## PROGRESS, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1899,

Continued from Tenth Page. stars were studding the deep blue above. when at length they parted.

'Good-night, my own, my dearest one,' he said. 'For ever and for ever I will be true to you.'

Through the misty evening she wen', his voice still echoing in her ears, the print of his kisses still warm upon her lips and cheek.

'I will be true to him,' she whispered, lifting her eyes to the heavens above. " will be true to him.'

No one heard her enter the house. and, gaining her room, she locked the door; then kneeling by the open window, she let her thoughts wander back over the past hour He loved her.

The very thought sent a rush of joy all through her.

She rested her cheek on the hand he had kissed, and closing ber eyes, tried to imagine his arms were around her again.

Madge tapped at the door on the way to her own room; but, receiving no answer, believed that her sister was asleep.

However, the slight sound disturbed Shirley's dreaming, and sent her thoughts into a more practical and less pleasant channel.

She would have to break off her engagement with Gilbert Metherell, and face the surprise and displeasure of everyone.

She thought of her mother's anger, of Madge's cold contempt.

No doubt Lady Metherell would take her to task, and condemn her conduct. It would all be awful; but she intended

to do it. At least, that night she did; but when

the morning came, she shrack more than ever from the ordeal.

At breakfast she found a letter lying beside her plate.

It was from Metherell.

He was on his way home, and might appear any day.

A teeling of dread pervaded Shiriey's heart.

What would be the result of their meeting ?

She trembled to think of it.

Shirley's mother and Madge were busy looking through a heap ot patterns which had been sent from town, and never notic ed how quite and pre-occupied she was. But, as she left the table, Mrs. Loraine looked up to say-

last. 'What is the matter with you ?' 'I am listening to what you tell me,' she replied.

'I don't believe you are,' he declared. 'What was I telling you about just now ?' Shirley had not heard a word.

'Don't tease me,' she said. pettishly. 'I am tired, and have a headache. We have spent the day in shops. I am quite certain the image of a young man, measuring out yards of things, is imprinted on my brain.' 'I thought,' said Sir Henry, who had overheard the remark, 'that all ladies loved | msid appeared with hot water. shopping.'

'I adore it,' cooed Madge.

'I detest it,' said Shirley. 'It tires one to death. It has left off raining has it not ?' 'Which means you want us to go,' said | find. Metherell, rising rather sulkily; while Mrs. Loraine rebuked her for her rudeness. 'You forget to pay the extra twopence for her manners when she went to school,' Sir Henry observed, with a sneer. 'I was speaking to Gilbert,' Shirley said, with a flash of her eyes at the baronet. "

may surely say what I like to him.' 'Certainly; but he has my sympathy.'

Shirley paid no need to this remark, but turning to Metherell, said-

'I will walk down to the gate with you, 'In those shoes !' cried Mrs Loraine.

But Shirley had already left the room, and Metherell followed her, after bidding the others good-night.

He found her waiting on the varandah. 'Your mother thinks you had better not come to the gate,' he said. Give me a kiss here Shirley; it seems an eternity since I had one.'

She hesitated, then lifted her face to his. 'I-I want to talk to you,' she stammered. 'I-want to tell that-that, perhaps after all, I-I don't care enough that-

'Heavens Shirley !' he interrupted, 'you don't mean to say you want to throw me over? You can't go back from your

word, you know. You did promise. Everybody knows you promised to marry me. I have not done anything to make you change. I thought of you every minute while I was away. I have not given you any cause to alter your mind; and it is not as if you had decided in a hurry. Gad ! you kept me waiting long enough.' He put his arm round her

descended to fall in love with him seemed, in her eyes, an awful disgrace.

She blamed herself, and her mother, for allowing the girl so much freedom. Shirley had been spoilt, and given her own way in everything, and this was what had come of it.

Well, it would have to be stopped at once, and the best plan would be to send love you now.' Shirley away on a visit.

Having arrived at this conclusion, she fell asleep, and did not wake until the

Shirley was out betimes.

would be beyond her powers of endurance. She chose the loneliest walk she could

She dreaded meeting anyone, and most of all did she dread meeting Vivian West. | you beside me. I should be atraid of no Once she fancied she caught sight of him one.' standing on the brow of a hill, and turning other direction.

If they met what were they to say to one another.

How could she ever tell him the truth? How could she ever make him understand it was not all her fault ? And meet him she did,

He came round a bend of the lane, with Ralph Devitt.

'Taking one of your early walks ?' the latter said, with a genial smile, 'It is quite the best time of the day, is it not ?' She made some incoherent remark about | until she was out of sight. the beauty of the morning.

She dared not glance at Vivian West as he stood on one side to let her pass. 'He will know now.' she said to herself, with trembling lip. 'He will know now. Mr. Devitt is certain to tell him.'

She hurried down to a little wood, and throwing herself on the grass, buried her face in her hands, muttering all the while, in a hard, gasping way-'He will know now !- he will know now !'

It was the thought of breakfast, which caused Shirley to put aside her misery for the time.

If she were late, she would probably be questioned as to where she had been, and what she had been doing ?

So she got up, put her hat straight, and wended her way towards home.

'Forgive you!' he repeated with a sudden flash of anger. 'Forgive you for making my lite harder and more desolate than it was before! Forgive you for fooling me ! Forgive you for trying to break my heart. so that your own vanity might be gratified! What will you ask next?'

'I loved you,' she cried, brokenly. 'I

But you love yoursely and the good things of this world better,' he replied. 'Yon say you love me-will you come to me now, as I am? Will you face poverty and hardships with me? Is your love She had telt that to remain inactive strong enough for that?"

> She went nearer to him, longing to creep with the shelter of his arms, and rest her aching head upon his breast.

> 'I think it is,' she said, wistfully. 'With

She laid her little hands upon his arm, with wildly beating heart, she ran in the | and lifted her eyes, all moist with unshed tears, to his face.

> He knew that he could win her then, but was too proud to take advantage of the moment.

'You think,' he said, more gently than he had hitherto done. 'I would like you to be certain. To-morrow morning, at this same time, I will be waiting here for you.

It yon are to be mine come to me then.' 'I will come,' she said, and, with a last

long look, turned and went away.' Leaning upon the gate, he watched her

'Good-bye,' he said, aloud. He knew she would never come to him

again. For a long while he stood there, gazing across the fields, with eyes which saw no outward things.

His teeth were set, his face was stern and grave beyond its years.

He roused himself at length by again speaking aloud.

'It shall be all work-work!' he said, 'I'l live for that alone.'

Every step that took Shirley nearcr home wakened her resolve to be true to her lover.

She loved him, but was she prepared to face poverty and hardships, and endure anger and contempt for his sake?

At one moment she thought she was; at another she felt see was not.

He had told himself that he would work, and give no thought away from his work. until he had made a wide-famed success ; but, that morning, he wondered disconsolately what was the use of it.

There was no one to toil for-no one to urge him on.

In the whole world there was not one soul to rejoice or sympathise with him.

He stood alone, to rise or tall, unsided. He walked many miles that day-walked as men do when striving to crush down thoughts and memories which mean pain and despair.

He endeavoured, with all his strength, to overcome his love for Shirley, to wipe from his remembrance the image of her flower-like face, to forget the charm of grace and manner which had so endeared her to him.

It was a hard task, and the evening found him worn out in mind and body.

As he entered Sea View Cottage, he encountered Sir Martin, who was just leaving. The baronet wished him 'Good-evening.' adding-

'After to-morrow, Mr. West, we shall not trouble you any more. The doctors have at length decided that Lady Metherell may be moved.'

'I am glad to hear it, for her ladyship's sake,' the young fellow replied.

He would have passed on to his room.

but Sir Martin stopped him. "Do you still find subjects for your pictures in this neighbourhood ? '

'Yes. I admire the scenery.'

'Your people must feel exceedingly proud of your talent.'

'Unfortunately, I have no people,' Vivian quietly returned.

'Indeed, that is-unfortunate. Nevertheless, there must be some who are taking a great interest in your career.'

Vivian West smiled in a grave sad way. 'If so, I am not aware of it,' he said. 'I believe I am the only person who takes any interest in it.'

'Is that possible ?'

'I regret to say it is.'

He had no idea of how Sir Martin was longing to hear something of his life-no knowledge of how almost every expression of face and tone of voice were stabbing the elder man through the heart like a twoedged knife. It seemed, to Sir Martin, that Lilian West's eyes looked from the young fellow's face into his, with undying reproach in their clear depths. The delicate, refined features, the proud, restful manner, brought her so vividly to his memory, that the old love seemed to stir to life again, and, in his passion of pain and longing, he almost cried her name aloud. 'Your mother,' he said, brusquely. 'Is -it long since she died ?' They had sauntered into the little garden. 'I have no recollection of my mother,' Vivian said. 'I can only look back to a miserable, awful childhood-a nightmare of horror and dread, which at times haunts me even now." 'You interest me,' Sir Martin said. 'I should like to here the story of your life; but, believe me, I ask for it from no vulgar curiosity. I am rich and possess some influence, and may be able to help you.' 'You are very kind' Vivian replied. 'Success, though, must depend entirely on my own merits and perseverance. As to the story of my life, it is scarcely romantic. He paused, while his thoughts went flashing back over the life-road he had travelled. It looked bleak, and bare, and desolate enough; scarce a gleam of sunshine through the universal gloom. 'Who my parents were,' he began, 'is unknown to me; but 1 believe-I cannot help believing-they were gentle people, who, for some reason, wished to rid themselves of my unfortunate self. I was brought up by a rough, common, illiterate couple. The woman was kind to me in her way, poor soul !- I know she did her best; but the man was a drunken cowardly brute, who ill-treated us both. For me he invitation had not come a moment too seemed to entertain a special hatred, and never lost an opportunity of revenging himself upon me. I was a delicate, sensitive little fellow. Those days have left a mark upon me that no time can efface. "The first break that came in that ter" rible life was caused by the death of the woman. She was the only soul who had been good to me. I was heartbroken, and terrified beyond all expression at the though of being left alone with the man. I bore it for a few days, than I ran away. 'There is no need to depict the hardships which tollowed-and I have no notion how long they lasted--it seemed to me years. Then one bitter winter's day. I fell down in the street, exhausted with cold and hunger. A long illness followed. 'When, at length, I began to regain consciousness, I found myself in a small. bright room, with a stern, though pleasant. woman to watch over me. Afterwards I learnt she was the housekeeper of an old gentleman named Chadwick. 'It appears that I had fallen at his very feet, opposite his own door, and he at once had had me carried in.

'We are going into Ipswich, on a shopping expedition. You had beetter come, too

She had expected Shirley to raise objections, instead of which the girl merely asked the time they were to start.

That was a long and weary day for Shirley.

The whole time she was trying to screw up her courage to say, 'I have changed my mind and do not intend to marry Gilbert.'

Once, in the train, she almost began the sentence she had prepared ; but the words died away on her lips.

'She would tell them when she got home,' she decided, and, when they reached Fairfield, they tound Gilbert Metherell leaning upon the gate, smoking a cigarette.

He was looking sunburnt, and much better than usual, and had brought with quite a heap of presents for Shirley. She wished he had not done so.

She had a miserable feeling that coals of fire were being heaped upon her head.

After dinner Sir Henry came in.

It had been thundering all the evening, and, just as he reached the door the rain came down in torrents.

'It will cool the air,' Mrs. Loraine said, as they sat in the drawing-room, listening to the storm. 'Dear me!'-as a terrible clap seemed to shake the house -- 'that was near.'

'I know it is very foolish,' Madge said in her sweet, low voice, 'but I always feel more afraid of the thunder than I do of the lightning.'

Sir Henry burst into a roar of laughter. That remark is worthy of a woman,' he declared. 'You have some sense in that head of yours, Madge.'

"Sufficient for ordinary use," she responded calmly.

He laughged again.

He did not preter a sharp, clever woman; as he otten said to himself. 'He preferred a pretty fool.'

Madge knew this, and allowed him to imagine her one.

Shirley sat on a sofa, at the other end of the room Young Metherell was beside her, recounting his adventures.

She liked him to talk; it saved her the necessity of doing so.

'You are awfully quiet,' he said, at

JUDGE AND JURY. The Man Who Uses Shoe Polish is his own Judge, and the Jury can't disagree.

waist and kissed her. 'I have won you, he said, and I will not give you up. So make your mind easy.'

Mrs. Loraine came to the drawing room window.

'Shirley ?' she called ; 'Shirley, are you standing out there, in the damp ?' 'Run in,' Metherell said ; 'and dont be

such a little duffer again.'

He went off, picking his way down the path, which was flooded with the late rain, and Shirley, without uttering another word let him go.

That night Madge was awakened by someone sobbing on her bed.

She sat up and found it was Shirley. 'What is the matter !' she inquired. 'Are you ill ?'

'I am perfectly miserable,' Shirley cried. 'For pity's sake Madge, tell me what to do. I-I don't want to marry Gilbert. I told him so; but he would not hear to it.'

'I should think not,' Madge said, brushing some hair from her tace. 'Why, you must be mad to think of such a thing!" 'But I don't care for him,' the girl de-

clared. 'You should have thought of that before,' was the consoling reply. 'It is to late to draw back now, Do try to be sensible about it. I am not in love with Henry; still, I intend to enjoy myselt as Lady Ayerst.'

But if you cared for some one else ? 'I do not.'

'But it you did ?' Shirley persisted. 'If you loved someone with all your heart, only he happened to bo poor, and youyou would have to wait for him, would you still marry Sir Henry ?'

Madge glanced sharply at her; in a flash she guessed the truth.

'I should marry Sir Henry' she said, with quiet decision. 'If I were an heiress, I should probably marry the poor man-if of course he was a gentleman. As we are placed now, we cannot afford to think about love. Why, my dear child, supposing you were to set your affection on some poverty-stricken young man, what would become of you? You know that mother is selling capital to buy my trousseau. It must be done; there is no other way. She will do the same for you, and we shall have to make it up to her. Henry will make her an allowance, and Gilbert will, of course, do the like; so that she will be able to enjoy comparative luxury, for the rest of her life.

But if you jilt Gilbert, the Metherells will become our enemies; and I know Henry would do nothing for poor mother while you are at home, because you are always so rude to him. He quite dislikes

you. 'Is that two o'clock striking? Oh! Shirley, run away to bed at once, and don't be silly any longer. I am quite certain that you would hate to be poor and badly dressed for the rest of your days.'

It was all so true; every word seemed to be crushing out Shirley's poor little romance.

She was almost there, she came face to face with Vivian West again.

He was waiting by a gate through which she had to pass. Hs opened it for her, without a word. Then their eyes met, and a little cry of

fear broke from her lips. He looked like a man who had sustaina severe shock.

He had a dazed appearance, and, when he spoke, his voice had lost it pleasant tones.

'I have been waiting for you,' he said. 'l heard a strange thing about you to-day. I want to hear from your own lips that it is a lie.

He paured.

She was trembling, and laid her hand upon the gate to steady herself.

'It was Devitt who told me,' he continued, 'after we met you in the lane. He said you were engaged to Sir Martin Metherell's son.'

Another pause, longer than the first. Her dark lashes hid her eyes.

To speak appeared an impossibility to her then.

There seemed no words for her to utter. He broke the silence, with a short, bitter laugh.

'It is true, then ! You are a finished coquette, Miss Loraine. I admit you fooled me completely. But why act longer? The play is over. I trust you have enjoyed it.' His mocking contemptuous tone cut her like a knife; it sent the hot blood flaming to her cheeks.

She stretched out her hands entreating-

'For Heaven's sake be merciful ! I did not mean to do it. I cannot help myself !' she almost wailed.

The hardness of his face never softened. 'I may be dense,' he said, coldly ; 'but I fail to understand the meaning of your words. You could not help winning the love of one man, while you were bound to another? Does he know that I have held you in my arms? Does he know that I have kissed your lips ? I thought him a brainless top when I met him; but I pity him now. Do not let me keep you longer.' He litted his cap.

She moved a few paces from him, then stopped.

'You think me heartless and wicked,' she said, piteously. 'I did wrong, I know; but am suffering for it.'

'You !' sceptically. 'In what way can you suffer ?'

"It I told you, you would not believe." He shrugged his broad shoulders.

Would that be my fault? Until this hour I believed you loyal and true. I have found you utterly faithless. I could never trust

you again ' A great longing came upon her, for one

kindly word, one gentle look. 'I would have been true to you,' she cried 'had they let me. I meant to break off my engagement with Gilbert Metherell. I do' not love him; I do not want to marry him,

She recalled all Madge had said, and Gilbert's indignation.

They would, she knew, be furious with her for breaking off her engagement; but, when they learnt the reason-when she told them that she intended to marry one who was poorer aud obscure-what would their teelings be?

They were seated at breakfast, Madge and her mother.

They were talking earnestly togtether, but stopped as Shirley entered giving her an uncomfortable feeling that she had been the subject of rhe conversation.

However, they greeted her with smiling 'Good-mornings,' said how lovely the weather was, and showed her some wed-

ding presents had arrived by the post. 'We shall have yours coming in directly the date is fixed,' Mrs. Loraine said, with a pleasant laugh. 'Oh, I have a piece of news for you, Shirley! Your Aunt Mary is going to take you to the Isle of Wight for a few weeks, just while Madge and I are so busy arranging things. We must go up to town, and I was wondering whom I could ask to come here and chaperon you. This timely invitation has settled the dif-ficulty. I have already sent off a telegram to say you are coming. We can all go up together this atternoon, and I will leave you with Aunt Mary.'

Shirley raised no objection.

She telt that fate had decided things for her.

She also knew that it would be utterly useless for her to refuse to go.

So, with many conflicting emotions, she packed her neat basket-trunk, and bad farewell to Coddington for some weeks, at least.

Madge noticed that her eyes were red with crying, but she made no remark about

As she watched Shirley's pale face and listless manner, she felt that Aunt Mary's soon.

## CHAPTER XII.

Vivian West kept his tryst; but no slim, girlish figure came across the meadows to him.

He had not expected her.

He had forced himself to believe she was tar to frail and timid to dare much for his sake.

Yet, nevertheless, the disappointment was bitterly keen, and, for once, even his art seemed to lose its charm.

mother's medicine.

What distress and anguish come to the mother when her little one wakes up at night with a nasty croupy cough. Wise mothers always keep on hand a bottle of

	It was no use fighting longer.	'Then why,' he demanded, are you go-	Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.	To be Continued.
PUT DAGENARDOS Special Shoe Dressings ON TRIAL. Watch the Verdict. L. H. PACKARD & Co., MONTREAL	Fate intended her to marry Gilbert Metherell. She went back to her room, and crept into bed. Life seemed very'hopeless, She felt too wretched for tears, but lay staring into the darkness with wide, anguished eyes. It was some time, too, before Madge managed to fall asleep. She was worried about her young sister, of whom, in her cold, calm way, she was very fond. She had found it easy enough to guess the cause of Shirley's grief. It appeared very patent to her that the unknown young man at Sea View Cottage was answerable for it all. She had seen him two or three times, and had noticed that he was remarkably hand-	ing to do so? 'Because—because I must,' she answer- ed weakly. He smiled grimly. 'Because he is rich,' he said bitterly. 'You have had to choose between love and money—and, like many another, you have chosen the money. Well, I trust it will bring you all the happiness you expect it to.' 'I expect nothing but misery,' she cried, passionately. 'I wish that I were dead!' He hesitated for an instant. Her words had raised a wild hope, which he was striving to crush back. 'If that is so,' he said, at last, 'why not choose the love?' 'I dare not,' she faltered. 'In that case,' he said, 'let us end this interview.'	It's so pleasant to the taste the youngsters take it without any fuss, and at the same time its promptness and effectiveness are such that the cough is checked before anything serious develops.	WHEN HEART FAILS. Life's Charm Vanishes—No Case of Hear Disease Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Hear Will not Relieve in 30 Minutes, and Per-
downwwwwwww.www.	some; but that Shirley should have con-	·	is all of the strength to be a strength to be a strength and the strength of the strengt of the strength of the strength of th	a beaution and the second of the second second