

Continued from Tenth Page.  
paration to him for the misery of his childhood.

For the first time Dola Rozier was taken aback.

She had never dreamed he would look at things in this light.

'Reparation?' she repeated, slowly and scornfully. 'What is it you intend to do—place him in his right position? Rather hard on your wife, and the son whose coming of age you celebrate to-morrow.'

'I would to Heaven I could do it,' he returned. 'But that is impossible. Still, all that lies in my power to do, I will do. What fiendish object had you in telling me he was dead?'

She spread out her hands. 'It pleased me. I hated him. I was jealous of any thought you might give him. I wanted them both to be wiped from your mind.'

'Then,' he cried, and a strange expression overspread his face, 'she also lives?'

'You read the account of her death; that ought to have satisfied you,' she answered, callously. 'But now to business; we have wasted enough time already. If you take my advice, you will remain in ignorance of the boy's whereabouts, and so spare your feelings a shock, which they would most certainly receive if you met him. He is quite a common young fellow, perfectly contented with his station in life. There is not much in birth and breeding, after all. It is the surroundings which make one. What I want to know is this—do you feel inclined to consent to my modest request?'

'To ask Lady Metherell to receive you?' he said, with cutting disdain.

'To tell her it is your express desire that she does receive me,' Madame Rozier corrected, smilingly.

She felt quite sure of the game now.

He paused for some moments before answering her then said—

'If you receive an invitation to-morrow morning, you will understand that I have agreed to your terms. If not—well, you must carry out your threats, if you consider it worth your while. For, remember if my past is to be raked up, so, also, will yours be. And I should say yours be. And I should say yours was blacker than mine.'

'Perhaps so,' she laughed. 'But I have nothing to lose, and you have.'

She began moving in the same direction in which he had turned.

He stopped at once.

'If this is your way—that shall be mine,' he said.

She laughed again, and walked on alone.

## CHAPTER VI.

Scarce a cloud across the wide blue sky—scarce a ripple on the gleaming sea.

The weather, at least, had favoured Gilbert Metherell's coming of age.

'It would be impossible,' Shirley said, 'to imagine a more perfect day.'

'Oh! that's all right,' Metherell returned indifferently.

His mind was engrossed with something more interesting than the weather.

His face was flushed, his eyes were bright with excitement.

He kept voting it all 'an awful bore'; but nevertheless, he thoroughly enjoyed the flattering homage paid to him that day.

He was a hero of the moment, the chief person in all that gay throng, and he was in the most amiable frame of mind with himself and everyone else.

He and Shirley were walking down to the park, which had been thrown open to the people for the afternoon, and where sports and every sort of merry-making were in full swing.

Flags were flying from the refreshment tents, the band was playing a gay air, every face wore a smile.

Dull care seemed to have been left outside the big gates. As Shirley and her companion appeared on the scene, Eva Ware rushed up to them, crying, gushingly—

'You are the very person we want, Mr. Metherell. Do come and play kiss-in-the-ring. It will be such fun. The others are all going in for it. Do come.'

'It sounds very tempting,' Metherell declared. 'I'll play it Miss Loraine will.'

Miss Ware's heated complexion took a deeper shade, from annoyance.

'Of course Miss Loraine will, if you do,' she said, rudely.

Shirley smiled quite serenely.

'I really do not care for those romping games,' she said; then with a look which fairly dazzled young Metherell: 'Shall we stroll round, and see what everyone is doing?'

He went with her only too willingly, leaving Miss Ware crimson with fury and mortification.

'I say, Shirley,' he began, encouraged by the look she had bestowed upon him. 'I may call you Shirley for to day, may I not?'

She 'ok her head.

'No—not even for to-day.'

'But it is such nonsense calling you Miss Loraine, when I am longing to call you something else,' he argued. 'There is not another girl who would object.'

'I dare say you might find a few,' she said, opening her sunshade.

'I am not so sure about that,' he replied, with a placid conceit which made her smile. 'I say, don't go that way. Your mother and sister are sitting there.'

'How rude,' she exclaimed, severely, 'to try to shun them!'

'I have been talking to them. Don't you see that I want to keep you, now I have you?'

Shirley did not at all object to walking about with the young heir.

There were two or three present who envied her the attention she was receiving.

She was perfectly aware of the fact, and thoroughly enjoyed showing off her conquest.

'Who is this lady with your father and mother?' she asked, as three figures came across the grass towards them.

'Confound the people!' Metherell ex-

claimed, crossly. 'One cannot get free from them. Come this way.'

'Oh! we cannot,' Shirley expostulated. 'They are coming to speak to you. She is handsome, is she not?'

'I suppose she is the Frenchwoman I heard the pater talking about,' Metherell observed sulkily. 'Rather flashy-looking.'

'Gilbert,' Lady Metherell said, in her slow, cold tones, 'I wish to introduce you to Madame Rozier, an old acquaintance of your father's.'

'Ah! more than an acquaintance,' Madame Rozier said, shaking the young man's hand. 'I am glad to meet you on so great an occasion. It is a proud day for you, Sir Martin.'

The mocking eyes sought the baronet's. He smiled and bowed.

She, alone, dimly guessed what it cost him to do so.

'And the young lady,' she questioned. 'She is your fiancée?'

'Miss Loraine is a friend, Lady Metherell replied, haughtily. 'Excuse me, but there is a guest yonder to whom I must speak.'

She moved away, a gaunt, dowdily-dressed figure, yet possessing that indescribable something which stamps a gentleman, and which her visitor lacked.

'This is a very beautiful place,' Madame Rozier observed to Gilbert Metherell. 'You must, indeed, be happy in such a home.'

'It isn't bad,' he replied. 'But rather slow at times.'

'Ah! you like gaiety. Well, I must confess that I, too, like the world—the stir—the excitement. Your country life is very—flat.'

They were strolling towards a small crowd who stood watching a jumping competition.

As they paused to look, a tall young fellow ran forward and lightly cleared the bar, amidst a burst of applause.

Shirley felt the hot blood tingle to her ears.

It was the artist.

She drew back, so that he might not see her.

A broad-shouldered yoke hid her from his sight, but did not entirely hide him from hers.

'I never see the loike of that chap,' the man before her remarked to his neighbour. 'There ain't a thing he don't seem to be able to do.'

'That's true agreed the other. I didn't think there was a feller as could come the better o' Barney; but he's out of it to-day.'

'He's fairly beat,' said the broad man, with infinite satisfaction—calling out, with a hoarse laugh: 'Poor old Barney you're done for this time!'

Barney, the village athlete, had just failed to clear the bar; an instant later and the artist had taken it easily again, much to the delight of the onlookers.

'Ah! but he is splendid!' Madame Rozier cried admiringly. 'What limbs! Who is he, Sir Martin?'

'A strolling painter,' Gilbert Metherell hastened to inform her. 'I should like to see him try a decent leap. Any fool could have done what he did.'

'You should have gone in for it yourself, Mr. Metherell,' Madame Rozier sweetly observed. 'We should have had some thing worth seeing.'

'Oh! I don't care to make a fool of myself,' he returned, not quite certain whether she was laughing at him; adding grandly: 'And to-day the sports are entirely for the villagers and their friends.'

Shirley listened to these remarks in silent indignation, feeling greatly relieved when Madame Rozier expressed a desire to see more of the park.

'It is too bad to monopolize you for even a little quarter-of-an-hour,' she declared, gaily; 'but I should so like to see more of this charming place; and Sir Martin and Lady Metherell are so engaged. Not that I regret it, if you will act as my escort.'

'I shall be only too happy,' Metherell assured her flattered by her evident appreciation of his society, and hoping that Shirley noticed it.

But that young lady persistently kept her face averted, and entered into conversation with the first person who came her way.

It chanced to be Mr. Devitt, the present owner of Bushmead, who was rather surprised at the warmth of her greeting.

He was a fine looking man, this Ralph Devitt, powerfully built, with a strong clever face, out of which gleamed a pair of shrewd bright blue eyes.

He was clean-shaven, and the hair at his temples was quite silver.

A man one instinctively trusted, and who was universally liked.

Simple and kind-hearted, he never attempted to hide the fact that his father had been but a small farmer, poor and hard-working, until it was discovered that beneath the fields in which he toiled, lay a coal-bed of great wealth.

'Is not this a perfect day?' Shirley said, by the way of opening the conversation.

'It is, indeed,' assented; 'and Miss Loraine looks as bright as the weather.'

'I thought you never paid compliments,' she said, pertly.

'Nor do I. I am afraid I should make a very poor hand at that sort of amusement. Excuse my saying so, but your sister is watching you with eyes of disgust. Can I put you in the care of one to whom she does not object?'

Shirley blushed.

'We made up our minds to hate you,' she owned, frankly, 'just because you bought Bushmead. It was very absurd of us, and I have grown wiser; but Madge—well, Madge loved the place so dreadfully.'

And will never forgive me for owning it,' he said, quietly, glancing to where, beneath the trees Madge Loraine was standing, talking to Lucy Brend and one or two others.

Tall and graceful she looked in a simple gown of pale gray, a cluster of pink roses in her bodice, and another in a large black hat which shaded the delicate, aristocratic face.

'It is very stupid of her,' Shirley said, feeling rather small and uncomfortable, as she remembered the many snubs this man had received from her sister. 'Madge is so proud,' she went on. 'I believe she would rather have burnt the place down than have sold it.'

'Yes,' he said; but the answer was rather vague, for he had scarcely heard what she said.

He was still watching the tall grey figure—a haughty contempt and a wistful longing struggling for mastery in his face.

Then, with a short, impatient sigh, he dispelled the thoughts which had crowded upon him, and turning his attention to Shirley, began chatting over the day's entertainments.

But on this occasion she was not a very bright companion, answering sometimes at random, and sometimes paying no heed to what was said, till, awakening suddenly to her shortcoming in the conversation, she apologized for her inattention, and declared the sun had given her a headache.

But the fact was the artist had disappeared from the scene, and she was intensely anxious to find out if he had gone altogether, or was amongst one of the many groups dotted about the park.

She was angry with herself for the interest she could not help taking in him.

He had behaved—so she told herself—more rudely than any man she had ever known, and now she longed for him to see the notice from other men.

But this small revenge was not given her, for the artist was not seen again that day.

The festivities were to wind up with a ball, to which all the country had been invited, and to which Shirley had been looking forward for weeks.

But somehow, when the evening arrived, the pleasure seemed to have diminished.

'I shall be glad when it is over,' she remarked to Lucy Brend, who was sharing the same room, and who looked up in comic surprise.

'Glad! My dear girl what has happened—quarrelled with one of your adorers?'

'Don't care that!—with a little snap of the fingers—for one of them.'

'Not for dear Gilbert?'

'No.'

Lucy laughed.

She was lounging in a low chair by the open window, waiting for the maid to come and dress her in the mass of silk and lace spread on the bed.

An open jewel-box stood beside her. She was selecting what she would wear. Shirley was leaning against the window frame, her pretty childish profile outlined against the tender evening sky.

'I wish I were in love,' she said.

'Why? Lucy asked, playing with a gold chain. 'It is a painful state to be in, unless you are certain the man cares for you.'

Shirley laughed.

'I suppose it would be rather unpleasant; but I should find out first.'

'It is not always possible,' the other argued. 'At least, not when one is placed as I am. Directly a man pays me attention, there comes the awful doubt—is it for my money? I wish I had none.'

She tossed the gold chain into the box, the colour deepened in her cheeks, and her brown eyes darkened.

'I believe Mr. Ridley loves you just for yourself,' Shirley said; 'but I should doubt Captain Dorrien.'

'You think that? How strange!' Lucy cried. 'Captain Dorrien makes violent love to me—Mr. Ridley makes any thing. I do honestly believe he cares for me; but he is poor and proud—and what can I do?'

Shirley shook her head.

'A girl is so helpless,' she said.

'When I saw those flowers—pointing to a beautiful bouquet, 'I thought he might have sent them; but they were from Dorrien—I hate him.'

'So do I,' Shirley agreed. 'I should let him propose, and refuse him. That will finish it. Now I am going to make myself beautiful.'

She succeeded very easily, and created quite a sensation when she appeared in the ball-room, clad in white from head to foot, with no ornament in the burnished gold of her hair, and only a single string of pearls round her slender white throat.

'Shirley is the prettiest girl here to-night,' Sir Martin observed to his son.

'Those are my sentiments,' returned young Metherell, in a very conscious way.

'I suppose you would have no objection to welcoming her as your daughter?'

'I should only be too happy, if it could be arranged,' the baronet replied.

He had often felt terribly anxious lest the boy should make a mess of it, for

young Metherell's tastes had been rather low, and Shirley was the first lady he had shown any decided fancy for.

'That's all right. I have your consent,' he said; 'and I'm much mistaken if I don't get hers!'

He hurried away to claim her for a dance, and Sir Martin found Madame Rozier at his elbow.

She laid her hand upon his arm.

'Come, my friend, to the terrace. These rooms are hot.'

Without a word he led her through one of the open windows.

Several people were sitting on the terrace, which was prettily illuminated with strings of colored lights.

He had decided to treat her with the utmost formality and politeness, and, arranging a chair for her, he asked if he could bring her anything.

For answer she tapped a seat with her fan.

'You are so high up, I cannot speak to you while you stand.'

He took a chair some little distance from her.

She watched him through half-closed lids, then said, abruptly—

'Your wife does not like me.'

'Madame,' he replied, gravely, 'is that possible?'

'You must insist that she alters her manner to me.'

'Lady Metherell is not a woman one can rule.'

'On this occasion you will have to manage it—or I must humble her pride by placing a few facts before her.'

He looked her full in the face.

The lights from the gently-swinging lamps gleamed in his eyes.

'Madame Rozier forgets the compact,' he said.

'Madame Rozier forgets nothing,' she replied, with emphasis. 'The compact was, that you introduced me to the lady known as your wife; that I became a guest in the house. Up to the present I have received an invitation for a week; after that, Lady Metherell will drop me. The invitation must be extended to an indefinite time—while I make my plans—you understand?'

'Perfectly,' he returned, with a bitter sneer. 'Welcome or unwelcome, you intend to remain.'

'Exactly so. As I told you before, it suits my purpose. Later it may suit me better to live close by. Then I shall have to trouble your pocket; but at present there is no need of that.'

He almost groaned aloud.

Was there no escape for him? Would he never be able to free himself from this woman's power? Would only death deliver him from this intolerable misery?

The gay chatter going on around—the music—the lights—all seemed to intensify the anguish of his mind.

He felt that for him the world had become a howling wilderness.

The quiet, breathless night seemed to suffocate him.

He stood up, turning his haggard eyes to where, between the trees, the sea gleamed in the moonlight.

Dola Rozier watched him with a little sneering smile, then shrugged her plump shoulders, as, without another word, he left her.

'To think,' she muttered, 'that I could ever have been madly in love with that man! He is a fool—a weak fool. Ah, well!'

She laughed, and, leaning back in her chair, idly scanned the passing couples.

Some she had conversed with, for the first time that afternoon, others were total strangers to her.

She was becoming weary of her own society, and the silent role of onlooker, when, suddenly, her interest was aroused.

She changed her attitude of lazy indifference to one keenly alert.

Two people had stepped into the flood of light, thrown upon the terrace from an open window—a pretty girl, in a glistening satin gown, and a good-looking man.

Miss Brend and Captain Dorrien.

He looked excited and triumphant.

She was very quiet, her face deathly pale.

They were very near to Madame Rozier, yet neither noticed her sitting, motionless, in the shadow, crouching like a cat about to spring.

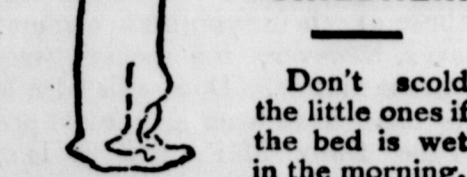
'My queen!' he said. 'You are cruel to leave me so soon.'

'Forgive me; but I—I want to be alone.'

'Forgive! Do you think I could ever do otherwise? You are trembling, poor timid little bird.'

He sought to draw her into his arms; but she shrank from him.

## DON'T CHIDE THE CHILDREN.



Don't scold the little ones if the bed is wet in the morning. Weak kidneys need strengthening—that's all. You can't afford to risk delay. Neglect may entail a lifetime of suffering.

## DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

Strengthen the Kidneys and Bladder, then all troubles cease.

Mr. John Carson, employed at M. S. Bradt & Co.'s store, Hamilton, Ont., says:

'My little boy seven years of age has been troubled with his kidneys since birth and could not hold his water. We spent hundreds of dollars doctoring and tried many different remedies, but they were of no avail. One box of Doan's Kidney Pills completely cured him.'

'Pray let me go.'

'Yes; when I have placed this upon your finger, in token of our betrothal.'

'Not to-night,' she pleaded. 'I want to think.'

'Then let this make your thoughts happy ones. Good-night, my sweet.'

His long, fair moustache touched the hand he held.

'Good-night,' she said, and left him.

He stood, for a minute or so, looking through the window, complaisantly smiling.

Then, suddenly, the smile froze on his lips, a look of amazed horror crept into his face.

A voice, close to him, had whispered a name which drained the blood from his cheek.

He peered into the shadow—two glittering, mocking eyes met his.

'Jim Hartland! Ah! I thought I could not be mistaken.'

He took a hasty step forward, his hand upraised in warning.

'For Heaven's sake hold your tongue, whoever you may be.'

'Is it possible you have forgotten me?' she questioned, as, slowly rising, she moved into the light.

'Dola—you?' he exclaimed. 'What on earth are you doing here?'

'Be careful, you will be overheard,' she said, cautiously. 'Let us take a turn.'

He held his arm for her.

She felt that it was trembling.

His voice, when he spoke, had a huskiness about it.

'It is strange we should meet like this,' he said, struggling to appear calm and indifferent. 'If you don't speak, I swear I won't.'

'I make no promise. The game I am playing cannot be injured by anything you can say. I hold a trump card in my hand.'

'For the sake of old times—' he began.

But she cut him short, exclaiming, passionately—

'For the sake of old times! What! when you set the police on me, to save yourself? You, who were the biggest blackguard amongst the whole crew! Five of us endured imprisonment, while you got off scot-free. I swore then, that I would be revenged, and now my time has come. I recognized you this afternoon—you did not see me. I inquired who you were. I am told you are Captain Dorrien, and in love with an heiress. I take it you have just proposed to that heiress. To-morrow the lady will return the ring you so lovingly pressed