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HER PROMISE TRUE

BY DORA RUSSELL.

Author of "Footprints in the Snow," "A Country Sweethear; "A Man's Trivilege," etc.

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CHAPTER I., II.—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 acrees 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 Stammore, whose brother was the hu band of Mrs Way and's sister brother was the hu band of Mrs Way and's sister has arrived and has invited her mother and her to dine with him that evening. Mrs. Wayland goes but Belle feigns sudden i lness and is left apparently asleep in her r om. 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 impo tant 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 tew weeks at his country residence.

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

CHAPTER IV -THE SISTERS.

Lady Sanmore was as good as her word, or, rather, her telegram. She duly arrived at Brighton in time for afternoon tea, and she and Mrs. Wayland were speedily closeted together in her private room.

'Now tell me all about your pet grievances,' said Lady Stanmore, leaning back in an easy chair before the fire, and holding out her s nall feet to is warmth.

'Well, of course, just what I wrote about that absurd girl Belle,' answered Mrs. Wayland.

'It's neither absurd nor unnatural to have a lover at her age,' replied Lady Stanmore, coolly; 'it's what was sure to happen.'

as told her so,' said Mrs. Wayland sharply. | to be. 'Taen it was extremely foolish of you to do so; that was not the way to 'proceed.' Mrs. Wayland' spitefully, 'as you think

yourself so clever.' 'I should simply have enlarged on the he had to spend and it had not been extreme discomforts of poverty—sympath- pleasant to him, the lectures he had re-

ing woman than Mrs. Wayland, whatever, "Jack" had not liked it. mate friends denied i's existence.

'Jack! exclaimed Mrs. S:anmore, incredulously. Not he. He may admire her; no doubt he does, for she is a remarkably pretty girl, and Jack, as a rule, marrying man.

'How do you know? Now, when he has come into the title, he is very likely to

'No. that woman Symour has him too firmly in her leading strings.

'What! does that affair still go on then? "Just the same, I believe; and of one thing you may be certain, if Mrs. Seymour affected to be devoted to Jack Dudley, she will be far more devoted to him now that he is Lord Stanmore; she is a horrid woman, I think.'

'She is handsome.' 'Oh, yes; but the way she treats poo: Fred Seymour is disgraceful. They say his father spoke to him about her.'

'He' a kind of halt-wit, isn't he?' "He has exactly the proper amount of wit to be the husband of such a woman as she is. I detest Mrs. Seymour.'

'You are quite spiteful about her, Lucy, said Mrs. Wayland, with a disagreeable

'Perhaps I am,' replied Lady Stanmore, calmly. Poor Stanmore is gone, but she of Belle. And for the sake of Belle also actually tried to make love to him, as well as to Jack. And it is a remarkable feminine peculiarity that though one may not be in iove a bit with one's husband's. one can yet be je lous o' him'

'That's true,' answered Mrs. Wayland, grim'y nodding her head. 'Quite true, and if I could do a bad turn

to Mrs. Seymour even now, I would gladly do it. She would be just mad it she thought Jack was think ny seriously of your Belle but I don't believe it.' Wait till you see them together; he has

eves for no one else.' 'Well, I shall see.' Just at this moment Ludy Stanmore's is a remarkably pretty girl.

maid knocked at the door, and brought in One of the waiters gave me this, my

lady,' she said; 'It is from Lord Stanmore. Lady Stanmore gave an amused glance at her sister, as she opened the note.

'You need not wait; come when I ring, she said to the maid "A new brother'y attention,' she con-

tinued, smiling, as the maid disappeared; 'It is from Jack to ask us to dine with him to-night. Perhaps you are right, and he really may admire Belle.'

'I am sure he does, and you can aid it, Lucy, if you choose.'

'I would do anything to spi e the Seymour. But come, Linda, we have talked long enough, and I want to lie down for an hour before dining, as I looked fagged, and I hate to do that.

·A hint for me to go, I suppose? best between near relations. I will send a more instantly noticed. 'I saw her sitting dec nt turn-out altogether. Go at once, message to Jack that we will dine with him as I suppose you have no idea of refusing?' I think she told me they called him Gil-'No, certainly not ; for the present good- bert.' bye then; I hope your nap will freshen up

'Lucy is certainly aged,' was her mental comment; 'and the airs and graces she gives herself-lying down, indeed, to freshen herself up! Well, she needs fresh-

But the rest that Lady Stanmore indulged in decidedly improved her appearance, and at dinner she looked extremely well. She always dressed with perfect taste, and she envy at the moss-green velvet and costly lace her sister wore.

'She never grudges anything for herself,' she thought, and this idea did not tend to make her more amiable. But she tried not to show her ill-temper, and as their host did his best to make himself agreeable, the dinner passed off very pleasantly. And Lady Stanmore noticed that her brotherin-law's eyes constantly rested on the

charming face opposite to him.

'There is no doubt of her beauty.' thought Lady Stanmore. 'Well it would be very strange.

She was reflecting on what her sister had told her regarding Stanmore's supposed admiration for Belle, and thinking of some former passages in his life. She knew a great deal about 'Jack' for he always remained Jack to her mind. Her own busband had frequently been called upon to assist his somewhat—in those days—graceless younger brother.

'But he is greatly improved,' cogitated Lady Stanmore, critically examining Stan-'But you know in her case she can afford | more's appearance. He was always goodto indulge in no such folly, and I as good looking, but his style is better than it used

This improvement—as Stanmore very well knew-was due to the fact that he was 'And that was the, way, then?' asked now relieved from all monetary cares, and in a more assured position in life. Formerly he had always spent more money than etically of course—and then have tried the ceived on this subject both from his brother and his wife. But still lady Stanmore had Lady Stanmore laughed as she sail the always kept on good terms with him. She last words, and showed her small while had only thought it her duty sometimes to false teeth. She was a much better look point out the error of his ways to him, and

the other might think. She was some years | But now, of course, everything was afterwards left the room, and proceded to ounger, for one thing, and she had not changed. "Jak" was the head of the Mrs. Wayland's dissatisfied expression. house, and many things that had formerly | She rapped, and the girl from within called, She also were a wig, but it was quite un- been in Lady Stanmore's possession were discoverable, and some of her most inti- now in his. Redvers Court, where she had entertained for years, was one of the heir-'She has got another lover then, I be- looms of the new lerd. It she wen't there lieve,' said Mrs. Wayland, in reply to her now it would be as her brother-in-law's sister's advice; 'your brother-in-law San- guest, but all the same, Ludy Stanmore and the sparkle in her hazel eyes more evidently admires her; I am certain | had no intention of giving up going there, if she could help it.

She therefore smiled on 'Ja k' and was very gracious to him, and Sanmore responded cordially.

'You will always be 'Jack' to me, you admires all pretty women. But he's not a know,' she said; 'the handsome, wild 'Jack' whom I used sometimes to scoll.' 'You were very good to me,' answered Stanmore, smiling also; "but though I

don't object to be called handsome in the present company, I do to be called wild,' and he looked at Belle as he spoke. 'The quiet, sedate Jack then, if you like it better,' said Lady Stanmore with a little laugh. 'B:lie, do you think he looks as if

he had ever been sedate or quiet?" 'What a question, Aunt Luy,' replied Belle, and a merry gleam stole into her bright hazel eyes.

'I never heard him called wild at any contrived to say the wrong thing.

'Thank you for defending my character, Mrs Wayland, answered Stanmore, who quite understood Mrs. Wayland.

Again Ludy Stanmore laughed. 'Poor Linda has no fact,' she thought: just as if Jack believed her stupid flattery. Stanmore certainly did not; but all the same it was his role at the present mem int to be civil to Mrs. Wayland for the sake he was particularly civic to his sister-in-law. ly understood his motive. She understood it hetter, too, after an interview he had with her on the following morning, for when breakfast was over, he proposed that

they should go out for a walk together. 'I want a chat with you, Lucy, about family aff irs,' he said, and Lady Stanmore went with him willingly.

He certainly began talking about family aff irs,' and business with their lawyers, e'c., but presently his min I veered to a | She is in charge of Major Bulfour's wife, more pleasant theme.

'By the by, Lucy,' he said, 'your n'ece 'Yes, she is pretty,' replied Lady Stanmore, but by no means enthusiastically; she was too clever to show any enthusiarm

on the subject to Stanmore. 'But I should think a bit self-willed.' 'All women worth anything are a bit selfwilled,' answered St nmore. I hat; your patient G iseldas; they are all humbugs as a rule. No, I think Miss Wayland a

charming girl.' 'Sne's an improvement on her mother certainly.' 'My dear Lucy, forgive me for saying

so, but I detest your si te:.'
'My dear Jack, I quite agree with you,' said Lady Stanmore, laughing.

'How she could have such a daughter I cannot understand,' went on Stanmore. 'Belle is not the least like her.'

'No, I see no likeness, certainly.' 'Has this young lady any lovers, then, Lucy ?' continued Stanmore, with a slight

was.

'Gilbert' repeated Lady Stanmore, as it she were trying to remember the name.

'Oh, it might be young Gilbert, the leave, and her sister reflected languidly as she went—

'How disagreeable Linda al ways is; I do not wonder that they say poor Wayland hated her.'

'Mrs. Wayland, on her part, was at the

'Gilbert' repeated Lady Stanmore, as it she were trying to remember the name.

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'Yes,' answered Lady Stanmore, as it she were trying to remember the name.

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'You will have time to put on your hat when you come back,' continued Lady Stanmore; 'it will take a few minutes for them to change the carriage. Now go as fast as you can, dear.'

and then he dropped the subject, but his words had not fallen on deaf ears.

ation of Belle was serious and sincere. So | seen, and Bell never for a moment thought much so that when she returned to the that Lady Stanmore would open her case, holel she at once sought her sister.

room and c'osed the door behind her. 'I Scarcely, however, had Belle left the want to know exactly how far that aff ir room when Lady Stanmore did deliberate'y with Belle and young Gilbert went?'

'Well, I told you,' answered Mrs. Way-land, ir stfu'ly. 'They firted at Northbridge, and he followed her here; but I won't hear 'Maud Baltour!' she exclaimed, below of it; nothing will induce me to hear of it; her breath, with sparkling eyes. 'This is I would rather tell the girl everything.' I would rather tell the girl everything.' 'Wha' a toolish, blun lering woman you

are, Lind, 'replied Lady Stanmore. sharply. What is the good of going on in that about d way? Tell the girl everything!
Why, it would be an act of madness, not only for the girl's sake, but for your own. I have a motive for asking you the question that I did about Belle and young Gilbert. I've had an interview with Jack - I beg his pardon—wi h Stanmore this morning, and i Aunt,' said Belle hastily. 'you must believe now that for once you are right, have made a mistake; the men downstairs took care that everything she put on became her. M.s. Wayland looked with and that he does seriously admire Belle.

Wayland. Gilbert, and asked me if they were lovers. made m; think he was in earnest.' 'He had seen her out with young Gilbert?

Oh! what a fool that girl is! "It is your place and mine to make her wise then Tois Gilbert, you say, h.s no

'Not a penny but his beggarly pay.' 'On which no lady can live. Do you suppose they will write to each other?' 'I should not be surprised.'

'We must stop this correspondence then; we must let Belle think he has forgotten her-and then-

'She will think of S'anmore?' sail Mrs. Wayland eagerly. 'Oa! Lucy, try to manage this; I shall be so glad to be rid of her.

'But don't show any g'adness, for heaven's sake! Don't run after Stanmore -there, for once, I have given him his right name-or make a fuss about him. Treat him civilly, but coolly. I know my man thoroughly, and he might quickly be disgusted. He has too many flatterers, and he knows why they flatter him

'You think no one has any sense bu!

'I have more common sense about most things than you have, at any rate. Well let me try to manage this in my own way, and my old grudge agains: Mrs. Seymour will be gratified.

'All right; m mage it as you like; but do manage it, it you can. Belle is a cons ant burden to me.

Lady Stanmore nodded, and shortly Belle's which was on the same corridor. 'Come in. Lady Stanmore at once en'ered, and as

she did so Belle hastily put a letter she was reading into her writing-case, and Lidy Stanmore noticed the flush of her cheeks Belle, will you come out for a drive with

me?' she said. 'Your mother is in one of her ill humours, and it makes my head ache to listen to her.' B l'e laughed a happy laugh

Yes, I will go with you, Aunt Lucy, with pleasure,' she answered. 'I suppose mother lost sixpense las; night at cards, and that has made her cross.

Lady Stanmore shrugged her shoulders. 'I have been unfortunate in the tempers of my near relations,' she said. 'Poor Stanmore's was vile, and your mother's is worse. Luckily Jack has an easy-going temper. I think, and he ought to be thankful for it. But get your hat on, my dear, and then come to my room. I'll ring and order the carriage.'

So Ladv Stanmore went away, and after she had gone, Belle once more drew out the letter she had been reading when her rate,' said Mrs. Wayland, who generally aunt had entered, and once more also read

over its tender words. It was from Hugh Gilbert, and was

written on the eve of his embarking for "My own dearest Belle," the girl read,

with quickened breath, "we start tonight, but I must write a few lines to you once more to say good-bye. But I will not again ask you not to forget me, for I believe that you will not. My own heart tells me that yours is true. It seems to me as it I were near you at this moment; as if And Lady (Starm)re's shrewd eyes quick- your dear hand were still clasped in mine. "I am going out with some people I know. Strange, today I met by accident, in one of the streets here, the Colonel's daughter, Miss Vane. She came to England shortly after I did to see an old aunt, who was supposed to be dying, and also known to be rich! Her journey, I am told,

has not been in vain, as she has inhe ited the whole o' her a int's fortune. Now she is going to return to her father at Bombay. who also has been on a visit to her relations in England. I had lunch with them friend of your aunt, Lady Stanmore. They were schoolfellows, I believe. Mrs. Baling companions. How often shall I think of you on the dreary way! If I were only homeward bound instead of outward bound how differently I should feel. As it is, a suggested Belle. great sadness oppresses me. Oh! my sweet Belle, it is so hard to go away from

you. But believe me always faithfully and Hugh Gilbert." d votedly yours, Belle was still lingering over her lover's parting words, when Lady Stanmore again hastily reent red the room, giving Belle scarcely time once more to secrete her let

ter in her wriing case. 'Belle, my dear,' sail Lady Stanmore, 'I see from my window, they have fetched us the most horrible carriage with a more spoke of him to Belle. wretched horse. Will you go down by the lift an I tell them I won't have it, and they | Belle?' she said. return, as I've locked my door and don't to keep friends with him: but I always left envelopes addressed to herself to ef-'Gilbert' repeated Lady Stanmore, as if care to be at the trouble of opening it was.'

Thus Belle was obliged to go on her auct's errand, and left the room, after giv-Lady Stanmore had, indeed, become ing one last glance at her writing-case. convinced that her brother-in-law's admir- Hugh Gilbert's letter was, of course unthough she might not have been so sure 'I have something to say to you, Linda,' that her aunt would not take up a let'er she said, as she entered Mrs. Wayland's and read it, if she felt inclined to do so

open the writing-case, which was unlocked,

Then quickly she wrote down in her pocketbook all that Gilbert had written about his future travelling companions. She did not copy any of his tender words.

'The love-making is no use,' she thought, with a hard smile; and when Belle histily returned to her room. Lady Sanmore was standing gazing reflectively apparently at the sea.

say the carriage waiting for you 'is one of 'There! I told you so,' exclaimed Mrs. the best in Brighton'
Wayland. 'Perhaps 1 did,' answered Lady Stan-

But he had seen her out with young more, calmly; 'the bad one must have been for someone else I suppose, as I see they It was his manner when he did this that have got a better one there now. I am sorry I gave you the trouble of going down, Belle. But get your hat on, my dear, or the best of the day will be over.'

Belle looked at her writing-case. It lay precisely as she had left it, and with no suspicion in her heart that h r aunt had read her letter, she went out to drive.

CHAPTER V .- BELLE'S DIARY.

Belle went down to dinner that day with Hugh Gilbert's letter lying on her breast. And the thought of this, perhaps, mad the sparkle of her bright ey's brighter, and the bloom on her cheek more lovely still Never at least had Lord Stanmers thought her so handsome as when, after dinner was over, he joined Laly Stanmore and herself in the lounge. He had asked them to dine with him in the morning, but Lady Stanmore had declined.

'No, my dear Jack,' she said, 'I did not come here to live on you, and pray do not encourage Mrs. Wayland to do so.'

But she had a plan in her scheming brain which she had matured du ing her drive with Belle, and which she had decided speedily to carry out, that needed the assistance of S'anmore, and this evening, therefore, she was especially gracious to

Mrs. Wayland bad retired to her own room, and the three-Lady Stanmore, Belle and Stanmore-were sitting on a couch together, near the entrance of the room when, during a pause in the music, Lady Sanmore suddenly best over Bille, and addressed her b other-in-lrw, who was

sitting at Belle's side. 'Jack,' she said, 'I've a favor to ask you.' 'You have but to ask it,' replied Stanmore, now in his turn bending over Belle. 'It is this, then: in hunting among my things before I left town, I found I had lost an old packet of letters that I do not care

to lose. 'Love letters?' asked Stanmore, smiling. 'Never you mind what sort of letters. At all events I don't want to lose them, and i flished upon me like an inspiration to-day when I was out driving, where they were. They are in a certain cabinet at Redvers Court, in the inner drawing-room, and I want to go down there for a day or so, if you don't object, to get them myself,

as I do not care for anyone else to see 'Certainly love letters, then,' answered Stanmore, still 'Of course, my dear Lucy, you can go down to the Court for a few days, or as many days as you like, whenever it pleases you. Suppose we all go? he added, looking at Belle. What do you say, Miss Wayland? Would you like to at this time of the year, I suppose, see an old country-house, surrounded by grumbled Mrs. Wayland, 'and I've rheumtrees, and damp accordingly, but pictures-

que. too, don't you think, Lucy? 'Redver Court is a beautiful p'ace,' answered Lady Stanmore, with a halt regretful sigh. She was remembering her day there, but knew it had passed away from her, and she was not a woman to time of the year. Jack, do you remember the splendi I colouring of the foliage of ithe trees? Some man once told me they were

quite as fine as those in America.' 'I remember they were all colours,' ansswered Stanmore, who was not thinking of the trees in his anncestral home, but of the rose-b'oom on the cheeks near him. 'I should like to see them again,' said

Lady Stanmore, Well, let us go down tomorrow, or the next day, then. And while your Aunt Lucy is hunting for her love letters, I will show you the varieg sted trees, Miss Wayland. Will you go?

'It is very kind of you to ask me. Of course, I will do what Aunt Lucy and

mother wish,' answered Belle. 'And I wish to go,' said Lady Stan nore. There, J.ck, that is settled. But don't today, and it seems that Mrs. Balfour is a let us go till the end of the week. The house wouldn't be half-aired if we did, and there wants fires in every room at this four is a nice woman, and Miss Vane a time of the year. Write to the housebright nice girl. But enough of my travel- keeper, and tell her to have everything ready for us on Saturday. I really feel quite delighted at the idea of it.'

'But you have not asked mother yet?' 'Oh, I'll answer for mother,' replied

Lady Stanmore. 'Suppose you write to the housekeeper now, Jack? That will give her more time. 'Very well,' said Stanmore, rising laz'ly 'See what a pattern brother-in-law I am, Miss Wayland,' he added, looking at Belle. 'She just twists me about her lit'e finger,

and does what she likes with me.' Then he left them, and went to write his letter, and a'ter he was gone Lady Stan-

'He's not half a bad fellow-Jack-is he, 'No hint, but plain speaking, which is hesitation in his voice, which Lady Stan- must send the man away, and get a more 'He seems always very good tempered.' 'Oh! he has his bad tempers like the either for Mrs. or Miss Wayland.

was.'

'Aunt Lucy,' asked Belle, after a moment's silence, her mind reverting to the left the rest to fate!

feet her pu'pose. Having managed this, she was satisfied she had done all she could, and left the rest to fate!

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tion of the nervous system.

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'Because-someone mentioned her,' re- | tell him all I did, and I will. It will be plied Belle, with a sudden blush.

'She's a very nice woman-Maud Baltour,' continued Lady Stanmore. 'We before they left Brighton, fore Redver's always write to each other occasionally, Court. These are some of her simple and I saw her quite lately in town, and now she is going or gone, to join her hus-band, who is a Major in the Army, and is to-day to the very spot where I promised stationed at Bombay, I think. But she will be writing to me when she gets there.'

break in her voice. 'A girl? No, never. But you are wonderfully curious concerning Maud Balfour, Belle! What is it all about ?"

thinking of her lover. What was he doing? she asked herself. It was the old, sweet story; the tender yearnings of a Stanmue to day; we seem always dining soul parted from its mate. Belle scarcely with him.' understood her feelings, or the strange bond that lay between Gilbert's heart and hers. But she telt a void that nothing could fill; a loneliness which depressed and sad-

dened her. Lady Stanmore, on the contrary, was especially bright during the next few days. She had a private interview with her sister, and after this Mrs. Wayland said nothing against the scheme of going to Redvers

Court. ·Why can't she see him here just as well?' she however a ked Lady Stanmore, tretfully, when first told of it. 'Because here I cannot intercept the

correspondence with young Gilber', and at the Court I can,' answered Lady Stanmore. 'Please don't interfere with this affair, Linda, or I shall throw it all up.' 'It will be very damp at Redvers Court

atism in one knee.' 'You will have to put up with it in both knees, then,' calmly rep'ied Lady Stan-

more ; 'for go you must. In fact, Lady Stanmore was determined to have her own way, and got it. And she also became certain that Stanmore's grieve long over the inevitable. 'At this admiration for Belle was real. She spoke to him once, at this time, half-jokingly, of Mrs. Saymour, who was supposed to exercise such a power over him, and S:anmore's

> tace flushed angrily. 'Why bring up that old story?' he said. I hope you have not-'Not what?' asked Lady Stanmore, as

e paused.

'Not talked to anyono else about it here?' answered Stanmore, with down cast eyes and frowning brow. 'My dear Jack, I am discreet,' said

wish to hear his name mentioned with Mrs.

Seymour's, and drewher own conclusions accordingly.

And before she left Brighton she addressed a letter to her triend, Mrs. Balfour, at Bombay. It was a mere ordinary gossiping letter about mutual acquaintances gossiping letter about mutual acquaintances and Belle Wayland's name was not men-

tioned in it from beginning to end. 'I'm going to stay with my brother-inlaw-now Lord Stanmore, you know-at Redvers Court for some little time, so when it was! The cobwebs were sparkling on you answer this letter will you write to me | the grass; the light, white clouds scudding there. It will seem strange going to the Court not as its mistress, but such is life! Do you remember your visit there? When you return to England I must a.k Jack-1 mean Stanmore—to invite you again for

the sake of old times,' and so on. Lady Stanmore next studied the Indian mails, and knew when this letter would reach Bombay, and when she could receive

an answer. 'The young man will probably write to her the moment he lands, I suppose,' she menta'ly calculated; 'but she must never receive the letter.'

letters, and any that should arrive there, 'Forward them all under cover to me at Redy r's Court," she directed; and she (To be continued.)

An idea had also entered Belle's mind regarding the absent Hugh Gilbert, but hers was a very different one.

'I will keep a diary,' she had decided, and write everything down that I do or see while he is away. He said I was to ington Evening Times.

It is now an established fact that the fathers and mothers have sent in thankful majority of boys and girls who are ailing and grateful letters testifying in unmisand sickly, suffer from a weakened condi- takable language that their children were saved from disease by Paine's Celery Compound. Many cases are on record of young people snatched from the grave,

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Now is the time to build up the little ones in health, so that they will be able to necessary work, Paine's Celery Compound is the only safe, sure and certain agent.

like talking to him.

She began her diary, therefore, the day

'We leave here to-morrow, so I went always to be true to Hugh. But the sea ill be writing to me when she gets there.' was wild and stormy, and the spray beat 'Did you ever see a girl with her when on my face, instead of the sunshine, as it you met her in town? A Miss Vane?' now did when I was with him. And I felt so inquired Belle, with a little tremulous sad, so sad! He said a year at least, and it seems so long to wait. Twelve long months passing slowly away, and never to see his face. I wonder if Aunt Lucy will hear anything about him from Mrs. Bal-'Oh! nothing,' answered Belle, and then four. I will write to him from Redver's she bade her aunt good-night, and went Court; it would be no use writing from here, as my letters would arrive at Bombay 'I am tired,' she said. But in truth she perhaps before he did, and might be lost, wanted to be alone with her letter. She and I should fret and be miserable, and kissed it when she took it from her breast | did not get an answer at once. I did not and then laid it there again, and sat long stay long on the sea-wall to day. I felt co'd and miserable, and was glad to get back to the Hotel. We are to dine with

The next entry was dated Redver's

'This is real'y a beautiful, old fashioned country house. We came down yesterday, and got here in time to dress for dinner, and the place is really charming. What a thing it is to be rich! Everything here is in such perfect taste; so quiet. so unique, and the long corridors and lofty, magnificently decorated rooms, make one feel

'But the gardens! How shall I describe them? They are beautifully kept, and the smooth, green lawns, the trim box hedges, and the bright, autumnal flowers, lying bathed in the morning sun and as I saw them first today, are simply perfect. Mother did not come down to breakfist, and there were only Aunt Lucy and Stanmore present. Atter breakfast was over Stanmore

said to aunt Lucy: 'Well, Lucy, are you going to sort your love letters this morning? Aunt Lucy looked at him sharply.

'Yes, Jack,' she answered. 'Poor Stanmore's of course,' continued Stanmore, with a laugh. 'Of course,' said Aunt Lucy, and she gave a little shrug, which is a trick of hers. 'Then in that case if she will permit me, I will take Miss Wayland into the grounds, to show her the trees decked with their autumnal variations. Is that a proper poetical phrase, Liss Wayland?'

'No, I don't think it is,' I answered 'I get snubbed on all sides! I try to be poetical and to look picturesque, and it's all in vain. I fear I am of the earth, earthy. 'You are about right there, Jack,' said

Aunt Lucy, rather spitefully. 'And you, my dear sister-in-law,' an-Lady Stanmore, smiling. But she knew swerea Stanmore, have no touch of the who it was who her brother-in-law did not clay. You are—let me see, what can I suitably say?-you are a denizen of the world, and yet untainted by it.'

puts it. Good-bye for the present, then.' She nodded and went away, and a few minutes later I went out into the grounds with Stanmore. What a glorious morning over the blue sky, and I thought of Hugh at sea! Stanmore was very nice; his halfcynical way of talking rather amuses He had seen so much of men and women of the world, and believes in them so little. I, too, have been brought up in a bad school, I am beginning to think. Both mother and Aunt Lucy are so worldly, so hard. I never felt what it was to be real and true until I knew Hugh. Our love is real and true, I teel. Things all seem to be so different to me now. I want to live a better and a purer life; to have higher aims and hopes. And I am sure Hugh will She also made certain a rangements be- help me to do this. He is stronger than I fore she left Brighton regarding her own am, and I shall lean upon his strength. But I have written enough in my foolish little diary for today. I wonder if I shall

Proof Positive. Wife (reading a letter from a distant friend) - "How strange! Elfreda doesn't say whether her baby is a boy or a girl." Husband-"But doesn't she say it is be-

ginning to talk ?" Wife—"Yes."
Husband—"Then it's a girl."—Wash-