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HER PROMISE TRUE

BY DORA RUSSELL.

Author of "Footprints in the Snow," "A Country Sweetheart," "A Man's Privilege," etc.

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CHAPTER L., II. Hugh Gilbert and Belle Wayland are bidding each other good by e at Brigh-ton as he is about to sail for India with his regi-ton as he is about to sail for India with his regi-He was an only child and his for the bad never schemed for or talked to him He was an only child and his for her bad. ton as he is accut to sail for finding with his the second ment. Belle promises to be true and at rees to meet him that evening for a final farewell. Upon her re-turn to the hotel, where she and her mother are stopping she finds that Lord Stanmore, whose brother was the husband of Mrs Way and's sister stopping she hads that Lord Stamper, where brother was the husband of Mrs Way and's sister has arrived and has invited her mother and her to dine with him that evening. Mr⁴. Wayland goes but Belle feigns sudden i lness and is left apparently asleep in her r cm. After dinner Mrs. Wayland discovers that Belle has gone out to meet Gilbert and is very anery. Mrs. Wayland writes an account of the affair to her sister, Lady Stammere and the latter comes immediately to Brighton. CHAPTER IV.—Lady Stammore comes to Brighton and has an impo tant interview with Mrs. Wayland in which they decide Belle's future. Lady Stan-more reads a letter from Gilbert to Belle and lays her pl. ns accordingly. She decides to intercept the letters between the lovers. Lord Stammore be-comes deeply interested in Belle and invites his sister in law, Mrs. Wayland at d Belle to spend a few weeks at his country residence. CHAPTER V.—Belle begins a dairy in order that she may send an account of each day to her absent lover.

lover. CHAPTER v.-Lady Etermore thinks over the situation. She decides that Belie is not in love with Jack. Lord Richard Probyn cails 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 VIL-Lord Starmore becomes jealous of Sir Dick. Belle tells Lady Stanmore of her en-gazement and that lady ridicules the ides. They go to Hurst Hall.

to Hurst Hall.

CHAPTER VIII.—Bel'e's diary continued. She tells Lady Stanmore of her dream about Hugh. That lady decides to write Mrs. Bal our.

CHAPTER VI-A CRUEL ACT.

While Belle and Lord Stanmore were walking beneath the changing and fas'falling leaves, Lady Stanmore was not admiration. looking for her old letters-she was too prudent to have left any-but was' watching the pair in the grounds below.

Watching them with mingled feelings! All this had once been hers, she was thinking glancing for a moment round the daintily tu nished room she was occupying. moment th the did not care to hear this grass-lands and hung on the wet boughs. In to mer days-when she was mistress of Redver's Court-this bad been her own room, decorated according to her taste, and Lord Stanmore had directed his housekeeper that it was to be reserved for her, on this, her first visit to him.

It naturally swoke many recollections. And one was regret; regret that this thing it.

He was an only child, and his father had died when he was hardly eighteen. But a time enough,' she had told Lerself often. good and tender mother remained to him, She was a woman who believed that one and Lady Probyn had watched over her thing alone makes marriage sacred or true ; boy with urchanging solicitude. But Dick the love that comes unsought, the sweetest Probyn, as he was commonly called, gift of God. Without this bond she knew scarcely needed this. He was naturally there could be no real happiness; with it pure, healthful and honest; an ardent no real woe. She left her boy's future sportsman, and a devoted sop. He had therefore in his hands.

one slight personal defect-he stammered, speech was painfully evident

Lady Stanmere bade him sit down by Then she asked after some other old neigh- | lover that had not wooed in vain. bours, while S'anmore talked to Bille.

But, as the young man carried on his conblue eves more than once wandered to the

fair face opposite to bim. And no sooner was lunch over than he found a moment to linger behind to say a word in private to Stanmore.

'Who is that awfully pretty girl?' he asked, cagerly.

'Pretty ?' suggested Stanmore. 'Lovely," blurted cut Sir Dick, with a

great effort. 'It is a takirg face,' answered Stanmore, coldly; in fact, he was not over well pleased | thing during this dul', 1 most warm, autand had an un asy consciousness at this umnal day, when the mist floated over the young man's warm praises of Belle. 'You must all core over to Hurst ?' coninued Sir Dick. 'You must settle that with my guests,'

their hards.' And S'r Dick wes not very long in set-

stately room was no lorger hers; that an- 'There they are !' he cried eagerly, for to the servant. 'I am ergaged; I must other would probably soon take her place at this moment Lady Stann ore and Belle catch this post."

PROGRESS, SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1896.

'Awfully jolly I think, and Stanmore's a nice fellow-but this girl !' and Dick act-

ually heaved a sigh. My dear Dick, I shall think you have fallen in love!' said Lady Probyr with a little silvery laugh. Dick blushed scarlet

atraid it's a bad business.'

He hurried away as fast as he had come, and h's mother sat thinking of him after he was gone. She wished him to marry, but

'I know he will not choose unworthily,' though not always. But if he were nervous she thought as she resumed the knitting of or upset about anything, this failing in his the blue silk socks which he had interrupted when he came in to tell her of Belle Way-

land, and then her thoughts wandered to her side, and inquired about his mother. her own early days, and to the handsome But there was nothing bitter in these

memories ; the grand dames in the oakversation with Lady Stanmore, his clear pannelled picture gallery at Hurst, did not look more serene and stately than she did

Dick's admiration for Miss Wayland must The wonder-working compcued has were tired of life and its many burdens. really be serious. For some unaccountable astonished rich and poor, learned and un- If, from the winter weather, and the reason, which he could not explain, Dick learned, by its marvellous cures. again thought it necessary to ride over to 'She is my sister in-law's n ice,' answer-ed Stanmore, with a certain reserve in his to mention the luncheon hour-ard he again saw Belle Wayland, and walked with

empty.

few honrs, and Sir Dick did not feel sorry, Sorry! He could not feel sorry for any-He had B lle all to himselt, and that was better than sunshine. Mrs. Wayland was upstairs nursing her rheumatism: Lady Stanmo: e in her own room writing her said Starmore; 'for the present 1 am in letters. They told her Sir Richard Probyn was below, but Lady Stanmore did not stir from her occupation.

'Master Jack will have to look to his

Then presently she went back to her

writing to Redver's Court, and containing

one siter the other. Mrs. Wayland's she

torsed carlessly aside. There was indeed

an urmistakable look of business about

chiefly invitations, for she was rich-she

glanced at also carelersly ; but one direct-

ed to Miss Waylard in clear, masculine

handwriting received more attention. It

now she took it up and re-read it carefully;

'My own dear st Belle .- At the last

moment I have a chance of sending you a

few words. A very sad thing has happen

ed on bcard. One of the junior lieuten.

ants, a nice young fellow, and married,

came on board last night with his wife.

We had hardly started when he broke a

blood-vessel, and the doctors at once said

it was useless for him to attempt the voy-

age as he was a very tal silor. Nothing,

therefore, could be done but for the young

couple to return, and as I knew poor Mrs.

Webster in India I thought I might give

give her a few lines to post for you. Dear

Belle, I have been wondering all day what

you have been doing, what you have been

thinking of. Have you been to look at the

res, and thought of our parting words?

When I am f. r away from you in my exile

will you still think of them? I think I

shall tear the sleepy dash of the waves that

night against the sea wall often in my

dreams. Good-bye, my Belle, my love,

my only love. Let me find a letter wait-

ing for me when I land at Bombay; I shall

be greatly disappointed If I do not. And

'P. S.-I re opened my letter, Belle, to

'She must never see it,' she thought.

A bright fire was burning merrily in the

'Hugh Gilbert.'

'H. G.'

believe me, ever most faithfully yours,

it was as follows : -

'Tell Miss Wayland he is here,' she sail

THE WORLD'S GREAT LEADER! Ob! that's nonsense ; but of course I can't help seeing how pretty she is ; no one could help it But wait till you see her, mother ; but I must be cff, the vet's here to see after poor Bess's knee, and I am Circumstances.

PAINE'S GELERY COMPOUND THE CHOSEN MEDICINE IN ALL WELL **REGULATED HOMES.**

Keep a Watch on the Substituter and Imitations.

'She—she is—'but here his stammer overtook Sir Dick, who blushed scarlet at being unable to find words to express his heart, which made his past lite seem men and women saved from the dark grave. Avoid all merchants of such cures in the testimonial form are apted for your case, and you will avoid ful grounds, and a new joy stole into his neart, which made his past lite seem men and women saved from the dark grave. Avoid all merchants of such cures in the testimonial form are apted for your case, and you will avoid ful grounds are offered by dealers. Avoid all merchants who would substitute something that they call just as good ; there is no other medicine

a conquest of him,' answered Lady Stan- f more, smiling and looking at Belle.

Then Stanmore a'so looked at her, but Belle did not scem very well ple: sed. 'I wish you would not say such stupid things, aunt Lucy,' she said, and her face one civilly but some nonsense or other is said about it."

castically, 'do not let my innocent little wear at Lady Frobyn's lunch party. remark distress you or put you out of tem- 'Oh! I never thought of it,' answered port to every heart that envy had not dulled. per. It is mirely a way Dick Probyn has ; Belle. 'Anything will do, I sur pose?'

The world's great leader, Paine's Celery | and liver troubles, and all diseases arising | deceive unwary and too confiding reople. Compound, has no equal for feeding ex- from impure and poisoned blood. Thous- Paine's Celery Compound is a trul hausted nerves and building up the weak ands of men and women, tired out, run- scientific prescription recommended by the down, sleepless, nervous, morcse and de- best medical men, chemists and professionspondent, have regained perfect health, al men in the world. To give an idea of the

as she sat there musing on the past. But the next day she began to thirk that Compound to millions who were suffering. It has given a new and brighter existence to a vast number of human beings who If, from the winter weather, and the

arned, by its marvellous cures. The glad news has spread to all civil zed with nervous debility, headaches. insomnia, lands that Paine's Celery Compound surely | languidness, and nerves all out of order, do

Paine's Celery Compound has fully proved long to the worthless families of nervines that will take the place of Paine's Stanmore was not at home during this its power as a banisher of dyspepsia, indi-second visit; he had run up to town for a gestion, theumatism, neuralgia, kidney newspaper advertising, and that always urgently require to make you well.

thought smoothed all difficulties, all dan-gers. The mental vista before her lay thought; 'but I do. There are better

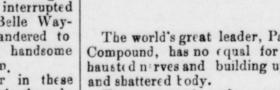
wrapped in a haze of love.

The greatest of modern medical men-Prof. Edward E. Phelps, M. D., LL. D., strength and buoyancy of spirits, by the popularity and great eminence that Paine's after years of hard practice and close well-advised use of nature's own medicine. Celery Compound has reached, it is only scientific research, gave Paine's Celery It has given a new and brighter existence necessary to state, that millions of wellregulated homes have made it their chosen medicine.

As popular goods are always imitated by unscrupulous men, buyers of Paine's Celery Compound should see th t they get the only genuine celery in the world. Look

'But I shall be with him,' and she smiled. | the misty gar lens. She went to her own This was enough to her girlish heart; this | room and sat down thinking of the old theme. rapped in a haze of love. Presently she heard some one tapping the same I wish either Hugh or I were rich.' flushed. 'A young man cannot speak to sharply inside one of the windows of the She sighed a litle wistfully, but prehouse, and locking up, saw it was her Aunt sently roused herself, and began dressing Lucy. Lady Stanmore beckoned to her to | to go to Lady Probyn's. She looked at 'That is quite true,' remarked Stanmore. go in, and when Belle went Lady Stanmore | herselt with some natural pleasure as she 'My dear,' said Lady Stanmore, sar- wanted to know what she was going to did so. What a gift she had! She charm-And when the blue velvet with its ofter 'No, I wish you to look particularly well trimmings was donned, Bel'e made a fair today,' said Lady Stanmore, looking at her picture. She sighed again, however, when "What a consolation for the goddesses !" critically. "Let me see, that blue velvet | she remembered it was not paid for. Many with otter suits your complexion. Wear of her things, indeed were not paid for, as Mrs. Way and was always lamenting her 'But why do you want me to look well want of means, and yet insisted that Belle should appear well dr. ssed. It was not pleasant, but what could the girl do ? 'You must marry a nich husband,' she had been told until she was weary of hearing it. But after she saw Hugh Gilbert's Presently she went down stairs, and in 'She told me there had been some non- the hall she met Stanmore, looking all the 'You look charming,' he said, and Belle laughed a little coquettishly. 'I have bad such a lecture from Aunt said, 'but it is not utter'y hopeless. He Lucy on the subject of looks,' she arswered, 'that I have put on my best frock.' 'Never mind Aunt Lucy's lectures,' coneither come home for me, or I shall go out | tinued Stanmore, still with his eyes fixed on Bel'e's charming figure and face. 'You 'I am very sorry to hear this, Belle,' have no read even to put on your best answered Lady Stanmore, slowly, 'sorry frock; nature has done more for you than dress ever will.'

and permanently cures even cases too desperate for the physician's skill. Proofs of such cures in the testimonial form are apted for your case, and you will avoid are offered by dealers. Avoid all merchants



10

halthere. And then she asked herselt bitterly who that other would be?

She saw Stanmore's tall figure bending Bile's arm. over Belle's slight girlish one; she saw the look of animation, even of pleasure, in his tace. She was a woman of the world, and judged not only by words.

'He is in love with her,' she thought still halt-bitterly. 'With Belle Wayland ! Ah, if he only krew. But who knows? Men at his age, if they take a love fever, take it seriously. He might look over everything for the sake of his grande passion. Well, she is better than the Seymours at any rate. But it is rather a come you will see her, for they are sure to sek down for me. I shall be the dowager, and us over to Hur.t. It is a rice place, and large invelope directed in her own hand-Belle Wayland the great lady Little Dick is a very lucky man. Ah! bere he Belle !' And she laughed harsh'y. 'But comes.' such is life.

"And if she does not marry him somebody else will, and that would be worse," went on her reflections. 'I shall have the whip hand over her always, but not over a that stupid woman Linda dces not meddle. But I think she dara not.'

The two in the grounds below did not dream of the handsome, balf envious eyes that were watching them from above. Lady Stanmore saw Stanmore stoop down and pluck the girl by his side one of the late autumnal flowers, and Bille placed it at her waist. She saw her face as she did so, and knew the secret of her heart.

'She is not thinking of lin, but of her soldier lover. Poor Jack ! Well, it serves him right for being such a tool.' And Lady Stanmore laughed.

But she did not laugh when she went down to luncheon, nor look at the flower that Belle still wore.

'Wty, Belle, you look chaiming,' she said, smiling : 'as fresh as a rose.'

'Oh, Aunt Lncy, how lovely the grounds are!' answered Bel'e. 'Lord Sanmore has been so-good and taken me all over them; and the lake. You never told me there was a lake here.

'And a very deep lake, too,' said Lady Stanmore; 'when I first married I was nearly drowned in it when skating. Tae ice cra ked, and I have never cared to go near it since.

'How was it you never asked us here Aunt Lucy? when it was your home, I mean? continued Belle.

Lady Stanmore gave one of her customary shrugs.

'My husband oid not adore your mother, my dear, that was one,' she answered. 'He said he could stand her in the town but not in the country. But here she comes. Well Linda, and how are you this morning, as this is your first public appearance ?'

Mrs. Wayland walked up to the luncheon table with scarcely a suppressed groan.

'I'm racked with rheumatism,' she said. 'You prophesied I should get it in both knees, and I have.

'That is very sad. I wonder what will do you good ? But here comes Jack ; we'll | touched by time. She had blue, unclouded ask him what he recommends.'

Stanmore entered the room at this moment, followed by a bright-faced young man of some twenty-five summers, to whom | sweetness combined, with just one tinge of Lady Stanmore immediately cordially extended her hand.

words of ycu'h ard love had vanished in thoughts wandered. -the lover of her youth-home with his broken neck, had never quite faded 'Why, Sir Richard,' she said ; this does their glow, and Lady Stanmore's hand had It was Hugh, Hugh, always Hugh! Her soon ends !' Saying this, Lady Stanmore led the way indeed seem like old times.' 'But there is a better kind of love than to the carriage, and presently they were spoilt two lives. love was in its youth, and the bloom and 'I heard you were here,' answered the from her mind. But she was not one of beauty of the spring-time cast a halo around | calf-love, which does not end-true love,' | driving down the long avenue of changing young man, smiling; 'and so rode over to those who speak of their troubles. The trees. They were famous, these trees, CHAPTER VII. - SIR DICK. answered Belle, with spirit. it. There were none of the shadows and ask Stanmore to give me some lunch, and I | wound lay deep, but it was hidden from 'Comfort yourself with the delusion, but a delusion you will find i',' said Lady and stretching boughs, which met over, and fears of later years; none of the wearing doubts which take the freshness from many Stanmore returned from town by the hope you will fix some day to come to us common eyes. 'And when shall I see this new beauty, night train, but when he came down to betore I go ?' seemed to dwarf the roadway beneath. Stanmore, smiling and shaking her head. a fair cheek, in the weary hours of absence Dick ?' she now asked, looking up at her breakfast there was a cloud upon his brow. 'Poor Stanmore was very proud of the avenue,' said Lady Stanmore, comtempla-'You are as hospitable as ever I see. and anxietyr Belle believed that Hugh 'But surely we have talked enough about His sister-in-law saw that something had Linda, this is Sir Richard Probyn, who stalwart son. His sister-in-law saw that something had and anxietyr beneved that hugh love, calt or otherwise, this morning. avenue,' said Lady St fear that he would change. A would change a source of the second discrete to fear that he would change. 'The day after tomorrow, mother; they used to be our nearest neighbour here in fear that he would change. 'I will go to India,' she thought softly; and she tried to picture in the misty aut-and she tried to picture in the strange 'I will go to India,' she thought softly; and she tried to picture in the misty aut-and she tried to picture in the strange 'I will go to India,' she thought softly; and she tried to picture in the strange 'I will go to India,' she thought softly; and she tried to picture in the strange 'I will go to India,' she thought softly; and she tried to picture in the strange 'I will go to India,' she thought softly; and she tried to picture in the strange 'I will go to India,' she thought softly; and she tried to picture in the strange 'I will go to India,' she thought softly; and she tried to picture in the strange 'I will go to India,' she thought softly; and she tried to picture in the strange 'I will go to India,' she thought softly; and she tried to picture in the strange 'I will go to India,' she thought softly; 'I will go to I the old times. My sister, Mrs. Wayland, are all coming to lunch; I-1 knew you make any comments. would be glad to see Lady Stanmore again 'We had Dick Probyn here again yesmy niece Miss Wayland.' terday,' she said, presently. 'Again ?' replied Stanmore, with an odd Sir Richard turned his good-looking face, -so I asked them.' 'Lady Stanmore is a very agreeable 'i d bowed low, both to the cross old wooffexion in his voice. •Yes. I tell Belle she must have made gorgeous land, of which she had heard she left the room, but she did not return to pleasant companions; they seem to me to wad and the pretty young one. He was a woman,' answered Lady Probyn, and that inflexion in his voice. [Continued on Page 11.] crtunate young man this; one of those | was all.

rassed the windows of the room outside. They had gore into the October sunshine, Again she look d out from her window. | and Lady Stanmore put her hand through

'Well,' she said, 'and what do you think of Dick Protyn ?' 'He's nice-looking, and seems very good

ratured,' answered Belle. 'He's the kindest and most sweet-tempershe did so. ed boy I ever knew. His father was killed on the hunting field when he was a mere laurels, or this boy will cut him out,' she lad-hardly eign'een, I believe-and I thought. 'But it will spur him on; if he think Lady Probyn's heart would have gets jealous of Dick Probyn, Belle has only broken, but for Dick; he was everything to to name the day-utless she is a fool.' her; is in fact everyone to her now. But writing cesk, and laying open on it was a

several letters addressed to herself and to A few moments lat r S'r Dick was by Mrs. and Miss Wavland, at the Hotel their side. Metropole, Brighton. She took them cut

'Lady Stanmore,' he began, and then his i n'ortunate stammer stayed his speech. 'You are out of breath,' said Lady Stanstranger. But it's a wonderful turn of more, considerately. 'I have just been them, and Mrs. Wayland's bills did not fate, and I hold it in my hand. If only telling my nices her what a charming wointerest her sister. Her own lettersman your mother is, and how good a son you were to her in her great troub'e.'

> Sir Dick colored ingenuonsly. 'You-you are very good to say so,' he said ; 'my-my mother is-'

'The best of woman,' prompted Lady Stanmore. 'Belle, we must drive over to see Lady Protya.

This loosed Sir Dick's tongus.'

'You must come to lunch or dinner,' he aid without any stammer at all. 'Mother

will be so delighted to have you; and-and Miss Wayland will come too? 'Very pleased,'answered Belle, smiling.

'What day, then?' asked Sir Dick 'Please come soon.'

'Well, the day after to-morrow shall we say ?' said L. dy Stanmere, looking at Belle. 'We must see if this suits Jack-I mean Stanmore-though.

It was finally settled that they were to go to Hurst Hall to lunch the day atter tomorrow, and Sir Dick went home quite delighted with his visit to Redver's Court. He rushed upstairs in his boyish fashion when he reached Hurst, taking two or three of the bread, low, dark oak steps at each bound, until he reached his mother's morning room, where a dignified looking ady, with abundant snow white hair, turned back over a cushion, looked up from her knitting with a smile to welcome him

Mother, I've seen the prettiest girl l ever saw in my life,' he began.

'Well, my dear, and where ?' asked Lady Probyn still smiling; for to tell the fell you some painful news. Poor Webtruth she was quite accustemed to Dick's ster died half-an-hour ago, but his wite will rhapsodies about female charms.

take his body home. The steamer she re-'At Redver's Court : she is Lady Stanturns in is lying alongside the troopship more's niece; shc-she is lovely, mother.' now. Poor little womon, is it not terribly Lady Probyn held out her white hand, and took her boy's brown one, and her Lady Stanmore having re-read this letter, eyes smiled as well as her lips as she did rose with it in her hand. Perhaps one so. She was beau iful to look at, this thrill of womanhood shot through her cold woman, with her noble bearing, her fine breast as she did so, but it did not move features, and her clear complexion scarcely her from her purpose. eyes like her son's, in which a merry glance

'and Belle's leiter must never reach Bomsometimes sparkled, though as a rule they bay. wore an expression of dignity and grate; the flame shone cheerily in the misty sadness underlying all. That fital day inair ; but a few moments later the passionate decd when they had brought her husband

So presently the young people went out every new face he sees is that of a goddest, together, and Sir Dick had never felt so but his infatuation does not last.' happy in his life. His boyish good temper and joyousness was infecticus, and Belle answered Belle, with a lau, h, and a little

laughed merrily again and again. Lady toss of her pretty head. Stanmore watched them also from her 'One for you, Lucy,' said Stanmore. window, as she had watched Belle and 'But what did Dick come about ?' te con-Starmore, and she smiled a little gr m'y as tinued. 'To put us off going to Hurst to

> lunch today ? 'Oh, no,' replied Belle, smiling. 'He came expressly to remind us of his invitation

> 'Attentive boy !' sneered Stanmore. Well, Miss Wayland, you will see a remarkably handsome woman at Hurst. Lady Probyn m kes age seem beautiful, which not many women can do.'

S'anmore did not look at his sister in-law as he said this, but somehow La y Stanmore felt that he would ot liked to have done so. She was moreover a woman who hated to hear the good looks of another woman praised by a man.

·I did not know you were such a devoted admirer of Lady Probyn,' she said, spitetully. 'I thought you admired another style of woman.'

'Everyone must admire Lady Probyn, answered S'anmore, cutly; and he rose from the table and went to the window, and was open. fcr she had read it before, but stood looking out on the misty lawn. He was out of sorts ; te had a headache ; and somebow he could not help thinking how fresh and fair Belle Wayland looked.

'I am too o'd, and too battered for her,' he thought gloomily; 'I suppose a lad of Dick Probyn's age wou'd be more to her taste. The grime of the past clings to a man of mine.

Some of that grime was clinging to him at this moment. He was fresh from al far realizing perhaps that the life he had led was sure to leave its trace behind.

But presently with an impatient sigh he dismissed the idea from his mind. He turned sharply round and addressed Bella.

'What are you going to do this morning, Miss Wayland?' he asked. 'Would you like a ride?'

Belle can't go out to ride this morning, Jack,' said Lady Stanmore, looking up from her newspaper. 'We have to start for Hurst at half-past twelve, and it's no use her going there tired to begin with.'

Stanmore shrugged his shoulders. added, with a short, rather harsh laugh, wish to look ugly to day? wants freshening up a bit before I present myself to the beautiful Lady Probyn, whatever yours and Miss Wayland's may do. So for the present, good-bye.

Lady Stanmore, just as he was disappear- all the time. ing from the room.

'Al right,' he answered, and after he was gone Lady Stanmore looked across the table at Belle.

'Jack is in one of his tempers this morning.' she said ; 'though to do him justice he has not an attack very often. And then all men have their tempers, and women too, for that matter.'

that, and the hat to match.'

today ?' asked Bel'e, smiling. 'Because there are two highly eligitle

men to be present, my dear,' answered Lady Stanmore, also smiling.

'But eligible men are nothing to me. Aunt Lucy, did mother ever tell you that face the idea of a rich husband quite vanish-I am engaged to Hugh Gilbert ?' added | ed from her mind

Belle, with sudden gravi'y. sense between you and some young man in | freshe for his ride. He had not seen the the army, but that it was an utterly hope- | blue velvet costume before, and he at once less affair, as he hasn't a penny, and he noticed and admired it.

has gone out to India." Belle's charming face flushed

'Mother may say what she pleases,' she has gone out to India certainly, but in a

year, when he gets his company, he will to him.'

for you, and yet more for the young man. He has no money, I am told, and you will bave next to rone, even when your mother dies, and she won't die for many a long hear. On what do you mean to live then, or, rather, to starve?

'He has his pay, and in India-'

'His pay ! Why, my dear child, his pay will scarcely keep his head above water when he has only himself to keep, let alone a wife, and probable family. A man can-

nct marry on his pay, either in India or anywhere else. In India you have double from pleasant interview in town; he was pay certainly, but more than double expenses. I know a poor girl who did what you are thinking of doing. She married

her cousin on his pay, and went out to India, and in two years she came home to die ; worn out, she told me herself, by debts, worries, and a detestable climate.

Take her as a warning, Belle.' 'I, too, can come home to die,' answered Belle, with quivering lips, 'but I will die

true to Hugh Gilbert. Lady Stanmore slightly shrugged her shoulders.

'Wilful young woman !' she said. 'Well, at all events I hope you won't come home

'Just as it pleases you,' he answered. to die ; we don't want to lose you quite on the subject of debt.' Well, it no one else will, I shall go out | yet Belle. But in spite of your devotion for a short ride. My complexion,' he to this young man I suppose you do not

Belle began smiling again. 'Not particularly,' she answered. 'Wear the blue velvet costume then. And is it not a blessing your mother really

'Be sure you are back in time,' cried can't go ; she would have only grumbled

'I am afraid she is really in pain.'

'Possibly ; but so are many others. I thick it is so selfish of people to be always talking about their ailments when no one

cares one pin for them except their heirs." And Lady Stanmore laughed. 'Ob, Aunt Lucy !'

'As a rule, I mean; but there are e:ceptions to every rule. 1 have no doubt

'I suppose so,' replied Belle, indifferent-ly; and then she rose and left the morning-room, going out presently into the still gar-little firger ached, that you would spend Lady Probyn with all her perfections may dens, and we can guess to whom her sleepless hours of anxiety and slarm. not like waiting for her lunch-at least, I Such is calt-love, my dear; but, luckily, it | don't.'

'That is quite a pretty speech, Lord Stanmore.

'As a rule I den't make them; but I must be quick about improving my appearance, or Aunt Lucy will be giving me a lecture too.'

He laughed and ran up the staircase as he spoke, and presently Lady Stanmore came down and joined Belle, dressed as usual to perfection.

'I met Jack going to change his dress,' she said pleasantly, 'and he stopped to tell me that you looked perfect. There, I hope you are flittered? And Jack, who as a rule, has a fault to find with every woman's appearance."

'I am highly flattered,' answered Belle, smiling.

'You certainly do look well," continued Lady Staamore, locking at Belle. 'That shade of blue exactly suits your equiplexion. Your dress must have cost a preity penny, my dear.'

Bel'e blushed deeply.

'I don't know what it cost,' she said. 'Oh, I suppose it is not paid for? Your

mother, I must say, has very enlarged ideas

'I hate debt,' exclaimed Belle, quickly. 'I am afraid if you marry your young man you'll have to get used to it. But never mind, Belle; debts or no debts, ore has to get through life somehow; only debts make one uncomfortable.'

'Of course they do.' At this moment Stanmore came i to the

room, the door of which was standing open. 'What makes you uncomfortable, Lucy?' he asked.

'Debts, Jack ; Belle and I were just discussing the subject, answered Lady Stanmore. 'I was accustomed to them for so many years,' said Stanmore with a little laugh, that I got quite used to them. I miss them now, 1 think, out of my life."

'You don't expect us to believe you.