PROGRESS, SATURDAY, JULY 7 1900.



My face, my heart, seemed on fire with shane.

"Oh! grandfather, grandfather! how could you vow me to another ?'

I wept and wrung my hands, going up and down the garden walks, a desolate maiden in trailing white gown, bare head ed, my tawny bair unbound and floating over my shoulders.

I thought of Jephtha's daughter, going up and down on the mountains, bewailing the fate to which her father had vowed her.

She had her companions to pity her, to weep with her, but I was alone, miserably alone.

My grandfather was old-what could be know of lover or lovers?

Love had been as nothing to him for many a year.

What could Jeanek ow-who had rever had a lover, so far as I had ever heard?

I thought of all the tregic maidens I had ever read of-ot her, the love lorn girl of our own house, who rather than go to a hateful bridal, dropped herself into the moat, and so ended all.

Poor, misguided girl! What a terrible blank she made of her God given life-how I pitied her!

Come back-come 'back !' I cried, as it I saw her going to her own undoing.

I must have been bysterical; I scrambled up the ivy, to the top of the wall, and peered over into the dark, sullen waters | flowing slong below, on the other s de.

·Cb ld, chi.d !' It was Jeane's voice, and Jeane's hand caught hold of my dress | or early to day, and that this was my oirth 'What are you doing here, my darling ?'

But this was real; my ring was certainly missing from my finger.

I search d, and searched, ard searched, and when Je ne came ir, she did the same, but it was not to be tou: d

Ob, Jean ! what shall I do?' I cried at list, when we had searched through the room as thoroughly as time afforded.

'Go down to break'as'. Mis. Letitis. If your grandtather misses it. as we know he will'-whi h was what I tear d-tell him the truth, that you can't find it, that you must have misland it Plain derlng's a jewel, you know, and it must be only m :laid; we h ve no thieves in the house.'

And I answered -Ob, no, of course no! and w nt down wich some trepidation, on account of what happened yesterday, as well as because of the ring being absent from my firger, a

fact which I knew my graudtather's sharp yes would soon spy out It was a costly bauble, be ause of its stones ; 'of the first water,' Jeane said they were.

There were two such rings among the Marsden jewels; one had been worn by my granefither's first wit, and was given by him at her death to my Uacle Lionel, and so was lost with him

My own, as I have said, bad been worn by my mother. My grandta ter missed it before I was well seated at table.

I had mislaid it, I said, and h n in came my cousin O iver.

In uy consternation about my ring I had forgo ten that be was to arrive last night day.

away-and here he is to say it.' And be did say it And what could I say or do, save to shiver and shake, and cling to Jeans's arn? 'You m y all go,' said my grandtather, with a wave of his band, and then he motioned my cousin to come with him to the library

I tollowed.

'No. Lettie; we have no need of you,' said grand acher shortly.

'Let her come. sir,' pleaded my ccusic, no doubt reading my desire in my eyes. 'Well, there's little doubt as to who the thief is,' said the grandfather, when I was allowed to form the third with them.

.Who ?' asked my cousin. 'Mr. Maitland '

'Who is this Mr. Maitland ?'

"The perfidious painter I told you of." 'But there might be some mistake. It's rather hard to give a man a b d name unless you've really evidence of the fact. He surely would not - could not ---- '

He hesitated and looked at me, a comparcionate ami'e in his eves.

He is the thirt! It he could not purlia one precious thing, he would have his price

"It is talse, grandfather. He has purloined nothing, and you cught not to call a man a thie', even behind his back, till you prove him such,' cried I botly.

'Sofily, little woman, sofily !' spoke my cousin.

'I will not go softly till my grandtather has taken back that word-'thiet.'

'Tell me why the tellow came sneaking back, and through the house, whose doors had peen stut in his face, but to piller and steal! Tell me that,' said my grandfather as sternly is it he had been in the magisterial b. nch.

'He came to see me, and wish me good. ove,' stammered I, my hands hiding my burning cheeks.

'A pretty confession for a maiden to make, and she betrothed to another !'

'Nay, sir, do not taunt the child with-'With a maiden's unmaidenlines,' sneerd my grandiather 'The tellow shall be searched for, apprehended,' and he sat

down to his desk, and drew pen, japer, and ink towards bim He rang 'or a servant when he had fin-

ished writing 'Take this to the police station at Fram



Grandfatter,' I said, kneeling beside im, my head on his knee, 'I have something to ask-to tell you.'

Siy on, Letitia,' he returned, using that stil ed name again.

'Do not send Mr. Maitland for trial; let bim go tree. He is inpocent-I know be is innocent !'

'Tut, child ! you'e mad to say that, when the ring was found upon him.' spoke grandfather, his tone hard and severe as that of a judge.

No, no; I can't believe it, grandfather ! I cried.

But seeing is believing When you have the all-convincing ring upon your finger, how can you persist in your girlich tolly ?" 'And it he is guilty---which he is not," were my contradictory word . chinging my tactics, 'be mercitul to lim, grandtather-let him go tree for my sake, because I have loved him -love bim still !'

'Silence, lfttle granddaughter, av d listen to me! I will hear no more of these unmaidenly confessions. I believe your very innocence prompts them; but I will not listen to you; 'Every tub must stand upon its own bottom, as the old saying goes. This tellow has courted hs own tate, and ne shall bear it, save upon one condition." Yes, grandfather, I know what you mean. 1 will marry my cousin-I will,

indeed ; only, release Mr. Maitland ' 'Now, at once, you promise it.

'Yes I promise it; I-I-" I stam. mered over it.

It seemed like stutting out all li'e, light, warmth, and gladness from my very being but, for his dear sake - for the sake of my heart's dear love-what would I not do? Then a figure rose and stepped forward from a distant window.

No.

It was my cousin Oliver.

'Uncle, why will you torture the poor child in this way when you know you have promised me to release this-this man on the morrow? Why wring her very soul like thi P' said he, halt sternly.

'To teach her a life lesson-to bnd her to you '

'So be it. Cousin Lettie, this Mr. Mait" land of yours shall be liberated to-morrowpromise you '

He patted me on the head, this good, true cousin Oliver.

My heart yearned towards bin with such ratitude, that I caught his hand and kissed it.

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grandtather, it is,' my tears talling fast the while It was a mis rable afternocn.

Would that I could see some differenc some detect even-in the workmanship of the pititul little bauble I slipped round and round on my figer

But no, it was the ring-my own ring. and Mr Maitland must be what they were calling him.

My idol was fal n- hattered ; and yet I still loved him, even in his abasement-his own uncoing.

The Mars ens were true in love and bate.

If I loved. it must be love fore ver; if the glory departed. it wis-it must be-love s'ill, and p.rt of an old ballad of my moth er's, which I sometimes sang, came lilting through my brain

'Prav, what is love? Ohl maider, say hat its witcherv, what its way

. The summer days were never so bright,

'Love comes, but never goes,' she said.

tor the first time in my lite

in a telon's doom

sing

ed?

she.

among my fellows.

The hils were cothed with a n w de light;

The fields and meads were nev r o gre n. The earth was wrapped in a gold nabeen.' 'And when love goes?' - be howed her bead.

We were to have a party. a dinner, and

a dance after-some would have called it a

ball -in bonor of my eighteenth birthday;

a young people's gathering in the bouse,

Ab, me ! what a mockery it was when

Jeans drissed me or my first party-I to

play hostess and queen of the evening, to

dance, and be gay and entertaining. to

please my so-called friends and admirers;

and he, the beloved of my heart, in dur-

ance vile, waiting to be weighed and sitted,

as it were, on the morrow, and then to be

sent for another period of waiting, to end

My very heart throbbed the wrds

What cared I what I wore-bow I look-

I toesed my new gowns and trappings,

aside so impatiently, as the order we at on

that Jesne, good, patient Jeare, rep oved

'Child, to be fractious under a trisl is

but to increase its wee, both to yourself

and others. I doubt it yonder poor prisoner

in his cell 18 so ill-disciplined as you My

heart bleeds for you, but my hand is as

gentle towards you as on the day I took

you from your mother's dying arme,' said

And when at this I wept and wept, she

told me that my beauty was not my own

to mar and spoil for the evening, but my

grandtather's, when he had been waiing

these eightern years to see me shine

Well, well, reprove an impatient, per

verse girl, and you will get little for your

pains save pride and sullenness; so, at

last, Jeane lett me alone, ready to go

down and play hostess for the first time,

in all my pretty year - a chimmering white

silk gown from London, my mother's

pearance, Jeane told me, and I fairly

But when she was gone, and I had wept

mitted the truth, in regard to what had

betallen me; tor, simple and unaccustom-

ed to the world and its ways. I knew, as

No, no; I had been wrong, and I would

So, when I had bathed my eyes, and

through that long, miserable farce of dres-

'He is innocent ! he is ir nocent !'

0

Ttere was such a sob of tendernes in her tone that I took her outstretched hand and | for my grandtach r had chidden me for lesped down.

upon her face, and I saw that tears were me in his arms and wish d me all good trickling down ber cheeks.

'Mies Lettie, surely you are not intend ing to play that dark tragedy of your house over again?' said she, drawing me to her. 'No, no, no!' I sobbed. 'I could not sent, on my finger, I lelt he had not for cast away my life so.'

'No, Miss Lettie, our lives are given us to be lived-let others warp them as they may-and to be lived honorably.

'Jeane, you do not think me wrong?' asked, my besd on her shoulder.

'I do not think you right, Miss Lettie, por your grandfather, nor yet Mr Mait land, whom he as good as kicked out of the house '

'Kicked!' I gasped.

Well, be made no fuss, but stood at the hall door and saw him go.'

"Wrer?"

'Why, when the bother was.'

'Have you heard, Jeant? Do you know I'm to marry my cousin Oliver?' 'Yes, dear. He's coming to night or

early to morrow to claim you." "Have you known of this long?"

'Yes for years.'

"And what do you think of it? Why did you never mention it to me?'

'You were such a child, and when you were-well, older, i feared to put my marring hand into the affair.'

"Then you don't like the thought of it ?" 'It doesn't matter about my liking it;

that rests or ought to, with you.'

- 'I shall hate him.'
- ·Who ?'

'My Cousin Oliver.'

'No, dear; no girl is justified in even saying that much, and certainly not in feel ing, it of the man she vows to honor; that is, it he is worthy of her, and Mr. Oliver is worthy of any girl.'

'Do you know him ?'

'I saw him as a lad-a noble, generous hearted boy he was. But come indoors you are shivering."

She drew me in and bolted the coor

'Do you know Miss Lettie, I los my lover by snother girl taking him from me. I hadn't even you: satisfaction of giving him up at the call of duty.' she whispered, as she kissed me good-night.

'By another girl taking him ?'

'Yes; and that girl my own sister. She loved him, and won him from me almost on the eve of our wedding; I let him go and have lived my life, without taking that bard word 'hate' into my heart, or even allowing it to be on my tongue. Good-night Miss Lettie.'

She left me, and I wept myself to sleep, as much for Jeane as for myself.

CHAPTER V.

My ring-my beautitul diamond ring-I had lost it !

One of the Marsden ne ren mother had worn a brief

I met him coldy and almost sullenly. mislaying so costly and sacred a relic; The newly risen moon was shining full and though, the next moment, he folded wishes, putting in my hand a case containing a set of pearls that had been my mother's as well as slipping a pretty new ring, as his own exp cil pre

gotton yesterday. Nor b d [

My cousin had brought me a waist belt of Australian gold, of beautiful workman ship, and a small packet, which he took from his pocket and replaced again, making my cheeks tingle, tor I guessed what it was by the look he gave me.

Well, we got through break ast, and 1 must say, I could have liked my ousin it be had not been what he was to me.

He was a fine, tandsom-, man, with dark hair, and a cark moutach; but there was a sweetness, a tend rness, it 1 may so express myselt. in his emile and his shimmering eyes which the M rsdens

lack d wi h all their guits and groces. With that swe t shimmer in his eyes, I did not thisk they would ev r grow hard and almost trowning like my grandtatter's Atter presktast the old man alled for a general search, my cousin taking part with the rest, but the ring was not to be found ;

and ben came an assembling of servants in the hall-my grandtather seemed in a great hear about its disappearance. Has any ou si ter been seen in the house

last night or this morning ?' he asked, among other questions.

And James, the tootman being put upon what was to him as binding as an oath, was constrained to own that he h d seen Mr Matland-or someone he supposed to be bim-fliding through passag s and corri dora after his dismissal. and that he had followed him till he resched Miss L the's suite of rooms, and-well, then he to liowed him no far ber

The poor tellow stammered, and grew very confused

'le that all you know ?' thundered my grandtather.

As tor me, I must have turned pale as death, for I telt ready to faint. Yes, sir, all, except th t one of the

grooms says he saw Mr. Maitland leap the

ton,' was his mandate, and the servant retired with the note.

My rousin wandered out into the grounds. I crept away, like a poor little haumbled de broned queen, my crown gone-sy, everything I valued, as it seemed to me, seattered; my love an unwortby one, it all they said was true.

It could not be true; he, my unconfess ed lover, could not have committed to base a deed.

And yet my heart misgave me against my will

Could it be that last hand clarp was but a thiel's trick ?

I had wandered up to the gallery. I should have screamed as the thought presented itself to my mind; only, the echoes would have tossed the sound about so unmercitully

I went to where stood my picture, veiled like my poor, humbled lite; there it lay, an unfinished thing, like what my future would be-a beautiful something that might have been, but would never be now; incomplete, lacking !

I should live on, and feel and suffer, and meybap rejoice; but not with the exultant jubilation of one with her heart's desire crowned, consummsted; nor suffer with that intensity of soul where the harp strings of life are atune to ecstasy

A poor, unfinished life, surely, mine would be, very like my picture; and down I sat in the old carved chair, where I had so often sat before, and wept.

CHAPTER VI.

The luncheon bell roused me, so I went and bathed my eyes, and descended to the dining room

'Here, Lettie, is your ring; take it and be thanktul. We were just in time, and caught our bird at the station, all but on he wing; but now he's ceged, and safe in hold.'

So my grandfather greeted me, holding up the ring to my astonished eyes as I entered the room. Astonished !

It seemed as it I were in the mazes of pearls, my white bouquet-a bride in apsome great, over mastering dream, from which I should awake and find myself once | drove her from the room. more the happy, gay, laughter-loving girl -the careless, petted Lettie Marsden I away my rebellion and ill conditioned kickwas that day when, out on the downs, I ing against the pricks, my conscience ad met my fate.

It there was such a heathenish thing as Fate, truly I and Fate met then.

But no: there was to be no awakening by intuition, it was not the correct thing -it was all real and as prosaically true as | to allow those stolen meetings with this as they told me it was-at least, my passing stranger, eiting at our table as grandtather did the telling; my cousin sat | such. silent, and, I believe, regarded me with

pity. go below and own as mu h to my grandfather, and sue for the poor culprit whose Dear old man ! so hard and unfeeling in tuture he was blighting-ay, worse than his sense os justice, in dealing out like for blighting-blasting ! like, he seemed to me almost exultant over the telling-how the police caught Mr. become more composed, taking a glance Maitland at the railway station, he having into the glass at my beautiful shimmering even taken his seat in the carriage ready to start.

They led him out into a waiting-room,

So I had made my ples, and gained itnay, my cousin had torestalled me, and wrung this concession from my grandfather tor me

When our guests began to arriv, nobody divined, percaps, what a bitter sweet tumult throt bed at my heart, under my skimmering gown.

I got through my first dinner with credit then followed a wandering at will-for these who preferred it-about the rambling old house, and dancing in the long, echoing ssloon, ablaz + with lights.

It opened out into a conservatory, where, at one end was a green bank. with an alcove-like seat, overhung with creepers.

It was a device of my mother's-here see used to sit and dream ber girlish dreams; and, as dance tollowed dance, I mansged to creep away and sit in this c ol retreat, for a breathing time, and to think-of what?

A poor, proud, indignant prisoner. like a lion in a net, shut a way from everybody, a stigms upon his name f r evermore; and I was here in this shimmer of life and beauty the gayest of the gay, to all seem-

Oh, mother, mother. mother !'

The cry had never escoped my lips before, for in my happy lite I had never missed her; but now-oh! to lay my head on her bosom and whisp r all in her sym-pathetic ear, to teel her caressing fingers among my hair !

Little Cousin Lettie !' It was my cousin Oliver

I intuitively shrank from him, as he took my hand.

Child ! Do not evade me like that Do not think I have come to claim v u like a little bond slave. No, no ! No honorable man chooses his wite so.'

'You have no choice,' said I in a low voice

'Oh ! haven't I ? Every man has as much freedom as that-to choose his own wife, his own lite-companion."

'You will lose the estate

'Well, what of that ? 'All for love, and the world well lost.' Is not that something like what you are doing ?'

Was he a thought-reader ?

'I-I-- I stammered.

'Little cousin, it is cruel perfidy to vow yourself away to one man, to save another you love. Think of it !'

His voice was kind, but grave.

"We were both vowed away, years ago," reminded him.

'Yes; but we needn't ratify the vow and make ourselves miserable.

"But-but what can we do ?"

'Let it stand over, L ttie. It takes two to make a bargain, and there's only one ready in the present ins ance, and that one is not yourself. Now, shall we go back and dance one dance together? -that is, if it's not over. Remember, you selt, to see I was as my grandmother are as tree as air with regard to any con-

One Hen One Day One Day One Mill It costs a mill a day-one cent every ten days-to make a hen laver when eggs are



