil she would fook at the head of bis: The Indlan oflioer, after that, became a very frequent guest at Thetford Towers-the ehildren Were auch a good excuse. Aileen was lonely at have her. So papa drove her over nearly every day, or eise came to fetch the other two to Jocyin
Itall. Lady Thetford was ever most gracious, and Itall. Lady Thetford was eve
the colonel'a hopes ran high.

Summer waned. It was October, and Lady Thetford beran taiking of leaving Si, Goaport for a season; her henlth w
alr wss recommended.
Bir Was recommended. 1 csa leave my children In charge of Mra. Wey. more she and. with me evo lotur. I think in shafi depart next week; Dr. Oale says I bave delayed too long."
Col. Jocyln looked up uneasilf. They were
itting alone tosether, lookligg st the rex Oetuber sitting alone tosether, looklog st the rexl Oefaber
sunset blazing itseff ont behing the Devon hilb. "We shall miss you very much," he suitu, hillify. I shall miss you
Somethlas in his tove struek Lady Thetford. she turned her dark eyes upon him in surprise and sudden slarm. The look had to be suswered, rather embarrgssed, and not at all so contideat as
he thought he would have beea, Col. Jocyln asked Lady Thetford to be his wife
There was a biank pabse. Then,
flis." lie looked at her, pale-alarmed
Ie looked at ber, pale-alarmed.
It means no, t'ol. Jocyln. I have never thought of you save se a friend; as a friend I milli wish to retala you. I will never marry. What I am to day
I will go to niy arave. My boy has my whole heart I will go to miy arave. My boy has my whole heart
-there is no room In it for nnyone else. Let us be friends, col. tueyin," holding out her white jeweled hand, " mure, no mortal man can ever be to me."

## II.AFTER VIIL.

LADT THETTORD's BALL.
Frarscrme and years went, and thirteen passed way. in all these years with their oountleas house. Comparatively speaking, of course; Mra. Weymore, the governess, Mr. Hillard, the bousekeeper, Mr. Jarvis, the hutier, and their minor sat-
ellites, served thers still, but ity mistress sad her youthtul son had heen absent. Only little Msy had remalned under Mrs. Weymore's charge untij with-
in the jast two years, and then she, too, had gone In the last two yerrs, and the
to Paris to $s$ finishlnis school
Lady Thetford came berself to the Towers to etch her-the only time in these thirtecn years about the Contlnent, and in her vilia on tho Arao, for ber health was frail, and arowing daily The The ittle baronet had gone to Eton, thence to Ox--and st. Gosport had seen nothlng of them, Lady Thetford had thought it best, for many reasons to leave little May quletly in England duing her
wanderings. She misged the child, but ehe had wanderinys, She missed the child, but she had sion had entirely worn away, but tlme bad taught her she could trust her lmplieitiy; and though Iay might miss "mamme" and Rupert, It was not in very deeply to beart.
Jocyln Hall was Ysested, too. After that refus-
al of Lady Thetford, Col. Jocyin had Jeft England, placed his danghter $\ln$ a sehool abroad, and made a tour of the East.
Lasty Thetford he had not met untll withia the last year: then Lady Thetford and ber son, spend-
Ing tha winter $\ln$ Some, had encountered Col, and Mis tha winter in some, had encountered col, and pany since. The Thetfurds were to return early in the ioring to take up their abode once more in the old hure, and Col. Jocyln anne
Lady Thetford nrote to Mra, Weymore, her rice roy, sod to her steward, issuing her orders for tha pletely rejuvenated-new farnished, palnted and pletely rejuvenated-new farnshed, palnted and work ln the grounds; ail thlugs were to be ready the foilowing Jone.
Thetford and her son, Col. Jocyln and bes-Lady Thetford and her son, Col. Jocyln and his duughfer; and there were bontires and muminations, snd eral jubilation, that the helr of Thetford Towers had eome to relgn at last.
The week following the arrival, Lady Thetford issued Invitations over balf the county fur 8
grand bail. Thetford Towers, after over twenty grand bail, Thetford Towors, after combonenty agaln in the old gayety and hrilliance that had been its normal state before the present heir was born ery one who had been bonored with an invitatlon. all curlous to sce the future lord of one of the neblest domains la hroad Devonshire.
sir llupert Thetford atood by his motber's side, sind met her old friends for the first time aince hia boyhood-a slender youog man, pale and dark, and
and handsome of face, with dreamy alumbrous and handsome of face, Hith dreamy slumbrous like his father's fair-haired, bright-eyed, stalwart like his father's fair-haired, bright-eyed, stawart
Snxon race; the Thetford blood had run out, be was his own mother's son.
Wady Thetford, grown palld and wan, and Wasted in all these years, and bearing within the geeds of an incursble disesse, looked yet fair and gracious, and stately in her tralling robes and jew cle, to-night, recelving her guests like a queen. It
was the triumph of her hife, the desire of her heart, this seeling her son, her Idel, reigning in the home of hle fathers, ruler of the brosd domain that had
owned the Thetfords lord for more years baols than she could eonnt.

II I cout thourint to des the gisne
of Jistits, ai of Jistitg, at
ypurking
eventer of at center of a handsome cyla, belres
ulous beaut snd as snel future, my thoug forth: his ehara Wary a con
not ahe, had btantly tog and erace
whe the ont he never
end would happiness. it sed. sir jzed. Sir
jove for all the grand even as his
was like th man faira but shinin keeping be young bar under tilm, effect. IIe where of pie had inten byuire; he
gshing, or country the warm
phee, und painter; a gant, ian Lady Th dismal da had reign ty, rosy g becky an вpeetai de But the greetings ntrewn pl
Alleen 0 beauty. kiad, rnd mirstion mother
heiress ati t, besy eno though was face and thousand no Whon coung bs his natur statnesq my drea He sat ensible
with wh sorry to nocessit
A mo whirling Moholy around
eyes do
oold herfac in Its Compls
of gorg
the whi
grees

## Fe They were

 be rear octobeDevon biliss
he sum,

## indy Thetford.

 be Rniswered oconfldeat asJocylu asked

## never thought


never thought I still wish to
uat Im today hay whole heart
hye. Let us be
ler whlte jewler whlte jew-
can ever be to
hirteen passed en a deserted
is conne; Mrb d, the bouse helr minor sat
intress and her intress and her
ilittle Maybad
irge antll wlth
too, bad the Towers to
thirteen years ngh, rambling orowing daily thence to Ox of them, Lady nd during her The oid sver
me had taught
nd though nd though May
it was not In
their abseace
ter that refus1 Jeft England,
oad, and made atll withle the ler son, apend-
tered Col, and
parted comparted com-

+ return early once more tn
unced his innore, her vice
orders for the vas to beoom
valnted and - palnted and
were aet at
to be ready rentees-Lady
Id hls daugh. linatlons, and
jells, and gen-
ford Towere ady Thetford ounty for as
over twenty
comin oust eoming out
that had been eir was born
th nearjy ev
in lnvitation


If I could sut aee her his wife," Lady Thetford thought," therth to dere.
The planeed seross the wide room, along a vista of llytis, and filttlug forms, and rieh dresses, and
oparkling jewels, to where a young Jady stom, the aparkling jewels, to where a young lady stood, the hasdsome girl, with a proud patrielan fuee, and handsome giri, cyla, helress of fabulous wenitb, possessor of fab-
ulous beauty, and descendant of a raee as noble and as anclent an his owa.
future, my Cupert would ho wate " the muther future, my Rupert would bo safe." the mother thought; and who knows what a day may brinp
forth? Ab! If I dared only upeak, bnt I dare not it would ruin all. I know my son.
it wou, Lady Thetforis knew her soa, nuderstood Wary a eonsplrator to let hin see larr eardis. Fate,
not she, iad thrown the belress and the haronet cennnot she, had thrown the belress and the haronet con-
stantly toget asd griee was mirely safflejent for the rest. It
was the one deslre of Lady Thetford Whe never batd so to her mon, who forded herdearly, and wever watd so to her mon, whor loved her deardy, aspplaess. She left it to fate, and leaving it, was dolng the wisest thing she could yossibly do.
It seemed as is her hoper were likely to be real.
tzed. Sir Rupert had nn artist's and a sybarite's lzed. Sir fapert had ni artist's and a Sybarite's
love for all thins beautifal, Hnd could appreclate the grand statuesque ntyle of Mlss Jocyln's beauty, even as hls mother eonld not appreente it, She
was ilke the Pallas Athine, sbo was his jideal wo-
man falr and proud, uplifted und serene smling man, falr and proud, uplifted and serene, smling on all, from the heights of bigh-and-mightydona,
but shining apon them, a brilliant far-off star, but shlning upon them, a brilliant far-of star, keeping ber warmith and sweetaess ail for bitm,
He was an indolent dreamy syburite, this pale
yonns baronet who liked his rose-leaves nnrufled under him, fuil of artlstlo tastes and laspirations, and a grett deal too lazy ever to carry them into
effect. He was an artist, bnd he bad a Btudio where he began fifty gigantie deeds at once in the Way of phetnres, and seldom finished one. Naturo had intended bim for an artist, not a conntry
squlre; he oared ilttle for rliligg, or huntlog, or squire; he oared ilttle for riding, or buntlog, or
fishing, or fartning, or any of the things wherein conntry squires delpht; he liked better to lle on the warm grass, with the snmmer wind stirring in
the trees over his head, and smoke his Turklsh plie, and dream the tazy honrs away, If he had been born a poor man he might bave been a great painter; asit was, he was only an lide, Ilstless, elegant, languid dreamer, and
untll the end of the ehapter.
Lady Tbetford's bail war. y yery brilijant affair and a famons snecess. Untll far foto the gray and dlemal dawn, "tute, vioiln, bassoon." woke sweet echoes in the onee khastly rooms, so long slience had retgned. Half the county had been Invited, and half the oounty were there; and hosts of pretty, rosy girls, in areophane nad rosen, and spark-
ling jewelry, baited their dainty traps, and "wove beeka and nods, and wreathed amllea," for the日peciai delectation of the bandsome courtly heir of Thelford Towera
But the beir of Thetford Towere, with gracions greetings for ail, yet walked through the rose Atrewn plifalls all secure, whilst the starry face of
alleen focyla shone on bim in lis paie, high-bred Alleen Jocyla shone on bim in lts paie, high-bred
beauty. He bad not danced mueb; he had an anbeauty. He bad not danced muebi he had an antipatay to danelng as he had to exertlon of any
kind, and presently he stood leaning against a slender white eolum, watehing herlangtate of Jazy admiration. IIe could gee quite as clearly as his mother how eminently proper a marriage with tho heireas of Col. Jocyln would be; he knew by inatir t, too, how mueh she desired it; and it was F ay enough, iooking at ber in her girlish pride and thongh anything but a coxcomb Nir Jupert Thet ford was perfeotly aware of his own handsome faee and dreamy artist's eyen, and his fliceen
thousund a year, and lengthy pedigree, and bad a bazy idea that the handsome Alleen would not bay 0o when he spoke.

And I'll speak to-night, by Jove!" thonght the Fonng baronet, as near belng entbuslantio as was of a brilitant group. "How ex gulitite she is in he otatnesque grace, my peerless Alléen, the ideal of my dreams. I'li ask her to be my wife to-nlght, or
that ineonceivable idiot, Lord Gilbert Pearyhn, will that ineonceivab
do it to-morrow.
do it to-morrow." He sauntered over to the group, not at all inwith whleb Miss Joeyln weicomed him
Wit I belleve this waltz is mine, Miss Jocyln. Very sorry to break npon your
necessity kaows no law."
A moment and they were floatiag down the Whirling the of the dance, with the wild, meianoholy waltz musio awelling and sounding, and Miss Jocyla's perfumed bair breatbing fragranee eyes downeast a iltte, in a happy tremor. The oyes, atili look of fixed pride seemed to melt ont of herface, and an exqulsite roby light came and went In Jts piace, and misde her too lovely to teil: and
alr Rupert saw and understood it all, with a little Blr Rupert baw and understood it
complacent thrill of antisfaction.
They floated out of the ball-room Into a conservatory of exquifite blossom, where trople ptants of gorgeous huees, and plashing fountains, under garden of Eden. There were orange and myrtle
urees oppresaing the warm air with bidr aweet-
the solt, misty the open Frenci windown came There they stopped, locklng ont at the pale glory of the night, and theresir Itupert, abont to ask the supreme question of his life, and with his henrt besinning to plimue suannt his side, opened eon
sation with the usuat lurilianey in such eases.
"You Jook fatliued, Miss Jocyla. These grand
oalls sre great buren, after all."
Miss Jocyln liusbed frankly. Whe was of a
Miss Jocylo laugbed frankly. She was of a na-
ture far more Jmpasslomed than bis, and she loved him; and she feit thriling through every nerve in her boily tho preselence of what he was golng to
say; but, for alf that, being a woman, she had the best of it now. "I am not nt all fatigued, " she sald; "and I ike but then, to be sure, my experlence ls very jimited;
llow lovely the nlight Is! ondin, on the sea-a sheet of gifvery glory, Does t not recall sorrento and the exquisite Norreutine
fandscape-that moonlipit os the sea? Are you not ingpired. that moonlif
She Mrted a filting, radiant glanee, a fuminous smile, suil then the star-like faee drooped againand the waite hands took to reekless breaklag off swete sprays of myrtio.
"Hy nnspiration is nearer," footing down at the drooplnkface. "Allecn-" aud there hastopped, and the sentence was never destined to be fulushed, or a shadow darkened the moonltitht, and a flgure faited figure, in a cloud of rosy drapery, with shilmmering golden eurls and daneing eyes of turquoise mern
blue.
Alie
Alieen Jocyin started back and a way from her companlon, with a faint, thrililng ery, Sir ltupert, Woudering and unueyed, stood starlng; and stil tho fairy figure in the rosy pauze stood, ike a and nevir speaking. There was a blank panse, i moment's; then Miss Jocyin made one step firs
ward, doubt, recognition, delight, all In ber faee at
onee. if-lt la!" mhe erled, "May Everard""
"May Everard!" Nir Rupert eehoed-"little "At your service, monaieur! To think you ehould have forkotten me so eompletely $\ln$ a de-
ende of years. For shame, Sir Hupert Thetfordl" And then she was in shleen Jocyin's arms, und here was an hlatus filled up with kisees.
"Ob! What a surprlas!" Mias Jocyin eried breathlessly. "Ilave yon dropped
thought you were in France."
May Everard laugbed, the esim, bright laugh of thlrteen years ago, as she held up her dimpled eheeks, frst one and thon the other, to SIr IRupert.
"Did you so 1 was, hit I ran away."

Ran away! From sehool!
"Somethlug veryllke it. Ohi how stupid it was, and I eouldn't endure it any louger: and I am so erammed with knowledge now that if I held any
moro I shonld burst; and so I told them I had to come home; but I was gent for. whleh was trise, you know, for I felt an inward cali; and as they were glad to be rld of me, they didn't make mneh opposition or ask unneceessary questions. And so,"
folding the falry hands and nodding her little ring. foldlng the falry hands a
leted head, "bere I am."
"But, good heavens:" eried Sir Rupert, aghast, "you never mean to asy, May, you have eome alonet" "All alone," sald May, with anotber nod. "I'm used to It, you know; did it last vaeation. Camo aeross and spent it with Mrs. Weymore. I don't mind it the least; don't know what sea-xiekness 18 : and ohs didn't some of the poor wretehes suffer
this time! isn't it fortunate f'm bere for the ball And, fopert, good gracions! how you've grown!', much, Miss. I ean't see that you have changed headed, sauey fairy I knew thlrteen years ago. What does my lady bay to this eseapade ${ }^{\prime \prime}$
" Nothing. Eloqnent silenco best expresses her feelings; und then she hadn't time to make a scene. Are you going to ask me to dance, Rupert \& because
is you are,"sald Miss Everard, adjusting her bracelet, "you had better do it at onee, as I am solng baek to the ball-room, aad after I once appear there you will etand no elanee amonget the
erowd of oompetitors. But then, perhape you belong to Miss Jpeyln
and reddening a little; "I am engaged, and It Is time $I$ was back, or my unineky eavaller will be at his wit's end to find me."
ber wont, and Slr Ruperteker movement than plquant dittle partner his arm. lis notions of propriety were $u$ good deal shocked; bnt then it was oniy May Everard, and May Everard was
one of those exceptionable people who can do pretty muoh as they please, and not surprise any In plak on the arm of the younp baronet chatter ing like a magple. Mlss JocyIn's partner found ber and led her off; but Mliss Joevin was very silent and disirait all the rest of the night, and watebed furtively, but incessantly, the futtering pink falry. May, like an embodied sunbeam, eleetrified the rooyal right sir pupert had that the seeptre by no more-Mise Everard's own propheey was truethe demand for her was sueh that even the gon of the bouse stood not the shadow of a chanoe.
baronet for the remaining hours of the ball. She hal known as well 8N he the words that were on bis IIps when May Everard Interjosed, and Fer eyes tushed and har dark eheek flushed duaky red
to see how easlly he bad been deterred from hls inruose. For fifm, be sought her once or trom hise in a desuitory sort of way, never notielag that he back to devot ayolded, wandering contentedy the pauses to wateh May Everard floating-a sun benm in 4 rosy cloud-here and there and every. where.

## CIAPTER IX.

If meant to have spoken that nhat; he would have spoken but for May Everard. And yet tbat ls
two weels ago, aed we have been together slnce, Alfeen Joeyin broke off abruptly, und looked ont Ther the farningreading, pray Bia.
The mornins was all, the leaden sky threatenGray sea ereephig np the KPay sands the slow Joeyin sat as she had ast since brenkfant, ainules and dreary, by her dressing-room window, gazing blankly over the psle landseape, ther bair failing
toose and damp over her whoulders, snd a nove oose and damp over her whoulders, and a noved Jying listleasly $\ln$ ber inp. Tho book had no inter-
est; luer thoughts would stray, in splte of her, to Thetford Towers.
"She is very pretty," Mima Jocyln inaught, ness home peopla white wax-doll sort of prettlcould, with his artistlo pature; but I nuppose I was mistakeo. They cali ber fascluatlig; 1 belleve that rather hoidealsh manner of, Arers, and anl and dolags, take some men by storm. I presume i was mistaken in sir hupert: I dare say pretty penniless May wllt be Lady Thet ford before long." fully, and she rose up with a little air of jetvindee and walked across tho room to the oppesite window. It eominanded a vlew of the lawn and a tong wooded drive, and, cantering airily up nnder the had been thinking. The pretty, fleet-footed pony and his bright Jittie mistress were by no means rare visitore at Joeyin Hall, and Mins Jocyin was aiwaye elaboralefy elvil to Miss Everard. Very pretty little May looked-all her tinseled ourls floating in the breeze, like a golden banner; the
bfue cyes more starliy radlant than ever, the dar: ridius-habit and faunty bat and plame the darL reeoming thlngs in tho world. Shesaw Misw Joelve at the window, kissed her hand and reslgaed Arab to the groom. A minnte more and she was saluting Alleen with effusion.
the ou bolemn Aueenl to sit and mope bere in the house, instead of lmproving your health and temper by a breezy eanter over the downs. Don't
contradict; I know yon were mopink. I should be afraid to tell yon how many miles Arab and I bave got over thls morning. And you never came to aee me yesterday, elther. Why was it Y" "I dldn't
and No, you never do feel luelined unless I come and drag you ont by foree; you sit in the bonse novels. I declare I never met so many lazy people In all my life as I have done slace I came home One doo t mind mamms, poor thing shutting berself up und the sunshine und fresh alr of heaven ont; but, for you and Rupert!, And, speaking of of wert, ran on aliss Everard in a breathlebs Bort of Way "he wanted to commence hls great pictare how eould he when Elennor never cumet Why didn't you-you promised

I changei my mind, I suppose.
And broke your word-more shame for you thent Comenow.

No: thanks, It'e golng to rain."
"Nothing of the sort: and liupert is so anxlous. fe would have eome himself, only my lady is if him to read her to sleetr and, like the good boy that he la in the main, thongl bhoeklngly lazy, be obeyed. Do come, Aileen; there's a dear! Don't be gelfish."
Mlss Joeyln rose rather abruptly.
you will no desire to be selfinh, Miss Everard. If you will wait ten minutes whilst I dress, I wil scompany you to Thetford Towers."
stately and uplifted. May looked after her, fidgeting a little. 1 suppuze she's offended now at that word 'seltish.' I qever did get on very well whth Alleen Jocyln, and J'm afrald I never shall. I bouldn't wonder if she were jealons. Aiss Everard laughed a littie silvery laugh all to pretty toy whip. that njpht in the conservatory, but it jooked like t. If I dld, 1 nm sure Rupert bas had fift $y$ ehaneee sinee, and I know he hasn't avalled blindelf of them, or Alieen would never wear that dissatisfied see. I know she's in love . With $h(m$, thongh, to be
snre, she would see me impaled with the greateet pleasure if she only thought I suspected it; but I'm not ao eertaln about hlm. He'a a great deal too lndolent in the first place, to get ppatrand pas-
sion for anybody, and I taink he' inolined to fook

## SIR NOEL'S HEIR.

Gradousfy on me-poor little me-in the serond.
 Rupert; for a gentiemen whose chtef aim in cxist-
onee is to smoke Torkish phes and lie on the cras: and write and read poetry is not at all the sort a and write and read poetry
man I mean to biess or life.
The two pirls dieseended to the eourt-yard, looked their best on horseback, and made a wonderfully pretty picture os they galloped through St. Gobport in dashing atyle, bringing tho sdmiring poppiation in a rush to doors anil windows. Perpapod at the great front entrance to recelve them, with a kindling light in his artist's eyes.
"May said she woult feteh you, and May alowly up the swee $p i n g$ stairease; "besides, Allicen am to have the first sitting for the ' Rosamond and Vieanor' to day, am I not May ealle me an dife dreamer, a useless drone in tho busy human niehe in the temple of fame, Inm noing to immortallzo myself over this painting",
 and with superhuman efforts, nhd yon't cool down Will go to swell the pile of danhed canvas, in your "And have that
"Yes, I havet I have no patience when I think
Heo what you ara, what you might become, and
Thut ford, with n princely ineome, sou might he a
great man. As it is the
langh and reddening violently, "I wili stili be a gevere, ${ }^{3}$-n moder Minrillo. Are yon not a ittie

"Yes," sald Miss Joeyln, eoldiy nad briefly. She fid not like the eonversation, and May Everard's fampllinr home-truths stung her. To her he was everything mortal man should be; she was proud,
but she was not ambitious; what right had this
penvilessitule ree-speaker to come between them and taik liko thist
May was tlitting about like the fairy she was, her fowiog skirt held $u p$ side, like in eritical eamary,
"'Jeanejo D'Aro before her, Judges, half fin Shed, as usuni, and never to be completed, and
weak-very, if it cyer $u$ as completed. Batile of
 mud rmoke ami red oeare nad rubbish; you did Swiss Peasint'-nh! that is pretty. 'storm n gea, just tolerable. 'Trial of Mario Antoinette. My dear Rupert, why will you persist in these fig ure paintligs when you hnow your forte is landthat is what 1 ealing in exquisito ifictio thitag Now, at the moon, Alfen, rising over those hinl-tons that blowst And that prostrate gigure-why, that looks like yonrself, Itupert!"

And the oft
And the other, stooping-who is heq"
-The painter of that pleture, Miss Everard; yes the only thing in my poor studto you see fit to
eulogize is not mine. it way done hy an artlst rilend-an notnown Entrlishman, who saved my fife in Rome three rears ago. como in, mother mine, and defend your son from the twoedged word of May Eyerard's tongue.
For Lady Thetford. palo nadd languid, appeared on the threshold, wrapped in a shawl
ook at tifis Evening in the Eternai City, here and look at this 'Eyening in the Eternai City.' lupert these are tho boginning of many better thlugs. He saved your life f How was it ${ }^{\text {an }}$ " hrilling, but i should have been kilited or eaptured all the same, if this Legard had not come to the reseus. May ls right about the pioture; he painted
well, had come to lome to perfect himeelf in his well, had come to fome to per
art. Yery fne feliow, Legard."
"Legary!".
It was Lady Tietford who had spoken sharply and suddeniy she thad put up her glass to fook at
the Italian picture, but dropped it, bnd fueed ubruptiy round.
yan, about Logard. Guy Legard, a young Englishman, nbout my own age Hy-the-bye, if you vaw bim, you wonid be surpriged by his singular revembonging over there in the pleture-galiery-fair hasf, bluc eyen, and the same peenliar cast of fentures to a slinde. I was rather token abnek, 1 con-
fess, when siaw fit first. My dear mother fess, when saw it first. My dear mother-" Was a kind of wordless sol. Ito soon culugit her In his arms and heid her there, her face the color ${ }^{\text {"Get }} \mathrm{a}$
those athereks. Quiek!" why whe is subjeet to Lady Thetford drank the water, and aunk baek
In the chair Aileen wheeled up, her faco looking In the chair Alierry wheeled up, her facolooking
awfully corpselike in contrast to her dark garmonts and dead blaek hair.
"You shoutd not havo left your room," "aid sir Kupert, "After your attaek this morning, Perhape

tway tho glass, "the re is no neeessity for lying luwn. Don't wear that senred faee, May-it wae
nothing, I assure you. Go on with what you were sathing, Rupert."

"About
Thetfords.
"Obi well, there's no mors to may, that is all Ho saved my life and he painted that pleture, and we were Damon and Pythias over agalu during ny stay in liome. I dways do fraternize with nome, and he promised, if he ever returaed to Eagiand - which he wasn't so sare of-he would run down to Devonshire to see me and my painted aneestors, whom he resembiee so strongly, That is sill; and now young indies, if you will take your
pisees we will commence on the Rosamond and Ciees we wil commence on the Rosamond and want to play propriety, mad don't talk.
Want to play propriety, nnd don't tak. and her son gave her his arm thither anil left her ying back amongst her eushions in front of the ire. It was aiways chilly in those great and somewhat gloomy rooms, nud her Jadyship was always oold of late. She lay there jonking with gloomy ces into the ruddy blaze, and holding her bands over her painfully heating heart.
let me hanish bim to the farthest end hitterly; arth; iet me keep him tn poverty and obseurity ail his life, and when the day oomes that it is writ ten, Guy Legard wili be here. Sooner or iater the vow I have broken to sir Noel Thetford must be kept;",
own."

## Chapteit X .

acivo iv manalaop.
A pire burned in Lady Thetford's room, and among pifes of silken pillows my lady, languid and pole, lay, looking into the leaping fime. It was a fire in a sky without a eloud, but Lady Thetforil was always chilly of late. She drew the erimson shawi she wore closer aronnd her, and pianced impatientiy now and then at the pretty toy clock on the deeorated chimney-pleen. The house was very still; its ono disturhing eiement, Miss Evcrard, was absent with sir ruper for a malag eand he sunny Devern bills
How long they stay, and these solitary rides If it is too late, after allt What shail 1 do if ho "ys no?"
There was a quick man's atep without-a momeat and ino door opened, and Sir Rupert,
booted and spurred booted and sp,
ver his mothe
"Ler his mother.
Loulse says you sent for me after I left. What it, mother you are not woreafir lie kneit besido her. Lady Thetford put hack in the handsome iaee, so like her own, with eye full of unspeakable love.
"My hoyt my boy", she marmured, "my dariligg " " "Mothert" with a quick loc! on alarm, " what is "No worse, Itupert; hut no hetter. My boy, I
shall never bo better again in this world." Mother
Hush, my Rupert-wait; you know it is true; and hut for leaving you I shouid be glad to go. Siy life has not heen so happy since died, that 1 should greatly ding to it
died that 1 should grently eling to it. eies are worst of ail. Kceping up ono's spirits is cies are worst
half tho battie."

- Inm not morbld; I mereiy state a fact-a fact which must preface what iss o come. Itupert, I ny suceessor at Thetford Towers.

My dear mothe!!" amazediy.
hupert, I want to see Aheen Jooyin your wife. No, no; don't interrupt me, ut beilove me, I dis. like mutch-making quite as cordially as ${ }^{\text {but }}$ do;
but deys on earth are numbered, and 1 must spenk betore it is too late. When we were abroad I thought there never would be oeobsion; when we returned home 1 thought go, too. Itupert, I
have censed to think ao sinee May hverard's rehave censed to think ao minee May hverara's re
The young man's face flushed suddenly and hot h, but ho made no repiy.
fer May to Alleen la a myatery oould posaibly prothen these things puzzle the wisest of us at times. Mind, my hoy, I don't really bay you do profer Moy-I Fbouid 'ie very unhappy if Ithought so. I now-1 ain certain you love Aileen herst; and um equally certain aise is a thousand times yetter it to her. You have pald Mise Jocyin such attontions tus no heuorable gentleman stiont pay, Bay lady, sive the one he means to make his wffe." Lady Thetford's ano rcise ahruptily, and atood lenning ngaingt tho mantie, looking lito the fire, "Inupert, tefi mo truiy, if May Everard had not
come herg, would you not ere this have asked come hera, would you not ere this have asked "Yes-no- don't know! Mother!" the young man eried impatientiy, what has may Everaru "Nothing; and 1 love her deariy, and you know
it. But she is not sulted to you-she is not th woman you shouid marry, "I think Miss Everard Is much of your opinio my lsity. You might have apared yonrself af these should have been refused had I asked.

Rupert!"
ened face. 1 haven't asked to wear that fright many words to marry me and mhs Everard in so with thanks; hut she would if I did. I kBW enough to-dray for that
Then you don't care for Alleen $\mathrm{F}^{\prime \prime}$ with a look of hlank cousternation.
Icare or her very much, mother; and I haven' ittio to heink atsolutely in love with our pretty other; perheps I know in my fnmest heart ahe is the oee I should marry. That 1 s , if fhe wili marry me:
"you owe it to her to ask her."
Do lh Yery likely; and it would make you le eame nad bent
in her wan, naxdous face.
"More happy than any Rupert"
"Then eonsider it an accomplished faet. Before the sun sets to-day Alleen Joeyin shall say yee or
He bemt and klased her; then, without waiting for spartment
"There is nothing like atefking whist the fron in hot," said tho young man to hlmself, with a grim Loitering on the
Loitering on the lawn, be encountered Moy Evernird, soun in her riding-hahit, surrounded by
three or four poodle-dogs. non the wing again, Rupert Is it for mamme i She is not worse ${ }^{5}$
" Noi I Iam going to Joeyin ILuil. Perhaps I shall reteh Aheen back
May's turquoise hiue eyes wers iffed with a audden luminous, intelligent tlash to his faee
baek'" speed youl you will certainiy feteh Alieen she
she knew out her hand with a amlle that told bin. "You havo my begt whokes Rupert hud don't ager; I want to congratuiate Aileen.
Sir Rupert'e response to these Rood wishes was very brlef and curt. Miss Eversid watehed him mount and rido off, with a mischievous litties smile ippy lady has heeu fips.
Istence $A$ eaudle leeture-subject matrimen ex nused Mifs Eyerard, Bauntering lazify along in tho midst of her little dogs; "amil realiy 1 is high time if she means to have Aliecn for a daughter-in-law, for the heir of Thetford Towers is rsther doubtful hat he is not falling in love with met and Aileen if readfully jenlous and disagreabble; and my lady oh-h-ht good gractous!
Mise Everard stopped with a shrill, feminine
shriek. She had loittred down to the gatee, where a young man stood taiking to the todge-keeper, with a big Nowfoandinad dog gamhoitng ponderousiy about him. The blg Newfoundland made en with one deep, biss bark, like $d^{\prime}$ getant thunder, and which effectunify drowner the yeips of the poo dlce. May flew to the rescue, selzing the Nowtoundisnd's coliar and puling him back with all the might of two ittitio white hands.
"Yon byes, how horid brutet" cried May, with flashing eyes, 'how dnre youl Cati off your dog, ifr,
this instant! Don't you see how he frightening this in
minel"
she turned imperioualy to the Newfoundjand's master, the bright eyes finishing, the plak oheek. aflame-very pretty, indeed, in her wrath.
"Down, Heotor!" "railed the youny man, authori-
tatively; and Heetor, Ike he weil-trained anlmal he was, subsi led instantiy. "I heg your pardon young ludyt Hector, you atir at your peril, Birl $t$ am very sorry he has ainrmed you."
lle duffed his oap with oareless
the angry littie lady a courtiy bow raeo, and made "Lie dirn't niarm me," rephed May, testily; "he only alarmed my dogs. Why, dear met how very
Mise Everard, looking full nt the young man, bsel started baek with this exelamation and stared hrosdify, A tail, powerful-looking young follow,
rather dusty nid travel-stained, but eminenty gentlemaniy with frank blue eye and profues fair hair, nud a handsoma, candid faoe
is "Yen, Mise May," struek in the lodge-keeper, "it dend nind goee, to he his own son!
sinus of your pardon," sald May, beeoming consoinus of her wldo stare "but ig your nume Logard and nre you a frlend of sir lupert Thet-
Hiked. "Yo to both queationa," with a smile that May lupert used to speak of it. Is he at home ${ }^{\prime \prime}$
"Not juat now; but he will be very seon, and $I$
know wlif be giad to see Mr. Legard. You bad better come in and wait.
"And Ileotor," asid Mr, Legard. "I thipkiI had better leaye him behind, as i see him eying your

lace, " Sir ours knew Miss Eve versation Ledy The Who form Mr. Legar
litter of over. Ma Rupert's $f$ ghoat bo arcades, about Nir and the $t$ hour follo wetch at found, to aghast. uncheon Mr. Legurd
ar. LegB tery my co Everard. Fovel sir
For rid the youn man advaI uriy pood
eyes open
*Thet ${ }^{\text {Gu }}$
The bar ng, and ol "Where
"Whiness how under how unde
Msy " MI leave whilst I luneheon
liger." She trip
owed mor lowed mo "Whictures. ${ }^{n}$ it will de hurry you ay as If sl intensely "Weil," to become "Thunk Lady 'I' audible. keoping it $n_{4}$ 8ceept
4 You ar
6 Mors He mmile face. "I
mother;
love to be And now to lunehe "Molting P" and will
Lady 1 Lady 'I "Youh
 of your optnion,
yonrsalf
ail the mple reason thet wear that fright. iss Everard to ${ }^{\text {Bo }}$ Hid. I ssw enough
gen $\mathrm{P}^{\prime \prime}$ with a loos her; and I haven't Co irith our pretty
ne as muoh as the most heart she ls
if she will marry
would make you ain, smling down lse in this world, shed faet. Before
in shall shy yes or ithout walting for
strode out of the whilst the Iron la
mself, with a grim msel.
mis.
nirs.
encountered May
it, surrounded by Is it for mamma
Perhaps I ghall lifted wlth a sudhis face. In mile that told hin. aw it himself.
Rupert, and don't fleen.
good wlshea was eveus inttle smille ie Idol of her ex; eci, matrimony," ally it is hlgh time, adrughter-1n-law
is rather doubtrud
ine; and Alleen ta nble, nnd my mady
nh about it; and-
a shrill, feminina o the gates wher
the lodge-keeper, amboling ponder. 8 guard of henor
stant thunder, and yelps of the poo
seizing the Now. him baok with all dds. d ay, with flashof your dog, sir,
who is frightening o Newfoundland's
3 , the pink eheoks ier wrath. ung man, authorl-
ell-tralned nimal
nim


## 18 graec, and made

 May, testlly; "heear mel how very le young man, had ing young fellow, eyes and profuse
d faee. d faee. olodge-keeper, "it
ough like
nir Noel, ay, hecoming eon-
is your name $\mathrm{L}-$ is your namg Le
Sir lupert Thet. a amlle that May
cee too, then. sir nee too, ther le vory scon, and 1
Legard. You had d. "I thinkiI hed him eying your put a frlendly ye
of addreving
y et her surpriwed

Sace, "Sir Rupert hhowed mo a photograph of yours as a ohild. I hava
Migs Everard and Mr. Legard fell easlly tate conMiss Everard and Mr. Legard fell easlly hato eonLarsation at ones, as thetford's ward was one of those people who form thelr likes and dislikes at first sight, and Mr. Legard's face would have been a prelty sare letter of recommeadation to him the wide world
over. May llked hls looks; and then he was Slr over. May llked hls looks; and then he was sir
Rupert s friend and she was never over partleular ghout soelal forms and eustoms; and fo they
dinwded about the grounds and throngh the arcuiles, In the geaial mernlag sunshtuc, talking about sir Rupert and Rome, and art and artists and the thousand and one things that turn up hn conversatlon; and the moments slipped by, half
hour followed half hour, untll May jerked out her hour followed half hour, until May jerked out her
wateh at last, in a sudden lit of recolleetlon, and found to her consternatlon, it was past two. aghast. "And Hupert: 1 dare say he's home to Mr Lerabefore this. Let us go back to the house Legard. I had no ldea it was haif so inte.
"The honesty of that speech is the hlghest fint tery my conversatlo nai powers ever received, Milss
Everard. I am very nuch obliged to you. Ahl by Everard. 1 am very nueh,
For ridiag slowly up under the sunltt trees came the young baronet. As Mr. Lerearid spoke, his man advanelng so eoonfidentially, with balf a dozen eurly poodleg Srisking about them. To say Sir rin.
pert stared would be a mild way of puttivg it-his pert stared would be a milid $x$
eygs opened in wide wonder.
"Thetford! My danc Sir Rupert""
The baronet leaped off his herse, his cyes lightng, and saook hare with hlm.
"Where in the world dill you drop from, and
how under the gun did you come to hellke this with May ${ }^{\text {P/ }}$
May leave the explnnation to Mr. Legard," sald May, blushlog a littlo under Sir Itupert's glanee
whillst 1 to und seo mamma, only premising that pheheon hour ls past, nad you bad better not lunger.
Sha tripped away, and the two young men followed more nlewly into the heuse. sir Rnpert led
bis frienil to hls atudlo, and left him to lnspect the platures.
"It whilst I spenk a word to my mother," he sald "All right!", mid Mr. Legard, boyishly. ,":Don"t Larry Sourseir on my aeeount, you know, tay as if she had hardly stirred silice. She looked up and balf rose us he camis in, her eyes painfuly,
intensely anxlous. But his face, grave and qulet, toll! mothing

Vell," sho panted, her eyes glltterlng.
it is well, mother. Aileen Juoyln bas to beeome my wife.

Thank God!" Lady Thetford sunk bnek, her hands elasped thghtly over her heart, its loud heating plajnly
eudible. IIer son looked down at her, his face audible. IIer son looked down at ber, his face anapacepted lover there

You are content, mother ${ }^{\prime \prime}$
"More than content, Ihupert. And you "
He smile a and, stooping, kissed the warm, palld tace. I would to a great deal to mako you happy, love to bo my wife, Bo at rest; all is well with me And now I min

Ithink not; I am not atrong to-lay. Is May Wasting " ${ }^{\text {P }}$
re than May. A friend of mine has arrived, and will stay with us for a few weeks." eager, but at tho last words it suddenly blanehed.
"A friend, hupert whe: he herd me speak of him before," he
"Yo have heard hta name is Guy Legard." eald, carelessly; "bla name is Guy Legard.

CHAPTER XI.
on tiek weddine eve.
Tnz family at Thet ford Towers were a good denl surprised, a few hours later that duy, by the unex-
peeted appearance of Lady Thettord nt dinner. Wan as seme apirit of the moonthelt, phe camo noftly in, just as they entered the dinlog-roon,
and her soa presented his frlend, Mr. Legard, at onee. "lifa resemblance to the famlly will be the surest passport to your favor, mother mine, sir nupert
sild sild, ghyly. " Nrg . Weymore met him just now, a ghost. Extraerdinary, Isn't It-thla ehance reeenblanoe ${ }^{\text {P }}$ "

Extraordinary" Lady Thetford aald, "but not at notely commoeted with the Thetford famlly ${ }^{\text {an }}$, she asker the question without loeking at him. Bhe kept lier eygs fixed on her plate, for that
frank, falr face before her was terrible to her, almost as a chost. It was tho days of her youth over aghn,
by her silde.
ning bis fineru amare of," Mr. Legard Bald, runMing his fingers torough his abundnnt brown halr. a novet-a mysterious orphan $\rightarrow 0 \mathrm{Dil}$, unfortunate-
ly, with no identifying atrawherry mark on my arm. Who my purents were, or what my real name is, I know no more than I do of the blography of
the man in the moon." There was a murnu
Rupert vividly murmur of astonishment-May and a dead woman, her eyes averted, her band trembline asif paisled.
$1 y$ " "I stand as totuly man being as totaly alone in wets word is 8 huter 1 never have known a nameless, penpiess walf, I was east upon the world four-and-twenty years afo. Until the ape of twelve I was called lived left England for Amerien, and a man-a pninter, named Legard-took me and gave me hbs name. And thero the romance comes in: a laty, a ber elegant indy, too elosely velled for us to sec baid thoso who had kept me from my ln was mioe pald Legard for his future care of me. 1 have never seen her since and I sometimes taink," hls vother
There was a fudden elash, and a momentary confusion. My laty, lifthin hir thass with that to ntoms on the floor. "And yo' never saw the lady after ${ }^{\prime \prime}$ May asked.
malled . Legard received regular remittances, maned, ©ddy enongh, from your town here-Ply to address he:-whleh he never did have that 1 know of-to address Madam Ada, Plymouth1 Ile dieught I was old enough then to comprehend any diedition, was the tirst use in made of that know edge was to return 'Madam Ada' her remittances, with a few sharp lines that effectually pot an end to hers.
of your birth and thiss Madam Ada $\gamma^{\prime \prime}$ inquired Sir cupert.

Mr. Legard abook his head.
no roi why should 19 I dare say I rhould have
no to he proud of my parents if $I$ did tind them, nnul they evidently were not very divind no. 'Where lynurunce ls bllss,' ete. If detiny destiny has not, then my puny efforts will be of ne gvall But if presentimenta mean nnything I
shall one day know; and I bave no denbt, if searched Deyonshire, I should find Madma Ada." May Everard ktartec op with n ery, for Lady spasms to whtch sle had lately become subjeet.
In the univershl eolnsternation Guy Legard nad his int the aniversni censteraation gay Legard nad his "I hole what
his the 1 suddenly crled, aghast; and other made the remark natural enough. But sir lupert turued upon bim ln baughty surprlse.
"What you Baid Lady Thetford, unfortunately, has been subject to these attacks for the past two my mother to her room
Moy drew back. Lady Thetford was able to rise, ghastly and trembling, nnd, supported by her son's
arm, walked from the room, "Lady thetford's health ls
Mr. Legard murmured sympatheticatly. $\mathrm{M}_{\text {l }}$ really thouglit for a mornent my story telling had oceasloned her sudden illness.
Mhas Everaril fixed a palr of blg, shining eyes in solewn serutiny on his face-that f
picturod one of sir Noel Thetford.
pleturod one of sir Noel Thetford. ladyi "ro did $I$ ". supposition, "thought the young musing never knew Sir Noel $\xi^{\prime}$ Guy Legard bala has told ree he died beforo hou was horn."
his ne ver saw hlm," nall Muy " but those wbo "I nc eer saw him," nald Muy; "but those wbo
have neen bim in thlshouse-our housekeeper, for instanee-stand perfectly petrlifed at your extrahave given her a 'turn' shu uever expeets to get
Mr. Legard smiled, bnt waf pravo agala dreetly
 "a great feal, too, to he a ehance resemblance. marhi here comes liupert. Well, how have you lert "lietter; Loulso is with her. And now to finlsh dinnerf have an engagement for the evenloge"
sir lupert was strangely silent and distrait a through dinner, a darkly thoughtifil shalow glooming hts ever pale face. A supposition had
thashed neross his mind that turned him hot and tinghed neross his minel that turned him hot and
cold by turns-a supposition that was almost a certainty. This striking resemblanee of the painter Legard to his dead father was no freak of mature his birth. It eame back to his memory with patnfully acute clearness that bls mether had sunk down one before in a vielent tremor and faintnesa at the mere sonnd of his name. Legard had spoken of a velled lady-Madam Ada, Plynouth, her address. Could hls mother-hils-bo that myss terlous arblter of his satof The name-the place.
Slr kupert Thet ford wrenehed lisis thoughts, by a virleat effort, u way shooked nt himself. vilest ennort , uway, st cannoti" ha sald to hlmself paralonately. "I am mad to harbor hach thoughts.
treason to the living. But I wheh Guy Legard had There was one other persen at Thetford Towera atrangely and strongly effeeted by Mr. Guy Legard, and thint person, oddiy enough, was Mrs. Weymors, the governes Noel that nyyone knew of, an yet she had recoiled with a shrin, femlnlne cry of utter consteruation nt slifht of the young man.
" 1 don't see why yon should get the tidgets nbout
It, Mrs. Weymore, Miss Everard remarked, with It, Mrs. Weymore," Miss Everard rcmarked, with Mrs. Weymore sunk down on $n$ lounge lu a violent tremor and faintness.
Oh, May"Mr, itheg your pardon. I-lt seems strages. tro" "Who is that young manr", composeclly; the brlight, eyes stil on the aleyt; 'formerly-in ' boyhood's sunny hours,' you know Weymore whth a spasmodie er ; and then Mrs. trembling from head to foot. Well, upon my word," Miss Everard sald, addressing empty space, "this does cap the globet phred to Mr. Guy Vyking and the effeet hoproduces upon people. fie's a yery handsume hoproduces und peope, Hes a rery handsome young man,
nnd a very agrecable young man; but $I$ bould
never lave suspected hrow er the elderly log tits. There's Lady Thetford: ho was too nued for her, and sise had to be helped out of the dinlugroon; nad here's Mrs. Weynore poing into hysthoughe my lndy malkbt to the velled lady of his Mrs. Weymore fookeit mp, her wery ling you,
"The velied lady? What lady May, tell meall you know of Mr. Vyking."
thereupon thg now-Legard, answered May; and mome the artist houm andy detniled the seanty re"And I'm very sure it isn't ehance at nll,, coneluded May Everard, transixing the governess with a Thetford as sir linpert blmself. I don't prete to drination, of course, and I don't elearly see nud you could enlipt $n$ the young man, and so ould my lady, if el ", "r f you chose." two hands in hers. may, if yon care for me, if yon baye any pity, timo. My head is in a whirl. Walt, walt, nud don't tell Mr. Leqard."
"I won't," sald May, "but It is all very atrange
and very nysterious, erlightfully like a the eevelame novel or a sensaion play. i'm getting very mud I'm nfraid I shall be deploratiy in love with hlm shortly if thls sort of than keeps on.
Mr. Legard himself took the matter much more eoolly than any one else; smoked cigars philosophleally, eritleised sir Rupert's pietures, did a littla
that wny himself, played billards with bls hest and chess with Miss Everard, rodo with that young lady, walked with ber, sang duets with her in a and took the world casy. "It is no use getting Into a gale about thesa dered'aloud at his constitutlonal phlegm; "the erooked things will stralgliten of themselves if we give thern time. What is written la written. I now I shall find out alt about mygelf ooe dayMr. Legard was thrown a good deal upen Miss ir Itupert's time was chietly spent for, of oourse and Mr. Legard bore this with even greater serenity than the other Mlas Everard was a very charming little girl, with n laugh that wes sweetor Whan the musle of the spheres und hundreds of bephlut her portrnit, and found it the undertook to fig work of urt be had ever undertaken. As for the young baronet spenting hils the at joeyln liall, they never missed lim. IIls woolng sped on smoothest whiss-Col. Jocyln almost as much pleasod as my laty herself; and the eourse of true leal at ryla, ns n mintter of eourse, was a grag deatifienthen the rowers, and baw with evident grat May. It would beaneminently gultable match
und May Mlss Joeyln thourht, only it was a pity 80 mine mystery shrouded the gentlemata's birth. 8tlll, he was a gentlemun, nad, with hls talents, no deubt Would beeome an eminent artist; nnd it would be hlghiy sutisfnetory to see May fix her errutio affeo tlons on simebody, and thus bu doubly cut of her The wediling prepa
forward. Thera was no ne were going briskly anxlous for the marringe-Lady Thetford more than anxlous on acoount of her deelining health The hurry to have the eeremony irrevocably over had grown to bo aomething very llke a monomanle with her.
with impatlence, to lier son numberse," she satd my grave, Itupert, until I Bee Allecn your wife" Eo NrI lupert, more than anxious to ploase his
mother, hestened on the wedding. An ominest

phym
phymoisn, semmoned down from London, con"Her iffe hang by a thread," this gentleman said, confentially to $\operatorname{sir}$ Rupert," the ellightest exeite ment may snap ii dt any moment. Don't oontradict her-let everything be as she wishes. Noth Ing can save her, but pe
The last week of september the wedding was to take place; and all was bustle and haste st Jocyln Hall. Mr. Legard was to stayy for the wedding at had seen blm but very rareiy since that first day, Iliness had compelled her to keep her room; but ber interest in him was unabsted, and she had sen for him ta, her apartment, and invited him to ze a littie flattered, consented at once.
"Vory kind of Lady Thefford, you know, Miss Everard, Mr. Lepard sald, sauntering into the
room where she sat with her ex-governess-Mr. room where she sat with her ex-governess-Mr. confidential of late-" to take sueh an laterest in an utter stranger is she does in me.
Mrs, Weymore; that lady ssi nervous and scered hrsingymore; wath aitogether uncomfortsble, ss she had a habit, of colng in the young artist's presence. ""Very", Miss Everard said, dryly. You ought ort of kindacss her ladyghlp is extremely chary of to ntter
Mrs. Weymore's reply was a distressed, beseech his handsome, Saxon egea.
It" Ehs", he said, "it doesn't mean anything does stand aboat these things. Lady Thetford doesn't now anything about me. does the ${ }^{\text {n }}$
emphasis on the personal pronou, with signifieant emphasis Mrs. Weymore does! By Jove! I alway thositht Mrs. Weymore had an By wove for looking at me! And now, what is it ?
He turned his fair, resolute fs
a smide hard to resist.
"I don'e make much of a hoviling ab jut my af fall, yon know, Mrs, Weymore, he seid in but for and my history. If you can open the mysteries a wetio yoo will be conferring a favor on me I can
never repay. And I am positive from your look perer repas. And I am positive from your look you can.
Mrs. Weymore torned away, and coyered ber
fane wita a sort of sob. The young lady and genteman exchanged startled glances.
growing very pale. "You know who $\mathrm{I}_{\text {amp }}$ ", but To his boundless consternation Mris. Weymore covering them with kisses,
Idolid do 1 know who you are, aud so shall Yon bofore this wedding takes place. Bu
Mr. Legard raised her up, his faee as oolorless es "To Lady Thetford! What has Lady Thetford "Everything
I do. I must speak to her first
Answer me one thing first.; ${ }^{\circ}$ ou are as wall tons. As soon as ber ladyship many litle ere questong. As soon as her ladyehip ls n ilttle stronger Keep what I bave said a secret from sir Rupert, end wait until then."
Sbe rose up to go, so baggard and deploring-
hooking, that neither strove to detain her The young man stared blankly after ber as she in "t the 500 m
lest I shall know i" ", drawing a docp breath, "at
There was a pause; then May spoke in a fluttermg littte voice.
How very strange that Mrs. Weymore should
 been hat
'And that 'sll' will be almost nothing. She to Rapert and me, a week or two after my arrlvai bore, selected by ihe rector of st. Gosport. Slie
Was then wuat you see her now, a pale, subdued Freatare in widow's weeds, whith a tha look of ore who had seen trouble. I have known her so I uppase that is why it seems no odd."
ard's way for the next week or two. She avold. ed Mys ilso, as mueh as possible, and shrunk so paloabiy from any allusion to the past scene, that though simost al lipuatient as Mr. Legard himself, round, and Lady Thetford war mueh bcter, not round, and Lady Thetford wse mineh betier, not asofs and talk to her son sad Col Jocyln, with a Gubt on her oheek and apsrkle iu ber eye-all unugal there.
Tae mare
Toe marilage was to take place in the village ohuroh; and there was to follow a grend oereniunpair of a wedding to start at once on their brtati-tour. fand I bope to see my boy return," Lady Thetford said, Nomerye him fondly. "I can hardy aek

Late in the afternoon of that c: entifn wedding. eve, the ex-governess sought out Guy Legard, for in the roung baronet's studlo with May putilng he finishing touohes to thet young lady's portrait Ie started up at sight of his visitor, vididiy intersted. Mrs. Weymore was paler even than uscal, her face no one had deep, quiet determination ob "You hare cowe to keep your promis
oung man cried-" to tell me who Ismp,", the
"I have oome to keep my promise," Mrs. Weymore naswered; "hut I must speak to my iisdy first. I wanted to tell you that, before you sieep o-night, you shall know.
She left the studlo,
reathless, expectant. Sir Rupert wo sat there, Jocyln Hall, Lady Thetford wss alone ln high spirits and Mrs. Weymore was admittid at at onee.
I wonder how long you must wait 9 .
sald May Everard
"Heaven knows i Not long, I bope, or I shal go
mad with lmpstience." mad with lmpstience.'
An bour passed-t wo-three, and still Mrs. Weypair in the studio walted.

## CHAPTER XIL

Ladv Therporn wat
 ooked at her hired deper dent with wide open eyes Weymore wore a loois altugether naw. "Listen to your story! My dear Mrs. Weymore,
what possible interest can your etory bave for mep
"More than you think, my lady. You are so much stronger to-day than usual, and sir Rupert's never." tory to do with Sir Ruperti" ", "You will hesr." Mrs. Weymoressid, very sadly. "Heavan knows i should bave told you long ago but it is a story few would care to tell A cruel and shamoful story of wrong and misery; for, my
lady, I have been crueily wronged by one who was ady, I have been crue

## Lady Thetford turned sshen white.

Very near to mal Do you mean-
"My ledy, listen, and you shalit hear. All those years that I have been with you, I hsve not jeen
what I seemed. My name is not Weymore. My what is seemed. My name is
An awful tarror Lad setlled down on my lady's face. Her lips moved, but ghe did not spoak. Her with a widd, expectant stare. with a wid, expectant grare. arme to you," Mris. Weymore went on to say, " bui long beyore I had
known that worgt wlowhood, desertion,

 wns marrled and deaerted before I was elgateen Was marr
years old.
Heosme to our village, a remote place, my lady With $n$ local celebrity for its trout streams, nnd for nothlag else. He came the man whom I married, on e visit to the great house of the place. We had not the remotest eonnection with tha house knowight have known his real name, whe ks Mr. Noel-he told me himscif, sid I never thought of doubting it. I wes as sim. ple aod oonfiding es it is possilife for the simplest village girl to be, and all the handsome stranger told mo was gospei truth; and my hife o
"I met him at the trout atroams fishing, sad alone. I had come to whilo the long, lazy hours ander the trocs. ins apoke to me-the handsome
stranger, whom I had neeul riding through the fil lege hesido the squire, like a young prince; and l was only too pleased and fiattered by bis notico It is many yeurs ago, my ludy, and Mr. Noel took a fancy to my plak-and-white faco sod fair curk,
as fine gentlomen will. it was only fancy-never, as fine gentlamed will. It was only fancy-never
nt lits best, love; or he would not have deserted me at its best, love; or he would not havedeserted me
pitilessly bs he did. know it now; but then pitilessly as he for ine tinsel for pure gold, and would as aoon have doubted the seripture as bls lighteat word. My lady, it ls a very old story, and very oftan told. We met by stealth and in beeret; and weeks
passed and I never learned be was other than what I knew him. 1 loved with my whole foolish, trust ng heart, atrongly and selfishly; and 14 was ready to give up home, gnd friends nud parenta-all the nsme, nd he knew thet; and, my lady, wo were married-really nod truly and honestly mirried in a little ehureh in Berkshire, in Windsor; and the marilago is recorded in the regieter of the church,
and I lave the marriage certifoate hero in my posand I hay
Mrs. Woymoro touched bosom as she spoke, Thetford. But Lady Thatford's face was avertel and not to be seen
" Mis faney for me was as fleeting us sll his fanoles; but it wes strong enough and reckless enough quences. For it was surely a reoklens act for a genteman, such as ha was, a riligge sohoolmaster.
hushand's eervant-George V oukinger Ingoliked the man; he wai orafty, and cunning, and
treacheroua, and ready for any deed of evil; but
for was in his master's oonfdenos, and took a house master's secrets well."
Mrs. Weymore paused, her bands fluttering in palnful unreat. The averted fice of Lady Thetford never turned, but a smothered voice bade her go A year passed, my lady, and I atill lived in the house at bad bor, but quite alorre now. My punmonths auffeed to weary my husband of his chitl ish village girl, and make him thorunghly repent nis folly. I baw it from the first-he never tried to hide it from me; bis absences grew longer and longer, more sod more frequent, untlif at last he eame and went; and Yking yld me the vaiet the herd, cruel, bitter truth, that I was pever to seo my husband more.
"'It was the msddest act of a mad young man'e life, Vyking said to me, coolly, 'and he's repented of it, as I knew he would repent. You'll never see him again, mistrese, and you needn't search for last autumn's partrdges, then you msy how find him.' But am his wife,' I anid; 'nothing ean undo thet-his lawful, weedded wife, - yers's sald Vyking. 'hls wife fast enough; but but me alive, nod you can do your hest; snd the but me ailive, nd yon can do your hest, snd the
best you ean do is to take it easy and gubmit. He'll provide for 5 ou bandsomely; and when the gets the divorce, if you like, I'll msrry you my-

I had grown to expect some such revelstion, 1 had been negiested so long. My lady, I don't apeak
of my feelings, my snguish and shame, and reof my feelings, my snguish and shame, and re
morse and duspair-1 only tel] you here simple morse and duspair- 1 only tell you here slmple
faets. But ln the days and weeks which folsowed, sufered as I never can snffer ayain in this world ousas held jittle better than $a$ prisoner in the never gave up the hope that I would one day con sent to marry bim. More than once 1 tried to run oway, to get on the track of my batrayer, bet al Whys to be met nad folled. I have gone down on
my knees to that man Vyking, but I might as well my knees to that man Vyking,
hsva knelt to a statue of stone.
"I'll tell you what we'll do,' he sald, 'we'll go to London. Pcople aro beginaing tolook and tait own business
"I consGnted readily enough. My one hope now was to find the man who hed wroneed me, and is London' thought slod a better obance than a
Windsor. We started, Vyking and I 1 but driving to the station we met with sn aceldent, our boree ran away end I was thrown out; efter that I bgrd. ly remember anything for a long time. told my bsby had been born and died. Then in a $30 r t$ of dull spathy; I had suffered so 2 th know the sense of Buffering was dulled and blunted Heve him; but I was powerless to act, and oo only turn my fsee to the wall end pray to die "But I grew strong, and V Yking taok mo to tonIon, and icft me in respectahily-furnished lodgings, I might have abcsped easily enough hers, but the
energy even 10 wish for freedom was pone; il bat energy even to wish for freedom was gone; I sat
all dsy long in a state if miserable, listless lapguor, heart-weary, hearl-slok, worn out
one day ysing came io my rooms in a furiou are of passion. Heaud his master had quarreled. never knew about what; nod vyking had bean oown my litifo parlor in a towering passion.
yking 'ha cried ' His thoks becsuss bee not Yking' he cried. 'Ile thloks becsubs he's mar aw in this land to primeh bignmy; and Inl have bim up for bigamy the moment he's beek from his wedding tour.
"I tured and iooked at him, but very quictly.
'sir Noel, I sald. 'Do you mean my husband
': I mean Miss Vnadeleur's hubbnad now'; said Yklrg. 'You'll never see him sgaln, my airl. bevonshire; and you can po and calion his pretty new whe sa soon as she comes bome
"I turned away and looked out of the window without a word, yking looked at me curlouely. oolng to take it easy and not make a seene wore
 ward and swoar sir Noel gulity of blgamy

You rond nerer will
"' Never mind Why. I don't think you wouk understand if liold yon-only
' No.'
'r Don't be too sure. Perhapp I coald tell you something might move you, quilet as youare. What whs alive and welly
"I knew a soene was worso than useless with thls man, tears and entreaties thrown away. I outstretohed hands.
desolste worman, dad tord's sako, have plty on desolste women, sad teli me the truth,
am telling you the truth. Your boy is slive and well, and rve ohristensd him Guy-Gry the day you appeer in oourt against Sir Noel, that
day he mill be restored to you, Now don't you go


## A room leamiag  rom- alle trke a plet rteh, dark Aleea Ju rieh, dark Jue Alieea y some Lay sind upon her upon her e briseket w The hous preparsti just dital nast dirrale atif, was a toit happy tot happy the windop awoung in t afung in butu, and apreading the new ding tild down face, glorl ing gory o deep sea, and aweet  dreamed d no thadow all her wol tlouraps perative time and was hood plurtas in the eease itght. Ticome thought- ponefily 8 g The dos Resut that The Dot "Drah Poor Lad mortug nesrly din norotig aesrly dig Pray com

of LadyTheting ty olcs bade her go I atill llived in the now．My pun－ sband of hle chlld －he nevertried to grew longer and t，until at last be yking，the valet mad young man＇e You＇ll never 8 ea eeda＇t mearch for st winter＇s snow
you mey hope t nothing can undc fast enough；hut heres no witnes easy and suhmit ly；and when be
marry you my
such revelation， 1 iay， 1 don＇t apeal sou here simple followed rain in this world
it prisoner in the d I think Vyking blee I tried to ran tve gone down on
ut I might as well
he sald，＇wa＇ll go
My one hope now ronged me，gnd tn and l；but driving ；after that I hard． red．Th suffered Bo 11. ulled and hlunted．
to trust him or te to trust him or d pray to die． urnlabed lodging． WBA gone；I Bat
rable，listleas lap－ rooms ln a furiona Vyking hard been fing passion． or my nama＇s not
becsuse he＇s mat ow．But there＇s a
my ；and I＇ll have t ho＇s back from but very quictly． Aband now，Rald Trgain，my girl
Thetford Towers，
call on his pretty ome． of the window dat me ourlously． you＇ll oome for． of blgamy ${ }^{\prime}$
think
won＇t

1 oonid toll you tas yousare．What
lle that time，but than uecless with thrown away．
1 to my foct with sake，
ne truth． Your boy ts altre d he＇s all guy a；ond Inet SIr Noel，that
Now doa＇t you go
and get exclted；think it over，and let ne know your d cialen when I come back， I could anywer，and I never asw Vyklur again．Tha next day，reading the morning paper，I waw the arreat of a pair of bowe－breakers，and
the oaine of the ehtef was George Vyking，lete valet to
sir Noel Thetford．I tried to get to ave him in prieun，
 hut falled．His triaj eame on ha nestence was tranapor－
tation for ten years；and Vyking left England，carrylag tation for ten years；
my yecret with nling
my gecret with ning ieft to ure tor oow－the thought of
my ehald．But where wes I to flad himm where to locx？ my ehih，But where wha I to find him，where to logx？ I，who had not a penny in the wide world．If 1 had had
the ineana，I weuld bave come to Devenahire to eeer out
the man who had ao hasely wronged me；bet as I was，
 ujon．wai atili in Londun，batiling with frim poverty，
When，fir monthe leter，I read lo the Times the awfully When，ix month later，read io the Thmee the awfully
ududen death of sir Noef Thetford，Baronet．
 －I dere not to you，ai deeply wronged as uy eelf．You
were with him inhte dying momenta，and eorely he told
you the trath then；eorely he ackDowledged the great You the trath then；gore
wrong he had done youp＂
Mres．Weymorg
Ara Weymore paused，snd Lady Thetford turged her
fece，her ghantly，white face，for the frat time，to
awer
＂He did－be told me alli I know your story to be true．＂
＂Thank God！On，thaok God！And he neknowledged hts firse marrlage？＂
＂Yea；the wr ig he did you was yental to that which
ne did me－t，who never wes his wife，never fur one poor he did me－ 1 ，who never was his wife，never fur one poor
moneot hain right to his name．
Mre．Weymore suns dowa on her knees by the coach

 could not realet the cemptation of looking on his aon
Oh，my lady you will forglve me，and bear witness to On，my lady！you will
the truth of my atory．
＂I will；alwaya me youkerili alwaya meent to before I died．And that Hi knew it from the firgt．My lady，you will fet me tell
him ont once，will you not Aud．Slr Hupert P Oh，my him nt once，Will you
tady！he ought to know
Lady Thutfor I cover
hi promised his tather on fiace with a groan．
 Ta human nature
mhave been．＂
＂Hut now oh，
Beit now oh，my dear fady！now you will？＂
Yea，tow，on the verke of the graye，In may eurely

 tithe he most lose．When he conuef home，Mra．Wey．
more，end him to pe，aud send your son with him，aud
will them sil．＂

## CHAPTER XIH．

## TREAg IA MANY A OLIP

A noon that was like a pleture－a carpet of rose－buds
gleamlag through rich green mong，founges plled with
 room－Alleen Joeyln＇chombre－a－coueher，and looking
ifke a picture berelf in a fowing morniog robe，the
rieh，darly lualr falling heayy god unhoond to her walet， Alisea Jueylu lay emong plies of eearlet cuahtona，ilke Lay and mose with，wh！auch an Inflntely heppy amlle
upod her exquiste face；mused，as heapy youth，loving

 preparations for the morrow，and Mise Jocyln haut but
ont dianlased her masd．Every one，prohahty hut her
aulf，was asleep；and she，in her unuterable blise，was


 face，glorified with jove and blise，turnede ecetatienily，as
nome folthful follower of the prophet might，to that ris－ tomg griry of the east．
 world it is，and ith happleat creature is It！＂＇， Kuseffrg there，with her face atlif turned to that fumpl－
nous Eat，the bilsaful hride felf asleepi elept，and
dreamed dreama as joy ful as her wiskg thoughto，and

 perative knock At fier door－againgnd agafn，vuder ench
 IIght．
Come fo，＂Mlas Joeyio astd．Ii wain her mald，ahe
thought－and whe walked over to an arm－chatr and com thought－and the waiked over to an arm－chair and com
posesidy aat down．
The dian opened， The dour opened，and Col．JocylB not Fanchon，bp－
pesped，an open note in hla hand，his tace full uf trouble． ＂prpa！＂Afleen cried etarting up lin alarm． Read that，＂，
 mornlug in one of those dreadfinl pasaing，Wa are sil
nearly dintracted．Rupert beara it bettur tink aby of us．
Pray eome over an eoun as yuu eab．

## binke．Jocyln wunk back is her ment，palu and trem－ bHig． ＂I Dead Oh，papal papat＂ wit rery Ethd my dear，a <br> 

SIR NOEL＇S HEIR．
me！Poor Lady Thetford！Poor Rupertl Yeu wllf go orer at onee，papa will you boop＂
＂Certainly，my dear And 1 whil telf the ervivate，an

 omin ous thyy later．under the sun．
lie left the rouni，and Alle
and an unutcrable \＆we overpowering every other feel
 dinh－a year of weitthe，more or lews；what did ic matter Thetrord，ealled away in one Inneant rrom emith and all
The held most dear on her toone wedd Ing．dny．And then
 oved her，and how fondy she had weteorued her as a
danhter，coverefl her face with her hands，and wept as the mlight have wept for her own mother．
＂ander knew a mother＇slove or care，＂Alleen thought；
and．Ind douby huppy In nnowing I was to have one at laet．And now－and now－
It was a drearlly now
ittlog alone in tior chamber．ghe the pord the roll of ear riggea up the drive，the pause that eneued，and then theif
departure．She wondered how he bore it heat of all
 had ever beas．
feel her loss．
＂They talk of pr．nentlouente＂nused Mlss Jocyln hopeful I Was this morolng；Whilat ahe how happy and
mourned．If I onfy dared go to hintiny own he ku－ pert，was late io the afternoon before Col．Joeytn returned．
If atrode atralght to hta daughter＇s presence，weariag a pale，fagge face．
＂My paste A fleen！＂hasked，faldity，
poor，petiept pirl＂＂am norry you her fondly；＂my
 ＂Don＇t think of me，papa－my ehare fa nurety the light－
eat．But Rupert＂．

of hia mother，aud he takee thla a great deal too qutetiy． He looks like a man slewly turniog to stone，with $n$ face
 soructhing odd and nanstural in thle frozen cahn．And，
h！by．the－bye！If orgot to telf you the atrangeet thing，
May Everard it was told me；that painter fellow－what＇s ＂Ienard，papa？＂
＂Yee，Legard．He turne out to be the aon of Mra．Wey． more；they diseovered it last night．He was there in the bewildered expresbion of countenance I ever as w a man
wear，and May and Mrs．Weyriore eat crylug fucessantly． wear，and May and Mrs．Weyriore ost crylug incessantly， end the painter there in that roonh of death，Bnd 1 eald to
to Mss Everard．Theres aomethag ulyaterious in the metter，for her face fluabed and she atammered nomet thing the overrexcltemeet of which had hastened Lady Thet－
ford＇e end． 1 don＇t ilke the took of thinge，and l＇m alto－ ford＇a end．I don＇t Ike the took of thinga，and lin alto－
gether in the dark．That painter reeenbleg the Thetfrrds n great deal too closely for the mere work of ehanec；and
yet，If Mrs．Weymore fo hife mother，I dont eee how
thers ean be ansthing in that．It＇s odd－confoundedly Col．Jocyln rumbted on an he walked the forc，hla browe him rtatifliy．ank for me，papa？Am 1 not to go ＂Sir Rupert didn＇t ask for you！Mey Everard did，and I promised to etch you tomorrow．Allee日，things ot aee the light yet，bitt i euspect something wrong．It may
be the very teat thlng that eould posidy happen，this
postponed marrigee．I shall make Bir Ropert clear mat－ terf pp completely before my daughter beconued hie Thetiord Towers next to promiae took his daughter to heating heart and nolselegs tread，Alleen Joeyln entered the houee of mourning，Whith jeuterday ene tad thought moraing Hight ahnt out，unbroken eflence everywhere．
 grave．＂were two watchera in the dark room when they entered－May Everard，pale and qulet，and the young
antiat，Ouy Legard．Evea is that momeut，Cul，Jocylu ceuld not repre日 a supercilious stare of Wondir to behold
the huvekeeper＇e ooufin the denth－chamher of Lady Thet－ tord．And yet tit aeemed atrangely his place，for it might
have heen one of those fusty old Thetforde，framed and glazed np－atsifra，atepped out of the canvas and dreased in
the feahlon of the duy，
＂Very bad taste ali the caine，＂the proud old colone ＂Very bud taste all the eame，＂the proud old colonel
thourht，with frown：very bad table on the part of
Sir Rupert．I qhall apeak to hin ou the subjeet prea－ eetly．＂Heod in ellence bemde hle daughter，looking down ahawl，and lookiog inko a wan little epirit，wat apenking fowhipers to Alleen
118 down；he has neithert－Mr．Legard and I－to go and
 ＂he whs as drar to the es my own mother could have ＂Singll we But aee Str Rupert ${ }^{3}$＂the colonet asked．＂ thould like to parteularly＂，
iI think not－unlean you remain for some hours，He ti completely worn out，poor fellow here，Miss Everard？＂ noddlig in the direetion of Mr．Legard，who had with． driwn to e remote eorner．＂He may be a very eapecfal
friend of str ripert＇g－but don＇t you think be presumen Mien Evernrd＇hpyee flashed angrily．
＂No，uirl Iting eothiug uf the er
＂No，ulrl I think bothing uf the eortl Mr．Legard hae a perfect right to be lu thle room，or any other room at
Thetford Towere．It ja hy lupert＇s particular request he remainel＂ The eol frowned agais，and turned nild back spon the speather．
＂Afleen，＂
ble，nor ifkely to be for some time，perbape yon had bet
ter not liager．To－morrow，after the funeral， Mim very eerjously．＂ he saw her father＇s snnoyed face and oheyed $n \mathrm{~m}$ immes
diately．She bent and kisaed the cold，white face with the dread majeaty of death，ma，whe mother，＂ohe mur－
For the last tmee，my friend，my moter She drewber vellover her face to hlde her falltag teare， cer down－atairs and out ef the hoose．she looked back Whatfully once at the kray，old 1vy．grown facede；bat
who was to teit her of the weary，weary monthy and
yeare that would pass before nhe cronded that atately inresheld again？
It was a very grand and imposing ceremonial，that
burlai of Lady inetord：and gde by elde with the belr
walked the uaknuwn painer tay walke the unganwo painter，G日y Legard．©ol．Jocyin oceasion．What could sir Rapertmean？And what did Thetford race than Sir Noeps own eon and heir？the old It was a miaerahle day，this day of the funerral．There almost dark in the rainy fifternoon gloaming when Col
Jocsin and sir Rupert Thetford ubod alone before villare ehureh．Lady Thictford glept with the reat of the
name th the name th the utony vaults；the fair：haired ertfet atood in
the poreh，and sir lupert，with a face wan had stern the poreh，and $\operatorname{sir}$ lrupert，with a face wan and stern，
sad arietral，in tha dylag daylight，ntood face to face ＂A private intervlew，＂the eolonel was repeating；
＂moat certalniy，Sir llupert．Wil you come with me to Joey｜n Half？My daughter will wioh to aee you．＂me to Legard，and then followed the eolonel into the ese riage，The drive wia a very ellent one－a vague，chll－
Ing preaeatiment of impanding evil on the Indian offieer as be uneaslly watched the young man who had no nearh beenihla eun．
the lonely，jofty，roomming like a reatleas ghoat through them aifight and eame out the hall to meet her hetrothed．she held out both hands
ehyly，jooking ap，half in fear，in that rigld，deas－whito
faee of her luver． taee of her lover．
He took the handa ano iseld them taat a momeat；then
drupped them and turued to tho colonel． The eodonel fed the way foto the fibrary．Sir Rupert
pansed a moment on the threahuld to answer Alleen＇t pleading flapee． Only for a few monte，Aneen，＂he madd，hla eyea ortenlig with infnite love；${ }^{\text {in }}$ halr an hour my fate
whall be deelded．Let that fate bo what it may，I ahall be true to you whde Life late：＂
With these entgmatical wo Into the litirary，sind the polimhed oaken door clomed be：
tween him sud Afteen．

## CHAPTER XIV <br> PABTED．

Hazy ar hour had passed．
Upand down the iong drawi
simlessly，oppresaed with a dread of Ahe knew wandured eprexcience the ralny vague evening was terrible．The dart
proou of darker than that orooding ehadow it her deep，duaky ayein．
In the Inrary Col．Jocyin otood facing bin nob－In－lav eleet，staring inke a mea hereft of hia sensee．The melan－
eholy，haff light comfog through the orife wladow jy
Fhich he stood，fell full upon the face of Bupert Thet． ford，white and＂cold，and eet ss narnle．or kupert The
 Heaven l had known It yeare ago－thits shametul etory of
wrong－dofng and miaery
II don＇t comprehend－I can＇t comprebend this tmpoe
 ＂Do you mean to any you eredit this wild atory of a former marriage of \＆if Noelif？Do you realy believe
your late governes to haye beea your lather＇a wife？＂ dying worda to prove It．Ou my father＇s death－bed and dying words to prove It．On my father＇s death－bed ha
Hedu my mother ewear to tell the truth；to repair the wrong he had done；to aeek out ble soon，concesled by hle
valet，Vyking，and reatore him to hil rightal My mother wes kept that prominf－the erue！wrong dobe to herself

 trouhte which fell upon her at my father＇s death，and
whiel darkened her life to the laat．Bhe ne，remorac． anger－ahame for heruall－a wife onfy in r dme；remorse
for her broken vow to the dead，and anger againat twat errlgg dead man．＂ ＂Rut you told me ehe had hunted bim up and provided or hut you told me ehe had hunted him up and provided
 treive yesra before．Nuw，Vyking，the valet，had been
traported for houge breakig long bifore thet，nind my mother answered the edvertisement，There oould be ug
doubt the chlld whe the chlld vyting bed taken chargo
of Sir Noel Thetford＇e rightul hetr．My mother teft


 reeoguized ther gon．lieaily，your etory rung ike a mpeio
dyame，where the hero turnh out to be s duke and hia
 Legard hlarghtful son Aud helr－pray whit are you ？
The colorleas facu of the young man twrned dark－red for




"And A.lleen ?" Col. Jocyla's face torned dark and
nkid as froo an hoppok ond duaghter's nalue.
 ghast1y oow.



 Towers, hoourably born, I condented ahe blhond mor for bat, dearly at flove her, I would eee the dead at my fre

 tool will hat.
 entrited Aificen-and kny my daughter-my prond, high.
Ge swung roaud abrupty, turntag hig hack upoa hts Walked out of tha house.
The bewliderligs rapldity of tho shocks he had reecetved Was duil sense of aching torture over bliu romb head to through th burk nightilike a mand drigged aod st upefied He
ge
 roma, and foudd Gay, the artist sithere
 resticsty up und down, the nrethk hit filling tully on her
 on their lifs.

May uttered a falnt cry; Ony faced him slmost fircely.
 now", "Ner", arled the young artist-"neyert f willgo out birthright!
"You reverse mattors," bald kupert Thet ford; "it is is



 Wirdione: All the tes that bound me here are broken
 hit the reeto $\%$ Ana now in turblog suddenly and ninhng
 tog at ceen other winh bind quy face.
milne Eturm of Wind and ratn aiphed liself ow hefore of rosy clouds, roge up the sun next mornthe. Berore that park he,who hal solately called it all hite own, had opened
 risen, he had left
worta of taremell.
"Better so", he thought-" hetter sol He nad May will
be happy together, for 1 kuow he loveg her and ghe him,
 Mair unite daces. tog to Rold; at tho gela blughisk back the first glaocr of


## CHAPTER XV.

artas five yeane

 ing govainas and the filtug forme pussling lise aotseles


 bombastone and the face, $t$ rued to the moonitgit, was She lirned her eyer from the moentit cann, down

"Oht gay we row where full thdea tow
And leap ulonk where ging meets sour,
Aeruss the waves oi Veutae,"
The dinger, a talf young man, with a florld face and yel.
pow side-whuk





teo-quite sn eptidemte-malignsut typhas, Wis.retion
to the wetwr part of valor where sorrento fevera are cuacerned "When did you reawh Veatce?" asked Mortmer, Itght



Whe which? ssked 3r. Staftord.
Mhe Marile Brite, the Prime fegs Frostlas otherwise
 remarmber." I rememher. In she here with the ilowards,

 heirebs of all the Jiey lies, She has hore end of suttor-hil and ull In valn.
"You amone the rest, my frtend?" with a light hapgh,
"No, by Jove?" cricd Mr. Mo:tiner; " tiat surt of
 mean up there, with no partleular desire ever to get acarer, wa that utory 1 heard onee fine yars goo, about a hroke a the tale? tho romante Thetord, who resigned his title and dentste to a mystcrlously-fund eider brother,
 "nad broke olf?"
"do Foes the story-but who knows? I recolleet that
 found edder liroth ro't too-very ino fellow, Sir Guy Thit-



"The deupe youdd! What way le dolag there?" he stoplped. 1 juet discoverell he was in the place as 1 was tures didn't seli, I subpose; he has he en to the painting

 heryary; but 1 supposa the furely alleen is not one of "And so youleft him ill of the fever? Poor fellow!"
"inameromuly ill." "And the pepple with whum he la will take very iftle haye along nt the latest EDgilsh papirs ": phaza, ati unconsclous that hey had had a listepir. The

 hey went la of the batcony hhe elld from her seat and held up her clasped hands to the luminoua ntght gky alded in wreckling a noble heart-hear me, and help meto kerp my and wieked past. If ho dies, I shath go to my grave Her vole fatered end ded ont, her face droaped for
Hard on the whdow. like a benediction on the bowed young bead.

## CHAPTER XVi.

Tirg low lifbt in the we eotern Aky was dying out: the bay


 hoes nject tral, hellow eyes, hoso sunken cheeks, thoes Hoodlese lipht qurely an lavalid, and one bot laterg, riten
rom thuvery gates of death-a pule shadow, worn and Wcak he a child.
As he biat thare, where he has wat for houre, onely and face of an Eog lishean, and
 the wlil not glve her asme, but whethee to see you mont
parthe "Aladyl To ece me?"
реряк. F . Fearing of an Englleh lady, arr, drened In black, and a


The mandinappeared, there wain nn matant's pause, then
a tull, ulcader flgure, draped nad velted la black, eatered Tlone valtor stood stllt, onea mere the lavalta attempted

"hopert !" her knece before btw, wfting her suppliant
she was on her hainds.
 can!", bua and uaworthy; but, oht lorgive me, if you The ouf tove, ntronger than death, shone 11 her esea,
plean lin her pasilunite, pohbtug votce, end went to his ery havr buep siu wretched, so wretched ant thees miner. abla y arat Whilst ny ytrilur lived would not dimobey



You altve Thank God l did come! , Oh, Rupert! Ropertl
fer the aske of the puit, furglye me! "Farghtye yot!" $6 x d$ ' he trled to ralae her. "AlleenHils weak arms enclrcled her, and the pste llps preseed ploslonate kinges en the te tur wet face. thil the sliky the red glory or the suaget lay on the sea, and
 loveliness of Eden.
4HOW loog tince you left Englaud?" Roper asked, at lengit.

Wo years ago; pior papa difd th the south ot France.

 Whes isprically anRry with me. Do they know you are
 bin go baek to England one of thesed doys, my daring, Wand
 Sir Guy Thettord lerned who he really was." bered so weli. Trurs of Jiy tilled the beautiful, upurned

 gilence,whilist they whe lhed together the late-tistug woon
climblag the rulsty hills above Ratellamare.

## CHAPTER XVII.

Anotner bunset, red and gorgeoub, over awelling Enk. 1ish mentow waving trees, and krasgy terrace, likining
up whith crlmason radtuee the gray forest of Thetrord





 "It L8 high cime haby was "h, ats ece cuy," Lady Thet-
 "Rupert, of course," SLr Guy auggests; aud uttle Lady Thertord pouts.
To keep wandertak thout the wirld ant he does, asd never



 tipn, yes you will, my dear! Well, suithere, what ia ti?" Mr smithers, the butler, stood to the doorway, whth " "le a E c'口tleman-least wase a lady-leant way, a lady
 foresse Guy and Lady Thetford. There was a ery, h hall shout, from the young haronet
a wid ocarly dropped the precloua baby.
Sha never got any further-thie tmpetuous litle Lady
Thetford; for bha was kfusing ilrat one, then the ocher, cryinf and laughing and talkling alific oue bregth. so glad to bea yon agaln! oh, Alleent I never peyer heind fre ths: oblgood graclues, Guy didy youeveri"


 was Just scolding dreadfully becease you hada't atiawered
my leter, never dreaming that you were coming to an. my eter, never dreaming that you were coming to an-

 May th the posseasion ef a baby that hupert and Alteen
 eer years. "Golng to reside st Joryln Hall?",
tye Yes and le nelgilhors, if you will het us."

 here, to sco thly prodigy of bables-my weadertul iltte Yery late that night, when the reunted frlpnda eonght
their chambers, May lited lier golden head of che pllow, and lowked at her hubband entering the rown. that, atter all, a Ruperi' Thaford sliould be Bir NorL' Hera."
[tue ETin.]
Reader, if you liko thrs number of Tur Leisiris like thls number, eoures of other numbers, many of whtch are very much better and more Interesting than this one. They cost but a trifle-only inree eents eaeh, or six eenta for tha Laras double numberb-and yoraiah the cheapeel good iltersture ever pabilished la any lend or language. Orders atat direet to the pubithher (F. M. Leprox, No. 63 Murray Street, New Yark) Mro hvarkily hed hy relarn mail. Please read the list, which will be found upon anothe
page, of other numbers, all of whilh amp now remd.

Oh, Ruperti Ropera! o ralse ber. "Alleennd the pale IIps preseed inet lay on the sea, and
viky, the revalted lover I Eve may have in the and? " IRupert soked, 61 In the angth of Frence. Haperto no
ing would be.". And Guy
icy When 1 read it in the
cver corresponded- the解 ratantly morlag abent;
red In St. Ginpert. W8
sedeya, my dering, and hey have recelved alace reslly was,
nilyht ami, phiph amile she remem-
the beautif al, upturned spert! it aeeded but thie re was a long. delic tous
ler the late-risiug moon tellumare.
cras, over awelitug Eng. cray forcst of Thetford plag-roont, thly red qun-
rin whd lis on the brikhthared,
white peated th an trm-
 an whol'sis over
on whut to the spple
one net

 uggeete; aud Httle Lady tment. Shabhy fellow!
did as he doea, aud never $t$ him hulf a ream leet all about belly, and sisk-
and coaxing hinn with of whst-youlthay gall. of no nae? To thliket
Runing nie ehameftily, Ruplicert, Suithers, what ie od In the deorwey, with jaty-leastwaya s lady
ne thodreelve日! Y, atill pale and atartled
ly on hls arm, stuod beom the younz baronet
3 prutug to ber fert, and
tmpetnole little Lady
at une, thea the uther, it une, thea the uther,
ilimoae breath. lreent 1 never, never
Guy, did yuucerl er's hand, with bright
o uabbic to reply if. whatderful biy, yon
is crt Thetford eald.
and a Thetrotd from diather '" se yout hadut sniwered
u were contug to snhave expected the man
hi to thluk you ahonld
met Do elf duwn end so llke of timea, and
iat livpert and Allecn a Englund ${ }^{\prime \prime}$ Bir Guy
a renne of those past

low I am willug to be
ed foadly at hith wife. d Nsy.
lall. We came at oncs
$\rightarrow \rightarrow$ iny woaderinl little unted rindn mought
en hesd off the pllow en lead off the pllow,
if the room.
od drowky to think
we of Tur Leibuna anyway. We publich
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#### Abstract

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Cook Ing itcelpen-This departmentoceopitaniventy pages,          - implo yet relisl.la hume rementea for ell the eommen corngialous to      viore than tha prico of tbe hook toerery housekfeper. It is nited  Only a very emall portlon of the contevin of thla boos aro enomerated above. It is a rast atorehoase ef neeful facts,     


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