

Her Promise True.

BY DORA RUSSELL.

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

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CHAPTER I., H., HI.—Hugh Gilbert and Belle Wayland are bidding each other good by at Brigh-ton as he is about to sail for India with his regi-ment. Belle promises to be true and acrees 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. Wayland's sister has arrived and has invited her mother and her to dine with him that evening. Mrs. Wayland's sister has arrived and has invited her mother and her to dine with him that evening. Mrs. Wayland goes but Belle feigns sudden illness 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 angry. Mrs. Wayland writes an acctunt of the affair to her sister, Lady Stanmore and the latter comes immediately to Brighton. CHAPTER IV.—Lady Stanmore comes to Brighton

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 Stan-more reads a letter from Gilbert to Belle and lays her plans accordingly. She decides to intercept the letters between the lovers. Lord Stanmore be-comes 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 dairy in order that she may send an account of each day to her absent

CHAPTER VI.-Lady St more thinks over the situation. She decides that Belie 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 en-gagement and that lady ridicules the idea. They go to Hurst Hall.

CHAPTER VIII.—Belle's diary continued. She tells Lady Stanmore of her dream about Hugh. That had a decides to write Mr?. Bal'our.

LaG & decides to write Mr². Bal'our. CHAPTER IX.—Lady Stanmore destroys a letter Belle has written to Hugh Gilbert. Jack Stammore confesses his love for Belle to his sister in law. Mrs. Wayland falls ill and the st.y at Redvers court is prolonged. Sir Dick Probyn proposes to Belle and is refused Lady Stanmore gets a letter from Mrs. Balfour who went to India on the same ship with Hugh Gilbert-It contains the starting news of Hugh Gilbert's marriage to Miss Vane. Belle is told the 1 ews and is greatly shocked. In taking a morning walk she breaks through the ice.

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

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

CHAPTER XIV.—The eveol the wedding. Lady Stanmore writes to her friend in Bombay and tells her of the marriage and specially requests that the news be told Hugh Giblert whom she represents as a friend only of Belle's.

CHAPTER XVII.-THE ICE WOMAN. Lord and

had met agsin. Now, with her eyes fixed on his pale wasted face, she knew that her life was bound up in his; that if he didd she would not care to live.

Presently he again opened his eyes, and met Belle's frightened anxious gaze.

'I am better now,' he said still speaking in a very faint low voice.

Belle made ro arswer; she went a step nearer to him, her eyes still fixed on his face. It was in her heart to say 'Get bet-

ter for my sake; live for my sake,' but a feeling of womanliness stayed the words on her lips. But Giltert seemed to unders'and the unspoken thought.

'Yes, I will try to get better, he said, and he held out his right hand which Belle clasped in her cold trembling one.

The nurse had gore out of the room to get something she wanted, but neither Belle nor Gilbert spoke again until her return. She stood near him ho'ding his hand, and Gilbert could almost hear her heart throbs Then, presently, the nurse came back carrying some strong beef essence, and Belle turned away. But those few moments of silence could rever be forgotten.

When the Scotch doctor once more appeared to look after his patient he found him considerably improved.

'Eh, mon, ye look a' the better for the change,' he said, regarding Gilbert with his shrewd professional eyes. 'But he fainted, doctor, as I said he

would,' instantly remarked the rurse. 'He's not fainting now, anyhow,'answer-

ed the doctor. 'But ye mustn't sit up too long. Cart in Gilbert, and ye'll te down But she did not stay with them long. long, Cart in Gilbert, and ye'll te down

all the sooner.' Gilbert took this sensible advice, and to be very quiet, she left them-the doctor

had a few words to say which were sweet | monts' visit, and the proposal to join them

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excitement would hurt him; but I'm sure I can trust him safely in yer' hands.' 'i shall be very quiet,' said Belle gently, and a soft colour stole to her face. It seemed to her, after this, as if four o'clock would never come. But the unstaying hand of time goes on-winging or weighted according to our moods-and as the hour struck Giltert, with his doctor and nurse in attendance, appeared. He walked more s'rengly than he had done the day before, and when Belle rose to receive 1 im, he smiled as he held out his hand to her. 'He looks a vast Letter, dcesn't he?'

said the dcctor, with some pride in his tone, looking at his ratient's face. 'It he only doesn't over do it, as he did

yesterday,' remarked the nurse colefully. 'Tuts ! woman, dinna be always fashing,' replied the doctor. The best side is the one to look on.' The nurse shook her head. She was a

doctor once told Gilbert, with a twinkle of his grey eyes ; and perhaps this idea was a right one, and some man may have wisely seen that his future would not be a bright one were he to keep his vows to Janet Mackay.

Be this as it may, she was a worthy creature, and knew her business thoroughly, though, we may say, sadly. But had she rot lived in the shadow and of the world all her life, with sickness and death daily near her? And some of the gloom of her surroundings seemingly ever rested on

her heart. Now, after she had comtortably settled her patient, she looked at Belle, who was standing near by, and sighed again. Perhaps she had heard in the household that the marriage of my lord and lady was not considered a particularly bappy or suitable one ; perhaps some memory of her own lost romance was passing through her mind, as she scanned Belle's fair face, and then glanced at the handsome, though wasted one, of the young soldier near her. But she quickly lett sentimert for reality. 'Now you must take some teef essence,' the said to her patient.

'I thought I was promised some tes?' answered Gilber,t smiling and looking at Belle.

'The essence is much better for you,' insisted Janet Mackay, and Gibert was

After once more impressing upon Gilbert was assisted by the doctor and nurse up-stairs. But before he parted with Belle he began telling Gilbert of the Misses March-

"Yer." answered Gilbert, "the morning

said Gilbert, smiling, "since I came down

against your positive command.

Janer, holding up her hands.

told him.'

bert. 'Let us leave it to fate then.' answered Belle, in a low concentrated voice.

'But for your sake-' continued Gilbert.

But here he paused, for as some momentous words were about to pass his lips the cony carrisge from Glenwrath was seen by could.' both approaching the Louse, and Gilbert

did not speak what he meant to say. 'Here sre the Marchmonts,' said Belle, quickly.

'So I see,' answered Gilbert, and they turned and walked along the terrace to meet their visitors.

The two lively girls jumped lightly out of their pretty pony chaise before they reached them, and advanced with out-stretched bands.

. You out! Well, this is delighful,' exclaimed Helen Marchmont, addressing Gil- | and the conversation about Giltert naturtert with genuine pleasure in her voice and manner.

'My first outing,' he replied, smilingly. 'I am so pleased,' she answered. 'And dearest Lady Stanmore, do you know what we have come for ?' she added now, lock-

ing at Belle. 'Well, what have you come for ?' asked

Belle.

'To run away with you. We will take no excuse. We premised Jim that we should take you back with us, as we are going to have lunch out on the moors with

the men. Now you must not say no.' 'I am afraid-' began Belle, but Miss

Marchmont int rrupted her. ' No, you must not be afraid you cannot go,' she said. 'Captain Gilbert, you make her go."

"You had better go, I think,' said Hugh Gilbert, looking at Belle.

Belle hesita'ed; she did not wish to go; she did not wish to leave Gilbert, but she was half-afraid to refuse.

'It will be such fun,' continued Miss Marchmont. 'Jim has got another Cambridge triend staying with us ; so we have five men, and with Lord Stanmore and Sir John

Lee, we will have seven. Mother and Mrs. Seymour will join us too; so it wil be quite a pic-nic. I only wish you cou'd go

also, Captain Gilbert.' 'I fear that would be imposible,' said Gilbert; 'in fact I know my nurse would

lock me up if I attempted. I have had a row with her already this morning.' 'Is she so dreadful? How horrible to

have a nurse.

Sometimes very necessary, though. But I must not grumble; I am getting well tast now.

'And then you have to come to us,' continued Miss Marchmont. 'And when you come we shall have our real picnic, and Lady Stanmore will come too.' 'Yes,' answered Gilbert, and again he

ked at Belle. In fact she avoided all excitir g subjects. 'But we cannot let you escape to-day we really cannot,' went on Miss Marchand the afternoon passed away without one allusion to the past. All the same, its mont, again addressing Belle. 'They will memory gave the commonplace words they all be so dissppointed if you do not come. spoke a subtle sweetness and filled their hearts with a strange joy. They were near about you, to he is absolutely dying to see each other, they were alone ; and this to you."

'It seems like fate,' at length said Gil- ject. He resumed his seat on the Leather again at Glenwrath before he leaves Scotat Mrs. Seymour's feet and went on with land. 'I'll tell him,' arsve ed Jim Marchment, his luncheon while Jim Marchmont prc-

'and of course, you will see him again at Glenwrath before he leaves Scotland. I hope he'll get an extension of leave on account of his wound, and be with us for enough to be out.' he said. 'He promised to come to us, you know, as soon as he Christmas at Marchmont. I'll not go out with you on the moors to-day,' he continued, 'but drive Gilbert quietly over to

Glenwrath this morning.' Belle, who heard all this, never spoke, and presently Stanmore and Sir John Lee started with the kcepers and the dogs. Marchmont ran up to Gilbert's room, and Belle, who was pale and trembling, was alone. But not for long. Presently the docr opened, and Gilbert who was also very pale and greatly agitated, entered the room

'You have beard-' he b gan.

'Yes,' said Belle, almost below her breatb.

'It is better trat I should go,' continued Gilbert, taking her hand, and looking with his grey eyes in her face. 'I sha'l see you sgain, of course-this is not our parting,

'You are not fit to go,' answered Belle. 'Marchmont gave me to understand that Stanmore wished it-I have no choice.'

And Belle knew this to be true. They stood there with clasped hands and hearts wrang with pain. The last few days had drawn them closer; it seemed now to them impossible to part. And yet they must. Gilbert could not remain any longer under Lord Stanmore's root, and Belle was bound to do so; bound by the falce vows she had been led to make, and for which a woman's lying words alone were

Presently Marchmont's voice, raised in a bigter tone than usual, was heard in the hall out ide, giving some directions to the servants. And the hands fell apart of the two who stood silent, tearless, in this mute crisis of their lives. Then Marchmont entered the room and addressed Belle--

"Lady Stanmore," he said, "may I order the brougham to drive Gilbert over to Glenwrath,, as that female afterd nt of his and her be longings, I am afraid could not be possible packed up in the pony chaise ?" "Of course," answered Belle, still in the

same husky voice, as if her emotions were choking her.

"She is in a frightful rage at my taking him away," continued Marchmont, trying to speak as lightly and carelessly as he 'Do you know, my dear fellow,' he said could, though he was really far from being to Giltert, before he retired for the night at his ease. "But my mother won't be de-'I think you are well enough to come to us frauded of Gilbert any longer, she says; and she's a good old woman, and you may be sure he will be well taken care of."

' Yes,' said Belle, and then she turned away. She went to her own rocm, and 'Oh, you can just be as quiet as you like stood looking vaguely out on the misty at Glenwrath,' continued Marchmont; 'and lock. Could she bear this false li'e any

15

cured a plaid for Belle to sit on, and attended on her during the rest of the mesl. 'I am so glad dear old Gilbert feels well

'This is the first day he has been out,' answered Belle. 'and it was against his

nurse's orders. 'Oh, but if he's able to get into the air he

will soon be all right. He's pulled himself together wonderfully well considering, don't you think so ?' 'I hope so,' said Belle, but her tone was

not very bright.

At this moment, however, Helen Marchmont brought up their 'new young man,' as she called him, to te presented to Belle, ally crased. Mr. Benson was a young

Cambridge man, lively and agreeab'e, and a friend of Jim Marchmont's, and he did his best to please the pret'y Lady Stan-more, of whom he had heard so much, and whose a quaintance he was very proud to Belle.'

make. But though Belle chatted to him and smiled, the was not thinking of his pleasant words. Her mind was at Strathearn, and she still seemed to see before her the pale, dark face whose features she knew so well. But Mr. Benson did not know this, and he flattered himself during the afternoon that he was making a very agreeable impression on Lady Stanmore. The sportsmen, in-

deed, gave up the r guns for the rest of the day, and everyone declared they erjoyed themselves. Only Belle felt weary, and was glad when the time came for the party | answerable.

to seperate. But Stanmore had a word to say to her in private, as they were returning to the lodge.

'So.' he said. 'Captain Gilbert was out today, Belle, was he ?

'Yes, for a few minutes only,' answered Belle.

'In that case he had better be thinking of paying his visit to Glenwrath presently, continued Stanmore. 'It isn't exactly the thing, you know, Belle, for you to be wandering about alone with him."

He said nothing more, and Belle made no reply, but during the evening he sug-gested something of the same kind to Jim Marchmont, which that quick witted young man instantly understood, and acted on. now ?'

'I am net up to much yet,' answered Gilbert. 'Not, I am afraid, to mix with all your lively party.'

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.

CHAPTER XVIII —FLAYING WITH FIRE. Sir Dick grows more in love with Lord Stanmore's wife which causes hs mother much uneasiress. Lord Stanmore also notices the yourg man's infatuation and warns Belle against encouraging him. They dine at Hurst and Belle is presented to Mr. Trewlancy the view and Sir Dicks old tutor, and his daughter Amy who has known and loved Sir Dick Probyn from his boyhood as they have grown up together but who only regards A my with a sisterly

CHAPTER XIX.—Sir Dick offers a diamond pen-dant to Belle but it is refused; she tells him that his confession of love must end a pleasant triend-ship and he goes home in despair. He decides that life is not worth livi g and attempts to shoot himself but his mother who had feared something and held followed him sectors when she sees what himself but his Hoher who had heared 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 XX .- An unforgotten face. Lord and CHAPTER XX.—An unforgotten face. Lord and Lady Statmore have an understanding and are better friends. She tells him all about her inte-viewed with Sir Dick. The Stanmore's get an in-vitation to a ball at Marchmont Court. They go and there Belle and Hugh Gilbert meet. After the shock has somewhat died away she enquires for his wife and learns that he has never been married.

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

CHAPTER XXIV.-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.

CHAPTEB XXV.—The whole party go to Strat-hearn 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

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

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

*CHAPTER XXIX.-Mrs. Seymour. Lady Stan-more leaves Strathearn after first telling Lord Stanmore leaves strathearn after first tening both stati-more of Mrs. Seymours expected arrival. The latter comes to Scotland and Belle meets her. Gilbert makes his first appearance downstairs since the accident and is received by Belle. He is still very weak and faints away while listening to Belle reading.

CHAPTER XXX .- A NEW FEAR.

Some minutes elapsed before Hugh Gilbert recovered from the death-like faint into which he had fallen. Then with deepdrawn sighs he slowly opened his eyes, and when they tell on Belle's white upraised face he tried to speak, but no words came from his pallid lips.

"You are better? You know me?' she whispered, huskily, still holding his hand in her trembling one.

Again Gilbert tried to speak, but his voice still failed him.

• 'I knew it would happen,' repeated the protessional nurse, evidently quite pleased that her prediction had come true. 'This is the first day Captain Gilbert has been up, my lady and yet he would come downstairs.'

'Try some champagne,' said Belle. 'Nurse, ring for some champagne. That will revive him more quickly.' 3.7.8

Gilbert had taken some of it, the color her better. She was glad, however, to see his heart.

to the listener's ears. 'I will see you again to-morrow,' he said; and Belle knew that he would keep his word.

She went out after he left her, and wandered alone on the nill-side. New thoughts had come into her Leart; new hopes. Those moments of inexpressible pain when she had feared that Gilbert's life was ebbthem was more than words can tell. ing away had revealed to herself feelings CHAPTER XXXI .- A SPRAY OF HEATHER. that now she knew she had no power to re-

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It was late when Stanmore and h's guest Sir John Lee returned, and Belle saw nothing of them till the rext morning. Ttey apparently had had a lively dinner but mu'ual consent, they spoke not of the party the night before, and Sir John Lee past nor future. What that future had in store for them they could not tell; they expressed great admiration for Mrs. Seymour at breakfast. allowed the present to suffice.

'She is really a splendid woman,' he remarked; but Stanmore scarcely spoke on the subject.

They want us to dine there, Belle towas alone; Stanmore and Sir John Lee had morrow evening,' he said. 'Will you go ?' gone to shoot on the mcors at Glenwrath, but were to return at dinner time, and But Belle shook her head.

'I should rather not,' she answered ; young Marchmont was to accompany them these long night drives tire me too much.'

back. Belle was sitting in the breaktast-room shortly after they had started when 'They are talking of getting up pic-nics, and all sorts of things,' continued Stanthe door opened, and to her surprise Gilmore, who did not urge Belle to dine at bert entered. "You !" she said, starting to her feet, Glenwrath. 'They are really quite lively and holding out her hand. neighbours.'

'They have so many young people.' said is so fine that I defied the nurse and all her Belle, smiling.

predictions of evil, and insisted on getting 'You talk as if you were a grave, elderly up, and 1 think if you will, I might venture matron, Lady Stanmore,' answered Sir John Lee, smiling also, 'instead of-what out of doors for a few minutes." shall I say, lest I make Stanmore here jealous ?'

'I am not at all jealous,' said Stanmore, on her brow. rather grimly.

'Instead of a beautiful, charming young "I cannot be answerable for this. I Capwoman then,' continued Sir John, still tain Gilbert," she began. "Of course you are not answerable," smiling.

Belle made him a pretty bow.

'That is a very neatly turned speech, Sir John,' she said. 'Every woman likes to be told she is charming, whether she believes or not.'

'By-the-bye, how is Gilbert?' interrupted incompetent." Stanmore.

'He was downstairs yesterday for a very short time,' answered Belle. 'But he seemed very weak."

'You saw him then ?' asked Stanmore 'Yes, for a few minutes in the drawingroom, and I am sorry to say he fainted.'

'It was too soon for him to be downstairs.'

'The doctor gave him leave, and the nurse was with him,' said Belle. 'The Gilbert and Belle looked at each other doctor thought that the change had done him good.' and laughed.

'He'll have to be very careful.'

'Alter this there was nothing more said about Gilbert, and as usual Stanmore and takes a dismal view of everything. However. I mean to have my own way, and i Sir John Lee soon started for the moors. you will go with me I should like to walk During the morning, however, the Misses Marchmont drove over to see Belle, and to up and down the terrace for a few minutes." entreat her to join in a picnic they were sure it will do you no harm. alking of getting up.

'They say the scenery is so lovely about here, Lady Stanmore,' said Helen Marchmont, the eldest girl, decidedly suggestive-

'Yes, it really is,' answered Belle ; but somehow she did not feel in the mood to go

picknicking among the hills. She was glad, indeed, when the March-She was glad, indeed, when the March-monts left. Their lively talk jarred a little vigor to his frame. He looked at Belle, The wine was brought at once, and after on her ears, and her own thoughts pleased and a wave of deep tenderness swept over

It ended in Belle being over-persuaded against her will to accompany the Misses Marchmont to the moors. And something

in Giltert's manner, in his looks, made A few more quite days passed, and Gilter think that he wished her to go, bert began to gain strength rapidly. He

.Very well, I will,' she said at length, saw Belle cach day, but not a word passed between them that the whole household might not have listened to. By a tacit, 'Miss Janet Mackay will see after me,'

he answered, smiling. 'I am momentarily expecting her.' The girls laughed and finally carried off

Belle in triumph. But the looked back He came downstair, each afternoon, but twice to the terrace where Gilbert was still after three or four more days he made his appearance one morning. Belle, as usual, leaning as they drove away.

"Certainly Gilbert is very good-looking," said Helen Marchmont. 'He has such wellcut features, he can stand illness or anything else.'

'He looks very delicate, I think ' answered Belle.

'Oh, he'll soon pick up; I wish he could h.ve come to-day. He's the best-looking man, after all, that we have got.'

In this lively style of "onversation Miss Marchmont talked the whole day to the Glenwrath Moors. Their wild beauty possessed no attractions to her, but the brown coated stalwart young sportsmen there did. They had already commenced lunch when

the party from Strathearn appeared. All But before Belle could reply, a portenthe young men sprang to their feet as Belle tous knock was heard outside, and a moand the two girls drew near the spot where ment later the nurse walked in with wrath lunch was going on. But Stanmore did

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not. He was half-lying at Mrs. Seymour's teet, Belle noticed, who was seated on a

grey granite jutting boulder, with a plaid over it. But Belle actually joined the party he too rose, and made a step fore-

"But what will be the consequences?" ward to meet her. continued Janet Mackay; "you will be thrown back; you will probably faint, and to come?' he said. 'You remember Mrs. Seymour ?' he added. the doctors will blame me, and say I am

'Oh ! yes,' answered Belle, and she held 'I promise you that the doctor shall not out her hand to Mrs. Seymour, who now blame you,' answered Gilbert, still smiling. also rose.

'I will tell them that you had a wilful man She made some remark about the beauty for a patient, who would not do what you of the scenery and the day with her great eyes fixed the while on Belle's face, as

'Then you never will get better," said though to read her very soul. Bell replied courteously and quietly, and was turning 'I mean to try, nevertheless," retorted away when Helen Marchmont hurried up. Gilbert, good naturedly; and without an-'You see we've brought her, Lord Stanother word the nurse disappeared, and more,' she said. 'And who do you think we nearly brought too !- Captain Gilbert.'

'Gilbert ?' answered Stanmore, in a surprised tone. 'Did you see him ?' 'Oh, yes; he was out walking on the ter-

'But really a good creature; only she race with Lady Stanmore when he arrived at Strathearn."

'Of course I will go with you, if you are

'I am quite sure; I feel a sort of new life in me today, and the air will do me good.'

'What a funny woman she is,' said Belle.

A few minutes later they were on the terrace outside. In the air was all the freshness of the morring; the freshness cf the hills. It brought a faint tinge of color

mother, you know, is there to look after you, and you can, of course, bring your lie? A sort of loathing came over her as nurse, and all that sort of thing. And to to her fate; a rebellion a hatred she could tell you the t:u'h. Gilbert.' added March- net corquer. Our new man has heard the others raving mont, half in jest, half in earnest. I believe my lord here is getting a bit jealous of you and his pretty wife."

A sudden flush dyed Gilbert's pale face scarlet, as he listened to these words. 'What folly,' he said hoarsely.

'It isn't all folly,' answered Jim Marchand come to us to-morrow, and don't get | say farewell.

'but we had better see you safely indoors into any trouble here. Lady Stanmore is first,' she added glancing at Gilbert. too charming a woman for a young man too charming a woman for a young man with indignation written in every feature of like you to be so constan'ly thrown with.' These words cost Gilbert a sleepless saw Belle she hurried up to her. hight. But during the long, restless hours he made up his mind at once to leave Strathearn.

'I can do nothing else in honor, he told himself. 'Marchmont would not have said that without cause. If it kills me, I must go.'

He put it out of his power to change his mind early next morning by writing and sending down a note to Stanmore to thank him for his great hospitality, but telling him at the same time that as his leave was limited, he thought he ought now to pay his promised visit to Glenwrath before he left Scotland, and he therefore proposed to accompany his friend Marchmont there on his return.

Stanmore received the note from one of the servants at breakfast, and after he had read it he looked across the table at Jim Marchmont.'

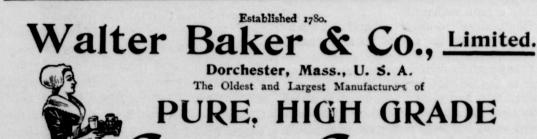
'So your friend Captain Gilbert is leaving us?'

'Yes,' answered Marchmont, 'I persuaded him last night to go to Glenwrath with me today, and we shall all be so glad to have him.

These words gave Belle-who was sitting at the table-a sudden shock. She grew pale, her breath came short, and her haeds 'So the young ladies have persuaded you | trembled, and Stanmore looked at her for a moment in genuine surprise. He had never seen her moved thus before, and a vague suspicion in an instant flashed across across his mind. Could this have been the man she had cared for long ago-the man who had made her cold to all others?

He glanced at her more than once during breaktast, and saw that she was still agitated. But he made no sign of having noticed this. He sent up a message by a servant after the meal was over that he would like to see Captain Gilbert to say good-bye to him before he started for the moors, if it would be convenient for Captain Gilbert to receive him. But Janet Mackay, who was in the act of dressing Gilbert's wound when the message was received upstairs, said it was impossible at present for captain Gilbert to see anyone.

'Oh, very well,' said Stanmore, when he



longer? she was asking hercelf; this living

Then, by-an-bye, she heard the brougham come round from the stables, and the removal of luggage on the stairs. Some heather that she had worn the night before was standing in a vase on the table, and she took a spray of this in her cold hand and left the room. She was going to bid mont. 'Take my advice, desr old chappie, her guest good-bye; before the others, to

In the hall Nurse Mackay was standing. her comely face. And the moment she

' My Lady, this is an unheard of thing ! she said in a loud shrill voice. . Only out for the first time yesterday for five minuter, and then unfit to go; and now to be driven miles over a rough road to a strange house and room ! Mr. Marchmont may take the consequences; I won't!'

Belle could find no word to answer her, and in another moment Marchmont and Gilbert appeared from the breakfast room, and Janet McKay was forced to be silent.

'Well, we are just off, Lady Stanmore,' said Marchmont cheerfully ; 'but come over and see mother tomorrow, and I'm sure you will find our invalid here properly taken care of.'

A loud groan proceeded from the nurse's lips as she listened to these words.

'Impossible !' she muttered, portentously. 'Jolted on a rough road-shaken !'

'I do not know how to thank you,' said Gilbert, in a low faltering voice, now advancing towards Belle, and holding out his hand.

She opened her lips to speak some common-place words, but she could not. She put the bit of heather in his hand, and looked in his face, and that was all. Then Marchmont put his hand through Gilbert's arm, and drew him away.

'Come, dear old tellow, let us be off,' he said; 'all this standing about is not good for you. Now, nurse, get into the broughham, and your patient and I will follow

With another groan Nurse Mackay obeyed him; but Gilbert's footsteps tottered as Marchmont led him from the house. In another moment or two they were gone, and Belle stood and watched them go, with a white face and parted lips. Gilbert looked back just as the carriage drove away, and their eyes met. In his hand he held the spray of heather she had given him, and a strange thought came into his heart.

'It shall lie on my breast after I am dead,' he whispered to his soul; and he kept his word.

(To be Continued.)

The Scuth Sea Mother. When a South Sea Island mother wishes

to chastise her child she seldom resorts to slapping, and slippers, of course, she has none. Instead of using the forms of punishment customary among civilized mothe: s she pulls the child's hair or bits some part of the body, generally the fleshy part of the arm. In wandering about the village one sees many children having on their bodies scars produced by wounds inflicted by their mothers' teeth. When a mother wishes to caress her child she dettly draws

'Ah,' said Stanmore, and for a moment

he glanced at Belle's face, who was con-scious that a flush rose to her very brow. he added, 'that I am sorry he is But he made no further remark on the sub- leaving, but I daresay we shall see him

stole faintly back to his face, and he re-	the Scotch doctor when he arrived early in	'Belle-" he said, almost tremulously.
gained his voice.	the afternoon, and yet more glad to hear	
'I am ashamed to give so much trouble,'	the good account he had to give of his	bright hazel eyes in his face.
he said, in a low tone.	patient.	'When I am gone—'
'Do not speak of it ; do not talk thus,'	'The lad's really a bit better, my leedy,'	
	he told ber after his visit upstairs; 'and he	
knees by his side, and took a down cushion	bade me tell ye he wad like to ha' a cup of	
from one of the couches and placed it under	tea wi' ye about four, if ye ha no other en-	
his head. 'Now you must rest and keep	gagement.'	could not bear to think of it-this parting
quite still,' she added.		which seemed like the end of life to both
		They were silent for the next few minutes,
weak to do anything else. He closed his	But he must be kept verra quiet, ye	
eyes sgain, and Belle stood watching him,	know,' continued the doctor; 'the least	

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her thumb across its eyebrow or cheek or gently seizes its cheek between her teeth. The rubting of noses is also a mark of affection among the Kingsmill Islanders. as it is among the Maoris of New Zerland.

What it May Come To. "You don't mean to say, Mrs. Easy, that you are houseless and homeless ? ' "Precisely." "Astonishing! How did that come about ?"