SWEET IS REVENGE.

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nothing more.

leave you?"

pointing to the inscription on the photo-

graph.
"She may have been foolish, but nothing

worse; this may have been a friend and

"But she did not say or write one word of explanation or denial."

"It she was innocent, as I cannot but

believe her to be, she was probably too

proud to defend herself. Had she been

a guilty or a cunning woman, she would

have sought to disabuse your mind of its

Sir Danvers groaned aloud; his mind

"Do you see, dear father, what you have

"What do you mean?" he asked. "I

"I fear you haven't acted wisely. If

into temptation. If her husband has dis-

"Good heavens, I never thought of

hat," he exclaimed, rising hastily. "I

fool. But no, no; she loved him already,

and would have sought him sooner or later.

citedly, seeking comfort and finding none.

"I fear you are, dear," Meg said gently; but you may be able to remedy your mis-

"How?" he asked, pausing in his walk

"By going up to town in search of her."
"I cannot do that—it is impossible after

"Then let me go," she said.
"You; how could you hope to find her

"Then you ought to seek her; you are

still her protector; she is yet your wife.

"There can be no misconception," he

"For all that, my woman's intuition

prevents me believing she has done wrong;

and if she is innocent, think what a wrong

you are doing her. I know she loved

you, I feel sure she loves you still," his

daughter replied, striving to comfort him.

and under the tree, rose in his mind and

that repeated themselves again and again

former love had prompted her to give

her husband, could take her to his heart

that fault; and if, indeed, she was what his

worst fears toreboded, the sooner he satis-

fied himself of the fact, and relieved him-

self from the torture of suspense the better.

of contending winds, and he could come to

no decision as to the step it were best for

"I must have time to think," he said;

"And what do you intend doing, fa-

"I shall wait a day of two, you or I may

possibly hear from her," he murmured,

the expression of his pain deepening on

"But you ought to act," the girl re-

'Say no more, Meg. I cannot bear it

She lingered a moment, kissed him

Meanwhile Capt. Fothergille, who on

this bright morning was in the enjoyment

of excellent spirtis, having ridden soon

afterwards to Lowbridge, was now on his

more prompt than he had dared to hope;

the part he had played. He had but little

faith in human nature, and it seemed to him

the most probable circumstance in life,

that Ethel having left her husband had

presumptive to his cousin, for it was not

ence. The path was clear before him

cession his creditors would give him no un-

Altogether he felt satisfied with himself

and with the world at large this fair sum-

mer morning as he entered by the lodge

gates and trotted his horse on the soft springy sward of the park. As he rode

from out the shade of some thickly planted

trees, he suddenly saw the figure of a tele-

graph boy leisurely taking his way towards

ceeding to his rent roll.

today; leave me, I must be alone."

object of her visit had failed.

"if she is innocent she will surely write."

answer to the arguments she had urged.

His mind was as a sea torn by the storm

But vet a still small voice within, the

added, pointing to the photograph

One interview might help to bridge over

owned her, she may seek him --'

was tossed in a whirlpool of doubt; his

heart beat with fresh pain.

have not acted wrongly.'

I am not to blame.

take before it is too late.

and facing his daughter.

is not to be entertained."

what has happened."

drive me mad?" he exclaimed.

CHAPTER XX.-MEG ARGUES.

On the same morning that Lady Fothergille narrated her troubles to the sympathetic ear of Mrs. Simmons, Mrs. Craytorth sat in her dressing-room in the abbey, triumphantly contemplating the mischief she had helped to bring about. Her revenge on the man who had slighted her advances, and the woman who occupied the place she desired to fill had begun; a few months would, she hoped, see it accomplished, when Sir Danvers gained his divorce. He would then be tree again to make his choice of another wife, and it was possible she might yet secure the position she coveted so ardently. She certainly would not fail to win her game from lack of courage or want

So far she was satisfied with the work she had accomplished. Unseen she had detected the love affair existing between Ethel and Lord Hector. Unsuspected she had sought and produced proof of Lady Fothergille's weakness, which, though it may not have amounted to guilt, was yet sufficient to outrage an already jealous husband, cause him to banish her from his home, and so fling her into the arms of her

She smiled in self-congratulation at her reflection in a large mirror, admired her brilliant complexion and plump, upright figure, and took comfort in the consideration that she was yet a woman of many attractions, who had a future stretching before her. Her boxes already packed and corded lay around her, for under the circumstances she could not remain at the Abbey, and had therefore determined to leave immediately after lunch. In the atmosphere of her own home she would be freer to indulge in the high spirits which she was here obliged to subdue for decency's sake.

As soon as the news of Lady Fothergille's departure spread through the abbey a sense of restraint and solemnity fell as a weight upon the household. Sir Danvers had breakfasted alone at an early hour and immediately after shut himself up in his study. The night had passed for him in silent misery, the memory of his wife's truthful eyes and gentle face striving in vain to rout the dark suspicions of her disloyalty, that ever and anon deepened to convictions of her guilt. She had professed to love him and betrayed his love; she had uprooted the implicit faith he held in her, she had banished his peace, and dragged his honor in the mud, and yet, wrung as his heart was with pain, it turned towards her lovingly, pleaded for her

affection, craved for her presence. Even when morning came he could think of nothing but of this loss, which left his life more empty than if he had never loved; dwell on nothing but his wrongs which were to him greater than all other injuries he could endure. In vain he strove to brace himself to meet his fate and bear it manfully; in vain he called philosophy to his aid with the assurance that he was not the only man who had suffered such deception and misery at the hands of a

woman loved and trusted. It was almost midday when he heard a gentle tap at his study door. His head was buried in his arms outstretched on the desk before him, but he instantly started at the sound, thinking, hoping, it might bring him some news from her.

"Father, dear," a voice said before he could reply, "open the door and let me

"I am engaged, Meg, I cannot see you

now," he answered. "But I want to see you, I have some-

thing to say," she pleaded. "Let me in, dear. I must speak to you.'

He went to the door, withdrew the bolt and admitted her. Without speaking she turned her eyes to his face, haggard, pale and melancholy; and he, reading the anxious love and pitiful sorrow of her gaze. turned away his head. After a few seconds spent in silence at the window, he returned to his chair before the desk, and his daughter standing beside him put one arm round his neck. Understanding the affection she would fain express, and the sympathy that drew her towards him, he took in his the hand which lay upon his shoulder. The girl bent down and kissed his forehead.

"Dear father," she began, "I want to speak of what is nearest our hearts-of

"Have you heard anything new," he asked, anxiously.

"No, I know nothing except what you have told me; and the more I think of it, the more convinced I am you are laboring under some mistake.

"Would to God I was," he cried out; "she has deceived me; she was unworthy of the love I gave her. Let us speak of her no more," he added, his voice expressing

the grief he felt. "Why not?" Meg asked. "It it will give you relief, some good is gained by talking of her. Tell me, what proof have

you that she has wronged you? By way of reply he opened a drawer of his desk, and taking from it the photo-

graph the captain had given him, handed it She gazed at it for some time, read the words on the back, and noted the address

on the envelope "She loved this man, Hector Maynes, before I ever saw her," he burst out, his wrath kindling once more; "and she loves him still. This photograph was sent him three weeks before he came here, and yet she simulated surprise at his appearance. When I accused her of her falsity she had no reply to make, save to express surprise at my discovery; and when I said we should henceforth live apart, she fled without one

word of defence. "Did you bid her leave your house?" Meg asked sorrowfully-her faith in her stepmother had received a hard blow.

"I told her she must live elsewhere, that I should leave the Abbey this morning, and should not expect to find her here on

my return." "Father, dear, you have done wrong; you have been hasty in acting on your suppositions of her guilt. Supposing she was innocent after all, you would never be able to forgive yourself.'

was innocent after all, you would never be ble to forgive yourself."

"I have much pleasure in stating that I believe the waters of the Wilmot Spa Springs to be medicinally beneficially to invalids. Robt. Gow, R. N.

These waters are the base of Wilmot Royal Belfast own hand-writing condemns her?" he asked, Ginger Ale.

the abbey. The captain slackened his pace as he approached him and said, "Anything

The boy touched his cap as he answered, "No, sir, only a message for Sir Danvers." "For Sir Danvers," repeated the captain musingly, adding in as careless a tone as he could command, "I am going straight to the abbey and will give it to him," saying which he stretched out his hand.

The boy taking the telegram from his pouch gave it him, and in return received half-a-crown. Capt. Fothergille looked at the orange-colored envelope suspiciously, and putting it into his breast pocket, set his horse in a gallop and rode away. "It may contain something of importance which I had better see," he muttered to "Good heavens, Meg, do you want to "No, father; but I want you to be just. himself. "Perhaps some clue to the rob-After such words as you addressed to her, bery, or some news of Ethel's elopenow could she have done otherwise than

Arriving at the stables he flung the reins to a groom, and hurriedly entering thh abbey at once sought his own rooms. Here, having carefully locked the doors, he proceeded to damp the envelope on the back so as to moisten the gum and open the flap. Succeeding, without difficulty he drew out the enclosed taper, and with ever increasing surprise read its contents.

"From Hector Maynes, London. "To Sir Danvers Fothergille, the abbey

"Shall be with you this evening. Hope to arrive before dinner.'

Fothergille read the message again and again. It was certain Maynes did not know of Lady Fothergille's flight, and con-Ethel was inclined to love this man, you sequently had neither met nor seen her. have by castiag her from you thrown her It was equally true she had not gone to him, as the captain hoped and supposed. What, after all, if there was merely an ordinary flirtation between them that could lead to no serious consequences. At this have been a fool-a blind, weak, headstrong thought the plans he had built crumbled into dust; the visions he had seen of his future became empty air. It seemed to him that Lord Hector Maynes had avoided He walked up and down the room exembroiling himself in this matter solely to thwart and disappoint him; and all his old bitterness, fear, and detestation of the man rose afresh in his mind.

This message would probably have the effect of banishing Sir Danvers' suspicions of his wife being with Lord Hector, and if the baronet consented to see him their interview would probably lead to an understanding that might establish Lady Fothergille's innocence; for if Maynes was her lover he would not return, and if he was n London, and if she-no-no, the idea not, some mistake must have been made by Mrs. Crayworth in her anxiety to create

Whilst he was debating with himself how he should act, and before he came to any and reconcile what may be a misunderconclusion, the luncheon bell rang; for no standing and not a misfortune," Meg matter how great the griefs that may convulse a household, or how dark the tragereplied, striving to strengthen himself in dies that may distract its inmates, meals are still served and eaten just as if the his convictions. "Here is proof," he hearts of those assembled round the board were neither wrenched nor broken.

Sir Danvers took his customary place at the foot of the table; Lady Fothergille's chair remained vacant at the top. A dismal air hung over the room, which no one ventured to disturb; the servants moved to He went to the window and gazed out and fro with unaccustomed airs of solemacross the park, now in the fulness of its | nity; long pauses succeeded brief attempts summer beauty. A thousand memories of at conversation; it seemed as it death had

entered the household. his wife as he had seen her on the terrace, Mrs. Crayworth rejoiced to think she would soon be rid of the melancholy compleaded for her; but the old conviction of pany of her neighbors, but she steadily her disloyalty to him returned and routed the tenderer recollections. She had deveived strove to maintain a facial expression of him, she loved another, were the refrains sympathy and regret she was far from feeling. When she encountered Sir Danvers' eves she lowered her own, a little sigh escaping her lips; when she turned her glance towards the empty chair at the head of the voice of his unquenchable love pleaded for its object. The photograph, with its in-scription and lock of hair did not prove table she bowed her head sorrowfully, and once at least dashed an imaginary tear her guilt; what if she were merely weak; from her carefully darkened eyelids. A if the memory of an old friendship and a brougham had been ordered to come round when lunch was over and carry her back Maynes these mementoes, and she yet to her villa which had long since been repaired. Before leaving she kissed Meg, remained true to her marriage vows, he, shook hands with the poor relation, whisperingly bade the captain come and see again. The mere thought begot hope. If her soon, and leaning on Sir Danvers' arm had acted unjustly in hastily condemning her, it was his duty to speedily repair | swept through the great hall and was conducted to the carriage. Then taking the baronet's outstretched hand in both her own, she pressed it tenderly to mark her

him to take. He turned wearily from the window to his daughter, who expected an her own cleverness. Meanwhile the captain remained uncertain as to how he should act. At one moment he made up his mind to call on Mrs. Crayworth and receive her advice, and again he decided on taking counsel from his own thoughts. For this latter purpose he again sought the privacy of his rooms. It was his principle to make himself as comfortable as possible under every circumstance, and he therefore stretched himself at full length upon a comfortable couch and lighted one of Sir Danvers' best cigars. He again, and reluctantly left his room. The and oppressive, the house perfectly still; in a few minutes he dosed, and eventually

handkerchief to her eyes. As the wheels

crunched the gravel path, she lay back and

burst into laughter by way of applauding

passed into a profound sleep. The clock in the stable tower was striking five as he woke with a start, a curse upon his lips, a look of horror on his face. For a few seconds he remained dazed, his homeward way. The success of his tactics in banishing Lady Fothergille had been eyes wide open as if fixed on some terrible sight, his breath coming hard and quick,

his pulse beating high. and he congratulated himself heartily on "Curse the fellow," he said, between his teeth; "he has given me a bad half-hour." Chilled and miserable he rose up, stretched his arms and legs and glanced around as it sought the protection of Hector Maynes. to make sure of his surroundings; then, This action must of course lead to a di- looking into a mirror, started at seeing the

vorce, when he would then remain heir pallor of his tace. "Strange that a dream should frighten probable Sir Danvers would venture to me," he said. "I feel now just as I did marry again after such an unhappy experi- after that affair with Hawkins years ago The bravest of us may tremble at a dream leading to contentment; so long as no heir or shrink from a shadow. "I'll go and came between him and the prospect of suc- get some brandy.

He hastened downstairs, drank a couple easiness; and then the chances were prob- of glasses of brandy, lighted a cigar, and couldn't have put off dying for some time would happen within the next hour

To be continued.

Boy-"Mister, will yer please tell me the time?" Druggist-"Why, you were in here only two minutes ago asking for the time, and I told you then." Boy-"Yes, I know; I was asking for Mrs. Muggins then; now I want it for another woman."

Extract from letter from Sir Chas. Tupper * * * "Your samples of Kerr Evaporated Soup Vegetables were transmitted to the Naval authorities who pronounced them a very superior article."

THROUGH THE WOOD.

Margaret Barron walked alone along the pathway leading through the wood. It was midsummer and the yellow sunlight, falling through the leaves, lay still upon the ferns and the glossy leaves of anemones and of drooping vines that half concealed their red berries. The repressed tears of a patient despair made dark pools in the shadowy depths of her eyes. She was returning from the post-office and along the path behind her lay the fragments of a letter torn in her sudden pain.

"Did you know," wrote Grace "that your dear friend Allan was engaged to that simple little May Jennings? If you had not left college when you did he would have had more sense. He took your place as class poet on commencement day."

There were other words in the letter, but Margaret had forgotten them. Faithfully she had given herself to her duty during the past year and Allan, the playmate of her childhood, the brother of her girlhood, the idol of her womanhood—he had forgotten her-and for that silly May. Allan with his strong man's heart and hero soul would go about his life's work with hands tied by her. It had seemed to Margaret that only she could aid him in his work; that only evil. And now, to her there was no beauty in the world. She longed to hide from it all. Beyond a meadow lark flying straight toward the sky sang a strain of gladness that to her was keen pain. The leaves twinkled above her, rustling in the slight wind. The tears came nearer to falling as she thought of Sidney Lanier's exquisite fancy:

"Ye ministers meet for each passion that grieves, Friendly, sisterly, sweetheart leaves, Teach me the terms of silence; preach me

The passion of patience; sift me; impeach me;
And there, oh there,
As ye hang with your myriad palms upturned in the

Pray me a myriad prayer. It was Allan who had first read that to her -Allan who had opened her young eyes that they might behold beauty. Her eyes saw not whither she went, but her feet, familiar with the path, brought her to the old stile. And there sat a young man upon whose lips there seemed to be an arrested whistle. As Margaret's eyes rested upon him he arose and removed his hat with grave courtesy, then he flushed slightly, hesitating as to whether or not he should offer to help her over the stile, for Margaret was a beautiful woman, but she, glancing quietly at him, stepped gracefully over the stile and went her way. The sor-row was deep in her eyes. To her he might have been a part of the fence. But he resumed his seat and turned and watched her until a turn of the path hid her from him. He thought he had never seen a woman move with such perfect grace. "She is a lady," he thought; "whatever

can she be doing in this wilderness?" Then he resumed his meditations. was a rather handsome fellow, fair with close curling hair and deep blue eyes. He had recently been admitted to the bar, and he held in his hand, not a volume of the revised statutes, but a sketch book. He had been thinking and whistling up to the time he caught sight of the graceful figure coming through the leaves and now again the strains of "Willow, tit willow, tit willow" rang through the woods and lenced the lark in the meadow; but it required no mental effort for him to whistle; it never does require much effort; men with no minds at all whistle frequently: so at the same time he was thinking, "Now, if I could only get that face for my St. Margaret; a cloud background-or rather an atmospheric background of Paynes Gray, and that face uplifted, the light in those eyes, 'And that's what I mean and I sigh as I sing, oh bother'-those bugs. I cannot get away from 'em even on this tence. I wonder now how Sepia would do for the dead leaves under the green? Now people seem to think I couldn't argue a case. If I could have an opportunity they would be surprised. Why could not Art and Jurisprudence go hand in hand? There is that railway accident case. Had I held a brief for the plaintiffs I might have gotten up some fearfully realistic pictures arranged to move one after the other like the scenes affection and sympathy, and whilst he yet in a play; a train passing over the bridge stood bareheaded before her, she put her in the storm, (exhibit "A"); another (exhibit "B") the accident; a third, (exhibit "C") the wreck with mingled bodies; and I would be a-saying, 'Gentlemen of the Jury,' that might not be good oratory, but mighty fine sarcasm and so on, until I got to exhibit "B" and then I would have a photograph handy. 'Gentlemen of the jury, men of Canada, these shrieks (turn the crank, Mr. Crier,) 'and groans rent the air,' and so on, 'and men of Canada it is for you to say whether this giant corporation, with its webs of fate spun all over this fair land of ours, shall have power to drag down your brothers, your orphans and your widows to destruction and without indemnity therefor. It is had drank more wine than was usual with for you to say,-I say it is a confounded him at this time of day, the air was warm shame that these caterpillers can't let a man alone. Now, how am I to get at that, anyhow? It is about

down to my waist-there. And Jerusha Jane wants me to take to some honest calling. Said Zeb Jenkings had got a position to sell patent medicines out west; that might do for me and I could be doing some good in the world. There is no use in trying to make Jerusha Jane see the usefulness and the dignity of the legal profession; she says I might hire out to the neighbors in haying time and teach the "deestrict skule" in the winter. Nor can Jerusha see any beauty in my pictures. Now, if I could show 'em to the Lady of the Woods who just passed. Poor Jerusha Jane! 'I have got to take under my wing'-I guess it is about dinner time,' and he shut his sketch book, took his walking stick, and stepping over the style, followed the pathway along which Margaret

had walked. "And that old maid from Farmer Hay's will be there. Why, Mrs. Hay's relative able of his outliving the baronet and succeeding to his rent roll.

went out of doors, little suspecting what ceeding to his rent roll.

went out of doors, little suspecting what at any rate, is more than I can understand.

Now she will be at Farmer Peet's till September. Of course she is an old maid, tall, ugly as sin, with a thin nose and withered lips; no one else ever has a vacation lasting from June till September-schoolmarms

every one of 'em.' The farm house of Lemuel Peet was but a short distance from him now. He could see the open door. The blinds of the front room, reserved for the supposed schoolmarm, were thrown back and inside he saw The British Admiralty is severe in its tests yet it has ordered nearly 40.000 lbs. Kerrs Evaporated Vegetable for Soup. Try it on your table.



WHITE AS SNOW!

SURPRISE does it and makes all Linens, Cottons, Laces sweet, pure, white.

YOU can have your washing done the "Surprise way"-save half the laborhave these results without injury to hands or most delicate fabrics. You need not boil or scald a single piece.

"THE PROOF of the pudding is in the eating." It won't cost anything to try SURPRISE. Simply ask your Grocer to put in one cake SURPRISE the READ the directions next time you buy Soap; then test it. READ on the wrapper.

that served as a dressing table, the great him. feather bed and motto worked in green and purple announcing that the Lord would provide. He felt a peculiar feeling of hesitation to go down to the sitting-room that served as dining-room, when presently the shrill toot of a tin horn announced that dinner was ready.

He went down at last and entered the dining room. Mrs. Peet, Mr. Peet, Je- Howe. rusha Jane and the hired man were seated and he, scarcely daring to glance at her, knew that his Lady of the Woods was also sitting there. His vacant place was next to hers. He felt a slight awkwardness in taking it. But Mrs. Peet commenced: "Now this is what I calls reel fort'nit.

Miss Barron let me interduce you to Mr. P. Simons Stuart. Mrs. Hay told me that yer father's sister, she that was Harriet Barron, set great store by his mother, she that was Julia Howe, when they both went to our stun skule house; and I make no doubt that ye will be a sight of company to each other, ye busy writin' that lecture or sumethin' for some paintin' magazine and he everlastingly painting things as he is. Oh, Mis' Hay told me all about ye, Miss Barron, and I feel reel well acquainted with ye. She said ye ain't none of them upstart standoffish sort of folks that comes as one of the family most, ever sense he come. her hand holding her. Now Lem, do pass them beans to Paul and p'rhaps Miss Barron would like some more of that Johnny cake. Mis' Hay said I want to give you all my life. Oh, my ye was a dreadful hand to eat Johnny cake. | darling, you know that I love you; you Jerusha Jane, run out and shoo that hen offen my verbeny bed. I declare them hens do beat all creation to scratch. Talkin' about paintin' things-Miss Barron did ye notice them dogs painted onto yer draw herselt from him. headboard? Them was done by a artist, he calls hisself, come up here about plantin' time. Ye see, he was a dretful hand to paint dogs. But land! nobody ever did asksee sich dogs as them in this world. That biggest dog on your headboard, p'rhaps ye didn't notice it-is sorter pink 'round the understand a artist's dogs. What is the to his sight. matter with ye, Jerusha Jane, ye don't seem to be a-eatin' as much as common? came at last to her own room. There was Hiram, jest pass up yer cup for some more remorse in her heart for Paul's sake and tea. Lem, I want ye to stop to the store shame seemed to weigh down her head; for me when ye go by; I want another but beneath it all she was conscious of a half pound of tea; it does beat all, the feeling of exultation that she had escaped sight of tea we use. Wall," she added, as from Paul-that she had not allowed him she arose, "I guess I will leave you young to win her. She was glad that her love for tolks to entertain each other. Jerush Jane Allan could not be removed by a love for and me's got to git the work done up." "Miss Barron," said Mr. Stuart, "may I | and hid her face in a low chair.

take your chair out to the piazza? It seems a pity to remain indoors today." "Thank you," she answered, "but indeed there is work that I must do."

"Oh, Miss Barron," said Mrs. Peet, "Jerusha Jane and me laid out to kinder read a tew lines, and then it seemed to her fix up yer room today and if it's so as ye that for one instant her heart ceased to could stay outen it this afternoon ye will beat. "That was all a mistake about Alobleege me wonderful'."

put his hand upon her chair she turned and walked out upon the veranda, he fol- here looking for you this week. He has lowing with some chairs. He glanced at received a professorship in a western uniher quiet face in desperation, it seemed that versity. He is going to find you, he will he could not go away.

He said, "Would you mind if I remained here with you for a short time? I—it has flood of joy. "Thank God, oh, thank been so long since I—since I have seen God," she cried, reaching out her arms in anyone I could talk to-and we could talk | the stillness. Then she went to the western over old times-for your aunt and my window and drew back the curtain. Tears

A glance of amusement came into Marbaret's eyes. "Surely you may stay," she Mr. P. Simons Stuart sat himself down,

and if ever an undeveloped artist and a hastened she might meet him coming barrister labored without apparent effort to through the wood. How glad looked her make himself agreeable for one whole afternoon, Mr. P. Simons Stuart was that on her hat. Whither had vanished the sad undeveloped artist and that barrister.

fetched them to her. They were crude had left him at the stile. but possessed of some merit. With ready sympathy she pointed out errors and made suggestions in a manner that made Paul stile. She walked slower as she drew feel that he really could paint it he tried. near to it, for now she remembered Paul.

and Margaret became better acquainted long shadows wavered. and more in sympathy each with the other. A portion of each day Margaret devoted to her work, and during that time Paul was Oh, it it were Allan! She raised her eyes restless, waiting for the time when he could for a clearer look. Oh, yes, it was Allan again see her. Then there were long walks | -it was Allan. He saw her and hastened across meadows and through the woodland | toward her. He sprang over the stile and

the expression of gladness after deep pain adoringly into the eyes of Margaret; and that he wished, and meanwhile Margaret he clinched his hand in the dead leaves as was half unconscious of the great disappointment, the emptiness at her heart. The world about her was beautiful. and Paul entered Paradise.

the love of Margaret could keep him from the outline of a graceful head. He came was pleasant. It pleased her to see him nearer. "Great Scott!" he said. It was smile; he seemed so full of strong, young the Lady of the Woods who sat there. He life. Yet, sometimes would come to her a went to his room and proceeded to arrange slimpse of the desolation of her soul, but his blonde curls as gracefully as possible. this she would shut from herself with a He was glad that there was sunburn on his resolute hand. And Paul loved her with face. It made him look handsomer. He all his heart. This she would have known forgot to be amused at the pile of drawers | had she but opened her eyes and looked at

Paul knew it with ever recurrent hope and despair.

Jerusha Jane knew it and she went about her work in sullen anger, and often she had gusty fits of weeping.

Mrs. Peet knew it, and flattered herself thinking of the approbation of her that was Harriet Barron and her that was Tylia

But Margaret did not know. It was the last day of summer, and she, sitting on the stile, waited while Paul put what he said were the finishing touches on his picture. "It is of no use," he said at last looking

up; "I cannot get this sad expression from your eyes. This saint looks as though she was patiently going to martyrdom rather than gladly going to Paradise. Will you Margaret went to his side and looked at

the picture. On a indefinite, etherial background was a beautiful face with eyes looking upward into the light. The spread ing drapery gave the effect of ascending motion, but the eyes were infinitely sad—sadder than he had ever seen Margaret's eyes, although they often had that look in wakeful nights. They stood together looking at it.

Suddenly he bent toward her and touched here in the summer; said ye took right | with warm, trembling lips the sweet curve hold once when her Almira was sick and of her own. She started back from worked as if ye knew how, so I can't make him with a sudden cry. Surprise and no stranger of ye. And Paul here has been | anger showed in her eyes. But he took "My Margaret, will you not try to care

for me? Dear, I want to make you happy; will not send me from you-you cannot -now. Do not be angry with me. See, dear, I have no life apart from you." "Hush, oh hush," she said, and tried to

"Can you not care for me?" he demanded of her, holding her eyes with his. "No, oh no, it is impossible what you

"Why, why is it impossible?"

"Oh, do not ask me; there is another; no, it is not as you think, he never cared head and some blue, like Jerusha Jane's for me." Her voice broke in a sob and a best dress, only a little lighter tinge down deep crimson flush swept over her face, the back. Think of it! Pink and blue she drew herself from him and the dogs; but then mabee it takes a artist to branches swayed back and she was lost

Through the tangled wood she went and a lesser man. She sank upon the floor

When at last she arose, dim-eyed and weak with tears, she saw upon her table a letter addressed to her in the handwriting of her friend Grace.

Listlessly she opened it and carelessly lan's engagement to May," her friend Margaret said nothing but as Mr. Stuart wrote. "May gave that impression to make Charley Ward jealous. Allan was be there Thursday I guess.' Over the soul of Margaret rolled a great

swelled to her eyes, but golden laughter bubbled to her lips. The sun was near the horizon in a great sea of amber. He was coming Thursday—why, this is Thursday and the train came at five o'clock; if she eyes as she glanced in the mirror, putting look she saw there that morning? Ah, At length he received permission to show | she was about to enter Paradise. She had his sketches to Margaret, and went and forgotten Paul; she had forgotten that she

She took the path across the meadow to the wood-the old path that led to the There was no one there. The level ligh The time went on, day by day, and Paul lay across the path and over the light the

> There was someone coming along the stood at her side.

He had entreated her to sit for an ideal And Paul, lying behind the screen of low head for him. He wanted the face of a hemlock boughs with his picture face down saint above the clouds; and often they sat at his side, raising himself upon his elbow, at the old stile, he trying vainly to catch saw a tall, broad-shouldered man looking