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# Her Promise True.

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"A Man's Privilege," etc.

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CHAPTER I. II. III.—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 expects to meet 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 but Belle feels sudden illness and lies apparently asleep in her room. After dinner Mrs. Wayland discovers that Belle has gone out to meet Gilbert and is very angry. Mrs. Wayland writes an account of the affair to her sister, Lady Stanmore, and the latter comes immediately to Brighton.

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

CHAPTER VI.—Lady Stanmore thinks over the situation. She decides that Belle is not in love with Jack. Lord Richard Probyn calls upon the party, and invites them to visit him at Hurst Hall. He is greatly smitten with Belle. Lady Stanmore opens a letter from Hugh Gilbert to Belle and burns it.

CHAPTER VII.—Lord Stanmore becomes jealous of Sir Dick. Belle tells Lady Stanmore of her own argument and that Lady Stanmore's idea. They go to Hurst Hall.

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

CHAPTER IX.—Lady Stanmore destroys a letter Belle has written to Hugh Gilbert. Jack Stanmore confesses his love for Belle. Lady Stanmore proposes to her and in her anxiety to show Hugh Gilbert that she too has forgotten her 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 should tell Hugh Gilbert whom she represents as a friend only of Belle's.

CHAPTER XI.—THE IRON 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.—FLYING WITH FIRE. Sir Dick grows more in love with Lord Stanmore's wife which causes his 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. Any who has known and loved Sir Dick Probyn from his boyhood as they have grown 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 that his confession of love must end a pleasant marriage and he goes home in despair. He decides that life is not worth living and attempts to shoot himself but his mother who had feared something and had followed him screams when she sees what he is about to do and the bullet goes through his cheek. 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 about her interview with Sir Dick. The Stanmores get an invitation to a ball at Marchmont Court. They go and there Belle and Hugh Gilbert meet. Belle's 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 Stanmore's jealousy is revealed. Lord Stanmore is introduced to Gilbert and asks him to dine with them the following day. Belle accuses him of destroying her letters and the latter acknowledges her guilt but nothing of the situation is told to Stanmore who receives Captain Gilbert's kindly and inviting 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.

CHAPTER XVII.—The whole party go to Strathearn and 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 XVIII.—A STRAY SHOT. The two Marchmonts returned in time for dinner to Strathearn, both in a state of elation. Mr. Marchmont was delighted with the house at Glenwrath, and the range of the moorland. He had taken on the keepers of the late master, and the place was really ready for him to take possession of. And his heart had swelled with pride within him as he had looked at the wide stretch of purple and green that now called him owner. He had wanted but this. He had a beautiful country place, a fine town house, and now he had a Highland moor, a Highland moor, too, actually adjoining his friend Lord Stanmore's! This added immensely to its value in Mr. Marchmont's eyes. There was no doubt now of his social position, he proudly reflected; and the world must recognize it!

Jim Marchmont was also delighted at the idea of asking his college friends down to shoot the red grouse and black game. He was a fine open-hearted young fellow this, who had had a very different rearing to his father. He had been born to wealth and the elder man had gained it by successful speculation and commerce. But the money was there, and when it is there people are not very particular as to where it comes from.

It must be admitted that Mr. Marchmont boasted a good deal at dinner-time, and more than once Stanmore and Sir John Lee exchanged amused glances. But they were both very good-natured. They remembered, perhaps, the time when they also had been pleased with some new toy, and Glenwrath was Mr. Marchmont's.

"I have telegraphed to my wife," said Mr. Marchmont, "that the place is absolutely ready for them. One day more, my dear Lady Stanmore, I shall intrude on your great kindness and hospitality, and then Jim and myself must betake ourselves and baggage to Glenwrath. And I trust that we shall have the honor and pleasure of frequently receiving you there."

"You are very good," answered Belle, smilingly.

"And you, Gilbert," continued Mr. Marchmont, "will you go with us to Glenwrath the day after to-morrow, or will you spend a few days more amid the beauties

of Strathearn before you join us as our guest?"

One swift glance was exchanged between Gilbert, grey eyes and Belle's hazel ones, as Mr. Marchmont asked this question. But before Gilbert could reply to it, Stanmore spoke.

"No, Gilbert, you must not run away from us yet," he said. "Mr. Marchmont's big moor will keep, and we do not want to lose you. You are our crack shot you know; though, I admit, not as enthusiastic about it as you ought to be."

"I must always plead my wretched fever by way of an excuse for my idleness," answered Gilbert, and a faint flush stole to his dark face. "It is extremely kind of you to wish me to stay a few days longer."

"Just suit yourself, my dear boy," said Mr. Marchmont, waving his hand graciously. "I know how hard it is to be oneself away from Strathearn and its great attractions," and he bowed first to Belle and then to Lady Stanmore. "But when you are inclined to do so, Glenwrath is at your service, and Jim here, I am sure, will only be too delighted to have you; as well as my ladies." And Mr. Marchmont laughed well pleased. He was in truth pleased with himself and all the world, and there was a general air of effusion in his whole manner.

Gilbert, of course, expressed himself properly grateful for his kind invitation, and the matter was left open for the present. But when dinner was over and the other men had gone into the smoking room, Gilbert went for a few minutes and stood at Belle's side, who was watching from one of the windows in the drawing-room, a mist surrounded moon struggling with the gloom outside.

"The poor moon can't shine to night," said Belle, looking round with a smile, and addressing him.

"No," answered Gilbert, and he too looked up at the misty sky. "You heard what Mr. Marchmont said at dinner? Would it not be better for me to go with them to Glenwrath?"

"You promised you would stay here a few days longer; do you wish to break your promise?" asked Belle softly, and she looked up in his face, with her shining hazel eyes.

"You know I do not. No, I could not part with my few days now I think—at least I shall never remember."

His voice sank almost to a whisper as he spoke the last few words, but Belle heard them. They deepened the rose-bloom on her cheeks, and her breath came quick.

Gilbert leaned his arms against the window-panes, and she could see his straightly cut profile, and the lines on his somewhat fever-worn face. And a memory rushed into her heart of one night when they had stood together thus, and watched the moon struggling through the mist above the country hills. There had been nothing to part them then; no false vows untrue always. They had loved and been beloved, and now—

Belle lifted her head with a fluttering sigh. "Do you remember one night at Northridge?" she said, in a low tone.

"Strange, I too was thinking of that night," answered Gilbert, also raising his head. "We think the same things I believe, Belle, at the same time."

"It is strange," half-whispered Belle, and she turned away. She felt indeed that she could not stay; the sense of all she had lost for the moment overpowered her.

By the fireplace Lady Stanmore was sitting half asleep. One of her favourite French novels lay on a small table near her by a shaded lamp. She had enjoyed her dinner, and had opened her blinking eyes when Hugh Gilbert had entered the room, only, however to close them again a moment or two later. She gave no thought to the wreck of love and youth. Belle looked at her as she passed her, and a feeling of bitter anger swelled in her heart.

"But for you," she thought. "Ah! but for you—"

The next morning rose fresh and fair. A blue, white flecked sky, a light wind; a perfect day for the moorlands and the hills. At Strathearn Lodge the sportsmen were up betimes, and immediately after breakfast started with the keepers and the dogs. Mr. Marchmont was particularly fussy.

"I feel in my element," he said to Belle; though, poor man, he certainly did not look it. But he was one of the first of the five men to start, and he looked back and waved his hand to Belle, who was standing at the window watching them go.

And she watched them until they disappeared in the mountain defile. Then she signed wistfully as she turned away; sighed thinking of the few words she had exchanged near the window with Hugh Gilbert the night before, and of the happy days which still held so fresh a memory in both their hearts.

One of her old restless moods came over her, and she commenced walking up and down the room, still dreaming of the past. Presently, however, she went out on the terrace, and watched the golden ripples of light playing on the loch below. She had not been there more than half an hour, scarcely so long when, to her surprise, she saw young Marchmont hurriedly making his way to the house. She advanced a few steps to meet him, and saw he was excited and pale.

"I have run on to tell you," he said, hurriedly addressing her, "that there has been a slight accident on the moors. Nothing serious—don't look so frightened; but that stupid father of mine contrived to touch the trigger of his gun as he was taking it loaded from the keeper, and the charge wounded Gilbert in the arm."

Belle heard the words, and the whole scene seemed to swim around her. She staggered, grew faint and pale, and young Marchmont caught her by the arm, to save her from falling.

"Good heavens! Lady Stanmore, don't look like that!" cried Marchmont. "There, lean on me; don't let anyone see you look like that. Dear old Gilbert will soon be all right. They have got a doctor already; and the gillies got one, and they will be bringing him here presently; but I thought I would run on and tell you."

"Is he dying?" gasped out Belle, from between her white quivering lips.

"Dying? nothing of the kind; in no danger whatever, I should say. The charge struck him on the back of the arm. How that old ass of a father of mine contrived to do such a thing I cannot tell. But men like him should not handle a gun. But come into the house now; they will be carrying him home soon, and you had better not be here."

"Yes, I will stay," said Belle, with a great effort. "Get me some water—I will stay and watch him come."

"No, don't," said Lady Stanmore; please don't," urged young Marchmont. "I know he is an old friend of yours, and naturally all this is a great shock to you, and you come into the house; you can see them bring him up from the defile from there."

He put his hand through her arm as he spoke, and almost forced her indoors. He looked and admired Belle, and from the evening of the fete at Marchmont had been sure that some old tie had been between the two, who had loved each other so well.

He was most anxious, therefore, that no prying eyes should see her in her present distress. And he had scarcely succeeded in getting Belle into the house when he saw from one of the windows the little procession advancing that was bearing Gilbert to the lodge. They had wrenched the door off one of the helves by the moor edge, and on this they were carrying the wounded man. The doctor was by his side, and Stanmore, while the keepers and gillies bore the door on which he lay, and Mr. Marchmont, visibly downcast, followed. Young Marchmont saw all this, and then did the wisest thing he could do under the circumstances.

"Here he comes," he said, with affected cheerfulness. "Now hear up, dear Lady Stanmore, for his sake; it would never do for the fellow to see you agitated; it would only make him worse. They are getting on very well; will you come and see."

Belle tottered to the window, and then covered her face with a moan.

"I can't look," she said faintly, and young Marchmont ran to get some water, and while doing so encountered Lady Stanmore.

"What is the matter?" she asked. "Is anyone killed, as they are carrying a man up the hill?"

"No one is killed; there has been a slight accident, that is all, and it has startled Lady Stanmore," answered Marchmont.

"Who is it?"

"It is Gilbert—Captain Gilbert."

"Ah!" said Lady Stanmore, and she passed him and went into the room where Belle was sitting, still with her face covered with her hand.

"So there has been an accident?" began Lady Stanmore; and at the sound of her voice Belle raised her head, and the expression of her face half-frightened Lady Stanmore.

"It's nothing serious I am told," she continued; "but these things always startle one. Here is Mr. Marchmont with some water; but you must have some wine in it too, and that will make you all right."

Belle drank the wine they offered her, and it gave her a little strength. Lady Stanmore also took some, and presently they heard the footsteps of the men who were bearing Gilbert in. Then Belle rose unassisted and went to the open door.

The men were resting a moment in the hall, and Belle saw Gilbert's face. It was pale, but resolute and calm, and as Belle advanced a step their eyes met and Gilbert smiled.

"I have had a slight accident," he said, addressing her, and have been giving a great deal of trouble."

"Don't speak that way, my dear fellow," said Stanmore, now looking round to see who Gilbert was speaking to. "Ah, Belle, you are there. Well, this has been a bad day's business, though it might have been much worse. And now we had better try to get him upstairs, and you go away, Belle. Lucy come here and take away Belle; this is no place for women."

Then Lady Stanmore advanced and took Belle's hand and drew her back into the room and shut the door.

"No, no do not go, Belle," she said. "You can do no good, Belle, I said. 'No,' answered Belle, in a low tone, and once more she sat down and covered her face with her hand."

Then came the heavy footsteps on the stairs; the muffled sounds outside. But not for long. Presently Stanmore entered the room, and Belle lifted her head, and looked in his face.

"They have got him up all right now," said Stanmore, in answer to the unspoken question. "But he's faint from loss of blood, and the doctor is giving him something to revive him. I am going to telegraph now to Edinburgh for another doctor and a nurse."

"Is he seriously wounded?" asked Lady Stanmore.

"A gun-shot wound is always serious, but I hope he'll get over it all right. It was that ass, old Marchmont, did it; I wish I'd been hanged before I asked him here," said Stanmore.

At this moment the culprit himself hurried into the room, and went up in a state of great agitation. Belle saw him, but it was that blundering Donald's fault."

"I do not think it was Donald who blundered," cuttingly remarked Stanmore. "I will send for the first advice; everything shall be done," continued Mr. Marchmont, deprecatingly.

"Captain Gilbert is my guest; of course, everything shall be done," answered Stanmore laughingly, and Mr. Marchmont's discomfort was complete!

CHAPTER XXVIII.—AN OLD FRIEND.

Belle spent a miserable day of hidden anxiety and fear. After an early luncheon, at which the Scotch doctor joined, Mr. Marchmont thought it desirable to leave Strathearn for Glenwrath, under the excuse of seeing that everything was ready to receive his wife and daughters on the following day, but in reality to escape from the disagreeable consequences of his own awkwardness and foolishness.

Jim Marchmont, however, remained at the lodge, and spent the most of his time in Hugh Gilbert's room. And after considering what they should do with themselves, and feeling they could do no good by staying indoors, Stanmore and Sir John Lee started for a long walk among the hills.

At lunch Belle watched the doctor's face with feverish impatience, and when the party broke up and he was about to return to his patient she followed him from the room.

"I want to ask him if he has everything," she said by way of an excuse as she passed Stanmore and Lady Stanmore, who had not left the room.

She overtook Dr. Macgregor in the hall. "I want you to tell me, doctor," she began, half-breathlessly, "how he really is."

The Scotch doctor looked at her with his shrewd, greenish-grey eyes.

"Ye mean the gentleman who's been hurt?" he answered. "Oh, he's going on as well as we can expect."

"And he's not—?" but Belle could not frame in words the question that she meant to ask. The doctor, however, seemed to understand.

"Na, na, he's in na danger," he said; "but it was a close shave. Ye Southern gentleman, I reckon, has not been used to handle a gun."

Belle gave a sort of gasp of relief. "If—if there is anything you want, doctor—if there is anything I can do—" she stammered out.

"I'll let ye ken, my leddy. But there's na need to fash about him. He'll be all right."

With another sigh of relief, Belle returned to the dining room, and as she did so Stanmore looked at her.

"Well, what does the doctor say?" he asked.

"He says he'll be all right," answered Belle, falteringly.

"That's a good thing; but he'll want good nursing."

Stanmore, indeed, had desired the doctor not to alarm the ladies unnecessarily, and the extent and nature of Gilbert's wound was kept, to a great extent, from Belle's knowledge. Stanmore had noted Belle's agitation when Gilbert was first carried into the house, which he did not consider was unusual under the circumstances, and he, therefore, thought it advisable to make as light of the accident as possible.

But all the same, Belle's anxiety was very great. She could not take her mind from one thought—that Hugh Gilbert lay in pain and suffering under the same roof, and yet she could not go near him; she could not clasp his hand!

"If I could only be with him," she moaned, again and again during the anxious hours; and she wandered about the house with restless footsteps, and once during the afternoon she met young Jim Marchmont, who was just leaving Gilbert's room.

"I was coming to see you," said Marchmont, kindly; "may I go into the drawing-room, and talk to you for a little while?"

"Oh, yes; how is he now?" answered Belle, quickly.

"Going on all right; of course he's weak from loss of blood, but we must expect that. They went into the drawing-room together, and when Marchmont had closed the door, after a moment's hesitation he said: Gilbert sent me down with a message to you, Lady Stanmore."

"Yes?" answered Belle, and for an instant the color flattered back into her pale face.

"The doctor had told him you seemed very anxious about him, and Gilbert sent me to say you must not be; that you must not distress yourself. He told me, too, that you and he are old friends, and he said it would grieve him very much to cause you any worry."

"It is—good of him to think of it," faltered Belle; "naturally I feel very much—"

"Yes, of course; we all feel very much, dear old fellow. But he'll pull him up all right, and I hope we will have him up in no time."

"Is there anything I can do?" said Belle, still falteringly. "Anything I can send him?"

There was a beautiful nosegay of roses that had arrived the day before from Redvers Court standing on a table near, and innoctantly as she spoke, Belle's eyes fell on them, and in a moment Marchmont understood that wistful glance.

"If you would send him a flower I am sure he would be awfully pleased," answered Marchmont; and Belle bent down, and with trembling fingers chose the finest bloom.

"I'll him," she began—and then overcame with emotion she turned away, and placing the rose in Marchmont's hand.

"You will tell him you sent him this," said Marchmont, "and that will do him more good than all the doctor's physic. By-the-by, what fun the doctor is; you have made a most tremendous impression on him, Lady Stanmore, and he's been talking no end of the bonny leddy," who asked after his patient."

Belle tried to smile, but it was only a very poor attempt.

"And now I'll take up the papers go and read to Gilbert a bit. Thank you for the flower, Lady Stanmore."

Marchmont hurried away, and after he was gone hot tears gathered in Belle's eyes and rolled down her cheeks.

"Poor fellow," she murmured softly; "poor fellow!"

Marchmont went straight in his quick, active way up to Gilbert's room, and as he entered the wounded man opened his eyes and smiled. The Scotch doctor had gone to refresh himself with a smoke outside, and the two young men were therefore alone.

"Do you see what I have brought you?" said Gilbert, holding up his rose triumphantly. "Lady Stanmore sent you this."

Gilbert eagerly put out his right hand—it was his left arm that was injured—and grasped the offered flower.

"And she sent me this?" he asked in a low tone.

"She sent you this, and she said—well, to tell you the truth I don't know exactly what she said—but she seemed to feel all this very much. Oh, yes, she did say if there was anything she could do for you, anything she could send you—and then she sent you the flower. I knew you would like it, dear old fellow—any man would. I know I only wish she would give a flower to me."

Again Gilbert smiled.

"And how did she look?" he asked. "Did you give her my message that she was not to worry about me?"

"How did she look?" repeated Marchmont. "Well, to tell you the truth, not very bright. She's always awfully pretty and charming, you know, but she is very pale and her eyes have an anxious look, and when I told her you said she was not to worry she nearly broke down. She's a dear little woman, there's no doubt of that."

Gilbert made no reply to this. He sighed restlessly, and lay with closed eyes while Marchmont read aloud to him little bits of news from the papers that he thought would interest him. But Gilbert was not listening; he was thinking of the tangled web of his own life and Belle's.

"It's a pity that blundering ass did not point his gun an inch further," he thought gloomily, "and then it would have ended it all, and then she would have forgotten me—but now—"

Now Gilbert knew that she would not forget him, that all her heart throbs were his. He had tried to be unselfish, he told himself, and leave her, but a mysterious fate had been stronger than his will.

"I had better never have come home," he reflected; "better for her and for me if I had left my bones in India. She would have believed that vile woman's lies then all her life, and would have had nothing to regret."

Yet strange, strange human heart! So complex, so intricate that its windings are fast finding out. At the very moment Gilbert was thinking that it would have been better had Belle never learnt the truth, a subtle feeling he knew existed, that he could not ignore, made him glad that she did.

Again he sighed restlessly, and when Marchmont glanced up from his newspaper he saw the rose had disappeared. But he made no comment; Jim Marchmont, indeed, was a young man who frequently noticed things he did not speak of.

Presently the Scotch doctor returned with his charge, and seemed fairly satisfied with the condition of his patient. But Gilbert had a word to whisper into Marchmont's ear before he went to dress for dinner.

"Tell her," he said in a low tone, "I do not know how to thank her."

Marchmont nodded and let the room, but found an opportunity during the evening to tell Belle what Gilbert had said.

"I never saw a fellow so pleased," he told her; he said he did not know how to thank you."

"It was not much to thank me for," answered Belle, with quivering lips.

"It was much to him, at least," replied Marchmont; and Belle turned away her head, but she was glad she had sent the rose.

The doctor from Edinburgh and a nurse arrived by a late train, and they told Belle that on the whole the Edinburgh doctor's opinion was satisfactory. This was a great relief to young Marchmont's mind as well as Belle's; and Jim Marchmont sent a glint to Glenwrath with a letter to tell his father the news. Poor Mr. Marchmont indeed was in anything but a happy condition of mind, and on the next day his wife and daughters found that considerably his usual self-satisfaction had been unwinded.

His wife, however, as usual made the best of the situation, and at once wrote a letter both to Belle and Lady Stanmore on the subject.

"I am so dreadfully sorry to hear of the accident on the moors," she informed Belle. "Captain Gilbert is a great favorite of ours, and my poor husband, I am sure, would much rather have shot off his own hand than have injured him. But as I tell Mr. Marchmont, it was a mischance that might have happened to anyone, and I most earnestly trust that no serious consequences may ensue"; and so on.

But her letter to the Dowager Lady Stanmore contained some news that at once changed that lady's plans. She drew Belle aside immediately after she had read it, and spoke to her seriously.

"I have something to say to you, Belle," she said; "a most annoying, a most disagreeable thing is about to happen."

"What is the matter?" asked Belle, quickly.

"You remember my telling you about a Mrs. Seymour, an old friend of Jack's? answered Lady Stanmore—this woman who made a fool of herself on your wedding-day, and actually came to Redvers Court and raved about Jack having married you?"

"I think I remember you telling me something," said Belle now, without the slightest excitement in her voice.

"Do not speak so indifferently about it, Belle, for it is a very serious matter, I assure you. Well, what do you think is the news that my letter from Mrs. Marchmont contains? This woman—this Mrs. Seymour—is positively on her way to stay with us at Glenwrath. Listen to what she says, and Lady Stanmore opened the letter she held in her hand, and read aloud a passage. "A charming friend of mine will arrive here to-morrow, but I do not know

whether she is an acquaintance of yours. She is Mrs. Seymour, a handsome young widow, and she will be a great addition to our circle. You must, of course, come over to Glenwrath to meet her." There, Belle, what do you think of that? This woman is coming here after Jack, and the one thing we can do is for us all to leave Scotland at once. I for one won't stay to meet her."

"We cannot leave Scotland at once," answered Belle, her mind instantly reverting to the injured man lying upstairs. "It is impossible."

"Why is it impossible? If you mean about Captain Gilbert, young Marchmont can stay on here with him until he is well enough to be removed to their place. We must go, Belle; it would be madness to stay; we must never let Jack meet this woman here."

"Why should he not meet her?" asked Belle calmly.

"Why?" answered Lady Stanmore angrily. "There is every reason why! This woman at one time had a great influence on Jack; an influence, considering your indifference to him, that she may soon acquire again. For once act wisely, Belle, and induce Jack to leave Scotland before it is too late."

"As I said before it is impossible."

"Then I will go; I am determined not to meet her."

"I have no objection to meet her," replied Belle, still calmly; and I shall certainly not ask Stanmore to leave here at present."

"Then you may take the consequences," and with this parting advice Lady Stanmore indignantly left the room