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Her Promise True.

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"A Man's Privilege," etc.

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CHAPTER I.—Hugh Gilbert and Belle Wayland are bidding each other good bye at Brighton as he is about to sail for India with his regiment. Belle promises to be true and to wait for him that evening for a final farewell. Upon her return to the hotel, where she and her mother are stopping, she finds that Lord Stanmore, whose brother was the husband of Mrs. Wayland's sister, has arrived and has invited her mother and her to dine with him that evening. Mrs. Wayland goes to Belle's room and tells her of the invitation. Belle is surprised and happy, and she goes out to meet Gilbert and the latter comes immediately to Brighton.

CHAPTER II.—Lady Stanmore comes to Brighton and has an important interview with Mrs. Wayland in which they decide Belle's future. Lady Stanmore reads a letter from Gilbert to Belle and lays plans accordingly. She decides to intercept the letters between the lovers. Lord Stanmore becomes deeply interested in Belle and invites his sister-in-law, Mrs. Wayland, and Belle to spend a few weeks at his country residence.

CHAPTER III.—Belle begins a diary in order that she may send an account of each day to her absent lover.

CHAPTER IV.—Lady Stanmore thinks over the situation. She decides that Belle is not in love with Hugh Gilbert. She calls upon her and invites her to visit him at Hurst Hall. He is greatly smitten with Belle. Lady Stanmore opens a letter from Hugh Gilbert to Belle and finds that she is not in love with him.

CHAPTER V.—Lord Stanmore becomes jealous of Sir Dick. Belle tells Lady Stanmore of her engagement and that Lady ridicules the idea. They go to Hurst Hall.

CHAPTER VI.—Belle's diary continued. She tells Lady Stanmore of her dream about Hugh. That lady decides to write Mrs. Balour.

CHAPTER VII.—Lady Stanmore destroys a letter Belle has written to Hugh Gilbert. Jack Stanmore confesses his love for Belle to his sister-in-law. Mrs. Wayland falls ill and the stay at Redvers court is prolonged. Sir Dick Probyn proposes to Belle and she is very much surprised. She gets a letter from Mrs. Balour who writes to her to India on the same ship with Hugh Gilbert. It contains the starting news of Hugh's marriage to Miss Vane. Belle is told the news and she is greatly shocked. In taking a morning walk she breaks through the ice.

CHAPTER VIII.—Stanmore rescues Belle from drowning. She takes cold and has a severe illness. A letter arrives for Belle during her illness and is destroyed by Lady Stanmore.

CHAPTER IX.—Belle is convalescent. Stanmore proposes to her and in her anxiety to show Hugh Gilbert that she has forgotten she accepts the offer. Stanmore and his sister-in-law arrange matters and Belle acquiesces. The marriage is arranged for an early day.

CHAPTER X.—The eve of the wedding. Lady Stanmore writes to her friend in Bombay and tells her of the marriage and specially requests that she write to Hugh Gilbert whom she represents as a friend only of Belle's.

CHAPTER XI.—THE ICE WOMAN. Lord and Lady Stanmore return to Redvers Court. Belle is not happy and Stanmore sees that she has not learned to love him. Sir Dick and Lady Probyn call upon them and invite them to dine at Hurst Hall.

CHAPTER XII.—PLAYING WITH FIRE. Sir Dick grows more in love with Lord Stanmore's wife which causes him to mother much uneasiness. Lord Stanmore also notices the young man's infatuation and warns Belle against encouraging him. They dine at Hurst and Belle is presented to Mr. Trevelyan the vicar and Sir Dick's old tutor, and his daughter Amy who has known and loved Sir Dick Probyn from his boyhood as they have grown up together but who only regards Amy with a sisterly affection.

CHAPTER XIII.—Sir Dick offers a diamond pendant to Belle but it is refused; she tells him his confession of love must end a pleasant friendship and he goes home. Belle is surprised to find that life is not worth living and attempts to shoot herself but her mother who has feared something and had followed him screams when she sees her. Lord Stanmore believes Belle is to blame for encouraging Sir Dick and reads her a lecture which she resents.

CHAPTER XIV.—An forgotten face. Lord and Lady Stanmore have an understanding and are better friends. She tells him all about her interview with Sir Dick. The Stanmore's get an invitation to a ball at Marchmont Court. They go and there Belle and Hugh Gilbert meet. After the shock has somewhat died away she enquires for his wife and learns that he has never been married.

CHAPTER XV.—The lost letters. Belle and Captain Gilbert have mutual explanations in which Lady Stanmore's treachery is revealed. Stanmore is introduced to Gilbert and asks him to dine with them the following day. Belle accuses her aunt of destroying her letters and the latter acknowledges her guilt but nothing of the kind. Stanmore is told to Stanmore who receives Captain Gilbert very kindly and invites him to Scotland for the shooting season and at Belle's request the latter consents to go.

CHAPTER XVI.—Gilbert hears of Belle's accident on the lake and of Stanmore's appearance on the scene in time to save her life and the result. Stanmore and Belle are charmed with its beauty. A row on the lake and its result. The Marchmonts furnish their own shooting box and invite Gilbert to join them. He is inclined to do so as he does not feel at ease at Strathearn, but he and Belle discuss the matter and she requests him to stay for a few days more.

CHAPTER XVII.—A stray shot. Gilbert is wounded by a shot from Mr. Marchmont's gun. Belle hears the news and almost betrays her love for Gilbert. A doctor and nurse are summoned from London and the wound is pronounced not dangerous.

CHAPTER XVIII.—An old friend. Belle makes many anxious enquiries about Gilbert and sends him a note by Jim Marchmont. Lady Stanmore receives a letter from Mrs. Marchmont who is expected in a day or two to stay at their new shooting box, in which she tells her that the Seymour is coming to stay with them at Glenwrath. She tells Belle and wishes her to go away with her during Mrs. Seymour's stay but Belle declines.

CHAPTER XIX.—Mrs. Seymour. Lady Stanmore leaves Strathearn after telling Lord Stanmore of Mrs. Seymour's expected arrival. The latter comes to Scotland and Belle meets her. Gilbert makes his first appearance downstairs since the accident and is received by Belle. He is still very weak and faints away while listening to Belle reading.

CHAPTER XX.—A new fear. Stanmore and Sir John Lee discuss the Marchmonts who have called and persuaded Belle to accompany them to a picnic. Gilbert continues to improve and goes daily to Belle's bedside for a cup of tea.

CHAPTER XXI.—A spray of heather. Gilbert is able to be out again and he and Belle have a walk on the terrace. They are joined by the Marchmont girls who have come to carry Belle off to a picnic. Lord Stanmore suggests to Jim Marchmont that it is time for Gilbert to leave Strathearn and be accordingly makes preparations to go to Glenwrath for a time. That spray of heather shall lie on my breast after I am dead.

CHAPTER XXII.—A PICNIC. Belle did not go the next day to Glenwrath, after Gilbert left Strathearn, nor the next. But the third day a very pressing invitation arrived from Mrs. Marchmont, entreating Belle, Stanmore, and Sir John Lee to dine with them the same evening.

Belle read the letter, and then handed it to Stanmore across the breakfast-table. "It is from Mr. Marchmont," she said. Stanmore also read the letter, and then returned it to Belle.

"Well, we had better go," he said; "it can't be very lively for you being here all day by yourself. If you accept the invitation I will send one of the men over to Glenwrath with your letter; at least if you would like to go, Lee?" he added, looking at Sir John.

"I shall be charmed," he answered; "and besides it will be my farewell to the Marchmonts, as I really must leave Strathearn the day after tomorrow."

"I shall be awfully sorry for you to go," replied Stanmore; "but I suppose we must be all thinking of leaving soon. Here is a letter from Mr. Sladen, my agent, Belle," he continued; "and he says he has seen Dick Probyn out driving with his mother, and that the poor lad is most terribly disfigured."

There was a sort of half reproach in Stanmore's voice, Belle fancied, as he said this, which she knew and felt to be unjust, and she answered very gravely.

"I am very sorry indeed," she said. "Everyone must be sorry," continued Stanmore; "a young life half spoiled," said again he looked at Belle.

It was an extraordinary affair altogether. "I said Sir John Lee," how the young fellow could be so stupid as to shoot himself I never could conceive. But it's a pity about his looks; it's a good thing he wasn't a girl. After all, looks don't matter so much in a man."

Neither Stanmore nor Belle made any reply to these words. Then, as Belle rose to write her note to Mrs. Marchmont, she looked at Stanmore.

she heard Stanmore's voice speaking to someone on the other side of the half-open door.

"Yes, I know now I made a great mistake," he said.

"And it cost me very dear, Jack," answered a thrilling woman's voice. "But I suppose it was that scheming woman, Lady Stanmore, who did it all?"

"She helped, at least," replied Stanmore's voice; "but it was a great mistake."

Both Belle and Gilbert overheard these words, and for a moment they looked in each other's faces, and then Belle said quietly:

"There is a draught here I think. Let us go to the other side of the room," and she moved away, followed by Gilbert.

As she passed the half-open door, Stanmore and Mrs. Seymour saw them, and gave a little start.

"Could she have heard us?" she said, in a frightened whisper.

"If she did," answered Stanmore, "she would not care. She is the coldest woman I ever saw."

"And yet, for her sake, you flung away—"

"What I regret now," said Stanmore in a low tone, "when it is too late."

These few words told the real state of Stanmore's feelings. A man accustomed to be cared for, and made much of by women, he had wearied of Belle's indifference, and returned to the old bondage of his earlier years. Lady Stanmore had been right when she had warned Belle, and the few words that she had overheard made Belle for the first time realise that he regretted his marriage.

She said nothing of this, however, to Gilbert. Helen Marchmont went up to them almost immediately after they had crossed the room, and began planning and settling the day for the picnic they had so long talked of.

"It is lovely weather; do let us have it the day after tomorrow, dear Lady Stanmore," she said. "And Captain Gilbert can go now, and I am sure it will be delightful. You will go, won't you, Captain Gilbert?"

"Of course, I shall be very pleased," answered Gilbert.

"And your nurse?" asked Belle, smiling. "I shall leave my nurse at home on the occasion. I think she is not quite so tyrannical as she was."

After this Helen Marchmont went all round the room settling the day and the place where they were to have luncheon. They finally decided on a lovely glen, some five miles from Glenwrath, famous for the romantic beauty of its scenery.

"And the day after tomorrow," said Miss Marchmont; "and everyone must go."

Sir John Lee promised to remain at Strathearn over the picnic, and they settled the hour the two house parties were to meet before the Stanmore left Glenwrath.

Belle was very silent on the way home, for she had not forgotten the words she had overheard. But she did not resent them. "He was sure to weary of me," she told herself, and the idea gave her no pain.

The next day passed apparently quietly away, though Belle's heart was ill at ease. Stanmore noticed how restless she was, and that she did not look well.

"Would you like to leave here after this picnic business is over, Belle?" he said. "Are you getting tired of it, as you tie so soon of most things?"

"Do I tire sooner than other people, do you think?" answered Belle, with a certain intonation in her voice, that made Stanmore think she had overheard what he had said to Mrs. Seymour about his marriage.

"Perhaps not," he replied; and he turned away, but he said nothing more to Belle about leaving Scotland.

The morning of the day fixed for the picnic was fine, though some heavy clouds lay grey and dark in the distance, when the party from Strathearn started.

"I should not be a bit surprised if we have a storm," said Stanmore, pointing to them.

"Please do not prophesy evil," answered Belle, looking at the sky.

"We may have a shower, but not a storm, I hope, to spoil that charming costume," said Sir John Lee, looking at Belle admiringly.

She made some jesting reply, and the dark clouds rolled away as they drove through the wild and romantic scenery which led to the famous glen to which they were bound. It was a long drive, and the road was somewhat rough, and often steep, and they were glad when they reached destination, which was the entrance of a beautiful ravine, between two lofty mountain ranges rearing their crests on high.

The party from Glenwrath had arrived, and eagerly welcomed them, and the servants were already engaged in spreading out a sumptuous luncheon, to which, of course, Belle and Stanmore added their contribution. It was a wild and lonely spot, and the sound of falling water at a little distance added to the charm and beauty of the scene. But most of the young people stood watching with interest the unpacking of the hampers! The long drive had given them good appetites, and the grand and misty hills were to them for the present a secondary consideration. But Belle and Hugh Gilbert talked together a little apart. He seemed tired and worn, and Belle looked anxiously at his face.

"Are you not feeling so well today?" she asked.

"I feel rather tired," he answered; "but I have been a little upset," he added; "I had a letter from my father this morning, and he wishes me to spend the rest of my leave at Northbridge."

These words affected Belle painfully. Her face flushed, and Gilbert saw her hands begin to tremble, which was always a sign with her of deep emotion. But she did not speak. She stood by his side, with her eyes fixed vaguely on the hills, until Mr. Marchmont approached to tell her that luncheon was ready, and to beg the honor of attending upon her during it.

"You come, too, Gilbert," he said; and Gilbert followed Belle, and stood by the side of the grey granite boulder, on which Mr. Marchmont had placed her by way of the seat of honor.

Mr. Marchmont was as fussy and self-important as ever. He would insist in helping Belle to everything he could possibly think of, and bemoaned sadly when he saw she could not eat. Her lips felt parched somehow, and it seemed impossible to her for once to join in the gay chatter around. Gilbert, too, was unusually silent, and looked so pale, that kindly Mrs. Marchmont hurried up to him to ask if he were not feeling well, and brought him some champagne, which she insisted on him drinking.

But the feasting, the jests, the foolish talk went on. No one guessed that two hearts in their midst were torn with pain, were passing through a miserable crisis and struggle of their lives. Once Belle glanced at Stanmore; he was half-lying on some rough log at Mrs. Seymour's feet, apparently eating his lunch with much pleasure and contentment. Then she looked at the pale, dark face near her; at the handsome sharpened features of the one man she had ever loved. She drew in her lips tightly; a resolute look came into her eyes; a resolve into her soul.

At last the luncheon was over. The men lit their cigarettes, and began to move away each with some companion towards the winding paths up the craggy mountain sides. Stanmore and Mrs. Seymour were the first to go, and then Belle turned to Gilbert.

"Let us go, too," she said—and she and Gilbert began to walk further up the ravine, and to ascend the opposite hillside to which the rest of the party had gone.

The way was uneven and rough, over fern hidden boulders which some winter's torrent had hurled down, by coppies birch and rowan, by crag and steep. Gilbert gave Belle his hand to help her, and the two walked on thus almost silently in the silence and solitude around them, broken only by the sound of a cascade of falling water, which at some distance from them was descending from the mountain's summit.

Suddenly, however, another sound fell on their ears. So absorbed had they been in the passion and emotion of their hearts that neither had noticed the gathering darkness around them, nor the storm clouds above. But now a deafening crash, a peal, roused them from their dreamland, and the next moment a heavy rain-pour came pelting down, almost blinding them by its force.

"We must try to get sheltered under some crag," said Gilbert.

He had scarcely spoken when a flash, vivid, looked, sent the black clouds, followed almost instantaneously by another terrific peal of thunder and a fall of mingled hailstones and rain.

Belle gave a faint cry and clung to Gilbert's arm, who led her as best he could along the now dangerous, slippery path to the nearest jutting crag he could see on the hill side. It was a poor shelter from the storm, but still it afforded some.

"Lean back against the rock," said Gilbert, "and I will stand before you, and that will help to protect you from the rain."

But Belle kept fast hold of the arm she held.

"No," she answered, "let us stand together; let us be together at least now."

Another flash lit the sky, another peal rent the air, and neither spoke. A wild wind came into Belle's hair; a wild hope. She closed her eyes, and leaned her head against Gilbert's arm, and some murmured words broke from her parted lips.

"Would that we could die now; that we both could die."

Above the din of the tempest Gilbert heard this, and he bent down and drew her closer to him.

"Is this true, Belle?" he asked. "would you rather die with me than leave me?"

"It is true," she answered. "Hugh, I cannot bear to leave you now."

The storm raged around them after this, but they never headed it. Death seemed nothing, when their parting had been a living death. But the struggle was over in Belle's heart.

"We will never part," she said again and again. She could not leave him in his illness and weakness; it was their second troth plight.

CHAPTER XXIII.—MORE THAN LIEE.

The dark clouds were rolling away, the air was full of that heavy murkiness which frequently follows a storm and the rain still fell in torrents, when Belle and Gilbert heard voices calling from below.

"They have come to seek us," said Gilbert, in a low tone.

"Yes," answered Belle bravely, and she raised her hazel eyes to his.

"I will see you again; you must then decide," continued Gilbert.

"My decision is made; come let us go down and meet them."

Without another word they left the precarious shelter of the jutting crag, beneath which they had sought refuge, and retraced their footsteps as best they could. The descent down the steep, uneven hillside was actually dangerous, but Belle showed both courage and composure. And slowly—step by step—Gilbert going first, holding her hand, they made their way; Gilbert replying as loudly as he could to the voices below. In a short time, Jim Marchmont, who, with two other young men, was searching for them, saw their rain-drenched figures, and hurried forward to their assistance.

"You have given us all such an awful fright," he said, as he reached them. "What a fearful storm it has been! Here, Lady Stanmore, take my hand—Gilbert looks nearly done."

"It has been a bad storm, hasn't it?" answered Belle.

"Bad! I should think so. All the ladies but you have been in a frightful state. Mrs. Seymour nearly fainted, Helen was in hysterics, and mother terrified to death."

"I was not afraid," said Belle, in a low voice.

"You are a positive heroine, then, Lady Stanmore! Not afraid on a mountain side in such a storm. It's something wonderful for a woman."

Again Belle looked at Gilbert, and his

face, too, wore a resolute expression, though he was very pale.

"And where are the rest?" presently asked Belle.

"They have taken shelter in a little shanty of a place, where the horses and carriages are put up. But take care when you step, Lady Stanmore; it's so terribly slippery."

With difficulty they at last reached the ravine where the party had taken luncheon, and near the entrance of this, the small rustic boathouse where the rest of the party were. In the kitchen of this poor place, still cowering with fear, they found Mrs. Marchmont and her daughters, and Mrs. Seymour. Stanmore was also here, and he looked sharply round when Belle, accompanied by Hugh Gilbert and young Marchmont, entered.

"Where on earth have you been, Belle?" he asked, crossly. "We could not think what had happened to you."

"We were caught by the storm," answered Belle, calmly, "and took refuge under a crag."

"Why, you are both wet through! Not much refuge you've had, seemingly. It's not over-good all this for you, Captain Gilbert, I should say. I advise you to have a whisky and soda at once."

"I wonder you did not die of terror," said Mrs. Marchmont. "Take off your wet boots, dear Lady Stanmore. Jim will unbutton them."

So Belle's wet boots were unbuttoned and held to the blazing fire, and her wet cloak and hat dried also. She stood there bare-headed; a glow on her smooth cheeks, and a new light in her shining eyes, and every man present told himself she was beautiful. Even Stanmore unwillingly admitted this. He was angry with himself and her, but more than once involuntarily he looked at the erect girlish form and charming face of the woman he knew gave him no love. The woman who did was not appearing to advantage. She had been frightened, and her hair was ruffled and her face disordered. But Belle spoke to her gently and kindly.

"I am sorry you have been so afraid," she said.

Mrs. Seymour gave a kind of start as Belle thus addressed her.

"I was terrified," she answered, in that thrilling voice of hers, rising her dark eyes to Belle's face. "I never was out in such a storm."

"Belle," said Stanmore, at this moment approaching the two, "as Glenwrath is nearer than Strathearn Mrs. Marchmont has kindly asked us all to go there to dine, and remain for the night, and I think it would certainly be the wisest plan."

"It is very kind of Mrs. Marchmont," replied Belle, "but I for one shall go back to Strathearn."

"But why?" asked Stanmore sharply.

"I would rather do so; but, of course, I do not wish to influence Sir John Lee or you."

"I am going to Glenwrath," answered Stanmore, sullenly.

"Allow me then to have the pleasure and honor of seeing you safely to Strathearn," said Sir John Lee.

Belle accepted this offer, and resisted all the Marchmonts' entreaties to accompany them to Glenwrath. Stanmore said nothing more on the subject. He turned away, and began talking to Mrs. Seymour, and Belle and Sir John were the first of the party who started on their way homewards.

But before Belle left the little hostelry Hugh Gilbert had a few words to say in a low tone to her.

"I will see you tomorrow afternoon," he said, and wrote to you in the morning, and send my letter over to you. I cannot now stay any longer here."

"No," answered Belle quietly, but firmly; "tell me in your letter where I shall meet you."

"Yes."

They clasped each other's hands after this, and Gilbert went to the carriage with Belle and Sir John Lee, and stood bare-headed watching them go. Then he returned to the others, and started with them for Glenwrath. The next morning two letters arrived for him, and after breakfast he told Mrs. Marchmont that the news in one of these compelled him to leave Glenwrath on the same day.

All the family were genuinely sorry that he should go and pressed him to remain, but Gilbert was firm.

"I am obliged to go," he said, "and thank you most heartily for all your great kindness to me."

His nurse, Janet Mackay, was, however, horrified.

"You are absolutely unfit to go; without a nurse you cannot go."

But Gilbert smilingly refused her offer, and pressed such a handsome gratuity into her hand that Janet became mollified.

"If you are Janet, and I know you will be," she said, "promise to send for me at once; and whatever case I am at, if it were the Queen herself, I'll throw it over."

Gilbert gave the required promise, and then began making his other arrangements for leaving Glenwrath. But before he did so he wrote to Belle, and asked Jim Marchmont to send his letter over to Strathearn at once.

"You'll see Lady Stanmore before you start?" inquired Marchmont, not without some curiosity.

"Yes, I shall see her this afternoon," answered Gilbert, quietly.

"Very well, dear old fellow; I'm awfully sorry you are obliged to go so are we all, and I am sure Lady Stanmore will be also. But you must come to us for Christmas at Marchmont. Remember this is a promise."

CHAPTER XXIV.—THE END.

The hurry, worry, bustle and excitement of modern life in business circles and society, is producing untold misery in our midst. We see the results in nervousness, prostration, insomnia, mental depression and dyspepsia. These troubles are developed to an alarming extent during the intolerable heat of summer. It is then that thousands are thrown on beds of sickness and suffering.

For the benefit of such as are now suffering, we confidently recommend Paine's Celery Compound as an unfailing and sure health-giver. It strengthens the nervous system, quickly purifies the blood, and gives that sweet and regular sleep that conduces to permanent health. When dyspepsia is the bane of life, Paine's Celery Compound strengthens the stomach, and acts as a tonic and stimulant to all the organs of digestion. The great medicine gives clearness of brain and intellect; it gives that vim, snap and energy of disposition that is required in the work shop, office, counting house, and in the home circle. It makes the weak strong, by bracing up unstrung nerves, building up flesh, bone and muscle. When Paine's Celery Compound is used in summer, every trace of disease is banished, and every prevailing pestilence and plague is avoided.

Gilbert made some vague reply, and Marchmont hurried away to send his letter to Strathearn. An hour later Belle received it, and with a fast beating heart and trembling hands she read the following words:—

"I have told Mrs. Marchmont that I shall leave Glenwrath to-day, but before I go, I will see you. Belle, my dearest one, this interview must decide our fate; we must either part then, or part no more. You know what you are to me, but from no selfish feelings shall I urge you, to leave luxury for poverty; to sacrifice so much for my sake. You must tell me your whole heart. Meet me at three, to-day by the trout stream, where we once met before. And till then believe me,—Yours faithfully, always, H. G."

Belle read his letter twice, and then rang, and asked if the servant who had brought it was waiting for an answer.

"Yes, my lady; he was told to wait for an answer," replied the maid.

"I will send one," said Belle; "I will ring when it is ready."

She sat down to her desk at once, and wrote four words:—

"I will be there."

She addressed and despatched this note, and then again sat down to her desk, and wrote a long letter to Stanmore. She was alone in the house but for the servants, as Sir John Lee had started early in the morning on his way south, proposing to stop at Glenwrath on his road, to take leave of Stanmore and the Marchmonts. There was no one, then, to interfere with her, and she made certain arrangements after writing to Stanmore; destroyed old letters, locked away her jewellery, and prepared to take a step from which she knew there was no return.

It was a dull and darksome day. The storm clouds yet lingered on the horizon, and the air was heavy and close. But Belle did not shrink back. About a quarter to three o'clock she left the house, and speedily found her way to the trout stream, whose waters rolled gloomily on, reflecting the sullen sky. Her head was bowed, but her face was pale and resolute. She knew what she was about to do—that she was giving up all that she had been taught to prize—but she knew also by what a price she had bought these things; and that price had now become hateful to her soul.

As she went on, she presently saw Gilbert's tall figure approaching her. They met in silence, with clasped hands, and stood there looking in each other's faces beneath the murky sky. It was Gilbert who spoke first.

"Is this to be our leave taking, Belle?" he said.

"For a moment Belle made no answer; she clasped his hands still tighter; she still looked with eyes full of pathos in his face."

"I shall start for India at once," continued Gilbert; "so Belle, if we part now—"

"I cannot part with you," she answered huskily.

"But think what you are giving up—I have so little to offer you—only my love."

"It is everything to me," everything in life."

"Is this so in very truth?"

"Yes, in very truth. Hugh, you are more to me than life—my life is yours."

He took her in his arms; he pressed his lips on hers.

"Then there can be no change," he said. "We shall not part."

When Stanmore returned the same