

Biblioteka

U. M. K.

Toruń

122787

SOLD SEPARATELY.

Jäskendorf

COLLECTION
OF
BRITISH AUTHORS

TAUCHNITZ EDITION.

VOL. 3063.

THE BEAUTIFUL SOUL.

BY

FLORENCE MARRYAT.

IN ONE VOLUME.

LEIPZIG: BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ.

PARIS: C. REINWALD & CIE, 15, RUE DES SAINTS-PÈRES.

PARIS: THE GALIGNANI LIBRARY, 224, RUE DE RIVOLI,
AND AT NICE, 48, QUAI ST. JEAN BAPTISTE.

*This Collection
is published with copyright for Continental circulation, but
all purchasers are earnestly requested not to introduce the
volumes into England or into any British Colony.*

Biblioteka

U. M. K.

Toruń

122787

SOLD SEPARATELY.

Jäskendorf

COLLECTION
OF
BRITISH AUTHORS
TAUCHNITZ EDITION.

VOL. 3063.

THE BEAUTIFUL SOUL.
BY
FLORENCE MARRYAT.

IN ONE VOLUME.

LEIPZIG: BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ.

PARIS: C. REINWALD & CIE, 15, RUE DES SAINTS-PÈRES.

PARIS: THE GALIGNANI LIBRARY, 224, RUE DE RIVOLI,
AND AT NICE, 48, QUAI ST. JEAN BAPTISTE.

This Collection

*is published with copyright for Continental circulation, but
all purchasers are earnestly requested not to introduce the
volumes into England or into any British Colony.*

July 1895.

Tauchnitz Edition.

Latest Volumes:

Pudd'nhead Wilson.

A New Novel by Mark Twain.
1 vol.

Round the Red Lamp.

The Newest Stories by A. Conan Doyle.
1 vol.

The Old, Old Story.

A New Novel by Rosa Nouchette Carey.
2 vols.

Mrs. Bouverie.

A New Novel by F. C. Philips.
1 vol.

A Romance of Dijon.

A New Novel by M. Betham-Edwards.
1 vol.

A Daughter of Judas.

A New Novel by Richard Henry Savage.
1 vol.

Chapters
from some Memoirs.

A New Work by Anne Thackeray Ritchie.
1 vol.

(Continued on page 3 of cover.)

21.4

COLLECTION
OF
BRITISH AUTHORS

TAUCHNITZ EDITION.

VOL. 3063.

THE BEAUTIFUL SOUL. BY FLORENCE MARRYAT.

IN ONE VOLUME.

35184

THE BEAUTIFUL SOUL

BY

FLORENCE MARRYAT,

AUTHOR OF

"FIGHTING THE AIR," "HER FATHER'S NAME," ETC.

COPYRIGHT EDITION.

LEIPZIG

BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ

1895.

TAUCHNITZ EDITION.

By the same Author,

| | |
|-------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| LOVE'S CONFLICT 2 v. | WITH CUPID'S EYES 2 v. |
| FOR EVER AND EVER 2 v. | MY SISTER THE ACTRESS 2 v. |
| THE CONFESSIONS OF GER- | PHYLLIDA 2 v. |
| ALD ESTCOURT 2 v. | HOW THEY LOVED HIM 2 v. |
| NELLY BROOKE 2 v. | FACING THE FOOTLIGHTS |
| VÉRONIQUE 2 v. | (WITH PORTRAIT) 2 v. |
| PETRONEL 2 v. | A MOMENT OF MADNESS, ETC. 1 v. |
| HER LORD AND MASTER 2 v. | THE GHOST OF CHARLOTTE |
| THE PREY OF THE GODS 1 v. | CRAY, ETC. 1 v. |
| LIFE OF CAPTAIN MARRYAT 1 v. | PEERESS AND PLAYER 2 v. |
| MAD DUMARESQ 2 v. | UNDER THE LILIES AND ROSES 2 v. |
| NO INTENTIONS 2 v. | THE HEART OF JANE WARNER 2 v. |
| FIGHTING THE AIR 2 v. | THE HEIR PRESUMPTIVE 2 v. |
| A STAR AND A HEART 1 v. | THE MASTER PASSION 2 v. |
| THE POISON OF ASPS 1 v. | SPIDERS OF SOCIETY 2 v. |
| A LUCKY DISAPPOINTMENT 1 v. | DRIVEN TO BAY 2 v. |
| "MY OWN CHILD" 2 v. | A DAUGHTER OF THE TRO- |
| HER FATHER'S NAME 2 v. | PICS 2 v. |
| A HARVEST OF WILD OATS 2 v. | GENTLEMAN AND COURTIER 2 v. |
| A LITTLE STEPSON 1 v. | ON CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVI- |
| WRITTEN IN FIRE 2 v. | DENCE 2 v. |
| HER WORLD AGAINST A LIE 2 v. | MOUNT EDEN 2 v. |
| A BROKEN BLOSSOM 2 v. | BLINDFOLD 2 v. |
| THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL 2 v. | A SCARLET SIN 1 v. |
| THE FAIR-HAIRED ALDA 2 v. | A BANKRUPT HEART 2 v. |
| | THE SPIRIT WORLD 1 v. |

122.787



CONTENTS.

PART THE FIRST.—SPRING.

| | Page |
|-------------------------|------|
| CHAPTER I. | |
| The Accident | 7 |
| CHAPTER II. | |
| The Operation | 29 |
| CHAPTER III. | |
| The Avowal | 51 |
| CHAPTER IV. | |
| The Contract | 74 |

PART THE SECOND.—SUMMER.

| | |
|--------------------------|-----|
| CHAPTER V. | |
| The Engagement | 95 |
| CHAPTER VI. | |
| The Picnic | 117 |
| CHAPTER VII. | |
| The Attraction | 140 |

| | Page |
|-----------------------------|------|
| CHAPTER VIII. | |
| The Discovery | 162 |
| PART THE THIRD.—WINTER. | |
| CHAPTER IX. | |
| The Sacrifice | 185 |
| CHAPTER X. | |
| The Rejection | 205 |
| CHAPTER XI. | |
| The Disappearance | 226 |
| CHAPTER XII. | |
| The Salvation | 250 |

THE BEAUTIFUL SOUL.

PART THE FIRST.—SPRING.

CHAPTER I.

THE ACCIDENT.

It was not quite fair of Miss Hetherington's female friends to call her ugly—no face can be really ugly that bears the impress of an unselfish and generous soul—but at the same time no one could have said she was handsome. Her grey eyes were small, though set wide apart in a broad, low forehead—her nose was heavy—her mouth large—her hair in no abundant quantity and of an ordinary brown.

But in compensation for these personal disadvantages, she possessed a fair and delicate complexion, a set of wholesome white teeth, and a tall and graceful figure. And you must add to these a heavenly expression. Felicia Hetherington's smile was "sweetness, long drawn out."

When you had once seen it in its completeness, it haunted you. It was her soul that shone through her eyes at such moments and made her beautiful. But few people saw it—few ever saw her smile—for though rich and her own mistress, she was not a happy woman. Left an orphan at an early age, she had been brought up by attendants and schoolmistresses under the supervision of her grandfather, who considered he had done his whole duty towards her by dying and leaving her all his property.

At twenty-one Felicia Hetherington had found herself the possessor of a town house and a country house, with an income of five thousand a year—and not a near relation in the world. She was very lonely then and she was very lonely now.

She had had plenty of suitors, notwithstanding her plain features, but she had been unable to bring herself to take an interest in any one of them, and, at thirty-five years of age, she was still unmarried and likely to remain so. As we see her first, she is leaning back in her carriage, driving up and down the Row in the height of the London season, looking infinitely bored. That sort of thing did not suit her tastes at all. She would much rather have been in the fields at Cheshunt, tossing the sweet-smelling hay, and talking merrily with her farm-servants. But wealth brings its inconveniences with it, as well as its

pleasures, and her friends said that it was part of her duty to show herself in town during the season.

But Miss Hetherington hated the ordeal. She felt more lonely and unloved in a crowd than when she lived in solitary state at Cheshunt. That was the secret of her unhappiness, though she was too unselfish to let her private feelings obtrude themselves for the annoyance of her friends.

Felicia Hetherington had no one to love her! She was necessary to the happiness of no one—nobody held her first in their thoughts and wishes. Of course, with such a fortune, she had plenty of, what the world calls, friends. She could have filled either of her houses at a moment's warning. When she issued cards for an evening's amusement, her rooms were crowded with an eager mob, all pushing their way to her supper tables and vying with each other to empty her dishes of lobster salad and bottles of champagne. Did she ask any one of them down to Cheshunt for a visit, she found they enjoyed themselves so much that it was with difficulty she got rid of their company again; but such association did not satisfy her yearning for companionship—such a different thing from company—no one of her acquaintances gave her their real confidence—she owned none of their hearts—she was nothing in their lives but a hostess.

In her humility Felicia Hetherington attributed

this to her plainness of features and manner—in reality it was due to her reserved and retiring disposition.

There was hardly a creature in the world who spoke openly to her, except her old chum and school-mate, Frances Cuthbert, also an unmarried woman of about her own age, but of whom she saw far less than she would have liked to do on account of Miss Cuthbert living in Wales and having an aged mother to look after and attend to.

Her loneliness pressed harder than usual on Miss Hetherington to-day, chiefly perhaps because it was unusually fine and she pined for the green fields and shady woods of Cheshunt. Most people who saw only the externals of her life would have voted her a most enviable person. Rich—healthy—and her own mistress—no one to control her, or object to what she might do—able to marry if she elected so, as undoubtedly all women with a handsome jointure can—most of her sex would have imperilled their immortal souls to change places with her.

And as we generally envy that most which we have no chance of attaining, so Felicia Hetherington would have given all she possessed to be a labouring man's wife, if by that means she could have secured Youth and Beauty, with the certainty that she was loved for herself alone. As

she thought of all this, on this bright May day, she sighed heavily.

It was nothing to her that the cushions she lay back on were of satin damask, and that the united wages of the two servants on the box of her carriage would have kept many a family in comfort.

She gazed out on the panorama of Folly and Fashion which was passing in review before her, and felt sick of the degradation to which her sex can lower itself in the cause of Mammon.

Painted-up old dowagers, with their hair glistening like brass candlesticks in the rays of the summer sun, and their lined and withered cheeks ruddled with rouge and pearl-powder— young women, whose faces needed no such aids from Art—Heaven save the mark!—with the natural expression of them stamped out by the same means—and both arrayed in whatever monstrosity Fashion demanded of them, and with all their souls—such as they were—sunk in their dress and their cosmetics.

There they went, a long procession of fools—their carriages crawling after each other, whilst they criticised the passers-by through eye-glasses of which they had no actual need.

All at once the sickening futility and degradation of the whole concern seemed to strike Felicia forcibly, and with a sudden jerk to the

check-string she ordered the carriage to leave the Park and proceed towards home. She was near the Marble Arch at the time, and the coachman turned his horses into Park Lane *en route* for her town house in Norfolk Street. When he had reached about half way he came to a dead stop.

"What is the matter?" demanded his mistress, putting her head out of the carriage window.

"A block, ma'am," replied the footman, who had dismounted. "I think there's a haccident of some kind."

"An accident?" echoed Felicia, whose kind heart was always ready to sympathise with and help the unfortunate. "Is it a child, Edward? Has it been run over?"

"I think it's a gentleman, if you please, ma'am. They've got him up there, against the railings. He seems very badly hurt, if he ain't dead. Here's the policeman come along to him."

"Open the door. Let me get out," said Miss Hetherington quickly.

She pushed her way through the crowd of boys and dirty people who had collected at the first note of alarm, and went up to the injured man. He presented a terrible spectacle. Quite unconscious, he was lying limp and helpless against the Park railings—his features indistinguishable from blood and dust—his head bowed upon his chest—his dress torn and soiled. One constable

was supporting him as well as he was able, when another came up.

"Fetch a stretcher, as quick as you can," said the first to the second. "Here's a case for the hospital, if he ain't gone already."

"Looks like it," remarked the other. "How did it happen, Bill?"

"Trying to cross atween a 'bus and a wagon. I've got their numbers; but 'twas all his own fault. He's bin a bit too sharp this time."

"If he's alive, he won't live to reach St. George's," said his comrade.

Felicia edged her way up to their side.

"My carriage is close at hand," she exclaimed; "pray make use of it to take the poor man to the hospital, constable. It may be life or death for him if you wait for a stretcher."

"Why, certainly, ma'am, so it may," replied number one, "but I'm afraid he'll sile your cushions."

"Oh, never mind the cushions," cried Felicia, with her usual unselfishness, "only be very careful how you lift him in. Is his leg broken, poor fellow?"

"Don't know, ma'am. I think he's pretty well smashed up altogether. The 'bus was right atop of him."

The tears came into her kind eyes as she heard the low moan which issued from the lips of the wounded man, as the policemen raised

him between them and carried him to her carriage, where, much to the disgust of Edward, expressed by half-closed eyes and a stiff lip, he was laid bleeding and dusty on the satin cushions. One of the constables got in with him, and Miss Hetherington took a seat at the back of the carriage.

The journey to the hospital had to be made at a foot's pace, and Felicia had ample time to scan the features of the unfortunate man who had been so unexpectedly cast upon her care. She could see that his pale face, begrimed as it was with dirt and blood, was quite young, and that his torn clothes were those of a gentleman, or a man in the position of one.

Who was he?—she wondered, as she looked at the handsome classical features and the long lithe limbs of the young stranger. Had he a mother and sisters? and how terribly alarmed they would be to hear of his sad accident—how wretched if it should culminate in death! He seemed to be dead already, for the first movement of the carriage had made him relapse into perfect unconsciousness, and when they reached the hospital and he was carried into a room on the ground floor, the surgeon who examined him appeared to think so too.

"Is he gone?" exclaimed Miss Hetherington, who had followed the little procession into the room, "How far is he injured, doctor?"

The assistant-surgeon turned as she spoke and asked her if she was any relation of the injured man.

"Oh, no! I never saw him before; but I happened to be on the spot when the accident occurred, and so I brought him here in my carriage. But I hope he will recover, poor fellow!"

"It is impossible to say until he has been properly examined; but I am afraid there is little hope of him," replied the surgeon, as he gave orders for the young man to be carried up to the accident ward.

Miss Hetherington approached him with her purse in her hand.

"If there is any comfort he may have, that I might pay for, doctor," she commenced—but he waved her aside.

"He will receive every attention here, madam," he replied, "and the patients are not permitted to have anything more than the hospital provides for them—at all events at first. By-and-by, perhaps, should he survive—"

"I beg your pardon," she said with a vivid blush, as she hurriedly put away her purse, "but he appears to be a gentleman, and I have more than I require for myself."

"We are always grateful for subscriptions," said the surgeon shortly.

"Oh, yes! of course, I forgot that," said

Felicia, and then she asked more timidly: "Can I hear how he goes on? Will it be allowable for me to call and enquire?"

"Certainly, madam, and on visiting days you will be admitted to see any patient in whom you have an interest, when they are declared fit to receive their friends. Good morning."

And with that he departed in the pursuit of his duty, and Miss Hetherington returned to her carriage and drove back to her house in Norfolk Street.

She could not, however, easily dismiss the idea of the unfortunate young man from her mind, and the next time she saw her friend, Mr. Selwyn, she told him the whole history.

Felicia Hetherington was a peculiar woman. With the exception of Miss Cuthbert, of whom she saw but little, Mr. Selwyn, a tall, gaunt widower of sixty years of age, and erudite proclivities, was her most intimate friend. Many people said that Mr. Selwyn was after Miss Hetherington's broad acres and ample income, and that their intimacy would assuredly end in a match; but if Mr. Selwyn entertained any such idea, it was quite unknown to his lady friend.

She was fond, indeed, in a way, of his young daughter, Mabel: chiefly because it pleased her father to see her noticed, and partly because the girl was a ray of sunshine in the house in Norfolk Street, which was gloomy enough in itself.

But Felicia's interest in Mr. Selwyn's friendship arose purely from the pleasure she derived from hearing him talk on scientific subjects, and helping him, by means of her money, to bring some of his discoveries to perfection. She was always weighed down by the thought of the responsibility laid upon her, by reason of her wealth and the necessity of sharing it with her fellow-creatures. She had given up all hope of bestowing it on one only. Fate and her personal disadvantages were against her, she used to say sadly, and she could never be so selfish as to spend it all on herself. And she had a strong, enquiring mind, that could understand and be interested in Mr. Selwyn's discoveries, fancied or otherwise, and thought it would benefit the whole world by helping him. This was the sole basis of her intimacy with the old scientist, who used to stroll into her drawing-room most evenings after dinner, and was always welcomed as a relief to her loneliness.

On the day following the accident, Felicia was naturally full of nothing else. It is enough to upset most women to witness such a thing, though she was not unused to horrors in the country, where she was the first always to offer assistance in cases of illness or distress.

"Such a handsome young fellow, Mr. Selwyn," she began, "and dressed in quite a good suit of tweed. I feel sure he is a gentleman. What a



terrible state of anxiety his people must be in! There was no card in his pocket, or any indication of who he was, for the surgeon looked for that the first thing. He may die there and no one be ever the wiser. Does it not seem sad?"

"Very sad altogether," responded Mr. Selwyn; "but I should think they are sure, sooner or later, to gain some clue to his identity. If he has friends in London, they are certain, when they find him missing, to make enquiries at the hospitals. At least I should think so."

"But if he should have no friends in London, Mr. Selwyn. So many lads come up from the country now-a-days to try and make their fortunes. He may die in the hospital, poor fellow, and be buried like a pauper. It is shocking to contemplate!" said Miss Hetherington, closing her eyes with a shudder.

"You must not dwell on so sad a contingency. Let us hope the case seemed worse than it really is. Shall you hear how it turns out?"

"Oh, yes! I shall go to get news of him the first thing to-morrow. I feel so very much interested in him! He is not a common man, I am sure of that! And he seems to have been thrown on my care in a way. He may lose the appointment by which he lives by lying in St. George's. I shall feel bound to see that he starts fresh in life; I am sure I could not find a better subject for my assistance."

"I am sure the young man, whoever he may be, could not have found a better friend, Miss Hetherington. If he survives his accident I shall consider him a very lucky fellow. But come now, let us try to think of something more cheerful. I have a little surprise to communicate to you, in which I hope you will take an interest. Mab has completed a short tale, which has been accepted by the 'Suburban Magazine.' What do you think of that?"

"Mab has written a story and it has been accepted!" cried Felicia Hetherington. "Oh! I am very glad, and I congratulate you, Mr. Selwyn. I know how anxious you have been that dear Mab should be able to render herself self-supporting. But this success has come sooner than you expected."

"Yes!" said the other, with a sigh, "it has been a little secret between Mab and me for some time past; but we decided not to tell any of our friends about it, not even you, dear Miss Hetherington, until we felt that the dear child was fairly on her feet. You know that it is imperative she should do something to support herself, for I have nothing to leave her when I die, and if she had proved to have no taste for literature, she would have been compelled to go into the Post Office or become a telegraph clerk. But I think this little success has settled the matter, and Mab will persevere steadily with her writing,

until she has gained a certain position for herself."

"And she is sure to gain it!" replied Miss Hetherington heartily; "and you have such opportunities of helping her by your influence and large connection. You have what no money can buy, Mr. Selwyn—a host of friends amongst the editors and publishers in the literary world. It would have been strange if your daughter had elected to be anything but an author. I only wish I had her talent," she continued with a sigh. "It is so stupid to be able to do nothing but ride and drive."

"But you have no need of doing anything, dear Miss Hetherington," said her friend. "You are one of the fortunate ones of the earth who can choose their own pursuits without any reference to their marketable value."

"In fact, I have the enviable privilege of being as great a fool as I like, Mr. Selwyn. Well, as I do not think I should have been clever enough for an author under any circumstances, perhaps it is just as well: but you must tell me the name of Mab's story, that I may get it as soon as it comes out."

"It is called 'A Weird Wedding,'" replied the old man, "and it is really remarkably well written for so young a girl, for Mab will not be nineteen till her next birthday, remember. Indeed, I can't

think where she learnt some of her ideas. They are so much beyond her years."

"Ah! my dear friend, whilst people like you and me are dreaming over the past, the young ones are growing up so fast that we are astonished to find that they know as much, or more than ourselves. And I always thought your dear Mab was very bright and witty. I am not at all surprised, for one, that she has turned out a genius. Tell her, from me, that she has my heartfelt congratulations, and if she will come round and lunch with me to-morrow, she shall have them in person. Perhaps she would like to share my afternoon drive, and we will go together to enquire after the poor young man at the hospital."

"Ah! that will suit Mab exactly. She dearly loves a bit of romance, and will get all the particulars of the accident out of you and weave a new story from them."

"Very good. Tell her to come to me and I will be her next inspiration. Now don't forget. I shall expect Mab to lunch to-morrow."

Accordingly the next day Miss Selwyn put in an appearance, and the two ladies spent the afternoon together. Mabel Selwyn was a very showy-looking girl, and as different to her sober-minded friend as it was possible to be. Some people thought and said that it was very impolitic of Felicia Hetherington to go about with so young and pretty a companion as Miss Selwyn, and had

Felicia been made after the fashion of ordinary women, she would have seen the impolicy of the proceeding for herself. But it never entered her simple mind that this bright, handsome and rather advanced-thinking girl was a distinct foil for her maturer years, and made everthing that was unattractive about herself more apparent than it need have been.

To win the favour of anyone by intensifying the effect of her own personalities or manners by contrast with something less pleasant, was unknown to Felicia Hetherington. She saw that Mab Selwyn was pleasing to look at and to listen to, and that was the very reason that she liked to associate with her, and to procure her company for the delectation of her friends. Besides, her father was not able to give her many pleasures, so she came under the category of those neighbours whom Miss Hetherington considered it her duty to do unto as she would be done by; which meant, in her creed, that Mab Selwyn had the free run of the house in Norfolk Street and the use of every luxury which her friend enjoyed.

She was not a lovely, nor a very lovable girl, but she was fatally attractive to the other sex, nor was Miss Selwyn ever happy unless she had a man to attract.

Reared without a mother's care, and by a father who thought more of his studies than of

his daughter, Mab had grown up in her own fashion, reading her own choice of books and forming her own ideas, without taking the advice or asking the assistance of anyone. By this means she had imbibed many notions which, if they had placed her on her feet in the literary world, at a time when most young authors are only feeling their way, had also filled her mind with a great many ideas unfitted for so young a woman.

As for Felicia Hetherington, for all her thirty-five years, she was a baby, compared to this young friend of hers, whose red-golden hair already owed the richness of its hues to Art, and whose big eyes were not unacquainted with the use of belladonna.

But of these things Miss Hetherington was in utter ignorance. The two ladies drove together in the afternoon to make enquiries after the hero of the accident—Mab expressing the greatest curiosity to see him, after Felicia's description of his personal appearance.

The hospital report was very unsatisfactory. No. 33 in the accident ward had smashed his right ankle—received severe injuries to his head and spine—and was still unconscious and in a high fever. The doctors would say nothing for certain, but evidently had no great hopes of him.

“And have no discoveries been made to tell who he is, or to whom he belongs?” asked

Felicia of the nurse who gave them the information.

"None whatever," was the reply; "there's no marks on his linen, except initials, nor nothing in his pockets."

"How sad!" she said, her kind eyes filling with tears. "He may die here, without a friend near his bedside. It seems an extraordinary thing that his absence should not have been noticed."

"Perhaps he has no relatives in London—we have many such cases," replied the nurse, "but if he dies, it will probably be without recovering consciousness, so that he will not miss them."

"Well, if there is anything that can be done for him, out of the common way, remember that I hold myself responsible for it, nurse. Don't let the poor young fellow want for any comfort that money can procure."

"It is very good of you, madam, I am sure," said the nurse, who was duly impressed by the magnificence of Miss Hetherington's equipage and its appointments.

Felicia and Mab talked of almost nothing but the mysterious stranger and his misfortunes for the rest of the drive; and from that day Miss Hetherington sent a messenger regularly to ascertain how he was going on. For some time there was no difference. Then came a return of consciousness, and the fear regarding the brain

was relieved. His whole condition, however, was so critical that the surgeons could not operate on the ankle, and the spine had received such a concussion that the patient could not be moved in bed.

He had given the doctors his name as Nasmyth, but said he had no friends in London and belonged to no regular profession. He was one of those unhappy waifs of society then, who are entirely dependent on themselves for their living. This fact, instead of repelling, increased Felicia's interest in him, and as soon as the authorities permitted her to do so, she commenced to send him little presents of flowers and books, with kindly messages. And one day there came a note to tell him that he must not be unhappy or ill at ease about the future, for Heaven had raised up friends who would help him on his way as soon as he should be able to take up the burden of life again.

These messages and presents greatly amazed Archibald Nasmyth, as indeed they might, considering that no one had ever taken the slightest interest in him before, and as he was well enough to notice them he became very curious to learn who it was who showed him so much kindness.

"Who is it that sends me these lovely flowers and kind messages, nurse?" he enquired; "and who is 'F. Hetherington,' who signed this letter?"

"Oh, that's the lady who brought you here in

her carriage the day as you met with your accident," was the reply he received. "She is a very rich lady, I should say, to judge by her carriage and horses, with her servants dressed in tip-top liveries. She ain't particular young, but she seems to think a deal of you, all the same. I thought she might 'ave known you before, or be a haunt or cousin of yours, for she have sent regular to ask how you was agoing on since the day she brought you here, and these flowers and picture papers they all come from 'er."

"How very strange!" murmured the patient, as he languidly inhaled the odour of a bunch of hot-house roses which he held in his hand. "I don't know a lady in London, and few people would take so much trouble about a perfect stranger."

"Oh, I don't know about that," responded the nurse, who was rather taken by the good looks of her charge, and disposed to be jealous of Miss Hetherington's attentions to him; "it's better to be born lucky than rich, they say, and these City ladies are apt to take their little fancies. They tell me that, when she brought you here, her carriage cushions, which is made of grey satin damask, was all stained and dirty with the blood and the mud off your clothes; but when some one remarked what a pity to see 'em ruined in that way, this Miss Hetherington says, 'Oh, what does it matter? I can think only

of the poor young man.' That's what comes of being a decent-looking fellow. I bet if you'd had a turned-up nose and red hair you might have whistled afore any fine ladies would have driven here with a couple of 'orses to ask how you was! You would 'ave been left to me and the doctors then, take my word for it."

The sick man smiled faintly. Notwithstanding his poverty and insignificance, it was evident he had not been allowed to remain in ignorance of the fact that he was an unusually handsome specimen of the human race. Added to which, he knew it for himself and was vain of it. His smile said all that.

"I wonder," were his next words, "if I shall ever see this lady and be able to thank her for myself."

"Oh, I daresay you will, if you do what you're told and get well," replied the nurse, rather testily, "but she ain't no shakes to look at, and you may take my word for that. She's a plain body to my thinking, without no style about her, and going on for middle age, so you'd better not raise your 'opes too 'igh."

"What hopes should I have?" said Mr. Nasmyth, "except to thank her for these beautiful flowers, and to tell her how grateful I am for all her kindness to me?"

"Well, you've talked enough for the present, sir, so just turn your face from the light, please,

and go to sleep, or we shall 'ave the doctor after us. I'm bound the lady will be here as soon as ever we gives 'er leave to see you; but that won't be till you're a deal stronger than you are at present. So you drink this drop of beef tea like a good gentleman and go to sleep as I bid you, and you'll be all the better for it."

"She sent me these flowers," murmured the sick man, as he closed his weary eyes, with the bunch of roses clasped in his hand. But as soon as he was asleep the nurse twitched them from his grasp and threw them on an adjacent table.

"The most unwholesomest things as a hinvalid can smell to," she ejaculated, with a vicious look on her face, as the lovely flowers fell in a little heap on the hospital floor.

CHAPTER II.

THE OPERATION.

MISS HETHERINGTON'S interest in and kindness to Archibald Nasmyth did not arise from any absurd feelings of romance, nor even from curiosity.

It was her natural instinct to succour the helpless and the suffering. There was not a case of sickness or necessity at Cheshunt, that she did not personally relieve—and often personally attend. Mothers in fear for the welfare of their offspring always sent for Miss Hetherington, in order to ask for her advice, and on the first symptoms of pain in themselves, they invariably cried out for the same kind friend, whom they knew by long experience would come to their assistance, if not "with healing in her wings," at least with comfort in her hands, and kind words of sympathy on her lips.

When, on a certain time, a country lad on her estate had been fooling with his scythe and nearly severed his leg from his body, Felicia Hetherington had him carried into the Hall and laid in one of the best beds there, and summoned her own doctor and nursed him into convalescence herself.

She thought nothing of such things. They came to her as the natural result of her love towards her neighbour, and she little knew how she was worshipped amongst her servants and farm labourers for her benevolence. She had been known to sit up with a scalded child, whose mother was in bed with a new-born brother, for nights together, and to defray the entire expenses of operations which mended broken legs and arms and restored eyesight and hearing to her numerous *protégés*. Her country nickname was "the poor man's friend," and there was not a man or woman within miles of Cheshunt Hall, but who would have gone through fire and water to serve Miss Hetherington.

It seemed only the natural thing for her to do, therefore, to look after the comfort of the young stranger in the hospital, and when the time arrived when he was allowed to receive visitors, and she was told he had expressed a wish to see her, she walked into the accident ward and up to his bedside as quietly as if she had been entering the cottage of one of her own labourers at Cheshunt.

Archibald Nasmyth was looking out for her appearance with eager eyes. He had not yet left his bed, on account of his smashed ankle, but he was propped up into a sitting position by pillows, and presented a very uncommon appearance. Always thin, refined, and almost delicate

looking, he now seemed almost etherealised, with his transparent complexion and marble-white hands and face.

His beauty was of that order which gains, rather than loses, by the refining process of sickness. His light brown hair, which it had not been considered necessary to cut off during his illness, was thrown back from a high, though rather narrow forehead. His face, with the exception of a soft, waving moustache, was clean shorn. His mouth was small, with a short, curved upper lip, and his eyes, the most striking feature in his face, were long in shape, sleepy in expression, and the deepest blue in colour.

In fact Mr. Nasmyth was one of those rare individuals, whom all the world called very handsome. His age appeared to be about five and twenty; but his was a face that would have looked interesting at any age.

Felicia Hetherington was not blind to all this, as she approached his bedside. She saw, or fancied she saw, a gleam of disappointment pass over his features as he caught sight of hers; but she was so much used to read other people's opinion of her in their faces, that it did not give her more than a momentary spasm of pain, and she took his thin hand in hers with one of her very sweetest smiles.

"I am so glad that you are considered well enough to see me, Mr. Nasmyth," she com-

menced. "I have been longing for this moment, in order to hear if I can be of any further use to you."

"And I have been longing for it also," he replied, in a rich, low voice, "that I may try, if it is possible, to thank my benefactress for all she has done for me already."

"Indeed it is nothing! No one could have acted otherwise who was placed in the same circumstances. Everyone must have felt for a fellow-creature who had sustained such a great misfortune. But you are really getting on now, are you not? You will soon be out of the hospital and be able to return to the care of your friends."

This she said in order to find out if the young man had any friends to return to. But he did not seem to heed the allusion.

"They will not tell me anything satisfactory, Miss Hetherington," he replied. "My ankle does not seem to make much progress, and the doctor shakes his head a great deal over it. Otherwise, I am almost myself again. I am longing to get well, as you may imagine! Everything depends on it!"

"A great deal does, I have no doubt," said Felicia; "but you must not allow that thought to disturb you, Mr. Nasmyth, or you will retard your recovery. Will you let me treat you as a friend?" she added, winningly.

"You have been the best friend I ever had," murmured the young man; "indeed, I may say, my only friend. There is nothing that I could find it in my heart to refuse you."

"Well, then, if that is the case, give me your confidence. I can see, of course, that you are a gentleman; but they tell me there was no cue found on your person to your identity. Doubtless you have many friends who are most anxious about your welfare—who are perhaps suffering agonies of suspense on your account. Can I not write to them, or go to them, and tell them that so far you are safe and doing well?"

"And what if I should tell you, Miss Hetherington, that I have no friends?"

"I can hardly believe that."

"It is true, nevertheless—in London, that is to say. How long have I been in this place?"

"Three weeks yesterday."

"Three weeks! Ah! then, perhaps my mother might like to hear that I am at least alive."

"You have a mother, then, Mr. Nasmyth. Oh, you should have sent her news of yourself before this. She must be terribly anxious about you."

"Not so much as you think, perhaps, Miss Hetherington. My mother has not been accustomed to hear from me more than once a month, when I have sent my little contribution to her maintenance. Ah!" said the young man, throwing himself back upon his pillows with a deep

sigh, "when shall I be able to go back to work again and make up for lost time?"

"Mr. Nasmyth," said Felicia, with a slight increase of colour, "don't let that thought distress you. Let me be your banker. Take it from me as a loan, that is to be repaid at your own convenience. Tell me where the remittance is to be sent, and I will see it is despatched at once."

He raised himself on his pillows and gazed earnestly into her honest, kindly face.

"Are you an angel, or are you a woman?" he asked. "What have I done that you should befriend me like this? What do you see in me to make you hold out the right hand of fellowship in so generous and unlimited a manner?"

"I see in you a suffering brother, my dear young friend," she answered, "who, for no fault of his own, is debarred for a while from continuing to make his way in the world. I am a lonely woman, with far more money than I know how to spend on myself. Is there anything so strange in the fact that I should offer to share it with you? I have done as much and more for a working-man on my own estate; pray do not debar me from the pleasure of helping you in this extremity. I see you are a gentleman, and I will not hurt your feelings by the offer of a gift; take it as a loan. Let me act for you till you can act for yourself. Will you?"

Archibald Nasmyth had closed his eyes whilst

she was speaking to him, and she could see the tears stealing through his eyelids. He was evidently too weak yet to stand any emotion.

"I will tell you everything," he said in a broken voice. "You know my name. I am a journalist and an author in a small way, but not attached to any particular paper at present. My father is dead and my mother is paralysed, and has lived with her own people ever since she lost her husband. I am therefore quite alone in the world and dependent on myself for a living. I have been used to send my mother a small sum monthly; sometimes two or three pounds—sometimes less, as I could or could not afford it—and I have not, as a rule, had much left over for myself. What I shall do on leaving the hospital I don't exactly know—I suppose I must leave it to chance. But if you would send a couple of pounds to Mrs. Nasmyth, Rose Cottage, Kelso, and write and make as light of my accident as you can, you will lay me under an infinite obligation to you, and I will repay you—I hope you feel that—as soon as ever I can earn the money."

"It is you who place me under an obligation by letting me be of some little use to you," said Felicia, "and I will write to your mother by to-day's post. How was it that you managed to meet with this unfortunate accident? Have you any remembrance of it?"

"I can remember my feelings on that morning perfectly, Miss Hetherington," replied Archibald Nasmyth, with some bitterness. "It was an unusually warm one for the time of year, and as I walked into Park Lane I turned very faint, owing, I suppose, to the fact that I had not had a dinner for two or three days—"

"What?" cried Miss Hetherington, in accents of horror. She could not believe her ears. She had witnessed plenty of sickness and suffering, but starvation, and amongst her own class, was an unknown thing to her. "Do you mean me to understand that you had actually not dined for several days? It seems incredible!"

"You would not say so, Miss Hetherington, if you knew more of the inner life of London. There are plenty of young struggling artists here, who hardly know what it is to have a regular dinner in the course of a week. There was nothing wonderful to me in that, only the sudden heat made me feel weaker than usual, and as I was crossing the road rather hurriedly, I stumbled, and the 'bus could not pull up in time. It was really nobody's fault but my own; I should have been more careful. But indeed you must not cry about it," he went on, seeing that Felicia could not restrain her emotion, "it is not worth a tear from you, dear Miss Hetherington! And whatever I may have suffered, the goodness you have shown me since is sufficient to blot it out. I

shall never forget this episode in my life—never, so long as I live."

But at this juncture the nurse bustled up to say the visiting hour was drawing to a close, and she could not let her patient be excited any further.

"All this talking is very bad indeed for Mr. Nasmyth, madam," she said rather tartly to Felicia, "and I don't know what the doctor will say when he comes his rounds and finds he 'as been a talking 'imself into a fever again. We shall 'ave to forbid his receiving visitors next Thursday if any 'arm comes of this."

"No! no!" exclaimed the sick man, "no harm will come of it, nurse. This lady's visit has done me a world of good. I can never thank her enough for coming to see me."

"Well, I must certainly go now, Mr. Nasmyth," said Felicia, as she arose and held out her hand to him.

He pressed it fervently.

"God bless you, my good kind friend. I shall lie here and think of your sweet looks and words, and dream of how I shall try and repay them, when I get free of this place again."

"Meanwhile, make yourself easy about everything, Mr. Nasmyth. All you have to do, remember, is to get well, and leave the rest to me!"

With one of her heavenly smiles for his

encouragement she was gone, whilst he gazed after her retreating form as if it had been that of an angel.

On the next visiting day, and the next after that, she came again, with fruit and flowers and papers and magazines, in her hands, and better than them all, kind words of encouragement, and promises of help in the future. But Archibald Nasmyth did not seem to make much progress. His bodily strength increased, but he still lay helpless on his bed, and the ankle bone refused to unite or to hold out any prospect of a speedy cure.

At last one morning the visiting surgeon, who had been in charge of the case, came to his bedside, accompanied by two more doctors, who made a minute examination of the injured leg, after which they consulted together, and approached the patient's side again.

"Mr. Nasmyth," said one, as spokesman for the rest, "we are sorry to inform you that it will be necessary for us to remove your leg. All that is possible has been done with a view to saving it, but the symptoms are not favourable, and there is no other course open but amputation." The young man grew very pale at this news, but received it in silence. "Of course you understand, Mr. Nasmyth, that it is within your power to refuse to be operated on, but in that case you will not live. The sooner the operation takes

place, also, the better; so that we shall not defer it beyond to-morrow. Have you any friends whom you would like to be present with you during the time?"

Archibald Nasmyth looked in the speaker's face.

"You mean," he said, "that I am not likely to survive it?"

"I mean, undoubtedly, that, like all operations, it is attended by a certain risk, which in your case is heightened by extreme weakness. If you would like to have a friend with you during the proceeding, therefore, we shall not refuse you."

"Let it pass!" replied the young man bitterly. "I have no friends, doctor, and am quite able to die alone."

"Don't say that, my dear fellow," said the surgeon, kindly; "you will have the benefit of every attention and every skill, but I think it right to tell you, that any operation would, in your case, be attended with more risk than if you were strong. Come, surely there is someone who is sufficiently interested in you to wish to afford you a little comfort under this trial."

"I don't know of one then," answered Nasmyth; but then brightening up a little, he added, "unless, indeed, Miss Fetherington would come to me—but it is no sign for a lady."

"Not unless she has strong nerves," said the doctor; "however, if you like to see your friend, I will give orders that she is admitted."

"Yes, I should like to see her once, whatever happens," replied the other, and a note to that effect was dispatched to Felicia Hetherington.

When she read of the young man's danger she was terribly upset. She had no idea of such a thing, nor that she should feel it so keenly. She shrank, with all a woman's horror of seeing suffering and death, from the thought of being present at the operation, but never hesitated at complying with Archibald Nasmyth's wishes. If it were any comfort to the poor, lonely lad, to see that she was present, whilst he underwent the trial in store for him, what were her puny feelings in comparison to his? And she had never dreamed of there being any danger in his case—she had never tried to lead his thoughts to anything higher than his personal comfort. What guilt might not lie on her soul if he went out of the world and she had neglected the opportunity which had been placed in her hands!

Taking advantage of the surgeon's permission, she flew to the hospital at once, and there a very grave and earnest conversation took place between the two friends—a conversation which left Archibald Nasmyth's mind quiet at ease concerning the future of his helpless brother in the event of his being taken from her.

Felicia felt in those moments as if she were communing with a dear young brother, and striving to soothe his last moments by promises of her

fidelity to his wishes; and Archibald Nasmyth felt indeed that a friend had been raised up for him in his extremity, as he lay with his hand in hers, and heard her gentle voice speak to him of the world beyond, which is so near to all of us, and where he would find a better Protector and Father and Friend, than this earth could ever afford him.

The next morning he was moved into a private room, furnished with every comfort necessary for his condition.

"Why is this?" he asked the nurse, as he gazed with astonishment round him.

"Miss Hetherington has given orders that you are to be treated as a private patient," was the reply, "and you will be operated on here instead of in the theatre."

"How good she is to me!" he sighed. "I was dreading the publicity almost more than the operation."

When the surgeons assembled at noon she was there also, ready to do exactly as she was directed. Archibald Nasmyth, stretched on the operating bed, and looking more ghastly than he had ever done with apprehension, was gazing at her, as if she held the fiat of Life or Death in her hands.

"Is the sight likely to overcome you?" demanded the operating surgeon of Miss Hetherington.

"If so, you can retire to the next room until it is over."

"No! no! Pray hold my hand whilst it is going on," said the patient in a tone of entreaty. "Hold me tight and I will bear everything they may do to me bravely. I could not pass through it without your help."

"Certainly!" she answered; "if the doctors will permit it, I will not leave your side for a moment."

The patient's heart had been found to be so weak that it was not considered advisable to administer an anæsthetic to him, so he had to undergo the pain of amputation unaided. But Felicia did not shrink from the ordeal of witnessing his sufferings, if by her presence she could do anything towards allaying them. She grasped young Nasmyth's thin white hand firmly in her own warm palm, and turning her face from the operators, directed all her attention to him.

The injured limb, when uncovered, presented a dreadful sight. Gangrene had set in halfway up the leg, and it was necessary to amputate it just below the knee.

Felicia Hetherington watched the poor young man's features turn blue almost in their pallor, as the surgeons commenced their merciful, though terrible task. She saw the damp, cold sweat burst forth from every pore of his face, as they pro-

ceeded—felt the grasp of his hand tighten on hers until it became painful, and was thankful when the agony proved too much for his weakened frame to bear, and he swooned away.

The operation was skilfully and promptly performed—as all operations are now-a-days—and when Archibald Nasmyth came to himself again, his leg had been dressed and bound up, his bed straightened, and Miss Hetherington and the nurse were bathing his forehead with eau de Cologne, and holding small doses of weak brandy and water to his lips.

He opened his eyes with a wild stare and look of dismay, which relaxed into calm contentment as he recognised who was by his side.

"So it is all over, and I am still alive," were his first words; "and you have actually stood by me all the while, you angel of mercy!"

"Yes, yes, you are safe now! But you must not talk and excite yourself," whispered Felicia back again.

"But I must thank you. I must say what is in my heart, or it will burst," replied the invalid. "I should have died without your help. I could not have gone through that agony alone. It was the touch of your hand that sustained me. You have saved my life. It belongs to you to do as you will with henceforward."

"It was a terrible trial for you to pass

through," replied Felicia, softly. "I am very glad, for your sake, that it is over so well!"

"Yes, indeed," interposed the nurse, "but now that it is over, I must ask this lady to make her stay as short as possible, for the doctor's strict orders are that you are to be kept perfectly quiet and see no one, for a week at least, or you will get light-headed again and maybe throw yourself into another fever. So I must beg of you, madam, to say good-bye to Mr. Nasmyth, and not come back till you hear he is fit to receive visitors."

"Most certainly I will not," replied Felicia, as she rose from her chair, "and when I see you again, Mr. Nasmyth, I hope you may be almost well. Good-bye! Be very good, and do everything that nurse tells you, and we shall soon see you going back to work."

"Going back to work!" echoed the young man sadly. "A cripple for the remainder of my life! A useless log, of no good to anyone in this world! After all, it would have been better if they had let me die!"

"No, no, you must not say that! It is ungrateful. You cannot tell what good things God may not have in store for you."

"He sent *you* to me," exclaimed the young man, fervently, "and that should be more than enough to make me believe in His watchfulness and care."

"He is always watchful and careful, my dear young friend," she replied smiling. "If it had not been I, it would have been someone else."

"No, I cannot believe that! If everybody were like you, half the misery of this world would be done away with! How many of the women of London, with means at their disposal, think of the poor starving wretches their carriage wheels roll by. It is only one in a thousand that would take the trouble that you did, and see if the unfortunate creatures are dead or alive!"

"I am sorry for the nine hundred and ninety-nine, then," said Felicia gently, as she held out her hand to him; "but I must not let you talk any longer. Good-bye."

Archibald Nasmyth took her hand in his weak thin one, and raised it, gratefully and gracefully, to his lips. The gentle contact made her blood run swiftly through her veins and gave her quite a novel sensation.

Those whom she had befriended had often tried every possible way by which to express the gratitude they felt for the goodness they could never hope to repay, but their efforts had rather disquieted than affected her. But as she felt the soft pressure of Archibald's lips and met the upward, grateful glance of his dark-blue eyes, her face grew crimson and her frame trembled with a new pleasure.

She turned swiftly from his gaze and left the room, but when she got outside the door she put the hand which he had kissed against her own lips and pressed it gently.

When she entered the carriage, which was waiting for her, instead of going straight home, as she had intended to do, she ordered the coachman to drive a little way into the Park. She did not feel equal to encountering the questions which she knew awaited her in Norfolk Street, where Mabel Selwyn was in attendance to hear how the operation had been borne by her protégé.

She wanted time to think first—to decide how she should tell the story—to analyse, in fact, the strange unusual feeling that had attacked her on having her hand kissed by Archibald Nasmyth.

It was a fact, though a remarkable one, that this was the very first time Felicia Hetherington had ever had her hand kissed. Hers was not the sort of hand that men desire to mumble over. It was large and white and firm, with filbert nails and pink palms—a hand to grasp in times of sickness, or danger, or fear—a hand to hold in the hour of Death—but not a plaything for a man's pleasure.

Many had grasped it warmly—many had regarded its open generosity as the means by which their fortunes and lives had been saved—but no one had ever kissed it! And the fact

had made thoughts come into Miss Hetherington's head that had never been there before.

She would have laughed anyone to scorn who had suggested that she was falling in love with the handsome young man she had befriended. She ascribed her emotion at the display of his feeling simply to the fact that she had so few people to love her, and still fewer that she could love in return.

She conceived a sudden intense desire to prevent herself losing sight again of Archibald Nasmyth—by keeping him by her side—by constituting herself his *deus ex machina*, and helping him on with her vast fortune to attain one of his own.

Other women had adopted young people, when they had no children. Why should not she, who was not married nor likely ever to be so, take up this lad, who had been thrown by Providence on her care, and let him partake of the good things which she did not know how to use by herself?

Would there be anything so very strange if she took him to her house on his recovery and told him that thenceforward it should be his home? What a comfort and pleasure his presence might be to her! How he could help her with the management of Cheshunt Hall—what pleasure he would derive from the use of the

stables and the command of the shooting preserves!

What gratification it would give her to be able to make him an allowance suitable to his station in life, and take the carking cares of Poverty for ever off his shoulders!

Her other friends and *protégés* had accepted her favours and taken themselves off afterwards, but this one would repay her amply by being always by her side, as a dutiful and affectionate son might be, ready to advise and help her in any difficulty.

These thoughts filled her brain till she became quite excited over them, and longed to test what her acquaintances would think of the plan. Would they call it chimeric, or improper? Perhaps so, for some of them would be sure to be jealous and fear lest Mr. Nasmyth should monopolise the good things which hitherto they had appropriated for themselves. But she would be guided, in this instance, Felicia Hetherington thought, solely by what her heart told her was right and proper.

She must not decide too hastily though, and before she settled on anything she would see if Archibald Nasmyth was really a worker, or only a dilettante, who would take advantage of the first chance offered him to escape from labour.

She told herself she was going to be very

discreet and firm with regard to him, but the touch of his soft lips still lingered on her hand, and she continued to dream over the look she had met in his languid blue eyes.

Why do women, as a rule, so much admire a languid, sleepy look in a man's eyes? It is very pretty, doubtless, and very suggestive; but the sleepy eyes are not the cleverest, nor the most useful, nor the most true. But the *beau sexe* fall an easy prey to beauty in a man, and more especially if they are not beautiful themselves. This was the stumbling-block to poor Felicia's common-sense.

She had ever been too humble to admire herself or anything she could do, but was ready to worship the good looks of her friends, even those of her women friends.

She considered Mab Selwyn quite a beauty—and she had never been brought in contact yet with such a handsome face as that of Archibald Nasmyth.

But she determined to be very prudent and wait until she knew more of him before she made any proposition with regard to his future. She must proceed in an ordinary way, she told herself, and try to help him on with his own work before she made any attempt to lift him out of it.

And then she drove home to where Mab was

waiting for her, and gave her a graphic account of the operation, and how bravely the patient had borne it, but not a word of the kiss he had pressed upon her hand.

CHAPTER III.

THE AVOWAL.

ALTHOUGH Miss Hetherington was not allowed to see Archibald Nasmyth until the doctors declared the danger of a relapse was over, she sent daily to the hospital for news of his welfare, and was delighted to hear that he was progressing rapidly, and that all unfavourable symptoms had been safely tided over. Her next thought was to make some provision against his future, and with that view she took into consultation her friend Mr. Selwyn.

Felicia had a two-fold motive in mooting the question of young Nasmyth's career to another person. She was endowed with all a woman's astuteness where her feelings were concerned, and wanted to sound, if possible, what strangers would think of her secret idea of furthering the young man's fortunes.

"I am afraid the poor fellow will find himself in very deep water on entering the world of letters again," she said, "unless we interest ourselves in getting him employment. You see he is a gentleman, and I should say, a proud one,

like most of his countrymen, so one could hardly offer him money. But perhaps he has manuscripts lying by him, and you, with your intimate knowledge of publishers and printers, might get some of them accepted for him."

"My dear young lady," replied Mr. Selwyn, for Felicia was quite a young lady compared with himself, "you don't know what you are asking. That is one of the greatest mistakes that the outside world makes with regard to literature. Publishers will not accept articles on the recommendation of a third person. I don't even know what this man Nasmyth's style is, or whether he can write at all. I have never heard his name before, and the chances are that he is some penny-a-liner who ekes out his existence by scribbling 'flimsy' for the provincial papers."

"All the more reason that we should help him then," said Felicia, stoutly. "He told me that he only wrote as yet in a small way. What more can you expect from a lad of his age?—four and twenty on his last birthday. You could hardly expect him to have the matured brains and experience of a man like yourself, Mr. Selwyn. But if he leaves the hospital without a penny-piece in his pocket and no one to help him on his way—weak and languid, without a home or friends to go to—why he will lie down and starve, and I might as well have let him die under the wheels of the omnibus at once."

"Why don't you ask him down to Cheshunt Hall then," remarked the old man, sarcastically, for he was becoming rather jealous of Miss Hetherington's interest in the young stranger, "and keep him there for a month or two—or a year or two, if more desirable—until he is restored to perfect health and strength and has started fairly on his way in the world again?"

He expected her to make some smiling disclaimer of his proposal, as being just a little far-fetched, but to his surprise she did nothing of the sort, but caught at the idea immediately. It was the very opening she desired. Coming from a man of such steady views and stern principles as Mr. Selwyn, it seemed to make her path perfectly easy, and she responded to it eagerly.

"How nice and kind of you to think of it, dear Mr. Selwyn," she exclaimed; "the thought had passed through my mind, but I hardly liked to be the one to propose it. Of course it will be the best plan and solve every difficulty, without giving him any possible offence. I shall be delighted, too, to have an excuse for leaving town early. I am pining for the country. Only, you must promise to come down with us and bring Mab with you, for though I consider myself quite an old maid, I could not entertain such a handsome young man by myself—could I?"

"Oh! he is so very handsome, is he?" grumbled Mr. Selwyn. "Well, my dear Miss Hetherington,

you are, of course, your own mistress, and know your own affairs best, but I hope you may not live to regret your kindness to him. I confess it seems rather risky to me to invite a perfect stranger to Cheshunt Hall before you even know if he is what he professes to be!"

"If we were always to stop to ask if our neighbours were worthy of our help, my dear friend," Felicia answered softly, "I am afraid few of us would get helped at all! However, I quite agree with you that it would be extremely foolish to invite anyone to one's house without ascertaining what or who they were, so I am happy to tell you that I have no fear that Mr. Nasmyth has deceived me in asserting himself to be by birth a gentleman. He told me the other day that his grandfather was the Professor Nasmyth who was at college with my grandfather, and of whom you must have heard him speak in connection with the Pompeian discoveries."

"Professor Thomas Nasmyth!" exclaimed Mr. Selwyn. "Why, of course, all the scientific world knows his name! So this young gentleman is his grandson. If so there can be no possible objection to your asking him down to Cheshunt Hall, and Mab and I will have much pleasure in meeting him there."

"That is a settled thing then," said Felicia, quite gaily, "and then you can make friends with him at your leisure, and before we break up the

party you will have doubtless found some means of helping him in his profession. The grandson of a man like Professor Nasmyth should surely not be left without friends; but he must be very poor, for he is evidently entirely dependent on his own resources. And I will write and see if Fanny Cuthbert can join us. She has promised me a visit for such a long time. If I can only secure her we shall be one of the pleasantest parties in the world. How much obliged I am to you, Mr. Selwyn, for finding such an agreeable solution of my difficulty."

"You must not give all your attention to this fascinating young stranger, though," continued Mr. Selwyn, "or you will make your other friends jealous."

As he perpetrated this little pleasantry he wondered what made the usually sedate and calm Miss Hetherington colour up to the roots of her hair. Her confusion was so noticeable that the old man gazed fixedly in her face for some seconds from sheer surprise.

"How can you say such a thing?" she ejaculated at last. "When have you ever known me neglect old acquaintances for new ones? And when you know, too, that Fanny Cuthbert is the very dearest friend I have in all the world. Dear old Frank! How glad I shall be to see her again. But I have a favour to ask of you, Mr. Selwyn. You have heard that Mr. Nasmyth has lost his

leg, which was taken off just below the knee. He cannot face the outside world until he has an artificial one. Now I want to bear this expense for him—you know it is nothing to me—but how can I set about it? It is such a delicate task—such an unpleasant thing to speak of—and yet so absolutely necessary. Do you think I could persuade the doctors to go in league with me, and let me be answerable for the expense of one, whilst they profess to Mr. Nasmyth to supply it by order of the hospital authorities?"

"Where is the young man? At St. George's? I believe I could manage the business for you, through my old friend Thorowgood, who is one of the consulting physicians there. He and I are great chums. We formed part of a surveying expedition in South Africa in years gone by, and went through all kinds of dangers together."

"Oh, do manage it for me, then, Mr. Selwyn," said Felicia, imploringly. "I am most anxious about it, for it is so sad to think of a young creature like that losing one of his limbs. He will feel it so terribly as soon as he is well enough to realise the loss. Ask Dr. Thorowgood to get it from the best maker of artificial limbs in London. He is not to spare any expense, for it may have to last a long life-time. And he will take care that the bill is sent in to me, without anyone, and especially Mr. Nasmyth, being the wiser for it, won't he?"

"Oh, yes, that will be easy enough, though young Nasmyth must be a greater fool than I take his grandfather's son to be if he imagines that the hospitals, in addition to cutting off legs gratis, can afford to supply their patients with cork ones from the best makers in town."

"He will know no better. Young men like him never think of such things," replied Felicia, confidently.

She was delighted to have got her own way so easily, and began to dream all sorts of dreams of what she should do with her *protégé* when the air of the country had restored him to health again.

Could she not find some work for him to do about the estate, she thought, until he had grown to the idea of staying there altogether? But she must introduce the idea very carefully—she must feel her way before she made the startling proposition to him to look upon her as his mother.

Perhaps, Felicia thought sadly to herself, he might not after all like her sufficiently well for that. He might scorn the idea and prefer to pursue his own free way through the world. Well, she would not trouble herself yet about that contingency. She would wait and see how they got on together at Cheshunt, and if they were likely to be good friends. She was very impatient for the permission to visit him again, but when it arrived and she was admitted to his sick room, she found him in very low spirits.

The fact is, that Archibald Nasmyth was sufficiently recovered to be able to realise his position. The first excitement attendant on the removal of his limb was over—also the weakness which had made him not care for anything, past, present, or future—and his approaching dismissal from the hospital had begun to stare him very closely in the face. He felt that he was rapidly nearing convalescence and that in a few days he would have to quit the kindly walls that had sheltered him in his hour of need, and wander forth into a hard cruel world that had treated him but in a beggarly fashion in the days gone by.

He had been lying for some time pondering over what he could possibly do. He remembered that he owed a considerable sum to his late landlady, which was the reason he had been unable to procure proper food for some days before his accident took place. She would hardly welcome him back again, therefore, nor was it likely that the room he had occupied was still vacant. And if it were, where was the money to pay for it, or a meal? Archibald Nasmyth had often felt the sting of poverty before, but he had never felt himself to be quite such a pauper as he did at the present moment.

His beautiful blue eyes glanced up rather mournfully as Felicia Hetherington approached his side, and he put out his hand to greet her without a smile.

“Why, how is this, Mr. Nasmyth,” she said sweetly; “are you not glad to see me after so long an absence? I thought I was never going to receive a card of admission again.”

“I am only *too* glad, Miss Hetherington,” he replied gravely; “but my pleasure is tempered by the knowledge that your kind visits to me must soon be at an end. I am getting well rapidly. They tell me I shall be discharged as convalescent in a very few days now, and then our present friendship will be over—though my gratitude for all your goodness to me, and my remembrance of it, will never die until I do.”

“So you mean to cut me as soon as you are able to run away from me?” replied Felicia, with a smile.

He blushed and stammered—

“No, no, indeed! Only it is not likely that you will care to know me then. I am a pauper, Miss Hetherington—worse than that—a gentleman who has not the means to dress or live like one. I am not fit company for a lady like yourself. You have been very good to me—a great deal too good—but it had better rest there and let our acquaintance drop with my departure from these walls. I could not bear to be a disgrace to you or your friends; so think of me henceforward only as one of the many unfortunate creatures whom your kind heart has led you to befriend, and believe me that further inter-

course will only lead to your discomfiture and my own."

"I cannot listen to your arguments," said Felicia, "although I think they do you credit. You have been very unfortunate—I acknowledge that—but all the more have you need of friends, and I think I have found some for you. I came here to-day with the intention of making a little proposition for your consideration. I—and some friends of mine—have been thinking that you will certainly not be fit to resume work, after such a terrible trial as your strength has just undergone, until you have had a complete change. We mean to conspire together, therefore, to carry you away into the country with us as soon as you are discharged from the hospital, and keep you there till you are quite strong again. Will you come? We shall be quite a homely party, and you shall be as much alone as you like. The place, Cheshunt Hall, is in Surrey, surrounded by green fields and flowering lanes. There will be nothing there to prevent your writing, if you feel disposed to do so, and we shall not let you leave us until you are fit to be trusted to take care of yourself. Do you agree? Do you like the prospect?"

"*Do I like the prospect?*" repeated Nasmyth, bitterly. "Does a man who is starving like the prospect of a good dinner? Does the condemned wretch who believes that another sun will see him hanging on the gallows like the prospect of

a reprieve? The idea is only too delightful to me, but how can I consent to throw myself a further burden on your generosity? See how much you have done for me already. It is too much, Miss Hetherington. Your goodness makes me feel ashamed of myself."

"But, my dear young friend, you do not quite understand me," interposed his companion. "You do not realise that such acts are no burden to me, I am too rich to feel them. It is a kindness on the part of anyone to help me to get rid of some of this superfluous wealth, which is only a responsibility to me, and very little pleasure unless my friends will spend it with me. Imagine, Mr. Nasmyth—I am the possessor of five thousand a year, and my own tastes are so simple that five hundred would amply satisfy them. What can an unmarried woman do with such a sum? And I have not a near relation—not even a cousin—I have no one to love me or look after my interests, and I would exchange all my wealth to-morrow for a friend who should think more of me than of it."

She had been led into saying a great deal more than she had intended, and as she concluded, the young man saw the tears standing on her cheeks.

"No one to love you!" he cried, "and with a heart like yours! Oh, that is impossible! You underrate your own attractions, or you are too

particular. Had you not said it I should have thought you had half the world at your feet."

"What, with my face!" replied Felicia, quite unaffectedly. "Mr. Nasmyth, you cannot think of what you are saying! No! do not try to flatter me. From a child I have been quite aware how ugly I am. People are ashamed to tell me the truth to my face now, but they had no such scruples then, and I grew up with a full knowledge of my personal deficiencies; and though I do not say that I have not had suitors come after my money, I never had a man come after myself. That is a humiliating confession to make—is it not?—but I am quite an old woman now, thirty-five on my last birthday, so I am no longer afraid to face the truth."

"I did not intend to flatter you," said Archibald Nasmyth. "Perhaps you are not beautiful, in the ordinary sense of the word; but is there no beauty but that of colouring and feature? I know your face is beautiful to me, and always will seem so, when I remember how you looked when you hung over my bed on the day of my operation. You might have been an angel then, Miss Hetherington—an angel of Mercy and Compassion; and no common beauty of pink and white flesh and golden hair could ever outvie, in my opinion, the loveliness of your face as you looked Hope and Comfort into mine. I could have died at that moment, thankfully, could

I only have taken you with me into the other world."

Felicia Hetherington's face was suffused with blushes. If ever she looked well she did so then.

"Oh, hush! You must not talk such nonsense!" she cried warmly, "nor even think it! What would people say if they could overhear your words? Look upon me as your warmest and truest friend, if you choose, but don't let your gratitude for anything I may have been able to do for you run away with your common sense. Let us change the subject. Let us talk of the country and what we will do when we get there. By the way, one of my oldest friends, Mr. Selwyn, was talking with me of you this morning. He was acquainted with your grandfather, Professor Nasmyth, and is quite anxious to know you also. He is a very clever and scientific man, and has great influence in the literary world. I am hoping, therefore, that he may be able to help you on a little when you are able to work. He and his daughter—another literary novice, by the way—are coming down to stay at Cheshunt the same time as yourself, so you must make great friends with the old man and enlist his interest on your behalf."

"Miss Hetherington," said Archibald Nasmyth, suddenly, "I cannot go with you and your friends to Cheshunt. It is impossible!"

"O, why?" exclaimed Felicia, with genuine disappointment in her voice.

"Because I cannot!" he replied, hesitatingly. "It is a woman's reason, but you must rest satisfied with it. The thing is quite impossible! It was awfully kind of you to think of and propose it, but it cannot be."

"But I won't be satisfied with that, Mr. Nasmyth. You cannot face the world in your present state of weakness. If your friends do not look after you, you will die."

"And no great loss either!" said the young man.

"No, don't say that!" replied Miss Hetherington, eagerly; "you would be a loss to me and to all who know you. There may be a brilliant future before you. Why will you not try to believe in it? It is because you are so weak that you talk so despairingly. Come down into the country and you will think very differently after a few weeks of rest and fresh air."

"I cannot come!" repeated the sick man.

"Tell me the reason you have altered your mind about it," said Felicia, coaxingly. "You seemed so pleased with the prospect at first."

"Because I had not weighed the consequences."

"What are they, now that you have weighed them?"

"Why will you force me to speak the humili-

ating truth?" he replied, fretfully. "It is hard to speak out, yet I suppose I owe it to you. I have told you my circumstances, Miss Hetherington. I am so poor that I have no clothes fit to wear. I could not appear before your friends, nor even before your servants; you would be ashamed of me and I should be ashamed of myself. Now you have the whole truth, and please don't mention the subject again, or you will make me sorry that I spoke."

And he turned his face away towards the wall so that she could not see his features.

Felicia's kind heart throbbed with pity for his distress. She longed then and there to tell him never to let the thought of his poverty make him unhappy again; but she was too delicate to do so. So she assumed an air of cheerfulness instead.

"Now what nonsense is this!" she said. "Do you suppose that we are going into the country to follow the fashions? If you do I am afraid you will find yourself woefully mistaken. I, for one, who always dress like an old frump at the best of times, revel in being able to wear out my very oldest things when I get down to Cheshunt Hall. Why, that is just the pleasure of it. You will see me going about all day, Mr. Nasmyth, in a linen bonnet and a big holland apron. I love to make hay, and feed my chickens and let my dogs sprawl all over me. And are you fond of

riding? Ah, no! I forgot," said Felicia, with a glance of divine compassion at his mutilated leg. "It was stupid of me; but I daresay you like driving almost as well, and I have the dearest little pair of ponies that you ever saw. And a garden chair and donkey that shall be considered your exclusive property until you are able to discard it. Don't say you won't come, for we will all join in making your stay an agreeable one. And your old clothes will be just the right things for Cheshunt Hall, for no one will wear anything else there."

Still he seemed ill at ease and unable to explain himself.

"My dear friend, there is something else," said Felicia; "why cannot you confide in me?"

"I don't know why I should find it so difficult; I suppose it is my pride," replied young Nasmyth, "but I cannot forget that I am a gentleman. Miss Hetherington, there is another obstacle! Before I came here, I lived at No. 13 John Street, leading out of Oxford Street. I had had a run of ill-luck just then, as I told you, and had been unable to pay my rent for some weeks. My possessions—such as they are—are there, of course, but I don't think the landlady will give them up until I can pay what I owe her. I shall do it in a few weeks—at least I hope so—and I am sure she will wait till I can; but that is the reason why I cannot accept your kind

invitation. Now don't humiliate me further by offering to pay what I owe her, for I will not let you do so. If my room is still vacant I will go back there and put everything straight in a short time. But I must go there from here."

Felicia Hetherington was silent. For a moment she did not know what to answer. She was so grieved for his poverty, and yet she respected his *amour propre*. Still, were all her pleasant plans for his present well-doing and future prosperity to be knocked on the head for a foolish conventionality?

She looked at his wasted frame—his white face and pinched features—and suddenly resolved to tell him what she had determined, but such a short while before, to keep locked in her own breast for some time to come. What mattered a few days sooner or later? She could not see a fellow-creature die for false shame on his part or hers.

"Listen to me, my dear young friend," she said, quietly. "I am going to tell you something that will perhaps greatly astonish you; but I have been thinking of it for some time past, so it is not the outcome of a sudden impulse. I have told you that I am much richer than I care to be! I am also very lonely and companionless. I am not married and I am not likely to marry, and I often look forward to the days when I shall no longer care to go about in search of

amusement—which is no amusement to me even now—and must stay at home, alone and not unhappy, perhaps, but still not happy. I have often wished, during such moments, that I had some young person living with me to whom I might be of use, and who would be very useful to me in return. Just fancy, were I to die tomorrow, I have not a single person to leave this vast fortune to, which is all in my own hands! I have made a will, naturally, because I considered it my duty to do so, but I would tear it up at once if I had anyone to love me as I would be loved.”

“But you could find dozens, surely,” interrupted Archibald Nasmyth, “who would be only too happy to serve you to your life’s end for such a prospect.”

“Ah, yes! perhaps so; but they may not be the sort of people I could consent to pass my life with. Besides, I want my surplus money to do some great good—to make a life—to enable some aspiring soul to achieve its ambition—and I have thought much of you, Mr. Nasmyth, in connection with this plan of mine.”

“You have thought of *me!*” exclaimed the young man, his pale face flushing with his excitement, “but why of me?”

“Have you not understood me? I see you are ambitious, and I know you are poor. I believe that, with the help of money, you would succeed,

and I want my money to help you. Will you let me do it, Mr. Nasmyth? Will you be my adopted son, and let me share my fortune with you, just as if you really were a son of my own?”

Archibald Nasmyth did not answer her. He had turned his face upon the pillow and was breathing hard and deep. The gentle soul thought she had offended him, or that he was laughing at her.

“Don’t think I am mad,” she went on hurriedly. “You have some sort of claim on me, you know! You are the grandson of my grandfather’s old college friend, and I am sure that if my grandfather had been alive now he would have been the first to help you himself, or even glad to see me do so. I did not mean to tell you this so soon,” continued Felicia. “I meant to have waited until I saw if you liked me well enough to live in the same house with me always, but what you said just now made me forget my resolution. If you are to be helped, now is the time to do it, and if you will accept my offer of adoption you need not be any longer too proud to take what becomes your right from my hands.”

“You are too sweet—too good—too kind,” he murmured brokenly.

“No, no! only a sister fellow-creature, who is very anxious to do some little good with the

wealth entrusted to her, and who likes you well enough to wish to share it with you."

"It is too much—too much," he said again.

"Never mind if it is much or little," said Felicia, rather impatiently, "the question is, will you consent to my plan? Will you be my adopted son?"

"Never!" said Archibald Nasmyth.

She was disappointed. Had he been playing with her feelings? Did he, after all, think her proposal a ridiculous one? Was the idea of being called her son distasteful to him?

"I am sorry," she said, gently. "I wish I had not mentioned it. Don't let it make any difference between us, Mr. Nasmyth."

He raised his head and regarded her steadfastly in the face. His eyes were bloodshot and his frame trembled.

"Oh! I have made you worse!" she cried. "Forget what I have said. It was on the spur of the moment. Let us forget it and go on the same as before."

"I can never forget it," replied the young man, as he got hold of her hand and pressed it to his feverish lips. "If I only might speak, but you have made it so hard for me."

"How have I made it hard?"

"If you were a pauper like myself—but all these riches of yours overwhelm me! Oh, Felicia! don't you see what I feel for you? Cannot you

guess it? The miracle that your heavenly goodness and compassion have wrought in me? Your son! Oh! never! but your grateful slave and servant for ever, if you will! I should not have dared to speak thus if your proposal had not emboldened me; but since you have asked me to share all you have, let me share it, but not as your son—as nothing but your lover and your husband."

He had got the words out at last and bowed his burning face over the hand he held to hide his confusion at his own boldness. As for Felicia Hetherington, she could not believe him, nor her own ears.

"As my lover and my husband!" she cried. "Are you mad, my dear friend? Oh, this is some frenzy left of your delirium. You cannot mean it. You are not in a condition to be able to judge calmly. Do you know my age? I was thirty-five last March, and you are twenty-four! There are eleven years between us! What are you thinking of?"

"I am thinking that I want you for my wife, and that I will never have any other woman. What do I care about your age? I would marry you if you were eighty. The only things I think of are my poverty and my crippled condition. How can I be so selfish as to ask you to take such a burden on yourself for life? And all your

friends will say I married you for your money, when I would work myself into the grave if you had need of it. Oh! Felicia! I know I have been too bold, but don't distrust my motives, for I have but one, and that is Love!"

Felicia put her hand up to her brow, as if she were giddy.

"I cannot believe it!" she murmured faintly.

"Don't say that! Call me presumptuous—impertinent—encroaching—if you will, but don't say you can't believe me when I say I love you, for God is my witness it is the solemn truth. Give me my answer, Felicia, and put me out of my suspense!"

"No, no! I cannot! You must give me time to think it all over. It has come upon me like a shock. I had no idea—it is the very last thing I dreamed of. Let me go now, and in a few days you shall have my answer."

"A few days!" he echoed. "Fancy what I shall feel, lying here during those few days."

"I cannot help it! The subject is too momentous for both of us! It would be too terrible to make a mistake!"

"Give me one kiss, then, before you go, in token that you will return as soon as you can and put me out of my pain," said Archibald Nasmyth, entreatingly. But Miss Hetherington shook her head.

"Not yet!" she said. "Good-bye, Archibald! In a few days I will write to you or I will come again."

And with that she hurriedly left the sick room.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CONTRACT.

FELICIA HETHERINGTON went straight home and locked herself up in her own bedroom. Her head spun round and round—she shook all over with her agitation—she could not trust herself to speak to anyone—she hardly knew what she was doing.

To say that Archibald Nasmyth's declaration had taken her by surprise is to say nothing! Remember that this woman had reached the age of thirty-five years without receiving an admission of love from any man before.

It is true that, as she said, sundry men had wooed her for her money, but their proposals had been made too soon—they had been conveyed to her in writing, and in set, formal terms, through which even her simplicity had had no difficulty in discovering the absence of the only feeling for which she would have bartered her liberty.

But through it all she had been so disappointed. Without cherishing the vulgar desire simply to be married, Felicia Hetherington had yearned to be loved. It had been a source of

unhappiness to her for years past that she was, by reason, as she believed, of her plainness, shut out from the boon that most of her sex enjoyed—that of feeling herself to be first with some one—united for life by ties far closer than those of blood—the silver cord of love which binds two hearts together until they think and feel together, and are as one.

I hope no one will think I am describing a commonplace old maid, only too ready to throw herself into the arms of any man who said that he loved her for herself alone—a woman of mature years, who apes a simpering girl and believes herself capable of inspiring a passion, such as is roused as a rule only by the sight of youth and beauty.

Felicia Hetherington was very far from being one of these. She was so modest of her own merits—so diffident of her capability to please, that she could not believe that Archibald Nasmyth was sane when he told her that he loved her.

As soon as she found herself alone she threw off her walking attire and sat down in an arm-chair and abandoned herself to thought. What was it he had said? she asked herself, with hands to her head. That he loved her—that he wished to be, not her son, but her lover and her husband? Oh, it was impossible! It could not be! She—who had given up the idea of marriage for years past, to become the wife of a man eleven

years younger than herself—to become a bride at thirty-five—to go to church with that boy, and to call herself “Mrs. Archibald Nasmyth!”

It was too ridiculous to be dreamt of! What would the world say? What would Mr. Selwyn and Mab and Frances Cuthbert say to such an idea? How they would shake their heads after their first incredulity was over, and tell her she had allowed her vanity to deceive her, that it was impossible that anyone, far less so young a man, could want to marry her, except for her money, and that she was the victim of a fortune-hunter.

Could she stand such insinuations? Could Archibald stand them? Would they not poison their love for each other—for she could not help acknowledging in her secret heart that she did love him—infuse a drop of bitterness in their cup of happiness, and turn him, perhaps, for very shame, against her?

But there was another side to the question. There was this wonderful love, for which her soul had thirsted so long—which it had given up all hope of possessing—what if his love was true, as he said it was, and she refused it, from fear it might not last—what unhappiness she might not cause to him, as well as to herself!

His poverty, too!—how she could change his hard life into one of ease and comfort, by consenting to his wishes! How, by that magic word “yes,” she could wave a fairy’s wand over his

destiny and change want and distress into pleasure and luxury. She must think of him as well as of her friends and herself!

Their opinion could be nothing to her, in comparison to his good; even if she suffered a little from their sneers and suspicions, she could bear anything so long as he was happy! Even at the beginning of their intercourse the unselfish creature could look forward to suffering for this young idol of her imagination without dismay, so long as the suffering did not reach him.

And then she went on to ask, was it quite impossible that Archibald should love her, even if it were with a quieter sort of love than he would have given to a young and beautiful woman? There had been instances of young men marrying women old enough to be their mothers, and the marriages had turned out as happy as most!

Such an instance, and rather a celebrated one, had taken place not long before, and all the world, who had commenced by laughing at it, had agreed since that it was the best thing that could have happened for both the parties concerned.

Of course, in such an event, she would have to be very careful and considerate of Archibald’s feelings and wishes. She must never lose sight of the great difference between their ages, and

that his tastes and habits must necessarily differ from her own.

Felicia had plenty of life in her still, though she chose to speak of herself, always, as an old woman. She was an excellent horsewoman, and when at Cheshunt Hall was in the saddle all day long. She was a good whip, too, and delighted in all country pursuits, though she was essentially feminine, and had nothing "horsey" about her.

But she forgot all that, now that she was pleading the cause of Archibald Nasmyth with her heart. She saw herself in her worst light and placed him in his best. No consideration that he was a cripple and a pauper—a man without friends, or standing, or profession—ever entered her mind. He was a young god, who offered to bend from Olympus to make her more blessed than she had conceived it possible to be, and she was an old, unattractive woman, with nothing whatever to recommend her in his eyes.

Thus it is that women often judge of such matters and the reason why they so often deceive themselves.

Her maternal feelings for the sick man in the hospital had not melted by any manner of means under the new aspect by which his avowal of love had forced her to regard her affection for him—on the contrary, it had rather increased them. Is there not a large amount of maternal feeling in the love which all women give all men?

Do they not delight to sacrifice themselves for them—to take an infinity of unnecessary trouble—to spend their days in thinking of their comfort—their nights in watching over their sleep?

Directly a woman *really* loves she wants to give up something—to put herself out of the way—to tire herself—to undertake a tedious task—for the man she loves—sometimes to make him jolly uncomfortable under the process as well!

Have you ever watched a dog with her pups—how miserable she makes them by her intense solicitude—how, directly they have settled down comfortably to suck, she licks them so violently that they are pushed off to a distance, where they whine piteously from disappointment—and upon which, believing them to be cold, the mother disposes her fat body right on the top of them, where they are shut out from both light and food?

Human mothers behave very much in the same way with their offspring, and in a lesser fashion so do wives with their husbands. There are many married men whose chief grievance is that their wives will not let them alone. They would be very happy but for that! It is the maternal instinct that makes women do it. They always want to be cosseting something.

As Felicia Hetherington thought of all the comforts it was in her power to give Archibald

Nasmyth, the idea of marrying him assumed a roseate hue.

How happy he might be at Cheshunt Hall, if he were master there! The luxurious writing-room she would have fitted up for him—the horses he would have for riding and driving—the preserves and covers he would have to shoot over—and the immunity from all monetary troubles and cares which he would enjoy! For she had already resolved that if this wonderful proposition came to pass she would execute a deed in his favour that should make him independent of her from their marriage day.

She placed the proposal before herself in every kind of light before she went to rest that night, and based her decision solely on the question. Would it be for Archibald's happiness or not? Of herself, she was too humble—too unselfish, to think at all. If the marriage turned out to be a failure, it was on his young head it would fall with the heaviest blow.

Besides which, if he were happy, she could not fail to be. That was the style of reasoning that had followed Felicia Hetherington through life. Her happiness had ever consisted in making others happy!

Her servants could not think what had happened to her that day, that she should remain in her own room all the evening, and refuse even to go down to dinner.

She was such a healthy, unaffected woman, that anything like the vapours was unknown to her. Her maid, Warrender, could not believe her ears, when she went upstairs to help her mistress to dress, to hear her say that all she required was a cup of tea, and she would take it in her room.

"Dear me, ma'am, are you not feeling well?" asked the servant.

"Quite well, thank you, Warrender, but I have rather a difficult matter to think over, and wish to be alone. If I go downstairs, Mr. or Miss Selwyn might look in and disturb me. Should either of them call, say, please, that I have a slight headache, and do not wish to see anyone to-night. And when you have brought me my tea, you can leave me, Warrender, for I shall not want anything more."

"Very good, ma'am," replied the maid; but she said in the servants' hall afterwards that she was sure there was something very much out of the way with the mistress, for she seemed as if she had been crying her eyes out.

Had they but known what their mistress was really thinking of they would have been surprised indeed.

The next day brought Felicia a short note from Archibald Nasmyth. It was the first she had received from him, and she opened it with trembling fingers. He wrote a prepossessing

hand, bold and free, and he expressed himself in fluent English.

"DEAR MISS HETHERINGTON,"—(it ran)—"For mercy's sake, give me my answer to-day. I cannot wait any longer. I have not slept all night, and the nurse says I have gone back since yesterday. This suspense will kill me! If I have been too bold, as I greatly fear, and you are angry with me, be merciful and give me my quietus at once.

"Yours ever,
"ARCHIBALD NASMYTH."

By this time it was far advanced in the afternoon, and she was thinking of taking a drive, though not to the hospital. She, too, had not slept all night, and thought the fresh air would do her good. But when she read her lover's letter she felt she must go to him, even though she had not a definite answer to give him.

He must not be left a prey to his suspense for another night. It might do him serious harm. So she set off to visit him without delay. He was sufficiently recovered by this time to sit up in an armchair, and was only waiting to receive his artificial leg to make his first efforts at walking.

As soon as Felicia appeared, therefore, the nurse made her exit and the two friends were

alone. Archibald put his wasted hand in hers and looked imploringly into her face.

"Have I sinned altogether beyond forgiveness?" he said.

Felicia did not know how to answer him. She grew red and trembled and was silent. The young man saw her confusion and interpreted it aright. He pulled her face down to his and kissed her several times before she could remonstrate with him.

"You love me!" he exclaimed rapturously. "You cannot deny it! I can read it in your face! Oh, you dear angel, what have I said or done to incline your heart towards me?"

"I suppose I could not help it, because you suffered so terribly and I felt for you so much," she answered; "but, my dear, you must not take it for granted. I came to see you this afternoon because I could not bear to think of you lying here alone without anyone to tell your thoughts to, and believing me to be unkind perhaps all the time. But I have not made up my mind yet, Archibald. I have been thinking over the matter deeply, but there is so much to speak to you about, before I can be sure that you know your own mind regarding it. We must not deceive each other, nor ourselves, you know. It is too serious a business for that! It means the misery or happiness of two lives. And if it turned

out badly, it would be so much worse for you than for me."

"I don't see that," said Archibald Nasmyth.

"Oh, my dear, you forget the difference in our ages—eleven years! All trouble will be over so much sooner for me than for you! When I sink into my grave you will still be a young man, comparatively speaking, and ready, perhaps, to take another wife. You must never forget how old I am!"

"Now look here," replied the young man, "you are talking nonsense! In the first place, it is a moot question which goes the sooner, you or I. If the doctors had to decide it they would probably say it was I, for I have had all my strength sapped by this confounded operation, whilst you are a remarkably healthy woman in the prime of life. But that is not the question. It is—do you love me well enough to take a wretched cripple for your husband? Do you know, Felicia," he added, with a humorous look that went straight to her heart, "I cannot help being amused at my own impudence. Fancy a pauper having the cheek to propose marriage to a woman like you who have such a superfluity of this world's goods. Now confess you have been thinking all this while that I have the greatest cheek of any man you know."

"Indeed I have thought no such thing! The puzzle to me is, whatever put it into your head to

fancy that you want to marry me? Had you accepted my proposal to adopt you as my son, you would have enjoyed just as many advantages, and been free to choose your own life into the bargain.

"That is your view of the matter—not mine. I love you too much to be happy in the position of your son. It is ridiculous—absurd—it could not be! The two feelings are not to be compared with each other. Neither would you have been happy, acting as my mother; and what would you have said when I married a wife some day and left you? How would you have liked that?"

"I am afraid it would have made me very unhappy," whispered Felicia.

"Just so; and if you had married someone else, what would have become of me? No, no, Felicia, you have been deceiving yourself! You could not be happy living with me in any position but that of my wife. If you cannot make up your mind to that we had better part for good and all."

"But we must consider the matter more deliberately, before we arrive at any conclusion," said Felicia. "I know nothing of marriage, of course, Archibald, and I know very little of men—still, I am neither blind nor deaf, and I have watched the married lives of many of my friends, and I can see that marriage is a very serious, not to say a risky, thing. I have seen men, who

married young and beautiful women, tire of them within a few years, and leave them for others; and that is an insult I could never overlook. I don't think I am proud in a general way," continued Felicia, dubiously, as if she were claiming too much merit for herself, "but I should be proud in that. The very knowledge of my own deficiencies would make me proud; and if husbands can tire of the girls they marry, how much less chance has an old woman like myself of being able to keep one faithful to me?"

"If all men are so bad," argued Archibald Nasmyth, "that none are faithful, what can it signify if a wife is young or old—plain or handsome? I condemn you out of your own mouth, you dear simpleton! By your own showing, it would not avail you to be seventeen. But you are mistaken. Men are not as untrue as you imagine. At all events, *I* am not, and if you are good enough to give me the chance of doing so, I will prove to you what a faithful husband means. That will be easy sailing. The breakers come in when I begin to consider my impoverished circumstances. I should work, of course, Felicia, and in time I hope I shall succeed, for they tell me I have the true grit in me to make a successful author; but while the grass grows, you know, my dear, the horse starves, and this horse was on the brink of starvation when you picked him up from under the wheels of the

omnibus. I have not a shilling in hand. How can I have the face to propose to begin life with you under such circumstances? I should not be able to buy a suit of wedding clothes. You must let me go back to the treadmill till I have saved a few pounds. I cannot come to you an utter pauper. You would be ashamed of me!"

"Never!" exclaimed Miss Hetherington; "and if this thing is to be, Archibald, it is now that my money will benefit you most. I cannot and will not let you go back to those wretched lodgings. Neither will I consent to marry you, unless we are to be friends from the very beginning—perfect and complete friends! Heaps of people have accepted my assistance to help them on in life before now—people who had no earthly claim on me, except that I had a superfluity of this world's goods, and they had not. Mr. Selwyn has patented several inventions of his at my expense, and evinced no pride about doing so; and I have paid the cost of bringing out the book of more than one author, of whom I only knew the name. I liked to do so. I regard my wealth, which came to me through no labour or merit of my own, as a loan lent me to be shared with my fellow-creatures, and accounted for to God. If strangers can take some of it for their own use, without considering themselves placed under too great an obligation to me, why cannot you? If you—you—*really*

love me," continued Felicia, with a blush that made her look younger than anything else could have done, "you have established a claim on everything that is mine. It would be hard if my purse is to be open to the claims of all humanity, and that the man I love, and who loves me, should alone be unable to benefit by its contents! You will not refuse me so great a pleasure, Archibald! You will let me place a small sum to your credit at any bank you may name, so that you may be independent when you leave these walls."

"You are too good to me," he murmured, "yet how can I refuse, if it is to give your generous soul pleasure? It is not the right thing for me to do, and it hurts my pride a little; still, on one condition I will consent to let you do exactly as you choose."

"What is that?" demanded Felicia eagerly.

"That you promise to marry me. As your intended husband I might make up my mind to accept so great a favour at your hands. But otherwise, no power on earth shall make me do it."

"But, Archibald, if you had fallen in with my first views for your advancement and consented to fill the position of my son, I fully intended to have made a settlement on you that should have rendered you independent of me for life. Why should I not do so now?"

"Because I am not in the position of your

son, and never will be," he replied. "I must be all or nothing to you. If I am to be all, I will take any favour at your hands that you may choose to give me. But if I am to be nothing, then I have had far more than enough already, and when I quit these walls, I shall return to my old haunts and my old life, and only remember you as an angel who came to me in my affliction, but was too pure and too good to stay by my side when the need was past."

"Oh, no, no! I am not that, indeed! My only fear is, of not being good enough, or attractive enough to fill all the needs of so young a life as yours. But if I consent to what you wish, will you give me one promise in return?"

"A hundred if you require them," he returned, earnestly.

"It is nothing very hard, Archibald. It is only a promise to maintain perfect trust and confidence in me on one point. If—if you should ever find that I am not sufficient for your soul's need—that I have not the power, on closer inspection, to chain your fancy—if you should, in fact, at any time, find your heart wandering from its allegiance to another woman, come to me at once and tell me so, frankly and without fear. Don't leave me to find out the truth for myself. It would make the disappointment so much harder to bear! I shall not blame you, nor reproach you, dear, for I am not quite sure

if such things are within a man's power to prevent. Only promise to come and tell me. It will not surprise me so much as it would another woman, because you see this joy has come so unexpectedly to me—I never thought such a thing could be—and though I do not pretend that it would not be a little trouble, yet I should bear it better from your lips than from those of any one else. Besides, if I have your sacred promise, I shall always be at rest until you come and tell me you were mistaken in your feelings respecting me. Do you understand?"

"No, Felicia, I do not! I cannot understand such unselfishness and sweetness and charity as your words display. I did not know they existed on earth before I met you! Promise you, dear heart, of course I will, and all the more readily, because I know the day when I have to make so shameful a confession will never dawn! My heart wander to another woman? Why, my dearest, where am I to find another woman like yourself? You stand alone in the world! Nature made you, and broke the mould!"

"But, Archibald, I do not mean that you will find another woman who will love and care for you more than I do, for indeed, my dear, I do not think anyone could do that. I have been starved for want of love all my life, and I feel so grateful and so happy that it has come to me at last, that I do not know what to say or think

about it. I can only thank God and wonder! But it was my poor face I was thinking of. I know I am much uglier than the majority of my sex, Archibald. I look at my plain features in the glass, and especially since I have known you, and think there never was an uglier woman. And men are so fond of beauty, even the old ones; and a young, handsome fellow like you—for you are very handsome, you know, Archie—should marry a young and lovely girl, with whom he would be proud to be seen in public. You must not think me morbid, dear, but I cannot disguise from myself what people will say when they see me and you together, and how much it will be to my disadvantage. And when I mix with pretty girls, what a terrible difference there will be! You see, I never thought of such things till I knew you, but now that you wish to marry me, they seem to assume more importance than before!"

"It is very difficult to answer such a plain-spoken woman as you are," said the young man, thoughtfully, "because you are too honest to be taken in by flattery, and too clever to be deceived by evasion. So you force me to reply to you in your own coin. Granted, then, that your face is not, what the world calls, beautiful, cannot you imagine that it is more beautiful to the eyes of those who love you and know your exceptional worth, than any straight features and vivid

colouring could be? You have got it into your head, somehow, that we men care for nothing but the lust of the eye; so I suppose you will hardly believe me when I tell you that I don't care for young girls, nor yet for pink cheeks or golden tresses, or enormous eyes with well marked eyebrows and sweeping lashes—all the novelist's stock in trade, in fact, which we have read of, over and over again, but would find exceedingly sickly were we to encounter it in real life. Were I placed in the way of thousands of such beauties, I would never choose one of them for a wife. What a man wants is a sensible companion for life—a counsellor—a confidante—a friend, in fact, with some brains and a lot of heart. And that is what I have found in you, and if you will give yourself to me I shall be the happiest man alive!"

Felicia Hetherington was shaking all over with the joy of hearing this declaration. She felt as if her youth was renewed like that of the eagle—Spring had sprung up in her heart and spirit, and she felt as if she were no older than the man who sat beside her with his hand fast clasped in hers.

"But you will give me the promise?" she pleaded.

"I will give you the promise, most solemnly," he replied.

"Then, if it really is for your happiness, my

dear boy, I consent," she went on, "and I will be your wife as soon as you are ready to be my husband."

The young man turned and folded her in his arms, and they sealed the bond in a long kiss.

"I am so happy," sighed Felicia, as he released her. "A new life is opening before me, and I feel I have never really lived till now. And now, Archie, you will accede to my wishes and leave the hospital as soon as they will let you go, for the Grosvenor Hotel. It is better you should be there for a few days, before we go down to Cheshunt Hall. From there you can defray your debts—collect your belongings—and have what orders you may give executed. I shall lodge a couple of hundred pounds at the bank in your name, and you must never mention them to me again, but take them as the first-fruits of a fortune that will be before long entirely at your own disposal."

"How am I to repay you?" he said.

"By loving me a little, darling," she answered, as she stooped and kissed him. The difference in their ages made the maternal instinct still very strong in her. She could not assume the airs and graces of a younger woman. With the knowledge that he loved her, and that she was the benefactress and he the benefited, all her shyness had vanished. "Only love me, Archie,

and trust me, and I shall never want any other payment."

"I love you with all my heart and soul and strength," he answered fervently.

"I will come again to-morrow," said Felicia, with a lovely smile of happiness, as she prepared to quit him, "and then I shall hope to see you making your first efforts to walk about the room!"

"Yes, they tell me I am to have my leg this evening," said Archibald Nasmyth, with a grimace. "Pleasant to have to hobble through life on one leg! Nice sort of a husband, eh, Felicia?"

"Oh, it will be nothing when you're used to it," she cried, cheerily; "and you will have me to help you now, Archie, and a nice little carriage to drive yourself about in. By the way, are we to tell this to our friends or not?"

"It must be just as you like. I am too happy to care about anything or anybody but yourself!"

"Then I would like to break it to them by degrees. Not that I am not very proud of it; but I am afraid it will take some time to convince them that anyone could possibly want to marry me!"

"They must be fools!" remarked Archibald Nasmyth, and with that she ran away from him with Spring in her heart and a smile of complete contentment on her lips.

PART THE SECOND.—SUMMER.

CHAPTER V.

THE ENGAGEMENT.

FELICIA HETHERINGTON and Frances Cuthbert had been bosom friends ever since they were little girls at school together. Miss Cuthbert was two years older than Miss Hetherington, and quite a different sort of person. She had been a fine handsome girl of fourteen when poor snubbed and unloved Felicia had joined the school circle, and she had constituted herself her ally and protector at once. For let no one think that "fagging" and teasing and bullying are confined to the atmosphere of a boys' school. Quite as much of it goes on amongst girls, though not in so rude a fashion.

Felicia had shrunk with horror from the jokes passed upon her thick nose, and small eyes, and wide mouth, by the young ladies—so-called—to whom she was introduced at Montagu Academy,

and the fearless out-spoken kindness and protection of Frances Cuthbert bound her grateful heart to her for life. Gladly would she have shared all she possessed with her early friend, and asked her to take up her abode with her, if Miss Cuthbert would, or could have accepted the offer.

But she had her own duties to perform. All her time and attention were taken up by an aged and infirm mother, to whom she was the only tie left upon earth, and who would have drooped and died without her.

It was very seldom, therefore, that Miss Cuthbert had an opportunity of visiting her old friend, but her early affection for her had never diminished, and Felicia Hetherington still thought Frances Cuthbert to be the handsomest, truest, and noblest friend a woman ever possessed, and gave her all her confidence.

The praise was not undeserved; Miss Cuthbert was a handsome woman still, with good features, fine dark eyes, an abundance of hair, and a commanding figure. It was her own fault that she remained unmarried. The men had not left her unsought, as they had done poor Felicia.

Notwithstanding that her income was a very moderate one, she had received several proposals, but all her heart—and it was not such a soft one as that of her friend—was buried in the grave

of a certain young officer, to whom she had been engaged in her youth, but who had not lived long enough to redeem his promise to her. She had suffered very deeply at the moment, but she was cheerful and resigned by this time, and rather given to laugh at the idea of women marrying after their first youth is past. She had turned into a practical, business-like woman, who took life somewhat like a pill that had to be swallowed, so the less fuss made over it the better.

For this reason, Miss Hetherington, though she did not dream of concealing anything from her bosom friend, felt rather shy of confiding her very romantic love affair to her, and resolved to say nothing about it until she could do so in person.

At the same time she looked forward with the keenest enjoyment to meeting her again. For Frank—they had always been "Frank" and "Felix" to each other in the old days, and kept up the habit when they were in private now—had really promised to join the party at Cheshunt Hall, as soon as they had settled there. A cousin had volunteered to take her place in the cottage in Wales, and look after her mother till her return, and as Mrs. Cuthbert happened to be unusually well that season, her daughter thought she might venture to take advantage of the offer to visit Felicia Hetherington.

It was at the close of a lovely June day that she arrived at Cheshunt Hall. Mr. Selwyn, with his daughter Mab, and Archibald Nasmyth, had been established there for more than a fortnight. The invalid still looked pale and thin, but his spirits and strength were wonderfully improved, and he spent almost all his days in the grounds, being drawn about in a Bath chair, by a little pony, which Felicia had purchased expressly for his use.

Their secret was still their own, neither Mr. Selwyn nor his daughter having the least idea of it; but they had many a pleasant hour together for all that, whilst Archie was lounging about the gardens in his Bath chair, and Felicia walked by his side, or sat down on her camp stool and read the papers to him.

Indeed, everybody there combined to spoil the young man; so that he felt as if he had been suddenly lifted up from hell to Heaven, and had become lapped in a blissful kind of sleepy contentment.

On the day that Frances Cuthbert was expected, Felicia became quite excited. She was burning to hear what Frank would think of this affair—if she would envy her for her great good luck—and if she would admire Archie's beautiful eyes, high forehead, and elegant figure, as much as she did.

Although she would not have admitted that

her friend's opinion could possibly have any weight with her, in comparison with Archie's affection, she felt her heart fluttering in her bosom like a caged bird whenever she thought of telling her the truth.

She drove down to the station to meet her in a pretty open curricle, drawn by a pair of cream-coloured cobs, and flew into her arms when she alighted from the railway carriage as if they had still been the two school-girls who had loved each other so effusively in the days of long ago!

"Oh! Frank! My dear old Frank!" exclaimed Felicia, with the tears standing in her soft eyes from exceeding joy. "How glad I am to see you again! I have been waiting here for half an hour. I thought the train would never arrive!"

"And yet we are in excellent time," replied Miss Cuthbert, as she warmly returned her embrace. "But how well you are looking, Felix! Ten years younger than when I last saw you! What have you been doing to yourself?"

Felicia reddened to the roots of her hair.

"Nothing!" she said, "only expecting you! But what a summer we are having! Isn't it enough to make one feel young again? Cheshunt Hall is simply a mass of roses. We pick them all day long without making any palpable diminution in their numbers."

"*We!*" echoed Miss Cuthbert. "Who are 'we?'"

They were in the carriage by this time, Felicia performing her rôle of charioteer with consummate skill, and sending her little steeds along the road at a spanking rate. She plied the whip rather unnecessarily as she answered her friend's question, but for all the attention she professed to be giving to her horses, Frances Cuthbert could see the colour again mount to her cheeks as she replied:—

"Only my old friends, Mr. Selwyn and his daughter Mabel, and Mr. Nasmyth."

"Mr. Nasmyth! That is the gentleman who was in the hospital, is it not?"

By which it may be seen that Felicia had not told her bosom friend as much as she might have done about her acquaintanceship with Archibald Nasmyth.

"Yes," she replied. "He is an author, though not a well-known one yet—the grandson of the Professor Nasmyth who was at college with grand-papa. You must have heard him speak of him."

"I don't remember it. And is this gentleman a scientific man also?"

"He is nothing at present but a great invalid! He had the misfortune to have his leg amputated, you know! He is not able to do more than limp across the room yet."

"And you asked him to Cheshunt Hall so that he might recuperate his strength. You have the same kind, soft heart as ever, Felix! You are

always taking trouble or going to expense for some stranger who has no claim on you. I only hope this gentleman is grateful for your kindness. I am always so afraid of your being taken in, or ill-required, in return for your generosity."

"Oh, no one could be more grateful for any attention shown him than Mr. Nasmyth is, Frank. Mr. Selwyn and Mab are both most kind to him. He said this morning that we were spoiling him among us; but that is nonsense! He is as weak yet as an infant, and no one with any heart could fail to pity and try to help him."

"Well, he has fallen into good hands, Felix, I can answer for that," said Miss Cuthbert; "and your vocation of nursing seems to have done you good. I don't think I have ever seen you look so bonny! You are growing quite pretty in your old age! Growing downwards instead of upwards. If this is the effect of your Cheshunt air, I shall expect to go back to Llangibby without my grey hairs. Have you observed how they have increased and multiplied since we met last? I am thinking of adopting a cap. It is about time!"

"Oh, not yet, Frank, surely," exclaimed Miss Hetherington, in a tone of dismay. "Why, you are only thirty-seven!"

"Close upon forty, Felix; and that's old enough in all conscience for anything. I often smile to myself, when I think how you and I used to talk in the old days of the handsome husbands we

were to have, and remember that here we are, two old maids, with all our chances of matrimony over. How superlatively beautiful those ideal lovers were to be! I think yours was usually to have fair hair and blue eyes, Felix; and mine was to be dark as night, with flashing eyes and hyacinthine locks. What silly creatures girls are! And here we are, on the shelf, with the husbands vanished like a dream."

"But, Frances," interposed Felicia, timidly, "women do marry late in life, sometimes, and I do not think one's early ideas of beauty often last. One is more fit to make a choice when one has had a little experience."

"Some women may," said her friend, rather brusquely, "but they must be fools—not sensible people like you and me! We know our day is past. You have often told me you were quite aware no man would seek you now except for your money; and as for myself, you know all the love I ever had to give lies in poor John's grave! No, my dear, I think we may lay in the caps after all! Orange blossoms are out of all taste and fashion after a woman has turned the thirties."

Felicia said nothing, but sent the cobs spinning along the road as if she longed to reach the Hall and get the ordeal over. She must stop Frank's scathing remarks at once, she thought. She was so sharp-sighted. She might suspect something from Archie's look, or manner, and

chaff her about them; and "chaff" was what Felicia could not have endured on that subject. It was too sacred to her!

When they reached home she was delighted to find that her guests were all in the grounds, so she could follow Miss Cuthbert to her appointed bed-chamber and make her confession at once.

"I am glad they are all out," she said as she entered Miss Cuthbert's room. "Now I shall have you for an hour all to myself, and we will have tea up here together, and a cosy chat. For I have something to tell you, Frank, that will surprise you very much indeed—so much that I hardly know how to begin it!"

"You have?" replied Miss Cuthbert, turning round whilst in the act of taking off her bonnet. "Why, what can it be? Are you going to build and endow a church after all?"

For that had been a favourite project of Felicia's some time back; but her friend had rather dissuaded her from spending all her money in that way.

"No, no, nothing of that sort," said Felicia, with confusion; "it is a much more personal matter than that. I don't know what you'll say to me, Frank, when I tell you that I am engaged!"

"Engaged for this evening do you mean?" exclaimed the other. "Oh, Felix, why should

you hesitate to tell me? I don't mind taking my dinner alone for once in a way, and can amuse myself perfectly well till you come home again. Are your friends going also, or will the poor sick man be left on my hands?"

"No, no, dear, you do not understand what I meant. I—I—am—engaged to be married, Frank!"

"*What!*" exclaimed Miss Cuthbert, as she turned round to face the speaker, with her hair-brush in her hand. "Engaged to be married! Are you having a joke at my expense, Felix, or are you gone off your head?"

"Neither one nor the other, I hope," said poor Felicia, shrinking before her friend's look of astonishment. "I knew you would not believe me, but it is true. I am engaged to Mr. Nasmyth. I have told no one but you about it. Not that anything you could say would make me change my mind, only I have always told you everything since we were children together, and I should not have liked to keep this back. But, whatever you may think, please don't laugh at me, Frank, for I am so happy, and I want to remain so."

There was such a suspicion of tears in Felicia's voice, that Frances Cuthbert went up to her and kissed her.

"My dear old friend," she said, "why do you imagine I should laugh at you? Have I ever shown any lack of sympathy in your concerns

before? I am a little surprised at your news, I confess, but if it makes you happy I shall be very glad of it for your sake. Let me congratulate you, dear! When you first said you were engaged, I thought it must be to Mr. Selwyn, for I have heard several rumours, even down in Wales, that you and that gentleman were likely to make a match of it!"

"Mr. Selwyn!" echoed Felicia, with something like contempt. "No, indeed! We are very good friends, but have never thought of being more."

"And this Mr. Nasmyth," continued her friend enquiringly. "He is somewhat of an elderly man, then, I suppose?"

Felicia blushed again.

"No, that is the worst of it—or what you will think the worst of it, I suppose. He is younger than I am—a great deal younger—only four and twenty on his last birthday—but he is very fond of me, Frank—at least he says so—and I cannot help being fond of him. I know what you are thinking, Frank, and what you would like to say, but don't say it, please. I can't help it—it is just one of those things over which one has no control—and it is settled, for good and all, so no talking will make any difference."

She waited a moment for her friend's answer, but no answer came. Miss Cuthbert was busily engaged twisting up her hair, which, though iron-

grey, was very abundant. Finding she did not speak, Felicia went on.

"I daresay that you, with all your heart, as you say, in the grave of poor John Astor, who was several years older than yourself, cannot sympathise with, or understand, my promising to marry a man almost young enough to be my son; and I wanted to adopt him as my son first, Frank. It was actually on my telling him so, that I discovered he loved me in another way; and when the truth broke on me I found, to my astonishment, that I had deceived myself, and that I loved him—Oh, more dearly than I could ever tell you, or make you believe. I have been so little loved in my lifetime, Frank," Felicia went on humbly, "and I have had so little pleasure. You must not blame me too much for accepting what comes within my reach!"

Then Miss Cuthbert found heart of grace to speak.

"Blame you, Felix?" she said. "I have no more inclination than I have right to blame you! You are your own mistress, and I know that all your actions are dictated by good and pure motives. But to marry a boy! A man half your age! What can you be thinking of! Do you imagine that he will ever keep faithful to you?"

"Not keep faithful to me!" cried Felicia, in a voice of horror. "Why should you think so?"

"By my knowledge of human nature, Felix!

I cannot help thinking you are about to make a very dangerous experiment. This young man's heart is doubtless full of gratitude to you for all you have done for him, and he may be—mind, I don't say he is—inflated with the idea of walking into such a comfortable home as this without any trouble on his part. But man's nature, with regard to women, is decidedly fickle, and when the first excitement is past, and he has become accustomed to have all his wishes gratified, don't you think there is considerable danger of his fancy wandering to metal more attractive? Youth should mate with youth, you know. May and December never did hit it off for long together yet!"

But Felicia was sobbing so piteously by this time, that her friend had not the heart to lecture her any longer.

"Oh, Frank, you are cruel to me! I never thought you could be so cruel before."

"My dear, dearest Felix, what have I said to make you cry like this? I only meant to warn you. But there, you goose, I will say no more! I see you are too far gone for an old maid's cautions to be of any use! It's all jealousy, you know, my dear girl. I am envious of your handsome lover. Come, dry your eyes and think no more about it. Or I will go back to Llangibby."

"I know I am foolish," gasped Felicia. "I tell myself so twenty times a day. Archie is so

handsome and clever and young, and I am so ugly and old and stupid! It seems ridiculous that he should care for me—especially in that way! But he swears he does, and that no other way would make him happy, and my greatest desire is to give him happiness—even at the expense of my own. I have put it all before him so plainly, and yet he declares that he wants no one but me. What am I to do, Frank? It is absurd, as you say, but he really seems as if he meant it.”

“And of course he means it,” replied her friend, who was concerned to see the effect her words had produced, “and he must be a sensible young man into the bargain to have found out what a treasure a heart like yours is! You are too good for any man, that is the truth, Felix! I should have been jealous of your marrying anybody, even had he been King of England! But I will try and like Mr. Archie very much indeed, if only because he has been clever enough to discover all your virtues; but he will have to mind his P’s and Q’s when I am by. He will find I am as jealous of my Felix as if I were her husband myself!”

“Oh, you silly old darling,” cried Felicia with a smile, and then the two friends threw their arms around each other’s necks and cemented their affection afresh with a kiss.

But when Miss Cuthbert was introduced to

Archibald Nasmyth her wonder was renewed. The return of health and strength had made the young man look even younger than he really was. His pale clear skin and soft wavy hair gave him a very boyish appearance, which his clean shaven face tended to increase. He was alone in the library, resting from his afternoon drive through the grounds, when they first saw him, and Felicia took her friend to him at once.

“Archie, this is my dear old friend, Frances Cuthbert, of whom you have heard me speak so much. You must be as good friends with her, dear, as I am. I have told her our secret, but she understands that it is not public property yet, and is not to be alluded to openly!”

“It is a secret that has made me very proud and happy, as Miss Cuthbert may well believe,” replied Archibald Nasmyth, as he stretched out his hand to the new-comer; “and I am longing for the day when everyone shall know it. I don’t see the object of concealment myself, but Felicia wishes it, and that is, of course, sufficient for me.”

“I think it advisable not to say anything about it till the present party breaks up,” rejoined Felicia, blushing. “My friends might think it had been too suddenly agreed upon; besides, I feel I can convey the news better in writing. How have you been amusing yourself this afternoon, Archie?”

"Oh, Miss Selwyn and I have had a charming time upon the lawn, reading out our compositions to each other. She is really a very clever girl. She read me some of her verses. I had no idea she could compose so well. Her stanzas are lovely. I am sure my old paper, *The Electric Light*, would accept them. The editor always kept a corner each week for poetry."

"Perhaps you could give Mab an introduction to him, Archie? I should be infinitely obliged to you if you could help her on at all, especially as Mr. Selwyn is interesting himself on your behalf. It would be a graceful return on your part."

"I intend to do so, if possible. She has a tale half finished, which she laid by because she did not see her way to completing the plot satisfactorily. But 'two heads are better than one,' they say, and as soon as she read me the fragment I saw how it could be worked out. So we are going to re-write it together to-morrow, and make a study of the honeysuckle arbour if you have no objection, Felicia."

"Objection, my dear Archie?" replied his *fiancée*: "how could I have any possible objection? I promise no one shall disturb you at your work, but you must take care not to catch cold sitting out there too long. You are not a giant for strength yet, remember," she added, with solicitude.

"I don't think much harm will happen to me whilst I have you to look after me. Do you, Miss Cuthbert?" said the young man, glancing at that lady.

"No," she answered gravely, "I know Felicia of old. She thinks of everybody before herself. You have won the truest heart in the world, Mr. Nasmyth."

"Oh, hush!" cried Felicia; "here come Mr. Selwyn and his daughter."

And at the same moment they entered the room. Fanny Cuthbert took a dislike to Mabel Selwyn at once—there was something so meretricious to her in the flash of the girl's eyes—the golden glimmer in her hair—and her unnaturally red lips.

She was over-dressed, too, for a quiet country dinner. Her somewhat skinny neck and shoulders were unnecessarily displayed above her flimsy frock, and contrasted significantly with her hostess's plain quaker-like grey gown, which was cool and pleasant in appearance, but rather staid.

Both the father and daughter were profuse in their welcome to Miss Cuthbert, of whom they had heard so much from their dear Miss Hetherington; but she could not help observing that as soon as they had finished with her they turned their attention to young Nasmyth, whom they seemed to claim as their own property.

"You have been introduced to our young friend here, Mr. Nasmyth, I presume, Miss Cuthbert," said Mr. Selwyn; "the grandson of the celebrated Professor Nasmyth of King's College? He has been wise enough to take up Literature as his profession, and if he only follows in the footsteps of his grandfather he will do well."

"You flatter me, Mr. Selwyn," exclaimed young Nasmyth. "However hard I may try, I can never hope to emulate my grandfather."

"Oh, I don't know that," interposed Mabel, in a pert voice. "I have been reading papa that paper of yours on the appearance of comets this afternoon, and he thinks very highly of it—very highly indeed. Don't you, papa?"

"I certainly think it shows great promise," acquiesced Mr. Selwyn.

The author flushed with pleasure.

"If I can win your approbation, Mr. Selwyn," he replied, "I shall consider my fortune made."

Felicia's soft eyes rested on him for a moment with a look of mingled pride and affection, but she made no remark on the subject, and dinner being immediately announced, the party adjourned to the dining-room.

Here the conversation being continued, turned entirely on literature, Mr. Selwyn relating several stories of editors and publishers, to which young Nasmyth listened greedily; whilst Mab spoke on the same topics in the most assured manner, and

as if she had been an author of long standing, instead of a mere tyro who had just got her first production accepted by the press.

These three were so engrossed by the subject that interested them most, that Felicia, their hostess, seemed to Miss Cuthbert to be left considerably out in the cold, and after a while she ventured to let them see she thought so.

"Well, all this talk of publishers and publishing may be very interesting to you authors," she said, "but to humble people like Felicia and me it is so much Greek and Latin. Have you ridden much lately, Felicia?"

"Yes, I have had some good gallops in the mornings before anyone but myself was up. I bought a magnificent hunter from Lord Firminston just before I left town, and I have been trying to gentle him since. But he is rather a handful for a woman."

"Oh, you can manage anything," returned her friend, carelessly. "I know your pluck and skill of old, Felicia! You are the best horsewoman I have ever seen! Do you ride, Miss Selwyn?"

"No," replied Mab, hesitatingly; "I have never had the opportunity to learn. Papa has not been able to keep a horse for me!"

"My dear Mab," exclaimed Miss Hetherington, "there is the gentlest little cob in the stables that is entirely at your service, if you would like to learn to ride now. I could teach you myself

in half-a-dozen lessons. Or if you would prefer a more experienced instructor, my old coachman is a proficient in the art. It was he who taught me!"

"No, thank you, dear Miss Hetherington," said Mab, sweetly. "It is awfully good of you, but I do not care about learning—at least, just at present, when Mr. Nasmyth requires so much of our attention. You would feel very lonely if we all went out riding and left you by yourself, wouldn't you?" she continued, addressing the young man.

"Oh, but I must not deprive you of so great a pleasure," he replied. "I am trouble enough to you all as it is!"

"I don't consider it a trouble," said Miss Selwyn. "It is a real boon to have found a companion to whom I can talk of what interests me most. We must not neglect our profession, Mr. Nasmyth, for anything. We both have our fortunes to make, remember. We are not so happily situated as dear Miss Hetherington, who can do just as she chooses in the matter, are we?"

Archibald Nasmyth said "No," of course, but his eyes sought Felicia's as he said it, and made her heart bound with joy, as she thought how soon they must all learn that her fortune was to be his, and how surprised they would be at the news.

"Felix!" said Miss Cuthbert, as they were exchanging a few last words before retiring for the night, "I don't like that girl Miss Selwyn. "What made you ask her here?"

"Not like Mab?" replied Felicia, with open eyes. "Oh, I think she is such a nice, clever girl! Besides, she has always had the run of my house. Her father and I are such dear old friends, you know!"

"I know a great deal more than you do, it strikes me, my dear! That dear old friend of yours has his dear old eyes on your money bags. He will propose to you before very long. Mark my words!"

"Oh! Frank, what nonsense! I assure you you are quite mistaken. He has never even hinted at such a thing! But never mind him. Tell me what you think of—of—Archie!"

"He is superlatively handsome, my dear—so handsome, that I don't wonder that you have overlooked the trifling disadvantage of his having only one leg."

"But that is the very thing that made me love him, Frank. It is so sad for him, poor darling—so very, very sad!"

"Well, when he wants you to love him a little more, he must cut the other off, I suppose!"

"I couldn't love him more," said Felicia. "But do you wonder that I long to make the remainder of his life easy and happy for him—that I would

remove all trouble and pain from his shoulders, if I could—that I want, if possible, to make him forget he has gone through so terrible an experience!”

“I wonder at nothing that your loving heart dictates, Felix,” replied her friend. “You are made up of love for your fellow-creatures. All I trust is, that Mr. Nasmyth may requite your care for him as it deserves. He will be a heartless man if he does not, and he will be a very happy man if he does!”

“Then he will be a very happy man,” whispered Felicia. “I am sure of that!”

“Good-night, you goose, then, and go and dream of your happy man. But I don’t like that Miss Selwyn, Felix. I feel as if she will spoil my visit to you by being here!”

CHAPTER VI.

THE PICNIC.

THE summer days flew by on wings. Felicia Hetherington was so happy that she could not sleep. Each morning excitement waked her with the dawn, and she would rise and dress herself, and walk about the grounds of Cheshunt Hall before anybody else was up, trying to realise the good fortune that had befallen her.

She felt so tender over Archibald Nasmyth in his weakness—so absurdly grateful to him for loving her—so elated at the prospect of having him for her friend and help and counsellor through life—that there was nothing she would not have done, or sacrificed, to repay him for the difference he had made in her existence.

She sent for her legal adviser, Mr. Grant, down to the Hall during those days, and confided her happy secret to him, and asked him to draw up a deed settling one thousand a year on Archibald Nasmyth for life, so that he might feel himself entirely independent of her and everyone.

“Of course, if our marriage comes off, Mr. Grant,” she said, “everything I have will be my

husband's; but I shall feel easier if this settlement is made upon Mr. Nasmyth at once."

"But would it not be better to wait until you are married, to render this young gentleman independent of you?" remonstrated the solicitor.

"No, not at all. We might never be married; something might intervene to prevent it. I might die in the interim, and all my fortune go to those mythical cousins of mine in Australia, whom I have never seen or heard of, except in connection with their being the next of kin. Please to draw up the settlement as I wish, Mr. Grant; but I shall say nothing about it unless the necessity should arise. As matters stand at present, the marriage is fixed to take place in September."

"Very good, Miss Hetherington. Your wishes are, of course, law. The draft of the settlement shall be sent you for endorsement next week; and I wish you every possible happiness in your new venture. No one could deserve it more!"

"Thank you, Mr. Grant. No one has ever had a better prospect of it, I am sure of that!" answered Felicia, smiling.

She did not tell Archibald Nasmyth of what she had done, but she confided it to Miss Cuthbert.

"A thousand a year!" cried the other, opening her eyes. "Oh, Felicia, surely that is a great deal too much! Supposing he were to leave you for another woman, either before or after mar-

riage! Is he to take the fifth part of your fortune with him?"

Felicia turned pale under the supposition.

"Frank," she said, do you think of what you are saying? What dishonourable motives you ascribe to my poor boy! But if he could do such an awful thing—if Archie did desert me—he might take all I possess with him, for he would have robbed me of my best treasure, and the rest would seem worthless without him."

"Well, my dear, of all the infatuated lovers I have ever seen you are the very worst. They say if we take a disease late in life it goes hard with us, and I am sure you are an example of the fact. You've got it very, *very* bad, indeed, Felix!"

"I'm afraid I have! But never mind me and my follies now. Have you forgotten that we are going to picnic in Waddington Woods to-day, and it is time to dress ourselves for the occasion? Several nice persons are going to meet us there, and I have asked a charming man, the Vicar of Waddington, to be one of the party. I have asked him with an eye to you, Frank! He will suit you, I know, down to a T; and he wants a wife sadly. Mrs. Waddington died about two years ago, and left him with five little children. It would be a real charity on your part if you could make up your mind to take compassion on him, and go and superintend the Vicarage *ménage*."

"*Bien obligée*," replied Miss Cuthbert, laughing. "You catch a good-looking young fellow for yourself, and want your dear, particular friend to put up with a second-hand parson. No, thank you, my dear! I am not so devoted to widowers—to say nothing of children—as all that, and shall direct my charitable intentions nearer home. I have not yet quite made up my mind whether I shall not pull caps with you for the interesting invalid downstairs. I think I'm almost in love with *ses beaux yeux* myself; and now that you have made him the possessor of a thousand a year for life, he would not be at all an unprofitable investment."

Miss Hetherington laughed heartily at this badinage, and made a move towards her own room.

"How are we going?" called her friend after her.

"I ordered the barouche for the Selwyns and you, Frank, and mean to drive Archie over in my pony chaise."

"A very neat, not to say convenient, arrangement," replied Miss Cuthbert, playfully.

"Well, you see, the barouche is still a little too high to be convenient for him to step into, and I thought if I drove the chaise into the woods and had the ponies taken out, he could rest in it during the day if he felt tired."

"A very plausible excuse, dear! It will do as well as any other."

"You're a tease!" replied Felicia, as she left her.

As they all assembled before the door of Chesnut Hall, and Archibald Nasmyth found that Miss Hetherington intended to drive him herself, he remonstrated with her.

"I thought you would have ridden on horse-back," he said. "I know you don't care for driving, and you have not ridden for days. It makes me feel myself such a bother to you."

"You can never be that!" she answered in a low voice.

"Oh, dear Miss Hetherington, do let me drive Mr. Nasmyth!" exclaimed Mab Selwyn. "I can drive. I used to do so, always, when staying with my aunt. And I should love it so! I hate sitting with my back to the horses in a barouche. May I? Do say 'yes!'"

"But are you sure you can manage my cobs, Mab?" said Felicia, who did not like to appear too eager for Archibald's society. "They are troublesome at times—at least Jill is—and if she begins to misbehave herself the other is sure to follow suit."

"Oh, yes, I'm sure I can—can't I, papa? I have a very strong wrist. They won't get the better of me, and if there was any chance of it, Mr. Nasmyth would be able to help me."

"I'm afraid you musn't count on me for assistance," said Archibald, "for I am as weak as a child since this confounded accident."

Felicia was very averse to the proposed arrangement, and felt nervous for the issue; but Mab pleaded so hard and was so positive that she could manage the ponies, that her hostess's scruples were overcome and she re-entered the house to assume her riding habit, and ordered her favourite hunter to be brought round.

Her riding gear set off her neat figure to the best advantage, and her horse was a magnificent animal, for which she had given one hundred and fifty pounds; and as she rode by the side of the barouche, Miss Cuthbert could not help looking at them both, and thinking how remarkably well they suited each other.

But she could not help remarking also how Felicia's eyes wandered incessantly to the pair in the pony chaise, and how anxiously she watched the action of the fiery little cobs, like a mother in suspense for the safety of a dearly beloved child.

"Take care! Take care!" she called out once or twice, as Mab flourished the whip over the ponies' ears, and made the volatile Jill shake her mane in a determined manner and try to get her head down. "Be careful, Mab, I entreat you. You don't know what that little brute Jill is when she gets her temper up."

"It's all right!" Miss Selwyn would answer, as she bent down her own head to hear what Mr. Nasmyth might be saying.

But all of a sudden, when no one was expecting it, the little mare, with her temper excited, swerved at a plough-boy who started up from the other side of the hedge, and getting the bit between her teeth, set off at a violent gallop, which her stable companion, Jack, soon contrived to turn into a run-away.

Mab gave a scream which made Felicia look up. In a moment she saw what had happened, and before she could remark on it the pony chaise was out of sight.

"They will get on Brierley Hills and race over the sandstone quarries!" she said with set teeth, and without another word she leapt the hedge at the side of the road and raced across the fields in an opposite direction.

"Whatever is your mistress going to do?" said Fanny Cuthbert to the coachman.

"I think she's going to try and stop 'em at the Nutley Road, miss," he replied, touching his hat. "It's a short cut across them fields. But, begging your pardon, miss, the mistress didn't ought to have let that young lady drive them cobs. I seed she couldn't handle them, directly she took the reins. They're a caution sometimes, and no mistake, and I don't know no lady as can manage 'em like the mistress herself."

"But what can we do, coachman?" said Miss Cuthbert, in distress, which Mr. Selwyn naturally shared.

"We can't do nothink, miss, but drive on slowly, so as not to frighten 'em wuss. But I shall be very much surprised if they don't 'ave an accident! Howsomever, if it is to be stopped, the mistress will stop it, for she's the boldest lady I ever see back a hoss, and she'll cut 'em off at the end of the Nutley Road."

So the little party drove on, very anxious and uneasy until they reached their friends again.

Meanwhile, Felicia flew as fast as her hunter could carry her over the fields and dales that led to the Brierley Hills, leaping every obstacle that came in her way as if she had been a bird. But one thought was in her mind the while—Archibald. In his present weakened condition he could be of little use to the incompetent driver who held the reins of the little pony carriage, and if the frightened animals reached the hills before she did and went down the sandstone road, both Mabel Selwyn and Archibald Nasmyth might be dashed to pieces in the pits.

Felicia shut her eyes as she contemplated so horrible a contingency, but she never relaxed her speed. She knew her way well, for she had often traversed it whilst following the hounds. It was quite a short cut, hardly more than half the distance of the road, and she confidently expected

to reach the turn to the hills long before they did.

But she had not calculated on the speed of Jack and Jill when fairly put upon their mettle. As she came in sight of the highway she saw the little carriage flying down the slope that led to the sandstone quarries. With increased impetus she put her horse over the last hedge, and flinging herself off his back stood right in the path of the flying ponies and seized them by the reins. Had she been in her right mind at the moment Felicia must have known that such a procedure was simple madness and could not fail to be attended by fatal effects for her own safety. But one thought alone was present with her at the time. Archibald was in danger! Archibald might be thrown from the carriage and break another limb! Archibald might be hurled down those awful sandpits and lie a bleeding corpse at the bottom before she could step between to prevent the catastrophe.

So, without thought or care for herself, she let her own horse go where he would, while she seized the reins of the runaway steeds with her courageous hands, and was thrown down by them and trampled under foot before their course was stayed.

"My God!" cried Archibald Nasmyth, as he got out as quickly as he was able and stooped over Felicia's bleeding body, "she has killed her-

self for us! Felicia," he continued, as he kissed her cheek, "Felicia, speak to me, for Heaven's sake! This suspense will kill me!"

The ponies had stopped by this time very much out of breath, with heaving flanks and downcast heads, as if they were ashamed of themselves, whilst Felicia's hunter, like a well-bred gentleman, was standing meekly by and trying to crop a little grass to refresh himself after his late exertions.

Mab Selwyn, who had been ready to faint with fright, felt every other feeling swallowed up in surprise as she listened to Archibald Nasmyth's address to Felicia, but for the moment her fear for her hostess's safety was as great as his. She left the chaise also, only too glad to get out of it, and came and knelt by the side of Felicia's prostrate body.

"If we had but some water," she said; "she may only have fainted from the shock! But how her cheek is bleeding! What shall we do?"

Archibald Nasmyth, apparently oblivious of her presence, laid his face against that of Miss Hetherington.

"Felicia! Felicia!" he cried, "wake up! Speak to me! Show some sign of life! My God! is it possible that she is dead?"

"No, dear Archie, no!" said Felicia, faintly. "I am not very much hurt—only a little stunned I think. But you are safe, are you not? You and

poor Mab. Oh, what an awful time it was! I thought you would have both been dashed to pieces down the sandstone quarries."

Then she remembered that they were not alone and struggled to her feet with a huge blush.

"Are my ponies hurt?" she asked next. "Naughty little creatures. I'm afraid it was my fault for trusting them out of my own hands. How thankful I am that it is no worse!"

But as she spoke she staggered backward and tried to lift her hand to stay the blood that was streaming down her face.

"Dearest," said Archie Nasmyth, "you are more hurt than you imagine. Let me help you to the carriage. The ponies are quiet again now. You will faint if you stand here. Oh, why did you do it?"

"I did it for you," she answered, in a low voice, as she supported herself by leaning on her horse's neck.

Mab had no time for wonderment then, but she heard and noted every word that passed between them.

"Here comes the barouche, dear Miss Hetherington," she exclaimed presently. "Oh, I hope papa won't be very angry with me for this."

"It was not your fault, dear," replied Felicia, kindly.

She made as light of it as she possibly could,

but when she was submitted to the scrutiny of Frances Cuthbert, who was pale with apprehension, it was soon found that she was unfit for anything but to be conveyed home again, and a great difficulty arose as to what to do with regard to the rest of the picnic party. The barouche was the only proper vehicle in which to take Felicia back to the Hall, and Archibald Nasmyth and Miss Cuthbert both elected to return with her.

Mr. Selwyn would not trust himself to Mab's tender mercies in the pony chaise, nor had the ambitious young lady any desire for a repetition of her exploit, so it was decided they must all return to Cheshunt Hall, whilst the footman took the provisions they had brought with them in the chaise on to Waddington Woods, with Miss Hetherington's compliments to her guests, and an explanation of how the contretemps had occurred.

When this was settled, the barouche set off on its homeward course. Felicia bore the motion unflinchingly, although everyone saw how much she suffered, and everyone sympathised more than the author of the mischief, Miss Mabel Selwyn.

She really seemed jealous of the attention her hostess commanded, and sat well back on her seat in the carriage, silent and sulky.

Felicia was not the sort of woman to faint,

but she had great difficulty to prevent herself doing so before they reached home, and as soon as they arrived Miss Cuthbert conveyed her to her own room, and the rest of the party were left to amuse themselves as best they might. It was a glorious day, and as soon as luncheon was over, Archibald Nasmyth took the stick with which he was still obliged to support himself whilst walking and wandered out upon the lawn.

He had seen Mabel Selwyn seated in a despondent attitude under one of the wide-spreading chestnut trees, and fancied the girl must be reproaching herself for the share she had taken in the unfortunate accident that had happened to her hostess. Coming up with her he threw himself into a wicker chair beside her and proceeded to administer comfort.

"Miss Cuthbert has just sent down a message to say," he commenced, "that Miss Hetherington feels better than she expected to do, and hopes to get off with the cut above her eye and a few bruises. It is a mercy it is not worse; but as it is, I do not think we need have any more fears on her account."

"I was not thinking of Miss Hetherington," answered Mab, "though I should have been deeply grieved if anything worse had happened to her. But I was wondering if the shock would throw you back. Are you sure you don't feel any bad effects from it?"

"I?" responded the young man, opening his eyes. "Oh, dear no. I was terribly frightened at the time, for her sake, but it has all passed with the assurance of her safety. It has rather done me good, I think. I did not know before that I was capable of jumping out of the carriage so quickly. I believe I could have jumped over a precipice at that moment."

His assertion seemed to ruffle Miss Selwyn.

"Yes. I observed you displayed unusual agility," she said, somewhat sarcastically, "and I was surprised to hear the familiar terms you appeared to be on with Miss Hetherington. 'Dear Archie!' and 'Dearest Felicia!' Forgive me for smiling, but it did seem a little funny to hear a young fellow like you calling an old woman like Miss Hetherington 'dearest!'"

"Did it?" he replied, colouring. "Why?"

Mab threw her head back in her low chair and turned her large brown eyes on him. She was looking uncommonly well that afternoon, for the July heat had flushed her face, and her abundant hair, which was somewhat in disorder, lay in masses on the shoulders of her pretty white gown.

As she looked at him her beauty struck Archibald Nasmyth vividly, and yet there was something in it that made him turn his eyes away.

"I don't know," she said in answer to his

question. "Because she is old enough to be your mother, I suppose. She is a dear old thing! I have known her ever since I was a baby, but I never dreamt of calling her by her Christian name. However, I am very, very glad to hear that you feel none the worse for the affair. If you had been injured through my carelessness," she added in a low tone, "I could not have survived it. I should have killed myself!"

Archibald Nasmyth turned towards her quickly—his face flushing with surprise and curiosity.

"But that is nonsense," he replied, confusedly; "you are exaggerating the matter altogether! I can imagine how sorry you would have been if either Miss Hetherington or myself had been injured, but her life is of far more consequence than mine."

"Is it?" said Mab, carelessly. "To some people, perhaps, like Miss Cuthbert, who seems to worship her—but not to me."

"But it is to me," exclaimed Archie, loyally, "considering we are engaged to be married!"

He had not intended to let the cat out of the bag, but the words left his lips before he was aware of them.

Mab treated the news at first as if it was the greatest possible joke.

"Don't be silly," she cried, "and try to bamboozle me! I'm not so easily taken in as you

seem to think. *You!*—engaged to marry Miss Hetherington? Why, you are young enough to be her son!”

“Not quite that, I think, Miss Selwyn; but I assure you it is the truth. I ought not to have mentioned it, though. Miss Hetherington does not wish it to be made public yet, so you must be good enough to regard it as a confidence. Will you?”

“But it isn’t true. You are joking! You can’t be in earnest,” persisted Mab. “Why, I have known her as long as I can remember. She must be a hundred years old!”

Archibald Nasmyth did not know how to answer her badinage. It made him feel very uncomfortable, and it seemed dishonourable to keep silence under it. Yet what could he say to this mocking young woman, who continued to look him full in the face and laugh incredulously?

“Please don’t let us talk of it any more,” he resumed, after a pause. “It is the truth, although you appear to be unable to believe it. Miss Hetherington has been very good to me. I don’t believe I should be alive now were it not for all the care she lavished on me when I was in the hospital. I can never forget all I owe her, nor can I ever hope to repay her.”

There was a long pause, during which he waited for Mab to make some answer to his

speech, but none came. She was sitting with her eyes fixed upon the sky—gazing apparently into the far unseen.

“Miss Selwyn,” said Archie, presently, “you will respect my confidence? You will not speak of this to Mr. Selwyn, or anybody, until it is made public property?”

“Why should I speak of it?” she answered sharply. “Who would be interested to hear of it? It seems to me to be a thing to be rather ashamed of than otherwise.”

“Don’t say that,” replied Archie, in a voice of pain.

“Do you mean to say that you love her?” said the girl, turning upon him with blazing eyes.

“Of course I love her,” he answered gravely.

Mab gave a short, hard laugh, and rising from her seat sauntered away on the broad lawn to where a leafy acacia bent its branches to the ground so as to form a verdant bower. She parted the branches and passed behind them, losing herself from view. Archibald Nasmyth sat for a few moments where she had left him, uncertain what to do.

He was not quite sure what her manner of receiving his news portended, but it was certainly flattering to his vanity. And his prevailing weakness was his vanity, as it is that of most men. You have only to find out the vulnerable point in

a man's armour to twist him at your will. The woman who does not flatter him stands no chance against the woman who does. Archie had been flattered on account of his personal beauty ever since he was a child, and he thought a great deal more of himself than he would ever allow. Miss Selwyn's evident annoyance at the announcement of his engagement put all sorts of thoughts into his head—thoughts which, after a while, made him also rise from his chair and limp slowly after her to the acacia bower.

He found her standing in a kind of reverie, plucking the green leaves by handfuls and casting them impetuously to the ground. But as she saw that he had followed her, a smile rose to her lips, which she turned away in order to conceal from him.

"Miss Selwyn," he commenced, anxiously, "I hope I have not said anything to offend you. Why did you leave me just now? What difference can what I have told you make to our pleasant friendship?"

He tried to take her hand, but she twitched it away.

"What nonsense! Of course it can't make any difference. Only the best part of it is over—that's all."

"Over? But why?"

"Do you suppose we can go on with our collaboration, the same as if you were disengaged?"

—that I should have ever proposed to commence it, unless I had thought you were free? And we were getting on so nicely, too. I hoped we were going to make quite a big thing of my little story."

"And why should we not?"

"I don't know if we shall be allowed to do so."

"Indeed, you are forming quite a wrong idea of Felicia. She is kindness itself, and would be only too glad to see me (or you, for the matter of that) succeed in anything we undertook. Besides, I must write for my living. You don't suppose I am going to sit down for the remainder of my life and spend her money, do you? I am not that sort of man, Miss Selwyn."

"Well, I hope Miss Hetherington may be interested in your literary career, but she never seems to me to care for anything but horses."

"You are mistaken. She not only takes a great interest in it, but has worked herself, for my benefit. It was through her means that I became acquainted with your father and yourself. That is a great thing I have to thank her for."

"I am glad you think so. A literary career wants all the help it can get. It is not a remunerative one as a rule. You are a very lucky man, Mr. Nasmyth, to have the road to success made so easy to you. It really will not signify whether you succeed or not."

"Oh, yes, it will. I shall be very unhappy if I do not succeed. It has been the ambition of my life to become a successful author, and I mean to be one before I die."

"I prophesy you will be no such thing! I think Miss Hetherington will object after a while to your shutting yourself up in your study half the day. She will say there is no necessity for it—that you can have as much money as you like without working, and that she would rather you spent your time with her. I believe I should say the same under similar circumstances. You see it is not as if she were a girl like—me. She has not so much time to spare, poor thing! She will want to have as much of your company as she can, and who would blame her for it? It will be only natural. But you must relinquish your ambition!"

"I shall do no such thing," he answered. "I have made up my mind on the subject and everything else must succumb to its fulfilment. I am more ambitious than you give me credit for, Miss Selwyn. I have grand ideas and possibilities of elaboration in my head, and I sincerely hope and believe the life which lies before me will aid instead of hinder me in their accomplishment."

"Ah! you will forget me then! I shall have no part in your life," said Mab, sentimentally.

"Indeed, I trust you will! Do you suppose that marriage will make any difference in Miss

Hetherington's warm feelings towards her friends, and such old friends, too, as Mr. Selwyn and yourself? You cannot know much of her nature if you think so. She has so large a heart that verily I believe you could not overfill it. It embraces the whole world. Do you not agree with me?"

"Oh, what does it signify whether I agree or not?" said Mab pettishly. "You must learn to think and decide for yourself in the future."

"But I like to hear your ideas just as they occur to you."

"I am not so sure that you would, or that Miss Hetherington would approve of my telling them to you. I begin to be afraid I have been too open and free already. You see I had no idea—I had not the slightest conception—how should I have?" said the girl, with just the faintest suspicion of a falter in her voice, "that you were—were engaged to be married—above all, that you were engaged to *her*. I must say that I don't think it was quite fair to keep it a secret."

"But why not fair? My accident is of such recent date that it is not certain when the marriage can take place, so we decided not to make the news public till the day was actually fixed. How can that concern anybody but ourselves?"

"It might hurt some other people very much indeed," replied Mab, significantly; and he was just about to make some eager rejoinder when

Miss Cuthbert was descried coming towards them over the lawn.

As they emerged from the acacia bower to meet her they looked rather guilty, and she scrutinised them rather unpleasantly with her piercing eyes.

"You will be glad to hear, I hope," she commenced, "that my dear Felicia has fallen into a nice sleep. Her face is terribly cut and bruised, as well as various parts of her body; but Dr. Galloway, who has just left, says that a week in bed will set her right. I fear she will always carry the marks of the accident; but we must all feel thankful, and you, especially, Miss Selwyn, that it did not result in her death, as it might easily have done."

"Well, I don't see that it was *my* fault," rejoined Mab. "No one can combat with a really vicious animal. Miss Hetherington should not drive such horses. They are not safe!"

"Evidently not—in your hands," replied Miss Cuthbert, "and I trust it will be a warning to you not again to attempt to do a thing of which you are incompetent. You might have sacrificed Mr. Nasmyth's life, as well as your own, to say nothing of that of my dear friend. It has been a most merciful escape for her; but had it not been for her courage, you would probably not be here, yourself, at the present moment. Mr. Nasmyth feels that to be true, I am sure!"

"Oh, yes, of course I do, Miss Cuthbert. She was most plucky—it was the pluckiest thing I have ever seen—everyone who saw it must feel that," he replied confusedly, but truth to say, he was wondering all the while what Miss Selwyn could possibly have meant by saying that it was not fair of Miss Hetherington and him to have kept their engagement a secret.

CHAPTER VII.

THE ATTRACTION.

MEANWHILE, poor Felicia was lying in her bed, bruised from head to foot. The cut above her eye was a deep, disfiguring wound, which had nearly reached the bone, and which Dr. Galloway had found necessary to draw together with a few stitches.

Felicia had asked him at the time if it would leave a scar, and he had answered soothingly that there might be a slight mark, but it would be nothing to signify. But to Miss Cuthbert he had said that she would be scarred for life, and lucky if the wound healed without discolouration. As for the rest of the poor creature, there was not a bone in her body that did not ache.

The horses' feet trampled on her chest and bosom, and they had only stopped in time to prevent the wheels passing over her. But Felicia would have no one blamed for the accident. It was no one's fault—it was purely a mischance.

Mab had been careless, poor child! That was the worst of her offences. She thought she could

drive, or she never would have attempted to do so.

As for the darling little cobs, they had never bolted in their lives before. Something quite out of the common must have frightened them—and what is more paralysing than fear? It showed how good and sweet they were not to have trampled her to death. She was sure the dear things had recognised the effort she was making for their sakes, and stopped their career by almost herculean means.

No one was to be blamed, nor was she to be pitied. She was only too grateful and happy to think she had accomplished her object and saved her friends from a terrible fate. She would not acknowledge that she felt any pain—at least any to speak of—though she could not turn in bed for the agony of her bruised body, and she was quite content to lie there as long as Dr. Galloway thought it advisable for her to do so. She only wished her dear old Frank would join the others and not make a martyr of herself by staying in a sick room in such perfect weather as they had at present. But, naturally, Miss Cuthbert refused to leave her.

Poor Felicia, with her head bound up in white cloths, and the only part of her face visible blue and purple with bruises, and swollen to twice its natural size, did not look any the handsomer for her accident. Indeed, she presented such a

pitiable object that Miss Cuthbert felt almost thankful that she could not leave her bed, as she felt sure that in that case she would have gone downstairs, bandages and all, to look after the well-being of Mr. Archibald Nasmyth. Her whole anxiety was that he should be well cared for during her absence, and she put all sorts of questions to Miss Cuthbert as to how he seemed and what he said, and how much he had eaten, and if he had made any complaint.

"Don't think me childish, dear Frank," she would say, glancing up into her friend's face with the eye that was not hidden by bandages, "but I am longing so to hear all about him. We are quite alone, dear! There is no one to hear us talk, so do tell me every little thing about Archie that you can remember. Will you?"

"Of course I will, dear Felix, but where shall I begin? He looks the same as ever to me! I think he ate a tolerably good breakfast, too, this morning."

"Does he walk more easily, Frank? And has he been out in the carriage to-day?"

"Yes. He and the Selwyns all drove to Welham Court this morning to return the Poynders' call; and I think they must have stayed to lunch there, for they have not returned yet."

"Oh, I am so glad! It will amuse Archie. He must feel lonely whilst I am up here. I would have given a good deal for it not to have hap-

pened, just for that reason. Are Mab and he going on with their story?"

"I believe so," replied Miss Cuthbert, with closed lips; "at least they have made a writing room of the acacia bower, and carry all their materials out there."

"Oh! what a pretty idea!" exclaimed Felicia, unaffectedly. "I am sure that must have been dear Archie's, because it is so poetical. And—and, Frank—does he ever speak of me?"

"He always inquires after you, darling; but you must not forget that your engagement to him is not made public yet, and I have no opportunities of seeing him alone. He is very anxious for you to go downstairs again. I am sure of that!"

"Dear Archie!" murmured Felicia, softly; and then, after a pause, she added, timidly, "Frank, do you think it would be very dreadful if I were to receive him up here—whilst you were present, you know? I do so long to see him for a moment!"

Miss Cuthbert looked at the poor, discoloured, swollen features—at the bandaged head—and wondered if Felicia knew what she looked like—and what the young man would think of her if he were admitted to her presence.

"There would be nothing improper in it, my dear friend, that I can see," she answered, "but you are hardly fit to receive company. You look

rather alarming at present, my dear. I think it would be advisable to wait a little longer."

"But Archie—it could not signify to Archie, surely," she persisted. "He and I have promised to pass the rest of our lives together. No disfigurements can make any difference to him and me. Why, if he had been smashed all to pieces, it would only make me more anxious to be by his bedside. What odds could it be how he looked, so long as he wanted to see me? I don't think you realise how much I love him, Frank!"

"Yes, dear, I do; but men and women are of different natures. They think more of our appearance than we do of theirs. You can do as you like, of course, Felix, but if I were you I would wait until my bandages were off before I asked for an interview with Mr. Nasmyth."

"Very good, dear. I daresay you know best," replied Felicia, with a sigh, as she composed herself patiently to sleep again.

They had hoped at first that she would have been downstairs in a week or ten days, but the bruises proved more obstinate than the wound, and were much longer in healing. Felicia was not a young woman, and she was rather a heavy one, and so the doctor would not hear of her leaving her bedroom until she had lost the extreme stiffness that succeeded the accident. Though she was longing to be downstairs in the

beautiful summer weather, and amongst her flowers and in her stables, she was forced to lie idle for fear of having some serious result from her misadventure.

Meanwhile, Archibald Nasmyth and Mabel Selwyn were collaborating over the little story. Every morning they had their table and chairs carried to the acacia bower, and sat there, with their heads close together, poring over their writing materials. The tale, which had been conceived with the view of being accepted by a magazine, had now swelled to the dimensions of a one volume novel, which necessitated more detail, alias "padding."

"Let us glance over the last few pages before we commence to write, Miss Selwyn," said Archie, one morning, as they settled down to work. "If you remember, we had just got to the part where Lilla Mostyn is trying to analyse her feelings with regard to Allan M'Heith:—

"Lilla sat at the open window with her head resting pensively on her hand. Did she love Allan or did she not? That was the question. She knew that she had a tender regard for him. His goodness to the poor paralytic—his filial devotion to his parents—and his unflinching honesty and rectitude, all went to make up an estimable and praiseworthy character. She loved him—Lilla felt sure of that—but did she love him enough to marry him? She recalled an incident

of long ago, when Farrer Blake had shown her some attention—”

“Stop!” cried Mabel, when Archie had reached this point of the narrative, “I think we should put in some discursive remarks there, on the different kinds of love there are in this world. An inexperienced person might so easily mistake his or her own feelings.”

“That is a good idea,” said Archie; “let us enumerate them.”

“Well, there’s the love that springs from attachment, and that which is evoked by gratitude, and that which comes of contiguity—when there is really no one else to fall in love with—and then the love which is born of mutual attraction—the only true love, I should say, or the one likely to last a lifetime.”

“How clever you are,” replied the young man, admiringly. “You seem to have twice the experience that I have. I am afraid I should never have thought of making an analysis of love in that way.”

“Perhaps I have more power of observation, Mr. Nasmyth; or perhaps I have had more reason to think about the subject.”

“Why, has anybody proposed to you, of whose capability to make you happy you were not sure?” rejoined Archie, laughing.

“Of course not. What nonsense you are talking. Do you forget that I am only nineteen?”

Besides, I am not the sort of girl to let a man go so far as to propose to me before I knew my own mind about him. I shall marry my first love, or not at all. I could not love a second time. It would be sacrilege in my eyes.”

“Then I sincerely hope your first love will be worthy of you,” said her companion, heartily.

“Perhaps it would be happier not to marry at all,” sighed Mabel. “Marriage, they say, pulls down all one’s illusions. I would rather dream to the end, even though I were disappointed and unhappy, than wake to find I had been deceived in such a beautiful thing as love!”

“You may be right, Miss Selwyn. Miss Hetherington told me that the reason her friend Miss Cuthbert has not married is, because she was engaged, when young, to a man she loved very much, and he died before the wedding day arrived. Yet she is very cheerful! She lives in his memory and the prospect of meeting him again.”

“Oh, don’t mention Miss Cuthbert to me,” exclaimed Mab quickly. “I hate the woman! She makes me sick!”

Archibald Nasmyth looked up surprised at this outburst. He had no idea from whence it emanated. Fanny Cuthbert had always been civil and pleasant-spoken to him.

“Can’t you see what a prying, meddling busy-body she is?” went on Mab excitedly, “always poking her nose about to see what she can dis-

cover. Why she never leaves us in peace for ten minutes together, but she must come out into the garden to see what we are about. It is impossible to write, if one is to be constantly interrupted in this way. Why doesn't she keep to herself and her bosom friend? I hate her, I tell you, and she will make mischief yet—mark my words."

"She can't do that unless we give her the opportunity," replied Archie; "and we have never done that, have we?"

"No! I know we haven't," said the girl, in a dejected tone, that said plainly, "I wish we had."

Archibald Nasmyth glanced up at her, and found her eyes fixed on him. He smiled and held out his hand.

"My brave little collaborateur," he said, as their palms met. "We mustn't do anything to spoil the pleasant sense of *camaraderie* that we have now. It would be a terrible loss to me—and may I say to both of us?—if we were compelled to break up our companionship, and abandon our work. I have been looking forward to its lasting for years—perhaps a lifetime. And with regard to Miss Cuthbert, I think you must be mistaken. She hovers about us a good deal, it is true; but perhaps it is for the pleasure of our company. She cannot be so suspicious of evil where none exists."

"All right," answered Mab, "at the same time I don't like her! But let us go on with our analysis. Let me see! Where were we? 'But did she love him enough to marry him?' I should go on something in this way:—'There are so many different kinds of love—though only one that is worthy of the name when thought of in connection with marriage. Love of oneself—that is the most common and the most ignoble, the love that must be fed on flattery and redound to one's own credit, or it starves to death. The love that springs from gratitude—that is doubtless sometimes very deep, and emanates from a worthy feeling. But it feeds entirely upon itself, and the benefits that excite it are like a cold douche of water thrown on a heated skin. The sense of obligation is apt to oppress after a while, and then the love that is only grateful must expire under the weight of it. Love, to be perfect, must give as well as receive. The mutual attraction that begets love is like a wave of warmth and light and electricity that passes from one to the other, and fills both hearts with the fulness of content. This is the only love that grows by what it feeds upon—that will increase and multiply as the years roll on—the love which the Creator intended should culminate in marriage.' Of course I have put it very roughly, Mr. Nasmyth," concluded Mab, "but that is the sort of thing, I think, we should say—don't you?"

She raised her eyes as she concluded and met his fixed upon her in speechless admiration.

"Why, you are a genius!" he said. "You put me to shame. I should never have thought of drawing such a definition. You surprise me with the rapidity of your ideas and the way in which you clothe them with language. If this is your usual style of composition you will leave me far behind. I have to grind at an idea for hours before I feel able to put it upon paper. I am afraid it is not fair that we should collaborate. You will supply more than your share, and I benefit by your *luxé* of brains. You could write this story quite as well by yourself. You make me feel as if I were here on false pretences."

"Oh, no! I couldn't write it as well by myself," retorted Mab. "Your presence inspires me! It brings the thoughts I use. In fact they seem to emanate from you to me. The question is, whether I shall ever be able to do anything by myself again."

"I don't see why you should, as long as I live; that is to say if you really mean what you say," replied the young man. "Let us make a compact to write together, as Rice and Besant did, from this time forward. The advantage would be all on my side, I know, but it would make me very happy if I thought I was always to have you for my collaborateur."

"Oh, no, no!" exclaimed Mab, "it would be

very foolish. It would be very foolish. It would never do. *I* couldn't stand it, for one!"

"You couldn't stand it," he repeated, in a tone of disappointment; "but I thought just now you said you would not be able to write alone?"

"So I did; but I must do the best I can. We must not try this sort of thing again. It is too dangerous!"

There was no mistaking her meaning, though her look said more than her words, as she leaned both her arms across the table, and laid her head sideways upon them. The young man's heart caught fire from hers at once. He threw one arm round her waist and brought his burning cheek in close proximity to hers.

"Ah, Mab!" he cried, "don't talk of forsaking me; you will take all the zest out of my work if you do. How delightfully these weeks have passed! How pleasant it has been to work together; all the labour disappearing under the excitement of comparing our ideas and consulting what we should keep in and what eliminate. Would you send me to a dull task alone, and lose half your powers, as you say you will, at the same time?"

"Not if I could help it," returned the girl, who had clasped the hand he had put round her waist and held it tight in hers. "But the very fact that it is so delightful should warn us of its

danger. It *is* a bit dangerous, Archie, don't you agree with me?" she added, archly.

"Heaven knows it is," he answered, fervently; "but I must brave it, even though it led me to my death. Mab, promise not to desert me. Let us continue friends and fellow-workers. Your genius will inspire me, as nothing else could have the power to do. Let us work and make our names together. It will be so sweet to feel we owe half our fame to one another."

"But what will Miss Hetherington say?" demanded Mab, demurely.

Archibald frowned.

"Why do you bring her name up at this moment, which I was dedicating all to you? What would she say? Why, that I was quite right in doing anything that would advance me in my profession. I am placed in rather an unpleasant position, Mab—at least one that is galling to my pride. If Miss Hetherington had a quarter of her fortune I should be much better satisfied. I am a proud man, and cannot bear the idea that people will say I am marrying her for her money; and I had no such thought in my head, I assure you. But I am quite determined that nothing shall make me give up my profession. And if marriage is in addition to deprive me of my friends, I shall be of all men the most miserable."

"But still, Archie," observed Miss Selwyn, who had not disengaged herself from his clasp,

"you must see that our writing together, as a rule, would be rather unconventional. If you were a free man—free to do just as you chose, as I thought you were when we began to write together—I wouldn't mind what I did, or promised, for your sake. You should have your full share of my brains, or all of them if it pleased you better, and the world—good old world!—might say just what it liked. But we are not free, you see; and we are rather young, Archie, and—and—not bad-looking, either of us—or so people say—so I'm afraid we might not come off scot-free, if we saw too much of each other, which would be very sad for both of us—don't you think so?"

"By Jove, I don't know what I think," exclaimed the young man, excitedly, "except that you are the most distractingly fascinating little girl that I have ever come across!"

And he bent down his mouth in an attempt to kiss her, as he spoke. But Miss Selwyn drew herself away, modestly.

"No, no, that will never do—and you are a naughty boy to dream of it. We can be very good friends without that sort of thing, sir. It is not in the slightest degree necessary."

"That is your idea, is it?" answered Archie, discontentedly.

"It is; and a very good one," said Mab, as she jumped up from her seat. "Come, Mr. Archie, and let us gather a bouquet of flowers for Miss

Hetherington. Have you sent her up any this morning?"

"No, I haven't. You drove it out of my head," replied the young man.

"Oh, I like that—putting your sins on to poor me! I'll make you pay for it. You shall hold the basket while I pick the flowers."

"That will be no punishment. I would limp after you to the end of the world if you would let me! You only frighten me when you talk of running away from me."

"Well, if you'll be very good, perhaps I won't. But I was joking about the basket. You rest under the trees while I get the flowers, and I will come and sit by you when I make them up. I would not have you tire your poor lame leg for any earthly consideration. You don't know how much I think of it. I would give one of my own legs to restore yours."

"And I would have the other cut off to ensure such sweet sympathy," said Archie; "but I am quite equal to trotting after you. Don't insist upon my sitting down. You will go round the trees where I shall not see you, and then all the sunshine will seem to have vanished and I left in the dark alone!"

"How poetical," laughed Mab. "I think you must have mistaken your vocation and are cut out for a poet. I shall set you some day to write a sonnet to my eyebrow."

"I believe I could do anything that you ordered me. You have such a lot of magnetism about you that you impart it to those with whom you come in contact. I feel as if, had you seen me when lying helpless on my bed, and said, 'Rise up and walk,' I should have done so from the sheer force of sympathy between us!"

"What a pity I was not there," she laughed merrily, "or that Miss Hetherington did not think of using the potent spell. You must be getting well, indeed, Archie, if you feel you can afford to make jokes on your recent misfortune."

"On the contrary; it strikes me I am getting more sick every day," said young Nasmyth.

Mab opened her big eyes at him. She wanted to urge him on to confess that it was her fascination over him that made him sick, and probably would have accomplished her object, had not Fanny Cuthbert been seen at that moment coming towards them.

"Here comes my enemy! Didn't I tell you she never left us for half an hour by ourselves?" exclaimed Mab, as she dived behind a large bush of syringa.

"Mr. Nasmyth," said Fanny Cuthbert, going up straight to him, "Dr. Galloway has permitted Felicia to move into her boudoir to-day, and she is very anxious to see you. I have tried to persuade her to put off the interview for a few days longer, but she has proved a refractory patient."

Will you come at once, as I am not sure how long she will be able to bear the exertion of leaving her bed."

"Of course I will," he said. "I have been very anxious myself to see Miss Hetherington. I had no idea she would be confined to her room so long as this. Miss Selwyn," he added to Mab, "may I take your flowers to her at the same time?"

"Oh, yes," replied Mab, coming forward, "and will you give her my *very* best love and a thousand kisses, and tell her how I miss her, and how I hope she will very soon be downstairs again? Now, you won't forget, will you?" she added, with a winning smile.

"No, I will not forget," he answered gravely, as he accompanied Miss Cuthbert to the house.

"Mr. Nasmyth," she said, stopping at the foot of the stairs, "you must be prepared to see dear Felicia looking a great object. The effect of the bruises is most disfiguring. Her face, too, was so knocked about, that it is twice its usual size, and will not go down, the doctor says, for several days yet. She is so thoroughly free from all self-consciousness, that she does not care about her personal appearance; but it is very distressing to those who love her. She ought to keep in private some time longer, but she was so very earnest in her desire to see you, and so confident that her

disfigurement would make no difference to you, that I had not the heart to refuse her."

"Miss Hetherington only did me justice in that," replied Archibald, "for no personal disadvantage could have any effect on the deep esteem and respect in which I hold her. I am very glad to find that she stands on no ceremony with me."

His conscience was already pricking him for the action he had observed towards Mab Selwyn, and he felt anxious to do something to eradicate the remembrance of it from his mind. But though he had been prepared to find a great alteration in Felicia Hetherington, he had hardly realised how fearfully the accident had disfigured her. She was dressed in her usual style and lying on a sofa when he entered the room, but her face was almost unrecognisable.

The cut in her forehead, from which the stitches had been removed, was now plastered together with strips of diachylon—on one cheek was a deep purple bruise, streaked with blotches of yellow and green—her lip had been cut and was still swollen—and the injured eye was almost closed.

Her heavenly smile alone remained to poor Felicia, and even the effect of that was marred by its surroundings.

Archibald Nasmyth sank on one knee on the footstool near her couch, and raised the hand she proffered him to his lips. He even made an attempt to kiss her face, but she waved him off.

"No, Archie," she said, "don't do that, my dear, or I shall scream. You don't know how tender I still am!"

"Oh, Felicia, it makes me miserable to see you like this!" he murmured. "I had no idea you had been so terribly injured! And to think that you did it for us, too. It was too brave—too daring—of you. You might have killed yourself!"

He had linked Mab's name and his own together, without perceiving it, but Felicia did.

"I am afraid it was of no one but you that I thought, Archie," she said, "though, of course, I should never have forgiven myself if anything had happened to the child of my old friend. How is the poor little girl? Does she blame herself at all? You must tell her not to do so, Archie, for it was no one's fault but mine, for letting her take the reins."

"She is very much concerned at your illness, as we all are," he answered; "but I agree with you that it was not her fault. Every driver is subject to these accidents at times. I have known the best whips smash their traps all to pieces from the waywardness of their horses. I believe Miss Selwyn drives as well as most ladies under ordinary circumstances."

"And I don't believe anything of the sort, and more especially if she says so," interposed Frances Cuthbert, with some asperity, for she hated the

name of Mabel Selwyn. "I know enough of driving to see that she is even ignorant how to handle the reins. Her blatant vanity made her want to show off, and she nearly killed you both in consequence. I shall not forgive her for it in a hurry!"

Archibald Nasmyth forgot himself for the instant and flared up in Mab's defence.

"You do her injustice, Miss Cuthbert, I assure you," he retorted warmly. "Mab—I mean Miss Selwyn—is as distressed as any of us at the turn of affairs. She offered to drive in order that Felicia might ride, and she has had a good deal of experience. Something frightened the cobs—there is no accounting for these things—and they would have been as unmanageable in the hands of the strongest man as in hers!"

"I don't believe it," replied Miss Cuthbert, shortly.

"Frank, dear!" pleaded Felicia, "do not let us say anything more about it, pray! It is all over and done with. Let us thank God it was no worse!"

"Of course, everyone is right but yourself, Felicia," said her friend.

"Nay, dear, but Archie feels with me, I am sure, that the less said about it the better, and especially as Mabel is a guest in the house. Speak to me of yourself, Archie; that is what I want to

hear about. How is the work getting on, and have you heard of your mother lately? I have been thinking since I lay here, dear, that we must try—after September, you know—to persuade her to come and live at the Hall with us. Do you think she would consent, Archie?—that it would make her happier?—for that is the main thing. Of course, as she is used to the attendance of her cousin, her cousin could come too, if she would do so. But we must certainly, out of our abundance, try to make your mother's life happier. That must be our first consideration, and the way must be left to her own choice. Your dear mother, who brought you into the world, Archie—how much I seem to owe her—only second to what I owe you for having brought such sunshine into my pale life. It makes me laugh to myself when people commiserate me for lying here for a few days, when I remember all the blessings I have to think of. It seems as if I hadn't had time, amidst all my excitement and pleasure, to value them as I ought. I think God must have designed this little retirement for me, in order that I should become more grateful. It has made me so, I can assure you!"

"If the blessing you allude to is my unworthy self, Felicia, you are already far more grateful than it deserves," said the young man. "I am the only one who should speak of gratitude. And now you have added another favour to your many

previous ones by risking your life for me. I am overwhelmed with obligation to you."

"No, don't say that, Archie. It sounds as if we were strangers to each other still; and we are friends, remember—true and honest friends—as we promised to be. And from that moment not only all my worldly goods became yours, but my life and everything that appertains to it. My joy is even yours, Archie, and I would lay that down if it would give you any more happiness."

"I believe you would," he said, as he stooped and kissed her softly on her hair, "but I trust it will never be required of you."

And then he left her presence, feeling rather ashamed, and full of high resolves that he would never allow himself again to be betrayed into a flirtation with Miss Mabel Selwyn, or anybody else.

And as he reached the foot of the staircase he was met by Mab herself, with her red lips parted in a smile, and a rosebud to put in his button-hole.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE DISCOVERY.

ARCHIBALD NASMYTH communed a good deal with his own heart that night, and the result was a resolution not to collaborate any more with Mabel Selwyn until Felicia had come downstairs again. In consequence of which he established himself in the library the next morning after breakfast, and with papers and magazines settled down for a couple of hours' reading. Miss Selwyn was not long in finding him out. She peeped in at the door, armed with her writing-case and camp stool.

"Hullo, Master Lazy!" she cried, playfully, "what are you doing there? Are not newspapers and story-books forbidden until we have done our morning's work? Get your portfolio at once and come with me, before papa annexes me for a ramble in the woods."

"Go for your ramble, Miss Selwyn," he answered, "and enjoy it to the top of your bent. I *do* feel rather lazy this morning, and mean to rest for a little while."

Her countenance altered at once. She was too vain to stand a rebuff with equanimity.

"Surely you don't mean it seriously," she pouted. "I was only in fun. I never imagined you were going to break your engagement to me. I have been thinking out that last difficulty all night, and am quite ready to go on with the chapter."

"Cannot it wait for a little while?" asked Archie. "I have rather a headache this morning, and would be glad to rest. I think the sun must have touched my head yesterday. It was very strong."

"Oh, that is nonsense!" retorted Mab, rudely. "How could the sun get to you through all those leaves? Besides, you won't be more tired sitting out there than in here—indeed, less—so get your hat, like a good boy, and come along."

"Then, if it was not the sun, perhaps I exhausted my brains," said the young man, laughing; "for I don't feel as if I had an idea in my head to-day! You must excuse me, Mab—I mean Miss Selwyn—for I should be of no use to you. I am fit for nothing but to sit still and be quiet."

And Archie returned to the perusal of his newspaper.

The girl stood in the open doorway for a minute, irresolute. She perceived the alteration in her companion's manner, and she partly guessed

the cause. It was some absurd scruple of conscience which had got hold of him. The belief made her only more determined to bring him to her feet. She did not care for a conquest that gave her no difficulty; and, as a rule (had Archibald Nasmyth only known it), she did not care to attract any man unless he belonged to some other woman. There was no fun and excitement in an easy victory—so she averred. But from the first day she had seen Archibald Nasmyth, Mab had determined to conquer him, and conquered he should be. So she stood in the doorway, looking as fascinating as she knew how, and pouted like a disappointed child.

“You are tiresome!” she said presently, with drooping lips. “I am just in the humour to write to-day. I am bursting with ideas, and you go and throw cold water on them. How ever can people collaborate if they do not give in to one another? Perhaps to-morrow, when you may be in the mood for composition, I may feel tired, or have a toothache. But do you suppose I should be so selfish as to throw you over, or run the risk of spoiling our story, to suit my own convenience? Not a bit of it! I should write if I were dying! Men are horribly selfish creatures! I have always thought so, and now I am sure of it.”

“I am sorry to hear you say that, Miss Selwyn,” replied Archie, gravely, “and still more

sorry if you think it. But have you forgotten what you said to me yesterday about the danger of such constant companionship? I have been considering your words, and have come to the conclusion you are right. Added to which, it may excite remark. So I think it will be better to put off our next meeting for a day or two!”

“I suppose Miss Hetherington ‘hauled you over the coals’ when you went up to see her yesterday afternoon?” suggested Mabel, derisively.

“Indeed, you are mistaken. She never mentioned the subject, except to enquire how the story was getting on. I don’t think she is given to hauling anyone over the coals. She is not a scold by any manner of means. And I trust she has nothing to scold me for. At least I feel quite innocent.”

“And so do I,” laughed Mab, though she mentally added: “She shall have a cause before long, or my name is not Mab Selwyn. And so you are really not coming out to-day?” she continued aloud to Archibald Nasmyth.

“No, not to-day!” he echoed, and after a moment’s lingering to see if he would change his mind, the girl walked slowly away.

He had been very brave and resolute, he told himself, and he would surely have his reward. He would keep quiet for the best part of the day, and in the cool evening, when the elders

had retired indoors, he would have a walk with his friend Mab, in the garden, where all the world could see they were doing no harm, whilst they exchanged their ideas on literature and confided their hopes for the future to each other. But Mab did not intend to let him off so easily. He had offended her vanity by refusing her request of the morning, and she meant him to suffer for it.

She kept aloof from him for the remainder of the day, and when he sauntered on the lawn in the gloaming, fully expecting she would follow and bear him company, she sat in the drawing-room with her father, reading by the lamplight, and never raised her eyes as Archie wistfully passed and re-passed the open French window. It did not seem to the young man as if Virtue had brought its own reward that time; still he manfully held to his resolution not to occupy the acacia bower, where they were so entirely private and alone, until Felicia was downstairs and could join them, or sit near them, whilst they wrote.

Mab only asked him on the second day whether he had altered his mind, and receiving an answer in the negative, left him to himself as before. But on the third day she advanced to the centre of the room and seated herself opposite to him.

"I have come this morning," she said, "to

hear your final resolution about our collaboration, Mr. Nasmyth. I think you are tired of it, or you fancy it will not succeed; in which case it will be better to give up all idea of continuing it at once."

Archie was taken aback at being so suddenly called upon to make up his mind. He had entertained no idea of relinquishing his collaboration with Mab Selwyn—only of avoiding the temptation of being so much alone with her, whilst Felicia kept her room. He stammered as he replied:

"My final resolution, Miss Selwyn? I thought we had quite made up our minds it was to continue, so long as we could make it pay."

"So did I; but this is not the way to make it pay. This is the third day you have given up work, and if you can't go on, I must."

"But you know the reason—" he began, hesitatingly. "I thought we agreed—at least you said—"

"Oh, yes, I know what I said," exclaimed Mab, interrupting him, "and I meant what I said, into the bargain. But that is not the question. If you are game enough to risk it, so am I. But if we are to go on with our writing, we must go on, and if not, we must leave off. I can't afford to wait about in this way, doing nothing!"

"But Felicia will be down again to-morrow, or next day," said Archie. "Why not wait a day or two longer? Then we shall be able to con-

tinue our studies without any fuss. I am sure," he added, lowering his voice, "that Miss Cuthbert is suspicious of something. I have observed her, since you mentioned it, and I can see how she watches us. I am sure it will be wiser to defer our writing till Felicia can be with us."

Mab curled her lip in disdain for his pusillanimity.

"Now, look here!" she commenced. "I can't stand this sort of thing any longer. I am writing for my bread, remember, and cannot afford to wait till Miss Hetherington comes downstairs to chaperon us. It may be all very well for you, who will have more money than you know what to do with in a month or two; but what is sport to you may be death to me. I have left off writing a tale for the *Traveller*, for which I was to receive a fixed payment, expressly so that I might write this novel with you, and if you can't go on with it, and at once, I must take up my own work again. Papa was asking me, only yesterday, when it was to be finished. I wanted a few shillings for my dress, and he was as nasty as he could be about it. He thinks, now I have obtained a footing in the literary world, that I should not come to him for pin-money any more. He asked why we had not gone on with the novel the last few days, and when I told him it was your wish to delay it for a while, he said if you were undependable I must go on by myself,

and that he was afraid you were only going to be a dilettante after all, for an earnest worker would never let anything short of incapability interfere with what he had in hand."

She knew she had used the weapon that would rouse him.

"Mr. Selwyn called me a dilettante, did he?" he exclaimed, rising from his seat. "I'll soon show him if I am a dilettante or not. Come, Mab, let us go back to work at once! I am just as eager for it as you are, and only held back by prudent considerations; but we will risk everything rather than incur such a suspicion. But you mustn't come too close to me, you little witch! You must sit on the other side of the table, where there is no chance of our unlucky hands coming in contact."

"But then you'll see my eyes!" said Mab, delighted at having gained her point.

"By Jove! so I shall; and they're the most dangerous weapons you possess. Well, I suppose I'm doomed to be placed in the thick of the battle. Pray Heaven I may come out unscathed."

Mab only laughed again. She knew he was scathed already.

"But we won't go out in the bower," continued Archie, with one spark of prudence left. "We shall be quite as uninterrupted here, and it will not look so bad if anyone should remark on it.

You have your writing-case, I see, and my portfolio is behind those books. Here is an inkstand apiece for us. Now we can go comfortably to work!"

"You cannot get over your prudery, Archie," said Mab; "you are the most particular young man I ever came across."

"Only for your sake," he whispered, as they drew their chairs to the table. "I should be wretched if anyone dared to say a word against you."

Mab tossed her head.

"You needn't be afraid of that. I know quite well how to take care of myself. Now, where did we leave this wretched Lilla, the last time we wrote of her? I declare it is such a long time ago that I almost forget. Oh, I forgot, though. I'm to sit on the other side of the table. I am a great deal too close to you."

She was about to move her chair, when Archie caught her by the hand.

"No, no, don't move! Let us be happy whilst we may. It will be for such a little while at the best. Mab, Mab, you know I cannot resist you. You can twist and turn me at your will!"

And so Miss Selwyn was perfectly content, and the collaboration proceeded as before. Archibald Nasmyth made no further objections to the acacia bower, so sometimes it was carried on indoors, and sometimes out. And day by day he

fell deeper and deeper into the mesh that Mab Selwyn had prepared for him.

He continued to pay his formal attentions to his hostess and *fiancée*, writing her a little note of kindly enquiry in the mornings, and carrying her up a bouquet of flowers to adorn her boudoir in the afternoons.

But Felicia saw a great difference in the young man on these occasions. He seemed far more silent and depressed than he used to be; but to all her tender questions as to the cause, he had nothing to answer, except that he was longing for the time when she would come downstairs again.

Felicia would speak of these little interviews to Fanny Cuthbert with a trembling happiness that was almost painful to behold for such who knew how seldom earthly happiness ever lasts.

"Frank, dear," she would say with a soft smile, "Archie seems to be fretting sadly over my absence. I am afraid he must find it dull with you and me upstairs and only the Selwyns to entertain him. Isn't it strange that a young fellow like that—only twenty-four on his last birthday—should care for an old woman like me? It is marvellous! I cannot believe it even now, though he has assured me of it many times. What have I done to deserve such a blessing?"

"What has Mr. Nasmyth done, I would rather

ask, Felix, to win such a heart as yours? You are too humble—you always have been! Most people would say he was the luckiest young man they had ever heard of. To get a woman like you for his wife and to step into such a property as this for the asking—why, there are hundreds of men who would be too thankful to find themselves in his shoes, I can tell you.”

“Nothing that I can give him would be enough to repay him for all the joy he has brought into my life,” replied Felicia. “Why, Frank, I cannot tell you what the assurance of his love has done for me. You call me ‘humble.’ You wouldn’t say so if you could read my thoughts when I lie here and remember that Archie loves me—that he, with his marvellous beauty, and his youth and clever brain, should stoop to love my poor plain face and think it beautiful, as he has told me, just because it is mine. You must have thirsted for love as I have, Frank, before you can realise my feelings on the subject. Why, it is just as if I had been dying of thirst in the desert and someone held a draught of pure fresh cold water to my parched lips—as if I had been shut out from the sights and sounds of Heaven all my life, and suddenly a beautiful sweet-scented rose, quivering with the early dew, was thrust beneath my nose, whilst a strain of perfect music sounded in my ears and filled my whole being with melody. That is how I think of my Archie and his love

for me! Do you wonder still if it seems too good to be true?”

“You are a silly old woman,” replied her friend, jestingly, though the tears stood in her eyes. “I was always afraid that if ever you fell in love, Felix, you would throw all your heart and soul into it. But you must try to look at the thing in a reasonable light and one more fitted to your age and mine. You are too sensible not to know that love does not always last, even when its object is young and beautiful. Don’t build too much, then, my dear old friend, on the eternity of either your feelings or Mr. Nasmyth’s, or else you may be bitterly disappointed. I know you will think me a brute, but I must speak what I feel!”

“Yes, yes, of course!” said Felicia, with somewhat of a dismayed air. “I know some people are unfaithful to each other, but I can’t think that of Archie, and my love will never fail him, Frank, never—never!”

“I am sure of that—of your own will, that is to say—Felix. But supposing it were God’s will that you should relinquish it—what then?”

“Oh, if it were God’s will, of course it must go,” replied poor Felicia, as she closed her eyes to prevent the tears stealing through her eyelids.

She did not speak again, but Fanny Cuthbert saw her lips moving silently in prayer, and she knew the poor soul was praying her Heavenly

Father that this cup might pass from her and her young lover's love be preserved to brighten her lonely and desolate life.

From that moment Felicia appeared very impatient to get downstairs again, and she was so rapidly regaining strength that Dr. Galloway gave her leave to do as she liked in the matter; so she told Archibald Nasmyth, when he paid her the usual afternoon visit, that she had decided to make her first effort to rejoin the family circle on the following day, by taking an afternoon drive.

"And you will come with me, dear Archie, I hope," she said in conclusion.

Miss Cuthbert did not like the young man's hesitation in answering Felicia. There were many things she did not like about him, of which she had said nothing.

"Will I accompany you?" he said, "why naturally, if you care to have me for a companion."

"Care to have you!" reiterated Felicia; "how can you talk so? You must know my greatest pleasure in getting well again is the anticipation of enjoying your society. It has been a dull time up here without you, dear."

"I suppose it has," he answered simply, without apparently a thought of echoing the sentiment on his own part.

"Archie," resumed Felicia, presently, "do you

remember the compact we made the day we became engaged—that we were never to have a concealment from each other, but be the most honest, true and faithful friends? We agreed, you know, my dear, that that was the only reliable basis for happiness in a relationship like ours, and that if we had any trouble or perplexity, we were to confide it without fear."

"I remember," said Archie, growing very red, "what of it?"

"Have you kept your compact with me, dear?"

"Why, certainly," he replied, growing still more confused. "What makes you think otherwise, Felicia?"

"Only, that I cannot help feeling that you are not *quite* the same, Archie! I cannot tell you where the difference lies, but it is there. And I thought, perhaps, you might be in some little difficulty or distress—that you had heard bad news, perhaps, of your mother, and did not like to tell me for fear of making me worse. But I am quite well again now, my dear—well and strong enough to hear all your troubles, if you have any, and to share them, as we have agreed to do. Won't you tell me, then, what it is that annoys you?"

"There is nothing, I assure you. You are utterly mistaken," replied Archie, stammering

over every other word. "I am as well as possible, and I have heard nothing but good of my mother, indeed she seems better than she has been for a long time. My cousin writes word that she was uncommonly pleased with the handsome presents you sent her, and cannot say enough of your unexpected kindness and generosity. She has been out in the Bath chair several times this summer. Think what a change that alone must be for a poor invalid who has been lying in bed, or next door to it, for twenty years. I shall not be surprised at anything now; not if I hear she has been walking for ten miles or so, just for a little exercise."

"I am so glad it has proved of use to her," said Felicia; "but, Archie, what then is the cause of your depressed spirits? Surely you do not feel any pain in your leg? If so, we must call in Dr. Galloway to look at it at once. He is considered very skilful for a local practitioner, and will be quite competent to give an opinion. Or is the artificial limb not satisfactory? Come, dear, I know there is something the matter, so the sooner you tell me, the sooner it will be over!"

"Indeed and indeed, Felicia, you have found a mare's nest. If I have anything to worry myself about, it is the knowledge of how unworthy I am of all your solicitude for me. I am quite well and quite happy. Will that satisfy you?"

"It ought, oughtn't it?" said Felicia, with a wistful look.

But that evening she put a design that had entered her head into execution. Archie, she felt sure, was fretting because of her absence, and she would give him a joyful surprise. She was altogether so well and cheerful, walking briskly about her room, and making fun of everything she came across, that she persuaded Fanny Cuthbert to go out after the late dinner and pay a long promised call on a friendly neighbour who lived close by the Hall.

"Well, as this is the last day of your imprisonment, Felix, I really will go," replied Miss Cuthbert, "for when you are downstairs again, I shall want to go about with you. Do you want another book, dear, or is the last still unfinished?"

"Oh, I have more than enough to last me for this evening," said Felicia, with a smile, for she meant to spend it with her friends in the drawing-room, and surprise Frank on her return from her visit.

So, as soon as Miss Cuthbert was fairly off the premises, she wrapped a woollen shawl round her head, and, notwithstanding all the remonstrances of Warrender, proceeded downstairs. She felt rather weak and shaky as she descended them, but she knew that as soon as she put her head inside the drawing-room door, Archie's young

arm would be proffered for her acceptance, and Mab would rush forward to set a chair and foot-stool for her.

How pleased, too, her old friend, Mr. Selwyn, would be to see her again. He must have missed their talks and walks together very much.

Felicia felt quite excited at giving them this little surprise, and seeing for herself how they would welcome her return amongst them. But when she reached the drawing-room, though the lamps were lighted, it was empty. The grand piano stood open, as though Mab had been singing to amuse her friends, and on a table was a tea-tray with the empty cups and saucers which they had left behind them, but the guests had flown.

"Naturally, all out in the garden on such a night," thought Felicia to herself. "Where else should they be? I will go and surprise them there. It will be far better than merely entering the drawing-room, for I can steal upon them in the dusk so that they shall not know I am near till I can touch them."

She retraced her steps with all the simple pleasure of a child who is about to call "Boh!" behind one's back in the dark, and stepped out upon the lawn.

It was a very beautiful one, planted at intervals with clumps of flowering shrubs. Two grand mulberry and walnut trees reared their stately heads in the centre, and sheltered a dozen wicker

chairs and tables, whilst beds of rhododendrons, azalias and other shrubs ornamented the outskirts of it, to say nothing of the famous acacia bower which has played so important a part in Felicia's story.

It was now nine o'clock, and although the August air was almost sultry, the night was dark. The bats were wheeling round in airy circles—the white night-moths were fluttering over the sleeping flowers—and the falling dew made every green thing smell like new-mown hay.

But there was not a sound to be heard. Felicia strained her ears to catch her friends' voices in vain. But she was determined to find them, so she wrapt her shawl closer round her head and walked out amongst the flowers.

She felt sure they could not be far off. They had wandered into the shrubberies, or towards the young plantation, and would return in a few minutes for more music or a game of whist. Even as she reached the shelter of the mulberry tree and sat down on one of the wicker chairs, she caught sight of something white between the bushes, which must surely be Mab's evening frock. They were coming back together. She would wait for them there.

She was right. The white dress drew nearer and nearer, though very slowly, until Mab Selwyn and Archibald Nasmyth passed the very chair in

which she sat, robed in her dark violet gown, and seated themselves just in front of her.

She, never dreaming that they could have anything to say to each other that she might not hear, waited in breathless silence for the supreme moment when she should rush forward and surprise them.

But the first words that fell from Archie's lips made all the joy fade out of her face—drove the smile from her lips—and kept her transfixed in her seat, unable to cry out, or move, or let them know that she was there!

"Oh, Mab!" he exclaimed, "I love you and I am miserable!"

"Well, that's a pretty compliment!" replied the girl; "here have you been making the hottest love to me for days past, and as soon as you have got me to say that I like you a little in return, you declare you are miserable!"

"But can't you understand me, Mab? I don't mean that I am miserable because you love me—because you have allowed me to kiss your dear lips, and to lie with my head where it would always be, above your beating heart—but because I cannot do such things with honour—because I must either suffer the loss of them or deceive Felicia—and *that* I must not do!"

"You are vastly particular, Archie! I wonder how many young fellows go and tell the woman they are going to marry everything they do—

particularly when she is old enough to be their mother! Is Miss Hetherington so silly as to suppose that she will keep you all to herself for the rest of her life? Why, even girls don't expect that! They know better in this nineteenth century of what the love of men is made! They take the goods the gods provide them in the present, and don't look too far into the future!"

"But, darling, you are mistaken if you think my love for you is made of such light material as that. It is so real and strong that I feel I must have you all to myself or not at all. You have upset all my theories about love. I used to laugh at people calling it a madness, and believed I should never so far let go of my self-control as to let love get the better of me. But you have driven me mad, Mab—quite, *quite* mad! I could do anything—the most foolish, idiotic, insane thing to keep your love and hold it. I am yours henceforward, body, soul, and spirit, and you must see how impossible it is for me to keep on with Miss Hetherington under the circumstances."

"You don't mean to say you would be so foolish as to tell her, Archie?" cried Mab, in alarm.

"I *must*, my darling. I have pledged myself to do so. She only accepted my proposal on that condition—that if ever I found my fancy wandering from her, I should let her know the

truth at once; and I cannot deceive her, Mab. She has been too good to me for that. I must tell her that I have been unfaithful to my vow."

"But you will not mention my name, surely!" exclaimed Mab; "it would be most unfair. She has been my father's friend and mine for years, and it would break up our intimacy altogether. I am sure papa would be enraged with me! I must absolutely forbid your bringing my name into the matter, Archie!"

"Of course I will respect your wishes, my darling girl," replied the young man, "but Felicia is sure to guess who it is that has lured me away from my allegiance to her; and it will be impossible to keep it from her knowledge altogether."

"That is as it may be," rejoined Mab carelessly, "but I won't have my name mixed up with your squabbles now. Indeed, I shall clear out before the *dénouement* comes off. Papa has been talking of moving on to our cousin's in Devonshire for some days past, and I will persuade him to leave to-morrow. When I am gone you can do as you like; but mind, if Miss Hetherington guesses my name you must not let her think I knew anything of your little *tendresse* for me. Promise—will you?" she concluded, as she laid her head down on his shoulder and turned her face towards his.

The young man kissed it passionately before he replied.

"I would promise you anything—right or wrong—you dear witch! But oh, Mab—how I dread the ordeal! She has been so kind to me—so very good and kind—I feel as if I would rather put a knife into my throat than confess to my dishonour! And I am so fond of her too, and so very grateful. How is it that your sweet face and maddening ways have made me swerve from my duty in this terrible manner?"

"But why don't you keep to your engagement, then, and marry her?" demanded the girl. "You will be much happier than philandering after me. Money is worth all the spooning in the world, Archie!"

"No, no, don't say so, Mab! Don't defile your lovely lips by such a sentiment. What money would buy your lips from me now that I have once tasted them? I'm not worth much at the best—I am quite aware of that—but I never played double yet and I never will! 'I could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not Honour more,'" he quoted, as his lips sought hers again.

Meanwhile Felicia sat in her chair behind them transfixed as though to stone. A dozen times she had tried to speak—had tried to make them aware of her proximity—but her strength had failed her. Her heart seemed shrivelling up in her body—her blood seemed turned to gall—

she longed, oh, so much, that she could die there, just where she sat, and never wake up to the remembrance of her dream of bliss again. But the two young people talked on, entirely oblivious of her presence.

"How I wish that it were over!" repeated Archie; "how I dread to meet her eyes of calm surprise, succeeded by unmitigated contempt! What an ungrateful cur she will think me! How she will wish she had never stooped to pick me out of the gutter! And there are other things that I cannot tell you. Oh, Mab," he groaned, "you will have to be very good to me to make up for what I shall go through for your sake!"

"Of course I shall be good to you, Archie—ever so good!" she replied; "but don't let us stay out any longer now. The dew is falling so fast. My dress is quite damp, and papa will be coming out after me in a minute. Let us go back to the house and I will sing all your fears away."

She rose as she spoke and Archie rose too, and walked beside her silently.

As soon as they had re-entered the house Felicia stumbled to her feet and dragged her limbs mechanically up to her own room and locked herself in.

PART THE THIRD.—WINTER.

CHAPTER IX.

THE SACRIFICE.

FELICIA'S room was brilliantly lighted, but she walked through it like a blind woman, feeling her way with outstretched hands till she reached a chair and sunk down in it, covering her poor scarred face in the folds of her woollen shawl. She tried so hard to think deliberately and understand it all, but her mind seemed a chaos—she could not keep her thoughts steady—everything was whirring and buzzing and going round and round inside her head.

She wanted to realise that she had deceived herself—that she had made a fearful mistake—that the fault was all hers, and no one else was to blame.

But it was impossible. Her mind kept going back, against her will, to the time when she first saw Archibald Nasmyth, dusty, bleeding, and unconscious, lying in the policeman's arms, and

gazed on his handsome, death-like countenance as she conveyed him to the hospital in her carriage.

Then followed the scene of his illness—the painful operation he had undergone—her interest in him and his proposal to her. She did not cry nor moan, nor make any exclamation. She only sat there, cold, pulseless, immovable, like a creature who had received a severe blow on the head, and who was rendered for the time powerless to act or think in any way.

Warrender, who was much attached to her mistress, came to the door more than once and asked for admittance; but Felicia only told her to go away, in a voice which made her sure that something was the matter, and she waited in the Hall porch till she saw Miss Cuthbert coming up the drive, when she communicated her fears to her.

Fanny Cuthbert was not the woman to be afraid of anyone or anything. She was a woman, too, to be obeyed. She marched straight up to Felicia's room and demanded admittance as if she meant to come in.

After a while Felicia was heard mildly remonstrating in rather a suspiciously muffled tone.

"Not to-night, dear Frank. I don't feel quite well."

"Yes, to-night, Felix," answered Miss Cuthbert decidedly. "If you are not quite well, that

is all the more reason that I or Warrender should be with you. Besides, I have something for you. Please to open the door and not keep me waiting any longer."

The stronger nature conquered the weaker, and Felicia rose and slowly withdrew the bolts of her door. Miss Cuthbert took a rapid survey of her general appearance, and then walked briskly into the apartment.

"Here is a letter for you which came by the last post," she said, laying a long blue envelope on the table.

"Thank you," replied Felicia, feebly, as she took it up and opened it.

It was the clean draft of the settlement she had intended to make on Archibald Nasmyth, forwarded for her signature. She threw it down again, and, hiding her face in her outspread hands, burst into tears.

It was the rod that struck the rock and made the waters flow. How happy and hopeful she had been when she drew out the rough draft of that settlement; and now, who was to inherit it? Archie, or—or—Mabel Selwyn? The thought placed her loss before her in the plainest colours, and she became convulsed with grief. Miss Cuthbert rose and re-locked the door.

"Felix, my dear," she said, "you have heard bad news. Tell your old friend what it is."

She held out her arms to the weeping woman, and Felicia threw herself into them.

"Oh, Frank," she sobbed, "you were right, and I have deceived myself! He has deserted me—he does not love me—he loves another woman!"

"You speak, of course, of Mr. Nasmyth, Felix. How did you find it out? Surely he has never had the presumption to tell you so himself!"

"No; but we exchanged a pledge to be open with each other on the subject, so it would have been only just if he had done so. But I thought I would give them a little surprise this evening, and crept after them into the garden—it was too dark for them to see me—so I overheard it all. He didn't mean to hurt me, poor boy, and he cannot help the fact of his feelings changing—but they have changed, and I—I—I don't know what I shall do with the rest of my life, Frank!"

"My poor, dear friend! I needn't ask who is at the bottom of the mischief, for I have seen how she has been trying to entrap the young man for some time past; but what a fool he must be to be entangled with such meretricious charms as hers. There is only one thing left for you to do, my Felix. Let him return to the position from which you have raised him, and forget all about him as soon as you can."

"I shall never forget him, Frank. Don't you remember what you said only a few days ago:

that you always knew if I ever loved anybody it would be for ever; and this will be for ever, dear—till Archie and I meet in the other world."

"Tell me how you overheard him, and what he said, Felix, if you don't mind. You may have made some mistake."

Felicia shook her head.

"No, Frank; I care too much about it to have made a mistake. They were all in the garden when I went downstairs, so I walked out on the lawn to find them, and sat down under the mulberry tree. After a while Archie and Mab came and took two chairs just in front of me, and I could not help hearing what they said. I should have told them I was there at once, only the first words from Archie paralysed me to that degree that I lost all power to speak or move."

"And they were—?" said Miss Cuthbert, inquisitively.

"Oh, you can guess, dear! Don't give me the pain of repeating them. He spoke very nicely of poor me, and said how fond he was of me, and how much he owed me; but he could not disguise his love for her, and that he had made a mistake regarding his feelings for myself. Oh, Frank! how much better it would have been if he had accepted my offer and taken the place of my adopted son. How foolish I was not to foresee that this must happen sooner or later, and to accept his proposal of marriage! It is all

my fault, Frank! You saw the folly of my conduct directly I told you I was engaged to him; and I won't have him blamed, nor Mabel, nor anyone, indeed, for it has only been a mistake all round. It comes a little hard at first," said Felicia, with quivering lips, "but I shall get over it in time, and I am so glad no one knows of it but just ourselves. It will make it so much easier."

"And what steps shall you take in the matter, Felix? You cannot let this gentleman continue to accept your hospitality whilst he is making surreptitious love to one of your guests. I think even your humility will refuse to stand such an indignity as that!"

"Oh, yes, of course he will leave Cheshunt Hall. I am sure of it! And he means to keep the promise he gave me on our becoming engaged, and tell me that his feelings have changed. I heard him say so. But it was pitiable to see the distress the idea gave him! He said, poor boy, that he would rather put a knife into his throat than face me with the confession!"

"I don't wonder at it," replied Fanny Cuthbert coldly. "I am surprised he hasn't done it, instead of only talking about it. It would be his most creditable action in my eyes!"

"No, Frank, don't say that! You are too hard upon him. Think how young he is, and how unsuited I am to him in every way. It is

only natural that he should love a girl of his own age. The folly lies in my ever having been so silly as to think my poor plain features could hold any charm in his eyes! But oh, Fanny," she cried, relapsing into a storm of grief, "I loved him so! Bear with me just this while, my dear, and I will never worry you again about it; but if I don't talk to someone now, I feel as if my heart would break!"

"Talk on, dear Felix. Tell me what you like, and don't fear but that I shall sympathise with all you say," replied her friend, as she held the grief-stricken woman close to her loving breast.

"I loved him so, Frank! It may have been foolish, but I *did* love him so! There was nothing—nothing on earth that I would not have done—that I would not do now to ensure his happiness. And I was silly enough to think that a luxurious home and every comfort that money could buy, and my deep, deep love, would be sufficient to fill up his life and make him forget that I am not so young and handsome and clever as himself! It was all my conceit, darling. I can see that now, and I will not have him blamed, for I know he is blaming himself already far more than he has any reason to do. He must marry Mabel Selwyn, Frank—there is no question about that; and perhaps when the pain of this disappointment is over, and I feel strong and brave

enough to witness their married happiness, I may still be of use to them in various ways, and that will be a balm for my own sorrow and my loss of him."

"Do as you will, Felix. There is nothing you can do but what will raise you in my estimation," said Miss Cuthbert.

"But if I am to be able to do this, our parting must be effected with as little outrage as possible to Archie's pride, Frank; for he is very proud, though you may not credit it. I don't think he would accept any favour at my hands again, if he fancied he had injured me in any way. So I want you to keep my counsel, dear, and to help me in a little plan that has entered my head."

"What is it?"

"I heard Archie tell Mabel that he was pledged to disclose the truth to me, and she said that in that case she should leave Cheshunt Hall to-morrow, and I believe she will carry out her plan. I want you to see the Selwyns off for me, Frank, without my saying good-bye to them—I don't think I could kiss Mab just yet. You will be able to devise some good excuse for me that will not offend them, and then, when they are gone, tell Archie that I want to speak to him."

"Shall you not leave him to introduce the subject, Felix?"

"No; I don't want him to have the pain of

telling me he has changed his mind. I could not bear to watch his humiliation—his shame—his confusion. It would unnerve me! We made a mutual compact, as I have told you, to tell each other if we grew tired of our engagement. It cannot signify which of us has the painful confession to make, and I think I am the braver of the two, and can better bear the brunt of it. So I mean to forestall him. I shall tell him I have been considering the matter during my illness, and feel it will be more for our happiness if we give up the idea of marrying each other. This will save him from a humiliation which he dreads and leave me free to show him any kindness he may be in need of in after life. Don't you agree with me that it will be the better plan for both of us?"

"Are you an angel, Felix, or are you a woman?" cried Miss Cuthbert in genuine admiration.

"Oh, don't say that," exclaimed poor Felicia, bursting into a fresh flood of tears. "It is what *he* used to say in those happy days in the hospital! I am only a woman, Frank—a very unhappy, lonely woman, who wishes devoutly at this moment that she had never been born!"

Her friend quieted her before she left her to retire for the night; but poor Felicia lay awake until the dawn, turning and tossing on her bed, hardly able to realise the misfortune that had

happened to her, and yet dreading the moment that should decide her fate and part her fortunes for ever from those of Archibald Nasmyth.

Frances Cuthbert was an excellent deputy to carry out anyone's wishes, and she descended to the breakfast table with such an account of their hostess's condition, and the absolute necessity of complete rest for her, that nobody was bold enough to suggest an interview. Mr. Selwyn expressed his extreme regret that he had to leave without seeing his "dear Miss Hetherington" again, but his daughter and he had outstayed the limits they originally intended to put to their visit, he said, and so had decided to go on to other friends to-day, and under the sad circumstances of Miss Hetherington's illness it would be better if the Hall were empty.

To this proposition Miss Cuthbert made no manner of objection. On the contrary, she replied that she thought it was quite uncertain when Miss Hetherington would be downstairs again, and the fewer anxieties she had the better. Her nerves were very much shaken, and she thought it most probable she would have to leave home as soon as possible for change of air.

Archibald Nasmyth looked up quickly and nervously as she said this, and as soon as the breakfast was at an end he approached her side.

"Is Miss Hetherington really worse, Miss Cuth-

bert?" he questioned. "Has she heard anything to annoy her, or received any bad news?"

Miss Cuthbert looked full in his face as she replied—

"Felicia certainly seems to have something on her mind, Mr. Nasmyth, and I fancy she wants to consult you about it. She told me to say that she would wish to speak to you this afternoon, when the house is quiet; but please not to mention it till Mr. and Miss Selwyn are gone!"

She saw him turn very pale as she spoke, and guessed he thought his secret had been found out. But he turned away with the remark that he was at Miss Hetherington's service at any time, and limped after Mabel Selwyn into the garden.

"She has heard of it, I am certain," he said, as he came up with her. "She has sent word she wants to see me this afternoon particularly. Why, I have gone up to see her every afternoon!"

"You're in for it, and no mistake," replied Mab; "and now don't forget what I told you, about not bringing my name into it. If she has found out you're spoons on me, you must say I know nothing of it. I am very glad papa fell in with my views of leaving to-day, and still more that Miss Hetherington is too sick to see us before we go!"

"Isn't that rather ungrateful of you, Mab? She has always been so kind to you!"

"I know she has; but that day's over, you may bet your bottom dollar. She's not quite saint enough to extend the right hand of fellowship to a younger rival! And when you've made your little confession to her, all the fat will be in the fire!"

"Mab, one word before we part. This will probably be my last day at Cheshunt Hall. For of course I shall not be able to stay here for one hour after Miss Hetherington knows the truth. You will give me your address before you go, so that I may write and tell you the upshot of our interview."

"Oh, yes, with pleasure! I shall expect you to write to me."

"And you will let me know when you return to town, that I may be with you the very first thing, won't you, darling?" he whispered.

"The very first thing—before my hat is off, if you wish it so," she answered, laughing. "And you really have no qualms at giving up all this money, and comfort, and luxury, for poor little me?"

"None at all!" he answered passionately. "What would all the money in the world be worth to me without you? You have promised to be very good to me, remember, in exchange

for this, and I shall come the very first moment I can and claim that promise!"

"All right! You will find me ready to redeem it," said Mab; "but you must let me go now, for papa has settled to start by the twelve o'clock train. Au revoir! It will not be long before we meet again!"

And with a farewell kiss she left him.

Archibald Nasmyth felt very miserable after she had gone, for a good deal of the glamour that surrounded her vanished with her presence. He wandered about the grounds all the morning, looking forward to his coming interview with Felicia much as a schoolboy looks forward to a visit to a dentist.

But he had determined to make a clean breast of it, and tell her all; it was the least he owed her in return for her goodness to him, and as he thought of that goodness he was ready to wish that he and Mab Selwyn had never met, or that he had the courage to drown or hang himself before he had to look Felicia in the face and tell her he had been accepting all her benefits on false pretences.

Miss Cuthbert observed that he did not touch anything at luncheon, and he looked so pale and drawn that in pity for his feelings, as well as those of her friend, she proposed to Felicia to get the ordeal over as soon as possible. So that the clock was striking three as the summons

came for him to go up to Miss Hetherington's room.

He found Felicia very white and heavy-eyed, and nervous, but perfectly calm. She had had a hard battle with herself, but she had conquered and was prepared to meet her fate.

"Sit down, Archie," she began, without making any advance towards offering him her hand, "I want to have a little quiet talk with you. I am afraid what I am going to say will surprise you a great deal, and perhaps hurt you a little, but it is something that must be said, so it is no use evading it!"

Archibald Nasmyth, with but one thought in his head, imagined naturally that she was about to allude to his own defection, and commenced stammering out:

"Felicia, if you will believe me—"

But she stopped the words by laying her hand upon his.

"Let me speak first, dear friend. What I have to say to you concerns only myself. Do you remember the compact we entered into—to observe the greatest confidence towards each other, and not let our lives be spoiled from cowardice to speak the truth, or fear of giving each other pain? Yes, I know you remember it. I hardly thought when I extracted that promise from you, Archie, that I should be the first to take advantage of our agreement."

"You?" he exclaimed in astonishment.

"Yes. I! I have been thinking very deeply, since I have been cooped up here, both of you and myself, and I have come to the conclusion that it would have been much better if you had accepted my offer of adopting you as a son, and not tried to build up a closer relationship between us, for which we are eminently unsuited. Archie, my dear, don't be angry with me, but I cannot be your wife!"

The young man did not immediately respond. It was what he intended yet dreaded to say to her; but, with the contrariety of human nature, because Felicia had been the one to propose it, he began to think he was very much aggrieved. He had told Mabel Selwyn only that morning that riches and luxury were nothing to him, in comparison with herself, yet when Felicia told him she wished to be free, his thoughts flew at once to all the good things he should lose with her.

"You cannot marry me!" he said at last. "You wish to break our engagement! This is rather a sudden resolution, is it not?"

Felicia was nothing if she was not truthful.

"Yes," she answered, "the decision has been, perhaps, rather suddenly arrived at, but I have had fears all through our acquaintance lest we should have been too rash in entering on an engagement of marriage. I am so much older than you, Archie. My habits and customs must

necessarily differ so much from yours, that we cannot hope to be companions, and what is marriage without companionship? We should drift asunder with the passing years—I am certain of that—and my old age would be more desolate than if I spent it alone. So I hope you will try to see the matter in the same light as I do, and give me back my liberty with a good grace!”

“I do not see that I have any alternative,” said Archibald Nasmyth.

“I am very much obliged to you for taking it so quietly,” replied Felicia, with a trembling lip. “There is another thing,” she went on timidly; “I feel that in one sense this rupture must prove a loss to you, Archie—I mean in a pecuniary way. You expected to be independent for life, and you must let me make up to you, in some degree, for your disappointment in that line.”

But this was more than the young man could bear.

“No, no!” he exclaimed, “I will not hear of it. You have done a great deal more for me already than I had any right to expect, or than I have deserved. Don’t try, I beg, to add to my obligations to you. I am so glad you have been brave enough to tell me of this change in your feelings regarding me, Miss Hetherington. It is, as you say, so much better for both of us; but there let my heavy sense of responsibility end. I shall always think of you as my benefactor and

friend, who came to me at a time when I was without a creature in the world to look after me, or care if I lived or died. I—I—would have tried to do my duty by you and make your life happy, as far as lay in my power; but doubtless you are right in deciding that it would have been beyond my power. Never reproach yourself on my account, Miss Hetherington. I am quite strong and well again now, and shall go back to my work with a good heart, and perhaps some day you will do me the honour to accept the dedication of my first book, and remember that but for your goodness it had never been!”

“Are you certain of getting work to do?” demanded Felicia in a low voice.

“I think so; thanks! Mr. Selwyn has been kind enough to introduce me to Messrs. Challen and Edwardes, who have agreed to read the novel Miss Selwyn and I are writing together, as soon as it is completed. And until the golden shower flows in,” added Archie, with a smile, “I still have a large portion of the generous sum you placed to my account with Messrs. Franklin to carry me on.”

Felicia could hardly stand that smile. It looked so much as if he was glad to be set free, to work his own way in the world, unencumbered by an old woman like herself.

“I am glad,” she responded, “and you must not forget how rejoiced I shall be to hear of your

happiness and success. You must not let my decision interfere with my being still your friend, and since no one knows that we ever called ourselves engaged, except Miss Cuthbert, no one need be the wiser for this separation between us!"

"Certainly not!" acquiesced Archibald Nasmith; "but under the circumstances, Miss Hetherington, you must let me leave Cheshunt Hall as soon as may be, and begin work on my own account. I must not lose any more time. I feel now that I have been idle too long already."

"That must be just as you choose," said Felicia, standing up; "and perhaps it would be better if we said good-bye at once. I am not quite strong yet, and—and—and—good-bye is always painful, however—however little—people may—may—care for one another!"

She stretched out her hand to him across the table as she spoke, and he seized and carried it to his lips.

Like a flash of lightning he felt at that moment all he was giving up—not in houses and money and lands—but in a true, good, and generous heart, that would have sacrificed all to make him happy.

"Oh, Felicia!" he cried, with genuine emotion, "this parting tears my heart in pieces. Is your mind irrevocably made up?"

"Irrevocably, Archie," she answered faintly. "It hurts me a little, too, but it must be. For

Heaven's sake do not prolong it, or you will make me ill. Say good-bye, and go!"

"Someone has been setting you against me," he exclaimed. "I am certain this parting is not of your own free will."

"It is—it is indeed! We should not have been happy together. I told you so the first time marriage was mentioned by you, and if I had listened then to the dictates of my reason instead of my heart, there would never have been anything more than friendship between us."

"So be it then," cried the young man; "you have ruptured our bonds, and I have no alternative but to submit. Good-bye! May God bless you!" and without another word Archibald Nasmith turned from her and ran quickly out of the room.

It has been said before that Felicia was not a fainting woman. Had she been she would have fainted now. The room spun round and round as she put forth her hands and grasped the table for support. She felt her sight failing her and her hearing growing weaker; whilst her brain seemed as though it were on fire. But she stamped down the disposition she had to leave this world for a while and lose consciousness of her pain, and steadied herself sufficiently to totter to a side-table and pour out a glass of water, and drink some and throw the remainder over her face.

And just then her faithful Frank, who had been watching for Archibald Nasmyth's exit, came to her assistance and braced her up with comfortable words and promises of future peace! It was the best argument she could have used for her friend's benefit, for it seemed so hopeless and so far off that it brought down the tears like rain.

"Oh, Frank, dear Frank!" she sobbed, "if he had only seemed grieved or surprised when I told him we must part—but he took it so quietly I am sure it was a relief to him!"

"Well, my darling, and what else did you intend it to be? Come, dear Felicia, be brave, as you always are, and think how thankful you ought to be that you found this out before marriage instead of after. There is a silver lining to every cloud, you know, and this is yours. Your disappointment is very bitter, but time will cure it. And it would have been so much worse if there had been no possibility of a separation. Now you are free to build up your own life again!"

"Yes, yes, I know," said poor Felicia, "but I am too old to build it up again, Frank. It is all over from this moment—I feel it—and he—he—will go to—*her!*"

CHAPTER X.

THE REJECTION.

WHEN Archibald Nasmyth left Felicia's presence, he went straight to his room and bundled everything he possessed—man-like—into a portmanteau. He felt there was nothing for him to do but to leave the Hall without delay, and he was not quite sure if he were glad or sorry that it was so.

He had never felt anything but affection for his *fiancée*, or pleasure in the prospect of sharing her good things; but Mabel Selwyn's fascinations had exercised such a charm over him, that he knew, at all risks, he must follow and win her. He could not have them both, and he could not give up Mabel.

He heaved a natural sigh at the vanishing of all his hopes of independence, but he was not sure at the same time if to work for and with the girl of his choice would not make him a happier man.

"Lapped in all this luxury, without any necessity for work, I should probably have become lazy and never have achieved anything worthy of myself. Now, my darling and I will work to-

gether and build up names that shall live long after we have passed away."

He considered himself a great philosopher, but in reality he was only a very young man, led away by his senses and the beguilements of an arrant coquette to believe he had found the love of a lifetime, and was ready to attack and kill the giants of Poverty and Dependence for her sake.

Yet he could not quit the roof where he had been made so welcome without a pang for his inconstancy. His only consolation was that Miss Hetherington had taken it upon herself to dismiss him. In his relief at not having to confess his delinquency he had almost forgotten to analyse the reason of her sudden determination. She had always been so fond of him, that it did seem a little strange, when he came quietly to think of it, that she should not have suggested their unsuitability to him by degrees, instead of blurting it out in so remorseless a fashion.

But Archibald Nasmyth had no time to think of that now. He was going back to London to work his way up to Mab and Fortune, and the future, if not very golden, was at all events rosy and fair.

Thanks to Felicia's generosity, he was not in want of money, for one hundred and fifty pounds of the sum she had deposited for his use in the bank remained at his disposal, and since she had

been the one to break their engagement, for no fault that she knew of—for so he believed—he felt no scruple in using what had been a free gift to him.

Still he sighed as he threw the last article into the portmanteau and strapped it up. Love in a six-roomed flat is all very well, but it takes a lot of love to make up for the loss of a town house and a country house, and some hundreds of acres of broad pasture lands. Archibald Nasmyth had to keep Mabel Selwyn's image constantly before his mind's eye, to enable him to say farewell to Cheshunt Hall manfully.

When he arrived in London he did not go to his old room in John Street. It would have been altogether beneath his dignity to live there in his altered condition, as the prospective client of Messrs. Challen and Edwardes and husband of Miss Mabel Selwyn. His residence at Cheshunt Hall had rather enlarged Mr. Nasmyth's views of things in general.

He felt quite sure that the kindly interest Mr. Selwyn had displayed in him, on account of his grandfather, the professor, would be doubled when he heard he was the chosen husband of his only child, and that he would for her sake exert himself so powerfully on his behalf as to send him whizzing to the top of the literary tree in half the time it took less favoured men to climb there.

He went to an hôtel for the first night of his stay in town, and the following day he selected two pretty rooms in the vicinity of South Kensington, where the Selwyns resided, and which cost him four times the rent of his former modest lodging.

The first thing he did was to write Mab a true and particular account of the interview he had had with Miss Hetherington—the next, to pay a visit to the publishers, Messrs. Challen and Edwardes, in Piccadilly.

These gentlemen, who had published several pamphlets for Mr. Selwyn, chiefly paid for with poor Felicia's money, had sent a very courteous reply to a letter from him asking if they would read a novelette by his daughter, when completed, without considering they had compromised themselves in any way by consenting to his request.

When, therefore, young Nasmyth, looking a very heavy swell, and as if the whole place belonged to him, lounged into their office and demanded to see one of the partners, they were at a loss to understand what business he could possibly have with their firm.

"Mr. Challen is not in," replied the clerk to whom Archibald had tendered his card, "and Mr. Edwardes is engaged and cannot see you."

"Do you know who I am? Have you read the name on my card?" demanded Archie.

The clerk held it to the light and murmured,

"Mr. Archibald Nasmyth." Then he glanced up at the stranger and said, "Have you an appointment with Mr. Edwardes, sir?"

"No; I only returned to town yesterday, but I wish to speak to him particularly. Tell him I am part author of 'The Family Pearls,' about which Mr. Selwyn has written him, and I am certain he will admit me. Messrs. Challen and Edwardes are going to publish the book, and I wish to consult them about the probable time of issue."

The clerk was young and new to the trade. He made a second journey into the *sanctum sanctorum*, but came back faster than he had done before.

"Mr. Edwardes' compliments, and he knows nothing about the book you mention, sir; and it is impossible that he can see you to-day!"

Archibald was annoyed, but merely saying, "I will call again, then," he left the office.

His high hopes received just the smallest sprinkling of cold water by this little experience. He had imagined that the name of Mr. Selwyn was an "Open Sesame" in the literary profession, and a sudden fear ran through him lest he should have built too much on his future father-in-law's interest. But he returned to his apartments and set to work to revise the manuscript which Mab had left in his hands till they should meet again.

A long rambling letter from her, full of con-

gratulations on the easy way he had got out of the scrape into which they thought they had fallen, sent all his thoughts back to the beloved object, particularly as she told him the people they were staying with were so dull that she had persuaded her papa to cut their visit short, and they should return to town a fortnight sooner than they intended.

"I have been working very well since I have been here," the young lady went on, "with no interruptions of hands or eyes, and we must really be more steady when we meet in town, or 'The Family Pearls' will not be finished this side Christmas. Papa is beginning to be disagreeable now, and says it will not be proper for you and me to work together whilst he is at his horrid old club! As if we couldn't take care of ourselves without him! He says we are too young and too good-looking! We really must make a stand against such nonsense at once, or there will be no end to it. It would be just the same if I got another collaborateur! Fathers are really the greatest nuisances in the world! They ought to be shut up as soon as their daughters are old enough to take care of themselves!"

This letter, though it was full of most familiar terms, such as calling him "my dear old chum" and "my handsome boy," with various others as

flattering to his vanity, left, somehow, an unpleasant impression on Archibald Nasmyth's mind. Why should Mab even hint at such an improbability as taking another collaborateur? Had they two not agreed to write together all their lives? And when she became his wife it was not likely he would hear of her writing with anybody but himself!

And when her father suggested they were too young and handsome to study and compose together, why had not Mab seized that opportunity to tell Mr. Selwyn that she loved him and intended to pass her life with him? It would have come so naturally from her then, and she was not the sort of girl to be shy about speaking of her attachment. It was a pity she should have missed so good a chance; but doubtless she considered that it was his part to speak of it first.

He contented himself with writing her a long loving epistle in reply, but he did not mention the hopes that were burning in his breast, for fear of the letter falling into her father's hands. Several days passed after that, that were rather desolate ones to Archibald Nasmyth. He wanted Mab to come home, if only to drive away the remorseful thoughts that sometimes attacked his mind when anything recalled his past intimacy with Felicia Hetherington.

It gave him pain to pass her house in Norfolk Street—still more to look up at the long line of

windows of Saint George's Hospital and remember all the gracious kindnesses she showed him whilst he lay there.

One day as he was passing the building he suddenly recalled the fact that it was visiting day, and went in to see the room where he had gone through such tortures of mind and body.

The nurse was delighted to recognise her patient again, and to find how little, comparatively speaking, he showed the loss of his limb.

"And what's become of that lady as used to visit you here?" she asked. "Ah, she was a real friend to you, she was. Do you ever see anything of her now? You wouldn't walk about so spry as you do, sir, if it hadn't been for her. I heard tell she paid pounds and pounds for that their leg of yours. I thought she was sweet on you, myself," added the nurse, giggling, "but I suppose it hasn't come to nothing, after all?"

"Sweet on me! What nonsense, nurse," exclaimed Archie, though he coloured like a girl at the accusation. "You silly women can never think of anything but love and lovers! Miss Hetherington is a great friend of mine. I have been staying with her in Surrey. But there is nothing of that kind between us, I can assure you!"

"Ah, well!" replied the woman. "She was older than you by a goodish bit, I know; but you might have done worse than go in double harness with her! She was a real good sort, and

that I will say. You young gentlemen are all for the girls, naturally; but girls is mostly flirts, and the older women know their own minds best."

"You used to talk rather against than for Miss Hetherington when I was here, if I remember rightly, nurse!" said Archibald Nasmyth.

"Perhaps I did, sir, for we nurses are apt to get a bit jealous of anybody coming in and fussing over our patients. But I've often thought of that lady since, and I never see anyone so wrapt up in another as she was in you! If she'd have been your own mother she couldn't have cared for you more—and the mother's love beats every love in the world, you know, sir!"

"Yes, I have heard so, nurse; but I have an engagement and must go now. Good-bye, and thank you for all the kindness you showed me. I shall never forget it!" said Archie, as he slipped a piece of money in the woman's hand and walked hurriedly away.

As he did so he put up his gloved hand and drew it across his eyes. He wished he had been able to part more amicably with Felicia Hetherington. She certainly must have had some cause of complaint against him to have dismissed him so cavalierly.

She was so calm—so just—so dispassionate, that she would surely have given him the opportunity to defend himself, unless she had been

convinced that no defence was possible. Could she have been told of his intimacy with Mab Selwyn? Could Miss Cuthbert have overheard their conversation, or espied some of their actions, and carried the news to her friend? Neither Mab nor he had been always prudent, he knew, and Felicia might easily have construed their behaviour into an insult to herself. Archibald's heart felt very heavy as this conviction pressed itself upon his mind, for though all his senses were enchained by Mab, he still felt deep gratitude to Felicia, and would rather have wounded his own feelings than hers. Being alone with no one to talk to, his thoughts were continually reverting to Felicia in those days, and he thirsted for the return of his lady-love, that he might confide his doubts and fears to her.

At last, after three or four weeks of waiting, he received the joyful news that the Selwyns had, in Mab's parlance, "made tracks for home." Archie had done little during the interval but spend money.

He had not thought it worth while to put pen to paper till his collaborateur returned to take up the narrative where she had dropped it; neither had he succeeded in gaining an interview with the publishers; but he regretted that circumstance the less because he had come to the conclusion that it would be better for him to enter upon the scene of his future triumphs leaning on the arm

of his father-in-law that was to be than introduce himself.

He had visited sundry music-halls and theatres, and driven a good deal about town in hansoms, and eaten several dinners at restaurants, but, beside these occupations, Mr. Archibald Nasmyth had done nothing to further his ascent of the tree of Fame.

But with a true lover's mode of argument, he decided that he could easily make up for lost time when he had gained Mab's side again. How was it possible for him to fix his mind on anything when it was filled with the idea of meeting her and receiving from her lips the guerdon he should claim in exchange for all he had relinquished for her sake!

On the very evening the Selwyns arrived in Cathcart Street he presented himself there for admittance. He had often walked past the house before and pictured how it would look when Mab's bright face was there to welcome him, but he had never entered it. The girl had been used to talk very vivaciously about "our house in London," and though he knew that Mr. Selwyn was not rich, in comparison with Felicia Hetherington, he had expected to see a very pretty and cosy little abode. The first aspect, however, was rather discouraging.

After repeated demands for admittance, a dingy-looking maid-servant partially unclosed the

hall door and thrust her grimy face through the opening.

"Has Miss Selwyn arrived yet?" demanded Archibald Nasmyth.

"You can't see 'er," was the reply.

"I think I can," said the visitor, smiling. "Please to take up my card to Miss Selwyn, and say I have come on particular business."

The servant took the card in the corner of her apron, and closing the door went away and left him standing on the steps outside.

"Well, this is a hospitable sort of reception," thought Archie. "This dirty creature must be some charwoman got in for the occasion of their coming home."

However, the certainty of his admission, as soon as his identity was made clear, consoled him for the indignity of his position, and his patience was rewarded, for in a few minutes the grimy servant returned with the intimation:—

"The young lady says as you can go upstairs for a little while, but you mustn't stay long."

Without heeding the ungraciousness of the invitation, Archie went up the staircase as quickly as his lameness would permit him, and found himself in the presence of Mab Selwyn. She had taken off her travelling dress and was robed in a dark red tea-gown. It was not particularly clean, and her hair was in disorder, but she

looked all the handsomer for her *déshabillé*, and in Archie's love-stricken eyes simply ravishing.

He went straight up to her and took her in his arms, and she let him do it without remonstrance, though she seemed rather scared and hurried.

"Oh, Archie! what made you come so soon?" she said. "We only arrived a couple of hours ago. Papa has gone round to his club, and may be back at any moment, and I would rather he did not find you here just yet!"

"So soon!" he echoed, "when I have been wearying night and day for this moment to arrive! How long did you think I should keep away, my darling? Why, I have done positively nothing since we parted! Nothing, that is to say, but dream of you, you tantalising little witch, and of the days when we should be together again. Wasn't it a fortunate thing that Miss Hetherington got sick of me before she found out anything about us? Now, our love need make no difference in her friendship for your father and yourself, and perhaps after a while she may re-include me in her category of friends. She can hardly keep you in and leave me out, eh, Mab?" he concluded significantly.

But the girl still seemed uneasy.

"No, I suppose not," she said. "But, Archie, I'm very much afraid we shall not have the liberty in town that we had at Cheshunt Hall. Papa has

been making himself most disagreeable about our collaboration lately."

"Disagreeable! But why? I thought he approved of our working together."

"Oh! he doesn't mind our working together, but he says it is quite unnecessary that in order to collaborate we should sit together all day. He says it did not signify so much, perhaps, at Cheshunt Hall, because people are more free and easy with each other in the country, but it would become remarkable in town and do me harm."

"What nonsense! Who is to remark it, if we keep our own counsel?" asked Archie.

"I suppose he means the other people in the house."

"What other people? I thought you lived alone with your father, Mab?"

"So I do; but there are the other lodgers always peeping and prying about, to say nothing of the landlady. This is not papa's own house, you know. We have only three rooms in it. I generally write in my bedroom, but of course that would be out of the question with you; and this is our only sitting-room, so we should be liable to constant interruption. Do you see?"

He had *not* known, but he *did* see, and the intelligence he had received made his spirits sink down to zero.

Where had all the pleasant dreams he had been dreaming, of spending hours and days in

work with his betrothed, flown to? Into the limbo of forbidden things! His disappointment showed plainly in his face.

"This is bad news, Mab," he replied. "I don't see how we are to write together if we sit in different houses."

"No! I suppose we shall have to give it up," said Mab, with a *moue*. "I wish to goodness I was independent, and then you should come to see me as often as you chose. But papa is rather a tartar at home. He keeps this room entirely to himself when he is in, and I dare not drop a pin whilst he is thinking or writing. We never see any visitors. We are not rich enough, in the first place, and we have nowhere to receive them, in the second. But don't look so down in the mouth, dear boy! We will manage to finish 'The Family Pearls' at any rate. There can't be so much more to do. We can meet in the Park, or somewhere, to decide on the plot, and then send our share to one another as it is written!"

"We shall never collaborate in that way," said Archie, gloomily.

"Oh, yes, we shall!" replied Mab, cheerfully, and as if the matter were not of any special moment; "and if we find it too tiresome, we can go on with our separate work when we have finished this story. Papa does not think great things of our plan of writing together. He says if I am cleverer than you, you will be taking more than

your share of the profits, and *vice versa*. He thinks I shall make more money by myself; but as I said before, we will finish 'The Family Pearls' if we die for it. And now, Archie, I must send you away, for papa may come back at any moment, and I'm sure there'll be a row if he finds you here?"

"But why a row, my darling?" said her lover. "I flattered myself that Mr. Selwyn rather liked me than otherwise. He always seemed so pleased to talk of my grandfather at Cheshunt Hall, and of my own literary prospects. It will be a terrible disappointment to me if he does not let me come and see you as often as I choose."

"Then I'm afraid you are doomed to be disappointed," replied the girl, with a careless laugh, "for he has never let any young man become intimate here. He is pleased to see them and talk to them at other people's houses, but he won't admit them to his own."

"But I'm not like other men, my darling," whispered Archie. "Surely Mr. Selwyn will make an exception in my favour!"

"And why should he?" asked Mab, saucily.

"Because of my love for you! By the way, Mab, have you hinted anything about our attachment to your father?"

"Good gracious, no! Whatever should I do it for? Why, he'd tear me in pieces if I let him

guess it! You don't know how particular he is about me."

"I can well understand it! I shall be quite as particular, too. But if the course of true love is to run smooth, he must certainly be told of it. It is impossible I can see you often without he approves of our engagement."

"Our *what?*" exclaimed Mab, opening her eyes.

"Our engagement, my darling!"

"I didn't know there was any engagement between us!"

"Oh! Mab! you know quite well what I mean! I have never made you a formal proposal—they are out of date in this century—but we understand each other. You love me and I love you—that is sufficient. I suppose it will be years before we can marry," continued the young man with a sigh, "unless, indeed, your father could help us a little at first starting; but I am only too happy to feel I am engaged to you, and that you will wait for me until I have got a home to take you to."

"Are you mad?" cried the girl, breaking away from the embrace in which he held her.

Archibald Nasmyth turned as pale as death. Mab's look of blank amazement—of supreme contempt—of unqualified amusement—struck him like a sudden blow upon the heart.

"Why do you ask me such a question?" he

said, after a short pause. "What have I said to show my insanity? Are we *not* engaged? Do we not hope and intend to be married by and by? Has not all our intimacy—our exchange of love and caresses and promises of fidelity—meant this and nothing else?"

"I don't know what *you* may have meant," replied the girl with a mocking laugh. "I often told you you were going too far! But certainly *I* never intended anything of the sort—never dreamt of such a conclusion to our pleasant little flirtation. Why, you must be raving, Archie! Marry? What have we to marry on, and where are we likely to get it? Not out of literature, you may lay your last shilling! If I make enough to buy myself gloves and bonnets for the rest of my life, I shall think myself lucky! Besides, if ever I marry, I have no intention of going on working after it. The man who marries me will have to keep me. There's no question about that!"

"I thought, perhaps, that your father—" commenced Archie, with trembling lips.

"Nonsense!" quoth the lady. "Papa's as poor as a church rat! He'd be glad enough to get me off his hands, but it must be to a man who could keep me and help him. I'm quite sure I sha'n't go for less! You've been indulging in a ridiculous dream, my boy. I am sure *I* never put such ideas in your head!"

"Your pretended love did," he answered fiercely. "What else should I have supposed all your kisses and whispers and protestations of affection to mean? What do such things generally lead to between two young people, unless it be marriage? And I thought you were so true all the time you were deceiving me!" he added, with a groan.

"I wasn't deceiving you!" pouted Mab. "I like you awfully. Didn't I say just now, that if I had a house of my own, you should be in it every day?"

"Yes, to be made the sport of your coquetry," said her companion, bitterly. "You would let me kiss you and make love to you, and break my heart over you, but you would not marry me, nor give up any mortal thing for my sake! No, thank you, Mab. What you have told me this evening must end our intimacy at once and for ever. I see we have been playing at cross-purposes! I have been loving you truly and earnestly, believing you cared for me as much in return, whilst you have treated me only as a toy to pass an idle hour with. You are a flirt! A heartless deceitful flirt! You have said things to me, a month ago, that you would blush to hear me repeat; but I will spare you! Let it be over from this moment! I will go back to my lonely rooms and work by myself, and try to forget that I ever had the misfortune to meet

you. I have given up all my prospects for your sake, and must go back now to the poverty from which Miss Hertherington rescued me. I trust the knowledge may sweeten your remembrance of me!"

"Why not go back to Miss Hetherington herself?" said Mab, sneeringly. "I daresay she will forgive you only too readily when you say you have been a naughty boy and are sorry for what you have done. She is not at an age when a woman can afford to part with her forlorn hope easily. I bet you'll be re-instated if you only try!"

"Mock on!" replied Archibald Nasmyth. "Nothing you can say now can increase the contempt you have made me feel for your behaviour. But don't speak one word derogatory to Felicia Hetherington in my presence. She has been far too good already to both you and me, and I am only sorry that your meretricious charms should have ever had the power to blind my eyes to her merits. But you have done your worst and I will leave you. Whatever may happen to me in the future, you can lay the flattering unction to your soul that my crimes lie at your door. Good-bye! You have lost one of your toys at least. I shall never meet you of my free will again!"

And with that he turned hastily away and ran down into the street.

Mab heard the hall door slam after him and felt some compunction, not because she had made him unhappy, but that she had let her true feelings towards him be so easily betrayed, and lost a pleasant companion too soon.

As for Archie, he walked away from Cathcart Street with a brain on fire. If Felicia Hetherington had wanted to be revenged on him, she was so now.

He felt as if he were going mad, as he hastened not to his temporary home, but to one of the numerous places where drink and laughter and play should help him to forget for a little while the demons of Rage and Disappointment and Fury that had got hold of him.

He had lost his Faith and Hope and Love—all his prospects in life had been shattered in one moment—what wonder if he grew desperate and left off caring where his Fate might lead him!

For weeks he passed his life in scenes of debauchery after the fashion of disappointed men, and when the delirium had passed and he had grown a little calm again, and felt better able to face the world, he found his little stock of money was at its last ebb.

CHAPTER XI.

THE DISAPPEARANCE.

It was time that Frances Cuthbert returned to take care of her mother, and as soon as Cheshunt Hall was cleared of the Selwyns and Archibald Nasmyth, she pressed Felicia hard to go back with her, and stay in Wales for awhile. But she steadily refused to do so—very gently, as was her wont, but with a firmness that Miss Cuthbert found it beyond her power to shake.

"I am like a wounded animal, dear Frank," she said. "I want to crawl into some out-of-the-way place and die in the dark!"

"Die in the dark!" echoed her friend; "what nonsense, Felix. You are too old to talk like that. You will live half a century still, please God, to make others happy."

Felicia smiled faintly.

"You know what I mean, Frank. I have no idea of posing like a romantic Miss of seventeen. But I feel I can get over this little disappointment better by myself. I want complete quiet and rest and solitude, to think it all out and decide on my future plans of action. I love your

dear old mother, and your peaceful country home; but even to chat to her, or to see the parish doctor, or the parson, would worry me and make me cross. I would rather go quite away with Warrender somewhere, and not come back to Cheshunt till I am myself again. I am not quite myself now, you know, Frank," said Felicia, hesitatingly; "I feel as if I had been rudely awakened from a beautiful dream, and were not sure if I were asleep or awake. You will be patient with me I am sure, and let me have my own way in this!"

"Of course you shall have your own way, darling," replied Miss Cuthbert, "though I should have loved to have you all to myself at Llangibby. Where do you propose to go, Felix?"

"Oh, I have not made up my mind about it yet, but somewhere that I have not seen before. I feel as if I should like to take Warrender, and wander away to some completely new scene, where no one will know me, and I shall know no one. By-and-by, when I have got over the first shock of this, I will return to Cheshunt Hall for the winter. As for London," said Felicia, with a shudder, "I don't think I shall ever be able to look at the place again!"

Miss Cuthbert was too wise to attempt to combat anything that her friend said at that moment. She knew that she was not capable of judging of her future actions, and that the best

way was to leave her perfectly alone to do just as the fancy took her. So all she said was:—

“Well, dear, it is a comfort to think that you need not do so unless you choose. Only, as I return home to-morrow, I should like to hear you decide on some plan before I start. I would rather not leave you moping here, all by yourself, Felicia!”

“Very well, Frank. I will start to-morrow, then, if it will be any consolation to you. I will go with my good old Warrender to Switzerland. We will ‘make tracks,’ as—as Mab would say—for Lausanne, and go thence into the country. As soon as we are settled I will send you my address, and then, Frank, you must write and tell me all you can hear about—Archie and the Selwyns.”

“But, my dear friend, will that be the way to drown the remembrance of your trouble? Will it not rather keep it fresh, to be looking out for news of Mr. Nasmyth?”

“It will make no difference, Frank! You can’t force these things, and my mind will be full of him for a long time to come. And—and—I would rather not come back to England until he is—married—and all likeness of the boy who was engaged to me gone out of him. Do you understand me, Frank?”

“Yes, I do; but I do not see how I am to gain any news of him for you. I have only one

relative in town, and he is a barrister in the Temple, and not likely to know anything of the Selwyns and their doings.”

“But you could write straight to Mr. Selwyn after a time, Frank, and say that I am abroad, and you wish to send me the last tidings of them. You mustn’t forget that none of them know I have guessed their secret, not even Archie, and I should prefer them not to think I had any grudge against them. Neither Mabel nor Archie dream of the real reason I gave him back his liberty, and all I want to know is, how Mr. Selwyn receives the announcement of their mutual attachment, and if he will help them to attain their wishes.”

“And if he doesn’t, I suppose you will,” replied Miss Cuthbert, in a tone of such unusual contempt that it brought the tears into Felicia’s eyes.

“I don’t know—I haven’t thought about it yet—but I suppose it might be as good a way as any other to use my money for,” she answered simply.

Miss Cuthbert’s only reply was to throw her arms round her neck and whisper:

“Forgive me, Felix—forgive me!”

On the next day they parted, as they had proposed—Miss Cuthbert going back to her Welsh home, and Felicia, attended by Warrender,

starting for Brussels and Spa, on her way to Lausanne.

Here, when she found herself quite alone, with no eye to witness her agony—no ear to comment on her sighs—and no tongue to rally her on her middle-aged folly, or the absurdity of having ever thought things could turn out otherwise—Felicia abandoned herself to her grief, which was so very real to her, whether her friends thought it ridiculous or not.

As soon as she found herself at perfect liberty to do as she chose, the unnatural restraint she had put upon herself (even before Fanny Cuthbert) gave way, and for weeks she seemed lapped in a species of despair, during which God hid His face from her and she could neither think, nor read, nor pray.

Night after night Felicia spent on her knees, not uttering any spoken prayer, yet entreating and longing with all her heart that Heaven might have pity on her, and let the life which seemed over ebb away before the morning light. But Heaven is too merciful to answer the wild petitions which men put up whilst writhing under earthly dispensations. It sees ahead whilst our eyes are blind with tears. It can distinguish the silver lining to the cloud—the blue which hides behind the stormy sky—and it smiles whilst we rave, as a fond mother may smile, whilst her little one

kicks passionately against the physic bottle, which she knows contains the dose to ease its pain.

Felicia's nature was not one to rail against the will of Heaven. She would rather bend low whilst the waves went over her. And this storm bent her very low indeed! She could have finished her life contentedly in the calm way it was flowing when we first saw her. She was not happy then, because there was one great good lacking, but at the same time she was not miserable.

She had never tasted the sweets of loving and being loved, and her sighs over the void thus created in her existence were like a vague desire to taste, or try something which has never come within our reach. That is a very different thing from the grief we suffer at the loss of what we have enjoyed and prized.

But Felicia Hetherington was not a woman to weakly give herself over to despair for long. The first outburst of nature over, she braced herself to be calm, if she could not be happy. She began to take long mountainous walks with Warrender, and to interest herself in the peasants and their families, the little children of which soon learned to recognise the kind English lady, who carried cakes and sugar plums in her pockets for them, and who seemed so pleased with their little offerings of wild flowers and mountain pebbles.

When she had been for about a month at the

little village in which she had taken up her quarters, Felicia began to thirst again for news of the world she had left behind her, and wrote to Fanny Cuthbert to ask what she had gleaned. The answer was, to Felicia, eminently unsatisfactory.

"I have written to Mr. Selwyn, as you desired me, but can hear nothing of Mr. Nasmyth in return. Mr. Selwyn writes back, asking most affectionately after your health and welfare, in his daughter's name as well as his own. He asks, moreover, for your address. Am I to give it him? He mentions that Miss Selwyn is succeeding wonderfully with her writing, and is engaged, with his assistance, on a three volume novel; but not a word does he say of Mr. Nasmyth. It seems very strange! I cannot understand it! Shall I write again and ask him point-blank?"

To which Felicia answered by return of post: "Yes! Do!"

Within the week she received another letter.

"I wrote straight to Mr. Selwyn, saying:—'Can you tell me anything of Mr. Nasmyth? Miss Hetherington has not heard from him, and would like to have his address.' I would enclose his answer, only it is too bulky. In it he

says that he cannot give me any information concerning Mr. Nasmyth—that he doesn't even know his address—nor has he ever called at the house since the first evening they arrived in town. He adds—'I may tell you in confidence, that I fancy something took place between my daughter and him on that occasion that has broken up the intimacy between them. You may remember that he was very attentive to Mabel whilst we were staying at Cheshunt Hall. I never interfere in such matters, because I have the most perfect confidence in her discretion; but, from his sudden disappearance, I conclude she must have given him his dismissal. Indeed, she has hinted as much to me. If the young man entertained any hopes with regard to my daughter, he must be very foolish, as she has no *dot*, unfortunately, and it is imperative she should marry—if she ever marries at all—a man with money. And, naturally, in this light, Mr. Nasmyth was eminently unsuitable! Added to which, I have not much faith either in his brains or his capacity for work. He will never do much good in literature, if I am not much mistaken, and for such it is a starving profession! A pity his people did not bring him up to some honest trade instead!'"

This letter made Felicia indignant. She could almost have borne the news that Archie and Mab were married, than that he had been

dismissed, perhaps with scoffs at his pretensions, from the girl's presence, and that her father should decry his undoubted abilities in so unkind a manner.

Poor boy! He deserved a better fate than this, although he had not been able to keep faithful to herself. She commenced from that moment to be uneasy on his account. What was he doing? Where was he living? How were his funds lasting out? Had he work which would provide him with the means of subsistence when his present purse ran dry?

It was useless for her to tell herself that Archibald Nasmyth's sayings and doings were no longer any concern of hers. It was terrible to think he had lost the friends for whom he had given up his claims on her, and had no one to go to, perhaps, in case of necessity. Felicia began to worry over him as much as she had done in the days of old, and could not rest quiet and inactive any longer. She even came back to town herself, in order to see Mr. Selwyn on the subject.

On her arrival in Norfolk Street she wired to her old friend to come to her. She did not want to see Mab—she disliked the thought of her even worse than before, now that she had drawn on and then rejected her poor boy.

But she thought she could speak to her father about him. She might even summon up courage

to tell Mr. Selwyn that Archie had been engaged to her before he proposed to Mabel—he was such an old man, he would not be likely to ridicule her thoughts of marriage—and it would show him how unjustly his daughter had behaved to Mr. Nasmyth.

If any dash of pride interposed at this juncture, to interfere with her generous forgiveness of the slight offered her, Felicia stamped it down as if it had been a sin.

"After all," she said to herself, "it is in no one's power to keep constant, if a more seductive attraction comes in the way. I suppose if I had been less confident of my ability to keep a man faithful to me, I should not have thrown Archie so intimately in the society of a pretty girl like Mabel! And above all, we promised to be friends to each other. If he has forgotten that, it is no reason *I* should do so. It is not a proper pride that makes me shrink from opening the subject with Mr. Selwyn. It is mortified vanity, for fear that Mabel may have heard the truth from Archie and communicated it to her father. I will anticipate any remarks he may make about it by telling him the truth at once! My only fear is, lest people should think my anxiety concerning Archie arises from a desire to seek him out for the purpose of renewing the past. Well, I must bear it if they really think so! It will not be nearly so hard to bear as the fact of his desertion

has been, nor as the fact of knowing he is in want and trouble and I might have relieved both, would be."

Mr. Selwyn was quick to answer his friend's summons. He had not given up hopes of becoming some day the possessor of Cheshunt Hall, though he had never had sufficient courage yet to propose to its mistress. He presented himself in Norfolk Street an hour after the wire reached him, and was shocked to see the difference in Felicia's appearance.

"My dear Miss Hetherington," he commenced, "have you been ill since you went away? I never saw you looking so thin and pale in my life before!"

"Oh, no! I have not been ill, thank you, Mr. Selwyn. It is all the after effects of that unfortunate accident, which shook me more than I thought at the time. But pray don't let us talk of myself. I am passing through town on my way to the country, and was anxious to see you for several reasons. One is that Miss Cuthbert sends me word that you have lost sight of Mr. Nasmyth as well as myself, and I feel quite uneasy lest some harm should have happened to him. It is so very strange that he should not communicate with either of the two friends who were good to him during his illness!"

"Do you think so, Miss Hetherington? To me it seems very much like the treatment one

generally receives from the world. The young man has found other friends by this time and and does not need us!"

"Oh, no! You do him injustice, Mr. Selwyn. Mr. Nasmyth was not like that! I did not leave him my address when I went abroad, so that I could not expect to hear from him; but I quite thought you and Mabel would know of his whereabouts."

"And so we might have done; but to tell you a little secret, the young man had the presumption to propose to my daughter the evening we returned to town, when she very properly dismissed him, and we have seen nothing of him since!"

"But was it presumption on his part, Mr. Selwyn?" demanded Felicia, indignantly. "I know more than you think, perhaps, of the business, and can say from personal observation that Mabel gave Mr. Nasmyth very great encouragement whilst at the Hall, and I think he had every reason to suppose that she cared for him and would marry him."

"My daughter encourage Mr. Nasmyth!" exclaimed Mr. Selwyn. "Oh! you must be mistaken! Why, Mab has but one idea in the world regarding marriage, and that is money; and the young man has none, and as far as I can see, no prospect of making it. You must have mistaken some one else for Mab!"

"I am not mistaken, Mr. Selwyn," said Felicia. "I was witness to their endearments, and an unwilling auditor of her protestations of affection for him."

"Oh, that might mean nothing!" replied Mr. Selwyn, carelessly. "Young people will indulge in these flirtations! But marriage is quite a different thing, and I feel sure Mab never intended to regard the matter in a serious light!"

"More shame for her!" said Felicia, warmly. "I have been fond of Mab, Mr. Selwyn, and disposed to be indulgent to her; but after this, you must never expect to see me intimate with her again. A girl who can deliberately draw a man on to propose to her—perhaps to break his word to some other woman for her sake—and then refuse him on the plea that she was only amusing herself, is despicable in my eyes, and I sincerely wish that it had not been your daughter that had so misbehaved herself in my house!"

Her unusual tone alarmed Mr. Selwyn.

"Oh, don't say that, Miss Hetherington," he exclaimed; "you can't think how you wound me! Forgive my child for my sake! If she is thoughtless and imprudent, let your example lead her on to better things. Remember Mab is motherless! May I say now what I have long had it in my heart to say to you? We are very old friends, and we are both past the age of romance. Will you help me to guide my poor

Mab aright? Will you include us both in your loving care? Will you be my wife and the mother of my girl?"

Had Felicia not been feeling very indignant for Archie's sake, she would have felt inclined to laugh at this proposal, which was so evidently made for the benefit of the proposer, but just then she was too angry to be amused. Her heart was burning in the cause of Archibald Nasmyth, and she replied in a manner very unlike her usual gracious self.

"The mother of Mabel?" she cried. "No, thank you, Mr. Selwyn! Under any circumstances I should have refused your offer, but had I felt disposed to accept it, the care of such a girl as Miss Selwyn would have been quite sufficient to put me off it. I would not be answerable for a young lady who can let a man kiss her and depend upon her affection, and then refuse his offer of marriage! No, thank you! You and I are old friends, as you say, and I hope we may continue so, but it must be outside of your daughter, for I will never receive her in my house again!"

"You grieve me deeply, Miss Hetherington! I had no idea your interest in Mr. Nasmyth amounted to this! He is a very fortunate young man, to be able to displace your old friends so easily!"

"Do you think so? He did not think so him-

self! You may as well know the truth at once, Mr. Selwyn! Mr. Nasmyth was engaged to be married to me when your daughter led him away by her false pretensions to his love. This alone would exonerate me from receiving her as a friend again; but the fact of her having rejected him, after it, is a thousand times worse in my eyes! Had she loved him and been true to him, I would have befriended her still. Now, it is over! With regard to yourself, it could have never been! I am not a woman to love twice. I have told you this in order that you should not imagine that my reception of your offer is entirely on account of Mabel's behaviour. I thank you for it, and I am sure you will absolve me from all blame of having raised any false hopes in your breast!"

"My dear friend, yes! I have often thought it might some day be, but I know it has never entered your mind. And now, of course, it would be impossible! I had no idea of what you have told me. It has deeply shocked me that my daughter's folly should have disturbed your peace of mind. But the less said of it the better. I can understand now your anxiety to know what has become of Mr. Nasmyth!"

"Yes!" answered Felicia, frankly. "I am of course anxious to hear where he is, and to what extremities your daughter's conduct may have driven him. She has shut my house to him, and

deprived him of your influence. He is dependent, as I have told you, on his work for a living. I want to ascertain if he has work. Is he in the employ of Challen and Edwardes, the publishers you introduced him to?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, I never introduced him to them, for this unfortunate fracas between Mab and him occurred the very evening we came to town. But I don't think he is, for I have been in their office several times lately and never heard his name mentioned."

"How can I find out where he is?" said Felicia, with knitted brows.

"I am sure I don't know, unless you are acquainted with his friends."

"You know he had no friends except ourselves," replied Felicia, impatiently.

"To look for an unknown man in London, is like looking for the proverbial needle in the stack of hay," remarked Mr. Selwyn. "I see no way but to advertise for him."

"Oh! I couldn't do that!" she answered quickly.

"It has been a most unfortunate affair all round," said Mr. Selwyn, reaching his hat, "and I am deeply grieved that I and my daughter should have been mixed up in it! I trust—I sincerely trust—it will make no difference to your friendship and mine, Miss Hetherington,

and perhaps when Time, that softens all disappointments—”

“I know what you would say,” interrupted Felicia, “and please don’t say it! I am getting too old to look forward to what may happen in the future. The present is enough to wrestle with as a rule. I thank you for your friendship in the past, Mr. Selwyn, and your kind intentions in the present. I shall not forget either, and I shall always be glad to see you at my house. Good-bye!”

She held out her hand, and he felt himself dismissed, and went his way to have a very considerable quarrel with his daughter on her behaviour to Archibald Nasmyth and the way in which she had cut short their pleasant and convenient visits to Miss Hetherington’s town and country houses.

The next morning found Felicia on her way to Messrs. Challen and Edwardes’ offices. She had determined to find out what she could about Archibald Nasmyth from them.

She was ushered with much politeness into the inner sanctum, where she came to the point at once by asking for the young man’s address.

“Mr. Nasmyth?” repeated the manager, wrinkling his forehead. “I do not remember the name. Has the gentleman had any dealings with us?”

“I am not sure, but I know he had an intro-

duction by letter from Mr. Selwyn, so I thought it probable he might be working for you.”

“I don’t think so, Miss Hetherington, but I will inquire.”

He rang a bell, which produced the same young gentleman who had so summarily dismissed poor Archie when he had called on the firm.

“Mr. Carr, do you know anyone of the name of Nasmyth?”

“The gentleman called on you, sir, about four months ago, but you were too busy to see him.”

“Did he leave his address?”

“No, sir. He left his card, but it had no address on it.”

“Has he been here since?”

“Several times, sir; but as he had no particular business with us, I had orders not to admit him.”

“You see, Miss Hetherington,” said the manager, turning to her with an apologetic air, “we have so many loafers hanging about an office like this, that it is quite impossible for us to admit anybody unless he comes with an introduction from someone we know personally. Your friend should have procured an introduction to us, and then we should have been happy to make his acquaintance.”

“I thought he *had* been introduced to you. Mr. Selwyn promised to do so. If he should

come again, would you ascertain his address and send it privately to me? There is my card. This young man is a stranger in London, and I am anxious to do something for him."

"Very good, madam. Your wishes shall be attended to," replied the manager, as he bowed her out.

In the office she encountered the clerk again.

"Can you tell me when Mr. Nasmyth was here last?" she asked him.

"About a fortnight ago, miss, and I don't fancy he'll come here again myself. You see he'd been here so many times and the governor couldn't see him, and he said last time, when I took him out the message, 'Well, tell him I sha'n't trouble him again!'"

"How did he look?" said Felicia, in a trembling voice, "ill or well?"

"Well, he didn't look over well, miss, and he was very shabby! I was quite sorry for him, for he was such a swell when he first came here. I'm afraid he's been in trouble, for his clothes seemed worn out."

"And you couldn't find out where he lives for me?"

"I shouldn't know how to set about it, miss. He may have walked miles to our office. Most likely he did. And how is one to find a gentleman who lives in lodgings unless he leaves his address with his friends?"

"No, no, it is true! You are right," said Felicia, faintly; "but you will be sure to ask it for me if he comes again. Good-morning!" and she walked back to her carriage.

Poor Archie! Where was he? What was he doing? How was she to find him? These questions worried her night and day. She had forgotten everything—even to mourn over her own disappointment—in her renewed anxiety for him.

She recalled the tales he had told her of his former trials, and shuddered to think they might have come over again.

She went to his old lodgings in John Street, but the landlady had neither seen nor heard of him since he had paid off his debt to her. She drove to the hospital and heard from the nurse of Archie's visit there, and what a handsome gentleman he looked in his fashionable suit and a rose in his buttonhole.

"And he has not been here again, nurse?" enquired Felicia.

"No, ma'am; and I'm surprised to hear that you haven't seen nothing of him, for he told me you were his best friend, and he'd been staying down at your house in the country."

"Oh, yes, that was true enough; but I've been travelling in Switzerland and lost sight of Mr. Nasmyth, and now I have come home I cannot find out his address. Should he come here again,

please get it for me, nurse, and send it to Norfolk Street."

And she put one of her cards into the nurse's hands.

"Oh, yes, ma'am, in course I will," returned the woman; "but there, it's four months since he was here, and I don't suppose he'll trouble to come again."

Felicia Hetherington went home as much in the dark regarding Archibald Nasmyth's affairs as she had been when she set forth, and quite in despair about tracking him to his den. After a few days she even went to the length of inserting an advertisement in the *Daily Telegraph* for him. She worded it very carefully, but she thought that Archie would understand the motive with which it had been put in and from whom it came. But there was no reply. Then she appealed to his old employer, the editor of the *Electric Spark*, but he had not set eyes on Mr. Nasmyth for a long time, and had not the slightest idea of his whereabouts—had thought, indeed, by his long silence, that the young man might be dead; but had not taken any means to find out. Hoped the lady might be successful in her search for him, but was afraid that if he were above ground he would have applied to them for work before now.

This last suggestion drove Felicia nearly frantic. Was it really possible that her poor boy

had died without any one being the wiser for it? She blamed herself more than enough for having let him go without exacting a promise that he should keep her *au fait* of his doings; but she had believed at that time that she should have heard more than enough of him through the Selwyns.

She forgot all the injury he had done her in her anxiety to hear of his welfare. He was once more her *protégé*—the lad she had rescued from poverty and death—the boy she wanted to adopt as her son—and she lay awake at night, weeping for the mystery that enveloped his fate, and wondering what she could possibly do to unravel it.

At last, in the silence of one of her night vigils an idea flashed into her mind, making her marvel she had never thought of it before. Why had she not appealed to his mother for news of Archie?

Of course, *she* must know where he was and how he was prospering. But it was followed by another. If he were determined not to let her or the Selwyns hear what he was doing, might he not have forbidden Mrs. Nasmyth to answer any questions on the subject?

"If I were only within reach of her," thought Felicia. "She is not acquainted with me personally, and I might hear all I wish without her knowing to whom she told it!"

Then came the next query:

"Why shouldn't I be near her? What is to prevent my going to Kelso under an assumed name, and making the old lady's acquaintance, and gaining her confidence?"

As the feasibility of this plan struck Felicia, she leapt from her bed and had almost called up Warrender in the middle of the night. But there was no more rest for herself. She sat up till dawn making her plans and arranging how everything was to be done.

"Warrender!" she exclaimed, as soon as that faithful creature appeared with her cup of tea the next morning, "I do not intend to remain in town any longer. The weather is horribly foggy and muggy. I feel as if I could not breathe!"

"Indeed, ma'am, and where will you go?" demanded Warrender. "Back to the Hall?"

Felicia shuddered.

"No, Warrender, not just yet! We haven't had half a holiday! I propose to go on to Scotland and spend a few weeks there. I shall start by this evening's express; so put up what I shall require for my stay. It will be colder there than here, remember, so mind we have plenty of wraps. The pure Scottish air will do me a great deal more good than this stuffy old London!"

"That it will, ma'am, and you will pardon me for saying that I couldn't see what you were stopping in town for during this dull weather, and

when you dislike it so much. Scotland will be ever so much better for you."

"Do you think so, Warrender?" replied Felicia, with a sigh. "Let us hope your prophecy may come true!"

CHAPTER XII.

THE SALVATION.

THOSE who know the old French-looking town of Kelso, in Scotland, will understand that Rose Cottage may well have deserved its name in summer. Then, its walls of grey stone were hidden by masses of climbing rose-bushes, which covered them like a garment, and made the air fragrant with their sweetness. But now it was close on December, and the little house looked cold and bare, without a leaf or blossom to clothe its nakedness. It was a hard winter, and though the snow had not yet fallen the frost was very bitter.

The poor invalid, Mrs. Nasmyth, who had been paralysed in her lower limbs for twenty years past, felt the weather keenly, as she sat all day in one position, by the rather meagre fire, and shivered from inertia.

Her cousin, Miss Bruce, who was not much younger than herself, did all in her power to console her; but the old lady was very depressed, and the tears kept rolling down her withered cheeks.

She had cause to be uneasy and despondent. Her son Archibald, who had never failed, hitherto, to send her a few pounds monthly to eke out the very small pittance she received as pension for her late husband's services to the Government, had not remitted any money for several weeks past, and yet gave no explanation of the omission. On the contrary, he wrote as if he were prosperous and happy; but there was a tone about his letters that seemed to betoken some mystery behind, and left his mother in a miserable state of uncertainty.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" she said to Miss Bruce, "if Archie had not been so foolish with regard to Miss Hetherington, he might have been married by this time, and beyond the reach of want or work for ever!"

"Foolish, do you call it, Elizabeth?" echoed Margaret Bruce. "I should say it was downright wicked! To engage himself to marry a lady like that—with such a fortune too,—and then to go philandering with a girl to her very face. No wonder she dismissed him! She heard of it, no doubt. Archie has no one but himself to blame for his disappointment."

"But he writes in such good spirits lately! That is what puzzles me, Margaret. He talks of going here and going there, as if he had any amount of money to spend. But where does he get it from? He must have work. And yet he

hasn't sent me a shilling since September! I can't make it out. It's not like Archie. And to think that I should be living on you, my dear, and you so poor already! It breaks my heart!"

And Mrs. Nasmyth began to cry quietly behind her hand.

"Now, my dear Elizabeth, this is nonsense!" exclaimed Miss Bruce; "are we not cousins—almost sisters—and have a right to go shares with each other in everything? Archie will send us some money by-and-by—perhaps a good round sum to make up for lost time! Didn't he write a word about it in his last letter?"

"Not a line. That is what puzzles me so. I have given him one or two gentle hints, but you see, Margaret, I have no actual claim upon the poor boy, and he may be hard-up himself! Only he talks of going out here and there, and enjoying himself so much, that I can't make it out. It seems so unlike Archie to forget his poor mother."

"He has not forgotten, you may depend upon that; but there is a mystery somewhere! Perhaps he is fretting over his broken engagement more than he likes to let us know, and it has put everything else out of his head! Poor lad, he has made a mess of it, and no mistake!"

"Just at this season, too, it is so very inconvenient!" sighed Mrs. Nasmyth, as she shivered visibly.

"There, it's no use thinking of it any longer, Elizabeth," said Miss Bruce, as she essayed to put some more coals on the fire, but her cousin stopped her.

"No, no, Margaret, you mustn't do that. I am quite warm enough, and we are using a frightful quantity of fuel as it is. But I wish my boy would write openly to me! London is such a long way off, and I know no one there who would look him up and let me know the truth!"

Miss Bruce looked thoughtful.

"I wonder," she said, after a pause, "if Miss Mannerling would take sufficient interest in our affairs to do that for you, when she returns to town! She seems a very benevolent person and interested in several societies for reclaiming waifs and City Arabs and those kinds of people!"

"Margaret!" exclaimed Mrs. Nasmyth, in a voice of horror, "do you mean to compare my Archie to a City Arab?"

"No, my dear, certainly not; but he is a young man alone in London, and wants looking after perhaps just as much. I feel afraid, sometimes, lest his grief at this rupture with Miss Hetherington may have made Archie a little reckless."

"Oh, I trust not," replied her cousin, "for that would put a barrier between them for ever.

Do you really think that I might speak to Miss Mannering with safety, Margaret—that she would sympathise with my anxiety—and keep my confidence?”

“Oh, I am sure of that! Miss Mannering is not like everybody else. She is just the sort of person to influence a young man for good. She would feel for your distress and natural anxiety, and would help you if it lay in her power.”

“I wonder what makes her stay in Kelso at such an inclement season of the year?” said Mrs. Nasmyth, musingly. “There is nothing to be seen here during the winter!”

“She is making enquiries after a person in whom she is much interested. She told me so yesterday. That is why I think she might help you with Archie. When she comes to see us next, Elizabeth, tell her all your trouble, and see what she says. Perhaps she will suggest doing something herself. She is good-natured. She bears it on her face.”

“Yes, it is a sweet face,” replied Mrs. Nasmyth, “and she is a good woman, I am sure of that! I will take your advice, Margaret, and open my heart to her. I have often wondered why she should have cared to make our acquaintance. Perhaps it was Heaven who sent her our way!”

Of course, Miss Mannering was Felicia Hetherington. She had settled herself and Warrender at the only hotel that Kelso boasted of, and had

first made the acquaintance of Margaret Bruce, by lingering about Rose Cottage till she saw her come out to market, and then entering into conversation about the town and its environs. The residents of Kelso were rustic. Miss Bruce had needed no better patent of respectability than Felicia carried in her face to ask her if she would walk into their little house to rest herself, and since that time she had paid them a visit once a day, generally carrying fruit or some little delicacy for the invalid.

But as yet the name of Archie had been introduced very cursorily, and without giving Felicia any excuse for asking where he lived. But on that afternoon she was to gain the information she was there for.

She looked in about five o'clock and found Mrs. Nasmyth still in a state of depression, and naturally enquired the cause.

“Ah, that's right, Miss Mannering,” exclaimed Miss Bruce. “Make her tell you all about her trouble. I know it'll do her good! Now I shall just leave you alone till it's time for tea, and that will give Elizabeth an opportunity to open her heart to you!”

She left the room as she spoke, and Felicia turned to the invalid.

“I trust you have no serious trouble, Mrs. Nasmyth,” she said gently; “but if I can be of use to you, pray tell me everything!”

"What right have I to trouble you with my worries, Miss Mannering, and when I have known you for so short a time?" replied Archie's mother. "And it will seem a trifling thing, too, to a lady like yourself, who cannot know the anxieties of a parent!"

"It is about your son, then, that you want to speak to me," said Felicia quickly.

"Yes, that is what is troubling me at the present moment. You see, Miss Mannering, we are so far separated, and he is my only child, and I know no one in London who can tell me anything about him!"

"But he writes to you, surely?" said Felicia.

"Oh, yes; and very long letters too! Indeed, he has been in such trouble himself lately that it has seemed to be his only consolation to pour out his heart to me on paper. He has cut his own throat, poor lad, by his waywardness and perversity, and destroyed all his prospects in life!"

"Indeed! How was that?"

"I should like to read you some of his letters," said Mrs. Nasmyth; they tell his story better than I can. But if I do, you will, I hope, regard them in the strictest confidence. My son would never forgive me if he thought I had let a stranger's eyes light on them!"

"You may rely on me," said Felicia.

Mrs. Nasmyth drew from a reticule hanging

on her arm several letters in Archie's handwriting and smoothed the pages out before her.

"I must tell you first, Miss Mannering," she commenced, "that my poor boy has made the greatest mistake he ever made in his life. He is not five-and-twenty yet, but he was engaged to be married to a lady—a little older than himself it is true, but rich and well born, and one of the dearest and best creatures that God ever created!"

"Did he—your son—tell you so?" interposed her listener.

"You shall read for yourself in a minute," replied Mrs. Nasmyth. "Well, Archie was engaged to her, and I was so happy. They were to have been married last September, and I thought my Archie's fortune was made. He is a very handsome lad, Miss Mannering, though I daresay you will smile and think that is a mother's partiality, but everyone says the same of him; and he is clever too, though he has never had anyone to push him on in the profession to which he belongs. I did not think it was at all wonderful, that this lady (whose name I think I had better not tell you, for I wouldn't annoy her for all the world) should love him—and he loved her, my poor Archie. I can assure you he did. But when everything was happily settled between them he went down with other

friends to her place in the country, and there a designing girl got hold of him. I can't think how it happened, but the lady he was engaged to was laid up, and Archie and this girl were thrown a great deal together; and she led him on, I suppose, till the poor lad did not know what he was about. Anyway they flirted a great deal too much, and it must have come to the ears of the other lady, for as soon as she was well, she dismissed him, and he has been miserable ever since!"

"Why did he not go to the girl for whom he had forsaken his *fiancée*?" asked Felicia.

"Ah, I don't know! She had only been flirting with him, and perhaps she would not have anything further to say to him. Anyway he would have been miserable if she had, for he only despises her now!"

"But he could not have loved the woman he was engaged to, or he would not have carried on with this girl," said Felicia in a trembling voice.

"Ah, my dear lady, that shows you know very little of the nature of men—as how should you? But they're all alike! They cannot resist temptation! I believe this girl was pretty, and my poor Archie was drawn away by her kisses and her wiles to talk a lot of nonsense which he would have been ashamed of in a cooler moment. His

letters will show you that! Here is one written about a couple of months ago:—

"You ask me, my dearest mother, why I do not write oftener. I have no heart to write. The folly of which I have been guilty meets me at every turn. To think that I, who had such an assured prospect of happiness, should have gambled it away for a mess of pottage—not *that* indeed—for the mess of pottage was at least savoury, I presume, whilst it lasted, whilst this confounded little jilt already makes me shudder when I think of her! I cannot say I am sorry that she played me such a scurvy trick, for I should have hated her in a fortnight if I had had the misfortune to marry her—but to lose Felicia, who was so good to me—so patient with me—so generous—so loving—Oh! mother! I would die thankfully to hear her just say that she does not think me utterly ungrateful for her many kindnesses. I wonder if she hates me—if she utterly despises me—but I dare not think of her. It drives me mad!"

"And then just listen to this, Miss Manner-ing," said Mrs. Nasmyth, taking up another letter:—

"I cannot work, nor read, nor do anything! I am always dreaming of her. Not of the houses and lands I have forfeited in losing her—do me the credit to believe that, mother—but just of her kind, honest, loving face, and how badly I requited her goodness to me. If I could win her back—could convince her beyond all doubt that I really love her—I would gladly turn into a carpenter, or gardener, or groom, or anything that would support her, and take her without a half-penny, but only just her own self, to be my life companion. But that will never be now! Only the gnawing pain of longing for her forgiveness is so hard to bear! Oh! what a fool, what a fool—what a miserable wretched fool I have been! I only wish I had the courage to go out like Judas and hang myself!"

"You may fancy how unhappy such letters have made me, Miss Mannering," continued Mrs. Nasmyth. "I have sat here and dreaded what the next day's post would bring. I have thought sometimes that he would commit suicide!"

"But surely he must have got over that feeling now. It came of his first disappointment," said Felicia, with downcast eyes.

"I am not sure of that! Sometimes I think he is worse than he was! His few last letters have been written in so reckless a strain that I don't

understand them. If I enquire how he is going on and what success he has had in his profession, he answers that he is 'as jolly as a sandboy,' and that I am not to fret about him—that he is 'right as a trivet,' and going out nightly, and things like that. But I don't believe his assertions, Miss Mannering! He may be going out a great deal, but he is not all right. And it makes me very uneasy—very uneasy indeed!"

"Do you fear he is ill again?" enquired her visitor.

"I do not know," replied the old lady; "but Archie was always reticent about his own affairs, and if he had not felt this business deeply he would not have confided so much of his feelings to me! But I think his poor heart has been just bursting with its pain, and he felt he must tell someone. I must tell you, Miss Mannering, that Archie has always been used to send me a little help, for I have no shame in saying that I am very poor, but for the last two months he has sent me nothing, which, combined with his accounts of his own gaiety, puzzles me completely!"

"But what can I do for you, dear Mrs. Nasmyth?" demanded Felicia, who was trembling all over.

"Well, my dear lady, Margaret tells me you come from London and doubtless know many people there, and oh! if I thought you could let

this lady know in any way how my poor son is fretting his soul out about her, she—”

“I couldn’t do that, Mrs. Nasmyth,” said Felicia quickly. “I—I—do not know the lady in question, and if I did, it is too delicate a matter for anyone to interfere in.”

“Perhaps so,” replied the other, with a disappointed air; “still I could give you her name and address, and I think if she only knew how unhappy he is—she was very fond of him I know, for she wrote me several letters on the subject—and how proud he is—that he would die, I verily believe, before he would make an appeal to her generosity—she might consent to see him again and hear his story from his own lips. And if that came to pass, Miss Mannering, I feel sure she would forgive him and take him back, for she loved him and he loved her—I have no doubt about that—before this miserable affair happened to separate them.”

“But you say the lady dismissed him! How can you be sure it was only on account of his flirtation with the other one?”

“What else should she give him up for?” demanded Archie’s mother, with open eyes. “Why, they were to have been married in September, and only a few weeks before she risked her life to save his when he was being run away with by a pair of horses. Oh! you don’t know—no one can understand who was not acquainted with her,

what a sweet dear creature she is—always putting herself out for other people, or spending her money on them! She sent me a beautiful Bath chair to go out of doors in, and I used it all last summer! And what she did for my boy no one knows but himself! She was his guardian angel!”

“And yet he left her!” ejaculated Felicia.

“No, indeed, he did not! His fancy was ensnared for a while, but his heart has always been hers and is to this day! He has ruined his own life, poor lad, but he has not quite lost his honour!”

“Will you tell me where your son lives, Mrs. Nasmyth?” said Felicia; “although I do not see my way to be a go-between for him and the lady he was engaged to, I can at least set your mind more at rest about him by ascertaining, without his knowledge, if he is really prosperous and happy.”

“Oh! thank you, my dear lady, thank you! I shall be grateful for the smallest information on the subject. His last letter, written a month ago, came from 18, Rambouillet Terrace, Lisson Grove, and I think if he had moved he would have let me know.”

“Lisson Grove!” said Felicia; “where on earth is Lisson Grove?”

“Somewhere in the country, I should imagine, from the sound of it,” replied Mrs. Nasmyth;

"but if you can find it, my dear Miss Mannering, and let me hear the truth about my boy, I shall be everlastingly grateful to you!"

"I will do my best, Mrs. Nasmyth, you may be assured of that, and let you know the result as soon as possible. My maid and I travel South to-morrow."

"So soon!" cried the old lady. "Oh! how I envy you! How I wish I were going with you to see my dear boy!"

Having obtained what she desired, Felicia Hetherington said good-bye to her new friends, and hastened back to London.

As soon as she heard Archie's address, she became feverishly anxious to ascertain how much truth there was in the reports Mrs. Nasmyth had repeated to her. Could it be actually true that he loved her—had loved her all along—or was it the natural regret of a man who finds he has lost both his love and his fortune at one blow?

At the mere supposition that he still cared for her, Felicia's pulses beat rapidly and her head spun! Her boy!—her poor, forsaken, disappointed boy!—maimed at the onset of life and without friends or money—how gladly she would forgive the little wound he had given her vanity, if he really saw the mistake he had made and regretted it!

But there was another side to the question. She did not forget that. When was it Archie

told his mother about his going out into society and enjoying himself so much? That did not look like sorrow or regret!

She must move very cautiously, she told herself. She must not be taken in a second time! Other women in love have told themselves the same thing before now!

Yet her heart beat like a girl's as she thought of a possible meeting between them, and the first morning she waked up in her house in Norfolk Street, Felicia sallied forth by herself with the determination to find Lisson Grove. An enquiry from a policeman elicited the information that Lisson Grove was situated somewhere at the back of Upper Baker Street, so she hailed a cab and told the driver to put her down in Blandford Square.

She wanted to approach the place cautiously and make due enquiries before Archie should be aware of her proximity. Rambouillet Terrace sounded very imposing, but when Felicia reached it, she found a row of filthy-looking beggarly little tenements, a thousand times worse than those in John Street had been. If Archie lived there he must have sunk low indeed.

When she reached No. 18 she shrank from entering it. On the door-step stood two dirty women, with their tangled hair hanging down their backs—wretched puling infants in their

arms, and words upon their lips that made Felicia shudder to listen to.

Although she was most plainly dressed, they gave a loud laugh as she drew near, as if the mere fact of her being a gentlewoman was sufficient to make her a subject of ridicule; but she saw that the house bore the right number, and determined not to leave without ascertaining if Archibald Nasmyth still lived there.

Approaching the women with one of her sweet smiles—now so rarely seen—she commenced:

“I beg your pardon for interrupting you, but can you tell me if anyone of the name of Nasmyth lodges here?”

“Nasmyth!” repeated one of them, turning to the other, “is that the name of the cove in the hattic, Bet?”

“I dunno,” replied her companion; “I never troubles arter their names. You mean the young feller as never goes out! It may be. What if it is?”

“The young feller as never goes out!” Felicia remembered Archie’s letters to his mother, and thought it was impossible that they could mean him.

“If the young gentleman’s name is Nasmyth,” she said timidly, “I am a friend of his, and should like to know something about him. I

understood he was very gay and always going out somewhere or other?”

“A friend o’ his’n!” replied the woman who had spoken last; “p’r’aps you’ve come to pay his rent, then. It’s bin doo long enough, in all conscience!”

“Yes, yes, I have!” exclaimed Felicia, glad to have found a way to unloose her tongue. “Let me know how much he owes you and I will defray it at once. I come from the gentleman’s mother, but I don’t wish to see him just yet!”

“All right, missus! I don’t think he’s likely to come down and trouble you. I believe he’s keeping his bed. I’ve seen nuffin of him for a fortnight.”

“But has he had no meals, then?” demanded Felicia, in accents of alarm.

“Oh! we knows nuffin about his meals, missus! The gents as stay here all boards theirselves. He may ave six a day for ought I knows. But he don’t look like it!”

“Is he ill?” cried Felicia, quickly.

“I don’t know as he’s ill, but he’s werry down on his luck, if it’s the hattic you’re speaking of. My master had to take a razor out of his hand only last Thursday, or he’d ave done for hisself in a jiffey!”

“What!” exclaimed Felicia, “do you mean to say he was going to destroy himself?”

"That's it, missus; and he'll do it one of these days, or my name's not Elizabeth Turner."

"Oh! let me go to him at once!" cried Felicia, as she attempted to pass through the doorway. "I will pay you everything—double what he owes you—if you'll only let me through at once before he does himself an injury. How do you know that he may not have become desperate before now?"

"Well, it's none of our business, missus, if he has! He's a most unsociable gent, and never hardly leaves his room. I tried his door yesterday and the day before, but 'twas locked both times, and I couldn't make him answer. Well, if you'll pay what he owes us—five shillin' a week for six weeks and an 'arf, with anythink you chooses for the trouble we've bin put to—you can go up as soon as you like!"

Felicia took out her purse and hastily putting three pounds in the astonished woman's hand, ran as quickly as she could up the narrow rickety stairs to the top of the house.

At any other moment she would have been disgusted by the sickening smells that saluted her nostrils, and the signs of filth and poverty that met her on every side. But she could think of but one thing—Archie might even now be laid out stark and stiff upon the floor, hurried into Eternity by his own rash hand.

She reached the attic and knocked loudly at

the door. There was no response. She knocked again and again, calling to him at the same time and telling him who she was and why she was there.

But all was silent as the grave. Felicia rattled fiercely at the handle of the door. Perhaps, after all, her fears were groundless, and he had gone out, without being noticed by the woman of the house.

But the door was fastened, whether on the inside or outside she could not determine. All she knew was that admission seemed impossible. She flew downstairs again and accosted the woman breathlessly.

"I cannot get any reply! I am frightened to death, and I must see what is the matter! Will you get someone to break in the door for me? I will pay you well for your trouble!"

She had already seen that money would procure her anything with these people.

"Oh! to be sure!" replied the woman, "my master's below and would be proud to oblige you. Here, Bill," she continued, bawling down the kitchen stairs, "here's a lady as is known to the hattie, and she'll come down 'andsome if you'll stave in his door for her. He won't answer, and she thinks as there's summat wrong with 'im!"

This appeal produced a greasy-looking man in shirtsleeves, smoking a short clay pipe.

"I shouldn't wonder, for one," he replied,

"for he's kept hisself werry close for weeks past, and I don't believe he's had so much as a bit o' bread atween his lips during all that time!"

"Oh! never mind talking," cried Felicia, in an agony. "Be quick, for God's sake, or we may be too late!"

She ran upstairs before him and fretted at the slow, lumbering manner in which he followed her. Life and death seemed nothing to these people, perhaps because they had so little to live for; but for her, they meant—Archie!

When the lout with the pipe in his mouth reached the attic he made short work of the door by placing his knee against it and staving it in.

"Just as I thought! He's gone!" he said, as he burst it open.

Felicia rushed through the *débris*. There lay Archibald Nasmyth on the bare boards—pinched and blue—to all appearance dead, though the foam still lingered about his white lips and clenched teeth.

"Run for a doctor! Get the first you can! This for your trouble," said Felicia, in a low, determined voice, as she put another sovereign into the man's palm.

"All right, mum," he answered, as he turned on his heel and went down again to tell his women folk that the "hatic" had "kicked the bucket," and he was going to fetch a sawbones to give a certificate of death.

Meanwhile, Felicia knelt down by Archie's side and wiped away the foam from his cold, grey lips. She did not think he would revive, yet she felt quite strong and firm in the emergency.

How beautiful he looked in Death!—much as he had done when that fatal accident, which had brought her so much trouble, had occurred to him. She bent down more than once and kissed his marble forehead, and whispered loving words which she knew he could not hear, into his deaf ears.

It was not more than twenty minutes perhaps, before footsteps sounded on the stairs again, but it had seemed ages to her when the dirty man returned with a kindly-looking, but rather rough, individual, one of those doctors of the poor, who have suited themselves to the company they are forced to keep.

He nodded slightly to Felicia, and stooping down, placed his hand over Archibald Nasmyth's heart.

"He's not dead," he said curtly; "but very near it. Are you a relative of this young man's?" he continued, to Felicia.

"No; but I am here on behalf of his mother," she replied.

"Well, there's nothing the matter with him except starvation. This attack is due to inani-

tion. The stomach is perfectly empty, which, acting on the extreme cold—"

"Yes, yes; but what must we do?" cried Felicia, in an agony.

"Put him to bed and feed him till he has recovered. Here, my man," said the doctor to the landlord, "just help me to lift the gentleman on the bed, and go and fetch me some good brandy and milk and fresh eggs!"

They dragged poor Archie's lifeless body on to the wretched pallet he had been accustomed to occupy, and in a few minutes the articles of food the practitioner had sent for were in his hands. With Felicia's assistance he beat up the eggs and mixed them with the milk and brandy, and tried to force a teaspoonful down the unconscious man's throat. The liquid ran in a little stream down his chin.

"Are you sure he is alive?" asked Felicia, in an awed voice.

"Quite sure, madam; but it may be some time before he is able to swallow. He must have been days without food. What were his friends about to let him get into such a condition?"

"We did not know—he never told us," she said falteringly. "He has been unfortunate in his profession, and he was too proud to tell us he had failed. I came here this morning almost by accident, little dreaming he was in want!"

"It has been a lucky accident for him if he desires to live," replied the doctor, "for another hour or two might have been too late. It is terrible to see a young gentleman fallen so low!"

"If it is only *not* too late—" said Felicia.

"It is not too late, my dear madam; that is if you will undertake the case, or send in a nurse to do so. All he requires is unremitting attention. He must be fed by teaspoonsful, and as often as he can take it! If this is done he will be a different creature in twelve hours. Can you remain here? It is not exactly the place for a lady—"

"I shall remain here," replied Felicia, quickly, as she removed her mantle and bonnet. "But you will come again?"

"Certainly. I will look in again this afternoon. Meanwhile, can I do anything for you?"

"Yes! Please send this telegram to my address, for my maid to join me here," said Felicia, handing him a pencilled message. "Then she will be able to get anything Mr. Nasmyth may require. How soon do you think he may be moved, doctor?"

"This evening, if he takes nourishment. Give him another spoonful, madam. That's it! Bravo! See, he is coming to himself! He has moved his hand. You must not be surprised if he rambles a little at first. People generally do under similar circumstances."

Here, to Felicia's intense relief, the exhausted man gave a slight shiver and a slight moan, then glancing round in a frightened manner, he made a violent effort to raise himself. But the doctor's restraining hand was on his shoulder in a moment.

"Steady, sir, steady! You are not strong enough to get up yet!"

"Where am I?" said Archie, "and who are you?"

At these words Felicia slipped behind the bedstead.

"You are in your own room, sir," said the doctor, "and I am your medical attendant. You have just come out of a fainting fit, so you will please to lie quiet for a little while, and do as you are told. There is nothing to be alarmed about. You will be all right soon."

"You're a meddling fool!" quoth Archie, ungraciously. "Why couldn't you have left me alone? You have only brought me back to more misery, when I hoped it was all over!"

"You won't say that an hour hence," cried the doctor, cheerfully. "You'll be glad enough, then, I bet, that help was so near at hand for you!"

"That's all you know about it!" said Archie, as he turned his weary young face round to the wall and sighed deeply.

That sigh went to Felicia's heart. She longed

to tell him that she was there to look after him and comfort him, but she was too shy to do so before the doctor. However, that worthy soon saved her the trouble.

"He'll do now," he said, turning on his heel; "keep up the nourishment, and I'll look in again about three o'clock. Good morning, madam," and he left the room.

"Good morning, madam." The words attracted Archie's attention. Who could they have been spoken to? He turned his head curiously and saw Felicia.

As his eyes met hers he uttered a low cry of shame and buried his face in the pillow. She threw herself on her knees by his side.

"Archie, Archie, my dear friend! don't look as if you were not pleased to have me here! Did we not agree, even whilst parting, to remain friends? Who, then, has a better right to look after your interests? I come from your mother, Archie—your poor mother, who cannot come to you herself—and in her name I beg of you not to be offended at my interference, but to let me act for you in her stead?"

"Offended!" he murmured, with a sound that was very like a sob. "No, but I am ashamed—too deeply ashamed to look you in the face! Oh, my good, kind, patient friend, how have I requited your affection? And yet you forget the insult I have offered you—the injury I have done you—

and for the second time you seek me out in my wretchedness and succour me. Why is it?"

"Because I love you, Archie!" replied Felicia, simply.

But he did not seem to have heard the low-toned assurance.

"Why did you not leave me to die?" he went on, despairingly; "there is nothing left for me to live for! I have tried to take my life more than once, but was too great a coward to do so! I am a failure and a disgrace to everybody! What is the use of my living? I shall only starve over again! I am not even equal to earning my own livelihood."

"Yes, yes, you will be!" said Felicia, soothingly. "Help will come to you, Archie! Only have faith in your friends! You should have let us know of your condition!"

"Let *who* know?" he enquired. "My mother, who has nothing to live on herself—or you, who loaded me with benefits only to have your goodness thrown in your face again?"

"I have never looked on it in that light," she said.

"Because you are too merciful!" he exclaimed, "Oh! Felicia, you are an angel and I am a devil! I cannot look you in the face! For Heaven's sake go and leave me to die alone!"

"Indeed I shall do no such thing. When

you are recovered you shall do as you like, but just now you are thrown into my hands again and I shall see you obey orders. Take another spoonful of this, there's a dear boy, and don't worry about the future! I have sent for Warrender, and as soon as you are able to be moved we are going to take you to Norfolk Street, to be nursed back to health again."

She raised his weary and tired young head on her kind arm as she spoke, and held the spoon to his lips, and something in her loving look, or her touch, emboldened Archibald Nasmyth to raise his pallid mouth to hers.

Then the misery was over! Their arms clung round each other in a warm embrace, and Felicia whispered:

"Be happy, my beloved, be happy! It is all forgotten and forgiven! Let us wipe out the Past from to-day!"

And so once more they tasted the unutterable bliss of mutual love.

That night, when Archie was asleep, Felicia wrote to his mother:—

"Be easy, my dear friend! Your boy is found and all is right with him. He begs me to send you the enclosed note for twenty pounds, and to say that his engagement with Miss Hetherington is renewed, and their marriage will take place in a week's time. You will think this comes from

your friend Mannering! Well, so it does, only she has changed her name to Felicia Hetherington, and assures you that in giving her your boy's address, you secured to her the renewal of her life's happiness!"

Nothing intervened to prevent the wedding this time, and Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Nasmyth are as happy as most married couples—indeed, some people think, more so.

Fanny Cuthbert, who is naturally the most constant visitor to Cheshunt Hall, said, in speaking of them to a mutual friend the other day:

"I always think of them as an ideal man and wife, they are so perfectly in accord. Even the presence of Mrs. Nasmyth and Miss Bruce at the Hall only seems to increase their happiness. Archibald Nasmyth is not a genius in the eyes of anyone, except his wife—there is no doubt of that—still his poems and tales are very pretty, and bring him in a modest income. And as for their little girl—why, she is a perfect darling! Her parents adore her, of course—Felicia, because she resembles her father, and Archie, because she resembles himself! But that is just the difference between a man's love and a woman's."

"Do you consider Mr. Nasmyth selfish, then?" demanded her friend.

"I consider nothing! I only see that they are

happy, each one in his or her own way, and I am very thankful for it! But then, who could fail to be happy with such a woman as Felicia? Rightly was she named 'Happy.' She ought to be so, since she makes the happiness of everyone with whom she comes in contact. Dear, unselfish Felicia! Her face may not be beautiful, but she truly has a beautiful soul!"

THE END.

Biblioteka Główna UMK



300000826974

PRINTING OFFICE OF THE PUBLISHER.

Sold by all the principal booksellers on the Continent.



June

1895.

TAUCHNITZ EDITION.

Each volume 1 Mark 60 Pf. or 2 Francs.

This Collection of British Authors, Tauchnitz Edition, will contain the new works of the most admired English and American Writers, immediately on their appearance, with copyright for continental circulation.

Contents:

| | |
|--|------------|
| Collection of British Authors, vol. 1—3058 | Page 2-14. |
| Collection of German Authors, vol. 1—51 | „ 15. |
| Series for the Young, vol. 1—30 | „ 15. |
| Manuals of Conversation | „ 15. |
| Dictionaries | „ 16. |

Latest Volumes:

- A Study in Prejudices. By *George Paston*, 1 vol.
Kensington Palace. By *Emma Marshall*, 1 vol.
A Question of Colour. By *F. C. Philips*, 1 vol.
The Woman who did. By *Grant Allen*, 1 vol.
The Honour of Savelli. By *S. Levett Yeats*, 1 vol.
The God in the Car. By *Anthony Hope*, 1 vol.
Highland Cousins. By *William Black*, 2 vols.
Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By *Ian Maclaren*, 1 vol.
A Victim of Good Luck. By *W. E. Norris*, 1 vol.
The Ralstons. By *F. Marion Crawford*, 2 vols.
Chapters from some Memoirs. By *A. Thackeray Ritchie*, 1 v.

Collection of British Authors.

- Rev. W. Adams: Sacred Allegories 1 v.
Miss Aguilar: Home Influence 2 v.
The Mother's Recompense 2 v.
H. Aidé: Rita 1 v. Carr of Carrylon 2 v.
The Marstons 2 v. In that State of Life 1 v.
Morals and Mysteries 1 v. Penruddocke 2 v.
"A nine Days' Wonder" 1 v. Poet and Peer 2 v. Introduced to Society 1 v.
W. H. Ainsworth: Windsor Castle 1 v.
Saint James 1 v. Jack Sheppard (w. Port.) 1 v.
The Lancashire Witches 2 v. The Star-Chamber 2 v. The Fitch of Bacon 1 v. The Spendthrift 1 v. Mervyn Clitheroe 2 v. Ovingdean Grange 1 v. The Constable of the Tower 1 v. The Lord Mayor of London 2 v. Cardinal Pole 2 v. John Law 2 v. The Spanish Match 2 v. The Constable de Bourbon 2 v. Old Court 2 v. Myddleton Pomfret 2 v. The South-Sea Bubble 2 v. Hilary St. Ives 2 v. Talbot Harland 1 v. Tower Hill 1 v. Boscobel 2 v. The Good Old Times 2 v. Merry England 2 v. The Goldsmith's Wife 2 v. Preston Fight 2 v. Chetwynd Calverley 2 v. The Leaguer of Lathom 2 v. The Fall of Somerset 2 v. Beatrice Tyldesley 2 v. Beau Nash 2 v. Stanley Brereton 2 v.
Louisa M. Alcott: Little Women 2 v. Little Men 1 v. An Old-Fashioned Girl 1 v. Jo's Boys 1 v.
Thomas Bailey Aldrich: Marjorie Daw, etc. 1 v. The Stillwater Tragedy 1 v.
Mrs. Alexander: A Second Life 3 v. By Woman's Wit 1 v. Mona's Choice 2 v. A Life Interest 2 v. A Crooked Path 2 v. Blind Fate 2 v. A Woman's Heart 2 v. For His Sake 2 v. The Snare of the Fowler 2 v. Found Wanting 2 v. A Ward in Chancery 1 v. A Choice of Evils 2 v.
Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse (with Portrait) 2 v.
Lizzie Alldridge: By Love and Law 2 v. The World she awoke in 2 v.
Grant Allen: The Woman who did 1 v. "All for Greed," Author of—All for Greed 1 v. Love the Avenger 2 v.
F. Anstey: The Giant's Robe 2 v. A Fallen Idol 1 v. The Pariah 3 v. The Talking Horse, etc. 1 v. Voces Populi 1 v.
Matthew Arnold: Essays in Criticism 2 v. Essays in Criticism, 2nd Series, 1 v.
Sir E. Arnold: The Light of Asia (with Portrait) 1 v.
Miss Austen: Sense and Sensibility 1 v. Mansfield Park 1 v. Pride and Prejudice 1 v. Northanger Abbey 1 v. Emma 1 v.
Baring-Gould: Mehalah 1 v. John Herring 2 v. Court Royal 2 v.
Lady Barker: Station Life in New Zealand 1 v. Station Amusements in New Zealand 1 v. A Year's Housekeeping in South Africa 1 v. Letters to Guy, and A Distant Shore—Rodriguez 1 v.
F. Barrett: The Smuggler's Secret 1 v. Out of the Jaws of Death 2 v.
Miss Bayle's Romance, Author of—*vide* W. Fraser Rae.
Rev. R. H. Baynes: Lyra Anglicana, Hymns and Sacred Songs 1 v.
Beaconsfield: *vide* Disraeli.
A. Beaumont: Thornicroft's Model 2 v.
Curren Bell (Ch. Brontë): Jane Eyre 2 v.
Shirley 2 v. Villette 2 v. The Professor 1 v.
Ellis & Acton Bell: Wuthering Heights, and Agnes Grey 2 v.
E. Bellamy: Looking Backward 1 v.
F. Lee Benedict: St. Simon's Niece 2 v.
E. F. Benson: Dodo 1 v. The Rubicon 1 v.
Walter Besant: The Revolt of Man 1 v. Dorothy Forster 2 v. Children of Gibbon 2 v. The World went very well then 2 v. Katharine Regina 1 v. Herr Paulus 2 v. The Inner House 1 v. The Bell of St. Paul's 2 v. For Faith and Freedom 2 v. Armored of Lyonesse 2 v. Verbena Camellia Stephanotis 1 v.
W. Besant & James Rice: The Golden Butterfly 2 v. Ready-Money Mortiboy 2 v. By Celia's Arbour 2 v.
A. Bierce: In the Midst of Life 1 v.
E. Bisland: *vide* Miss Broughton.
William Black: A Daughter of Heth 2 v. In Silk Attire 2 v. Adventures of a Phaeton 2 v. A Princess of Thule 2 v. Kilmeny 1 v. The Maid of Killeena, etc. 1 v. Three Feathers 2 v. Lady Silverdale's Sweetheart 1 v. Madcap Violet 2 v. Green Pastures and Piccadilly 2 v. Macleod of Dare 2 v. White Wings 2 v. Sunrise 2 v. The Beautiful Wretch 1 v. Mr. Pistratus Brown, M.P., in the Highlands 1 v. Shandon Bells (w. Portrait) 2 v. Judith Shakespeare 2 v. The Wise Women of Inverness, etc. 1 v. White Heather 2 v. Sabina Zembra 2 v. Strange Adventures of a House Boat 2 v. In Far Lochaber 2 v. The New Prince Fortunatus 2 v. Stand Fast, Craig Royston! 2 v. Donald Ross of Heimra 2 v. Magic Ink, etc. 1 v. Wolfenberg 2 v. The Handsome Humes 2 v. Highland Cousins 2 v.

The price of each volume is 1 Mark 60 Pfennig.

- The Black-Box Murder 1 v.
Richard Doddridge Blackmore: Alice Lorraine 2 v. Mary Anerley 3 v. Christowell 2 v. Tommy Upmore 2 v. Perlycross 2 v. "Blackwood," Tales from—1 v.—*Second Series* 1 v.
Isa Bladgen: The Woman I loved, and the Woman who loved me, etc. 1 v.
Lady Blessington: Meredith 1 v. Strathern 2 v. Memoirs of a Femme de Chambre 1 v. Marmaduke Herbert 2 v. Country Quarters (with Portrait) 2 v.
Baroness Bloomfield: Reminiscences of Court and Diplomatic Life (with the Portrait of Her Majesty the Queen) 2 v.
Rolf Bolderwood: Robbery under Arms 2 v. Nevermore 2 v.
Miss Braddon: Lady Audley's Secret 2 v. Aurora Floyd 2 v. Eleanor's Victory 2 v. John Marchmont's Legacy 2 v. Henry Dunbar 2 v. The Doctor's Wife 2 v. Only a Clod 2 v. Sir Jasper's Tenant 2 v. The Lady's Mile 2 v. Rupert Godwin 2 v. Dead-Sea Fruit 2 v. Run to Earth 2 v. Fenton's Quest 2 v. The Lovels of Arden 2 v. Strangers and Pilgrims 2 v. Lucius Davoren 3 v. Taken at the Flood 3 v. Lost for Love 2 v. A Strange World 2 v. Hostages to Fortune 2 v. Dead Men's Shoes 2 v. Joshua Haggard's Daughter 2 v. Weavers and Weft 1 v. In Great Waters, etc. 1 v. An Open Verdict 3 v. Vixen 3 v. The Cloven Foot 3 v. Barbara 2 v. Just as I am 2 v. Asphodel 3 v. Mount Royal 2 v. The Golden Calf 2 v. Flower and Weed 1 v. Phantom Fortune 3 v. Under the Red Flag 1 v. Ishmael 3 v. Wyllard's Weird 3 v. One Thing Needful 2 v. Cut by the County 1 v. Like and Unlike 2 v. The Fatal Three 2 v. The Day will come 2 v. One Life, One Love 2 v. Gerard; or, The World, the Flesh, and the Devil 2 v. The Venetians 1 v. All along the River 2 v. Thou art the Man 2 v. The Christmas Hirelings 1 v.
Lady Brassey: A Voyage in the "Sunbeam" 2 v. Sunshine and Storm in the East 2 v. In the Trades, the Tropics, etc. 2 v. The Bread-Winners 1 v.
Bret Harte: *vide* Harte.
Rev. W. Brock: A Biographical Sketch of Sir H. Havelock, K. C. B. 1 v.
Shirley Brooks: The Silver Cord 3 v. Sooner or Later 3 v.
Miss Rhoda Broughton: Cometh up as a Flower 1 v. Not wisely, but too well 2 v. Red as a Rose is She 2 v. Tales for Christmas Eve 1 v. Nancy 2 v. Joan 2 v. Second Thoughts 2 v. Belinda 2 v. Doctor Cupid 2 v. Alas! 2 v. Mrs. Bligh 1 v. A Beginner 1 v.
Broughton & Bisland: A Widower Indeed 1 v.
John Brown: Rab and his Friends 1 v.
E. Barrett Browning: A Selection from her Poetry (w. Port.) 1 v. Aurora Leigh 1 v.
R. Browning: Poet. Works (w. Port.) 4 v.
E. Bulwer (Lord Lytton): Pelham (w. Port.) 1 v. Eugene Aram 1 v. Paul Clifford 1 v. Zanoni 1 v. The Last Days of Pompeii 1 v. The Disowned 1 v. Ernest Maltravers 1 v. Alice 1 v. Eva, and the Pilgrims of the Rhine 1 v. Devereux 1 v. Godolphin and Falkland 1 v. Rienzi 1 v. Night and Morning 1 v. The Last of the Barons 2 v. Athens 2 v. Poems and Ballads of Schiller 1 v. Lucretia 2 v. Harold 2 v. King Arthur 2 v. The New Timon, St. Stephen's 1 v. The Caxtons 2 v. My Novel 4 v. What will he do with it? 4 v. Dramatic Works 2 v. A Strange Story 2 v. Caxtoniana 2 v. The Lost Tales of Miletus 1 v. Miscellaneous Prose Works 4 v. Odes and Epodes of Horace 2 v. Kenelm Chillingly 4 v. The Coming Race 1 v. The Parisians 4 v. Pausanias, the Spartan 1 v.
Henry Lytton Bulwer (Lord Dalling): Historical Characters 2 v. The Life of Viscount Palmerston 3 v.
J. Bunyan: The Pilgrim's Progress 1 v. "Buried Alone," 1 v.
F. Hodgson Burnett: Through one Administration 2 v. Little Lord Fauntleroy 1 v. Sara Crewe and Editha's Burglar 1 v. The Pretty Sister of José 1 v.
Miss Burney: Evelina 1 v.
R. Burns: Poetical Works (w. Port.) 1 v.
Richard F. Burton: Pilgrimage to Mecca and Medina 3 v.
Mrs. B. H. Buxton: "Jennie of 'The Prince,'" 2 v. Won! 2 v. Great Grenfell Gardens 2 v. Nell—on and off the Stage 2 v. From the Wings 2 v.
Lord Byron: Poet. Works (w. Port.) 5 v.
Hall Caine: The Bondman 2 v.
V. Lovett Cameron: Across Africa 2 v.
Mrs. Campbell-Praed: Zéro 1 v. Affinities 1 v. The Head Station 2 v.
Rosa Nouchette Carey: Not Like other Girls 2 v. "But Men must Work" 1 v. Sir Godfrey's Grand-Daughters 2 v. The Old, Old Story 2 v.
Thomas Carlyle: The French Revolution 3 v. Frederick the Great 13 v. Oliver

The price of each volume is 1 Mark 60 Pfennig.

Cromwell's Letters and Speeches 4 v. The Life of Schiller 1 v.

A. Carr: Treherne's Temptation 2 v. Egerton Castle: Consequences 2 v. "La Bella" etc. 1 v.

Charlesworth: Oliver of the Mill 1 v. M. Cholmondeley: Diana Tempest 2 v. "Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family," Author of—Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family 2 v. The Draytons and the Davenants 2 v. On Both Sides of the Sea 2 v. Winifred Bertram 1 v. Diary of Mrs. Kitty Trevelyan 1 v. The Victory of the Vanquished 1 v. The Cottage by the Cathedral 1 v. Against the Stream 2 v. The Bertram Family 2 v. Conquering and to Conquer 1 v. Lapsed, but not Lost 1 v.

Mrs. W. K. Clifford: Love-Letters of a Worldly Woman 1 v. Aunt Anne 2 v. The Last Touches, etc. 1 v. Mrs. Keith's Crime 1 v. A Wild Proxy 1 v. Frances Power Cobbe: Re-Echoes 1 v. Coleridge: The Poems 1 v. C. R. Coleridge: An English Squire 2 v. Charles A. Collins: A Cruise upon Wheels 2 v.

Mortimer Collins: Sweet and Twenty 2 v. A Fight with Fortune 2 v. Wilkie Collins: After Dark 1 v. Hide and Seek 2 v. A Plot in Private Life, etc. 1 v. The Woman in White 2 v. Basil 1 v. No Name 3 v. The Dead Secret, etc. 2 v. Antonina 2 v. Armadale 3 v. The Moonstone 2 v. Man and Wife 3 v. Poor Miss Finch 2 v. Miss or Mrs.? 1 v. The New Magdalen 2 v. The Frozen Deep 1 v. The Law and the Lady 2 v. The Two Destinies 1 v. My Lady's Money, and Percy and the Prophet 1 v. The Haunted Hotel 1 v. The Fallen Leaves 2 v. Jezebel's Daughter 2 v. The Black Robe 2 v. Heart and Science 2 v. "I say No," 2 v. The Evil Genius 2 v. The Guilty River and The Ghost's Touch 1 v. The Legacy of Cain 2 v. Blind Love 2 v. "Cometh up as a Flower," Author of—vide Broughton.

Hugh Conway: Called Back 1 v. Bound Together 2 v. Dark Days 1 v. A Family Affair 2 v. Living or Dead 2 v. F. Cooper: The Spy (w. Port.) 1 v. The Two Admirals 1 v. The Jack O' Lantern 1 v. M. Corelli: Vendetta 2 v. Thelma 2 v. A Romance of Two Worlds 2 v. "Ardash" 3 v. Wormwood. A Drama of Paris 2 v. The Hired Baby, etc. 1 v. Barabbas 2 v. The County 1 v.

George L. Craik: A Manual of English Literature and Language 2 v.

Mrs. Craik (Miss Mulock): John Halifax, Gentleman 2 v. The Head of the Family 2 v. A Life for a Life 2 v. A Woman's Thoughts about Women 1 v. Agatha's Husband 1 v. Romantic Tales 1 v. Domestic Stories 1 v. Mistress and Maid 1 v. The Ogilvies 1 v. Lord Erlinstoun 1 v. Christian's Mistake 1 v. Bread upon the Waters 1 v. A Noble Life 1 v. Olive 2 v. Two Marriages 1 v. Studies from Life 1 v. Poems 1 v. The Woman's Kingdom 2 v. The Unkind Word, etc. 2 v. A Brave Lady 2 v. Hannah 2 v. Fair France 1 v. My Mother and I 1 v. The Little Lame Prince 1 v. Sermons out of Church 1 v. The Laurel Bush, etc. 1 v. A Legacy 2 v. Young Mrs. Jardine 1 v. His Little Mother, etc. 1 v. Plain Speaking 1 v. Miss Tommy 1 v. King Arthur: not a Love Story 1 v.

Miss G. Craik: Lost and Won 1 v. Faith Unwin's Ordeal 1 v. Leslie Tyrrell 1 v. Winifred's Wooing 1 v. Mildred 1 v. Esther Hill's Secret 2 v. Hero Trevelyan 1 v. Without Kith or Kin 2 v. Only a Butterfly 1 v. Sylvia's Choice; Theresa 2 v. Anne Warwick 1 v. Dorcas 2 v. Two Women 2 v. G. M. Craik & M. C. Stirling: Two Tales of Married Life (Hard to Bear, by Miss Craik; A True Man, by M. C. Stirling) 2 v.

Mrs. Augustus Craven: Eliane. Translated by Lady Fullerton 2 v. F. M. Crawford: Mr. Isaacs 1 v. Doctor Claudius 1 v. To Leeward 1 v. A Roman Singer 1 v. An American Politician 1 v. Zoroaster 1 v. A Lonely Parish 2 v. Saracinesca 2 v. Marzio's Crucifix 1 v. Paul Patoff 2 v. With the Immortals 1 v. Greifenstein 2 v. Sant' Ilario 2 v. A Cigarette-Maker's Romance 1 v. Khaled 1 v. The Witch of Prague 2 v. Three Fates 2 v. Don Orsino 2 v. The Children of the King 1 v. Pietro Ghisleri 2 v. Marion Darche 1 v. Katharine Lauderdale 2 v. The Ralstons 2 v. S. R. Crockett: The Raiders 2 v. J. W. Cross: v. George Eliot's Life.

Miss Cummins: The Lamplighter 1 v. Mabel Vaughan 1 v. El Fureidis 1 v. Haunted Hearts 1 v. P. Cushing: The Blacksmith of Voe 2 v. "Daily News": The War Correspondence 1877 by A. Forbes, etc. 3 v. Dark 1 v.

R. Harding Davis: Gallagher, etc. 1 v. Van Bibber and Others 1 v. De Foe: Robinson Crusoe 1 v.

George L. Craik: A Manual of English Literature and Language 2 v.

Mrs. Craik (Miss Mulock): John Halifax, Gentleman 2 v. The Head of the Family 2 v. A Life for a Life 2 v. A Woman's Thoughts about Women 1 v. Agatha's Husband 1 v. Romantic Tales 1 v. Domestic Stories 1 v. Mistress and Maid 1 v. The Ogilvies 1 v. Lord Erlinstoun 1 v. Christian's Mistake 1 v. Bread upon the Waters 1 v. A Noble Life 1 v. Olive 2 v. Two Marriages 1 v. Studies from Life 1 v. Poems 1 v. The Woman's Kingdom 2 v. The Unkind Word, etc. 2 v. A Brave Lady 2 v. Hannah 2 v. Fair France 1 v. My Mother and I 1 v. The Little Lame Prince 1 v. Sermons out of Church 1 v. The Laurel Bush, etc. 1 v. A Legacy 2 v. Young Mrs. Jardine 1 v. His Little Mother, etc. 1 v. Plain Speaking 1 v. Miss Tommy 1 v. King Arthur: not a Love Story 1 v.

Miss G. Craik: Lost and Won 1 v. Faith Unwin's Ordeal 1 v. Leslie Tyrrell 1 v. Winifred's Wooing 1 v. Mildred 1 v. Esther Hill's Secret 2 v. Hero Trevelyan 1 v. Without Kith or Kin 2 v. Only a Butterfly 1 v. Sylvia's Choice; Theresa 2 v. Anne Warwick 1 v. Dorcas 2 v. Two Women 2 v. G. M. Craik & M. C. Stirling: Two Tales of Married Life (Hard to Bear, by Miss Craik; A True Man, by M. C. Stirling) 2 v.

Mrs. Augustus Craven: Eliane. Translated by Lady Fullerton 2 v. F. M. Crawford: Mr. Isaacs 1 v. Doctor Claudius 1 v. To Leeward 1 v. A Roman Singer 1 v. An American Politician 1 v. Zoroaster 1 v. A Lonely Parish 2 v. Saracinesca 2 v. Marzio's Crucifix 1 v. Paul Patoff 2 v. With the Immortals 1 v. Greifenstein 2 v. Sant' Ilario 2 v. A Cigarette-Maker's Romance 1 v. Khaled 1 v. The Witch of Prague 2 v. Three Fates 2 v. Don Orsino 2 v. The Children of the King 1 v. Pietro Ghisleri 2 v. Marion Darche 1 v. Katharine Lauderdale 2 v. The Ralstons 2 v. S. R. Crockett: The Raiders 2 v. J. W. Cross: v. George Eliot's Life.

Miss Cummins: The Lamplighter 1 v. Mabel Vaughan 1 v. El Fureidis 1 v. Haunted Hearts 1 v. P. Cushing: The Blacksmith of Voe 2 v. "Daily News": The War Correspondence 1877 by A. Forbes, etc. 3 v. Dark 1 v. R. Harding Davis: Gallagher, etc. 1 v. Van Bibber and Others 1 v. De Foe: Robinson Crusoe 1 v.

The price of each volume is 1 Mark 60 Pfennig.

M. Deland: John Ward, Preacher 1 v. Democracy 1 v. Demos vide George Gissing.

Charles Dickens: The Pickwick Club (w. Port.) 2 v. American Notes 1 v. Oliver Twist 1 v. Nicholas Nickleby 2 v. Sketches 1 v. Martin Chuzzlewit 2 v. A Christmas Carol; The Chimes; The Cricket on the Hearth 1 v. Master Humphrey's Clock (Old Curiosity Shop; Barnaby Rudge, etc.) 3 v. Pictures from Italy 1 v. The Battle of Life; the Haunted Man 1 v. Dombey and Son 3 v. David Copperfield 3 v. Bleak House 4 v. A Child's History of England (2 v. 8^o M. 2, 70.) Hard Times 1 v. Little Dorrit 4 v. A Tale of two Cities 2 v. Hunted Down; The Uncommercial Traveller 1 v. Great Expectations 2 v. Christmas Stories 1 v. Our Mutual Friend 4 v. Somebody's Luggage; Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings; Mrs. Lirriper's Legacy 1 v. Doctor Marigold's Prescriptions; Mugby Junction 1 v. No Thoroughfare; The Late Miss Hollingford 1 v. The Mystery of Edwin Drood 2 v. The Mudfog Papers, etc. 1 v. Vide Household Words, Novels and Tales, and J. Forster.

Charles Dickens: The Letters of Charles Dickens edited by his Sister-in-law and his eldest Daughter 4 v.

B. Disraeli (Lord Beaconsfield): Coningsby 1 v. Sybil 1 v. Contarini Fleming (w. Port.) 1 v. Alroy 1 v. Tancred 2 v. Venetia 2 v. Vivian Grey 2 v. Henrietta Temple 1 v. Lothair 2 v. Endymion 2 v. Ella Hepworth Dixon: The Story of a Modern Woman 1 v.

W. Hepworth Dixon: Personal History of Lord Bacon 1 v. The Holy Land 2 v. New America 2 v. Spiritual Wives 2 v. Her Majesty's Tower 4 v. Free Russia 2 v. History of two Queens 6 v. White Conquest 2 v. Diana, Lady Lyle 2 v. L. Dougall: Beggars All 2 v.

Ménie Muriel Dowie: A Girl in the Karpathians 1 v.

A. C. Doyle: The Sign of Four 1 v. Micah Clarke 2 v. The Captain of the Pole-Star 1 v. The White Company 2 v. A Study in Scarlet 1 v. The Great Shadow, etc. 1 v. Sherlock Holmes 2 v. The Refugees 2 v. The Firm of Girdlestone 2 v. The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes 2 v. Round the Red Lamp 1 v.

Professor Henry Drummond: The Greatest Thing in the World, etc. 1 v. The Earl and the Doctor: South Sea Bubbles 1 v.

The Earl of Dufferin: Letters from High Latitudes 1 v.

Mrs. Edwards: Archie Lovell 2 v. Steven Lawrence, Yeoman 2 v. Ought we to Visit her? 2 v. A Vagabond Heroine 1 v. Leah: A Woman of Fashion 2 v. A Blue-Stocking 1 v. Jet: Her Face or Her Fortune? 1 v. Vivian the Beauty 1 v. A Ballroom Repentance 2 v. A Girton Girl 2 v. A Playwright's Daughter, etc. 1 v. Pearl-Powder 1 v. The Adventuress 1 v.

Miss A. B. Edwards: Barbara's History 2 v. Miss Carew 2 v. Hand and Glove 1 v. Half a Million of Money 2 v. Debenham's Vow 2 v. In the Days of my Youth 2 v. Untrodden Peaks, etc. 1 v. Monsieur Maurice 1 v. Black Forest 1 v. A Poetry-Book of Elder Poets 1 v. A Thousand Miles up the Nile 2 v. A Poetry-Book of Modern Poets 1 v. Lord Brackenbury 2 v.

Miss M. B.-Edwards: The Sylvesters 1 v. Felicia 2 v. Brother Gabriel 2 v. Forestalled 1 v. Exchange no Robbery, etc. 1 v. Disarmed 1 v. Doctor Jacob 1 v. Pearl 1 v. Next of Kin Wanted 1 v. The Parting of the Ways 1 v. For One and the World 1 v. A French Parsonage 1 v. France of To-day 1 v. Two Aunts and a Nephew 1 v. A Dream of Millions 1 v. The Curb of Honour 1 v. France of To-day (2nd Series) 1 v. A Romance of Dijon 1 v.

Barbara Elbon: Bethesda 2 v.

E. Eggleston: The Faith Doctor 2 v. George Eliot: Scenes of Clerical Life 2 v. Adam Bede 2 v. The Mill on the Floss 2 v. Silas Marner 1 v. Romola 2 v. Felix Holt 2 v. Daniel Deronda 4 v. The Lifted Veil, and Brother Jacob 1 v. Impressions of Theophrastus Such 1 v. Essays and Leaves from a Note-Book 1 v.

George Eliot's Life as related in her Letters and Journals. Edited by her Husband J. W. Cross 4 v.

Mrs. Elliot: Diary of an Idle Woman in Italy 2 v. Old Court Life in France 2 v. The Italians 2 v. Diary of an Idle Woman in Sicily 1 v. Pictures of Old Rome 1 v. Diary of an Idle Woman in Spain 2 v. The Red Cardinal 1 v. Sophia 1 v. Diary of an Idle Woman in Constantinople 1 v. Old Court Life in Spain 2 v.

Henry Erroll: An Ugly Duckling 1 v. E. Rentoul Esler: The Way they loved at Grimpat 1 vol.

Essays and Reviews 1 v. Estelle Russell 2 v.

The price of each volume is 1 Mark 60 Pfennig.

- D'Esterre-Keeling: *vide* Keeling. Euthanasia 1 v.
- J. H. Ewing: Jackanapes, etc. 1 v. A Flat Iron for a Farthing 1 v. The Brownies, etc. 1 v.
- Expiated 2 v.
- F. W. Farrar: Darkness and Dawn 3 v. The Fate of Fenella, by 24 authors, 1 v. Percy Fendall: *vide* F. C. Philips.
- George Manville Fenn: The Parson o' Dumford 2 v. The Clerk of Portwick 2 v. Fielding: Tom Jones 2 v. Five Centuries of the English Language and Literature (vol. 500) 1 v.
- George Fleming: Kismet. A Nile Novel 1 v. Andromeda 2 v.
- A. Forbes: My Experiences of the War between France and Germany 2 v. Soldiering and Scribbling 1 v. See also "Daily News," War Correspondence.
- R. E. Forrest: Eight Days 2 v.
- Mrs. Forrester: Viva 2 v. Rhona 2 v. Roy and Viola 2 v. My Lord and My Lady 2 v. I have Lived and Loved 2 v. June 2 v. Omnia Vanitas 1 v. Although he was a Lord 1 v. Corisande 1 v. Once Again 2 v. Of the World, Worldly 1 v. Dearest 2 v. The Light of other Days 1 v.
- J. Forster: Life of Charles Dickens 6 v. Life and Times of Oliver Goldsmith 2 v.
- Jessie Fothergill: The First Violin 2 v. Probation 2 v. Made or Marred, and "One of Three" 1 v. Kith and Kin 2 v. Peril 2 v. Borderland 2 v.
- "Found Dead," Author of—*v.* J. Payn.
- Caroline Fox: Memories of Old Friends from her Journals, edited by H. N. Pym 2 v.
- Frank Fairleigh 2 v.
- Edward A. Freeman: The Growth of the English Constitution 1 v. Select Historical Essays 1 v. Sketches from Foreign Travel 1 v.
- James Anthony Froude: Oceana 1 v. The Spanish Story of the Armada, etc. 1 v.
- Lady G. Fullerton: Ellen Middleton 1 v. Grantley Manor 2 v. Lady Bird 2 v. Too Strange not to be True 2 v. Constance Sherwood 2 v. A stormy Life 2 v. Mrs. Gerald's Niece 2 v. The Notary's Daughter 1 v. The Lilies of the Valley, etc. 1 v. Countess de Bonneval 1 v. Rose Leblanc 1 v. Seven Stories 1 v. The Life of Luisa de Carvajal 1 v. A Will and a Way, etc. 2 v. Eliane 2 v. (v. Craven). Laurentia 1 v.
- Mrs. Gaskell: Mary Barton 1 v. Ruth 2 v. North and South 1 v. Lizzie Leigh, etc. 1 v. Charlotte Brontë 2 v. Lois the Witch, etc. 1 v. Sylvia's Lovers 2 v. A Dark Night's Work 1 v. Wives and Daughters 3 v. Cranford 1 v. Cousin Phillis, etc. 1 v. Dorothea Gerard: Lady Baby 2 v. Recha 1 v. Orthodox 1 v.
- E. Gerard: A Secret Mission 1 v.
- Agnes Giberne: The Curate's Home 1 v.
- G. Gissing: Demos. A Story of English Socialism 2 v. New Grub Street 2 v.
- Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone: Rome and the Newest Fashions in Religion 1 v. Bulgarian Horrors, etc. 1 v. The Hellenic Factor in the Eastern Problem 1 v.
- Goldsmith: The Select Works: The Vicar of Wakefield, etc. (w. Portrait) 1 v. Edward J. Goodman: Too Curious 1 v.
- J. Gordon: A Diplomat's Diary 1 v. Major-Gen. C. G. Gordon's Journals, at Kartoum. Introduction and Notes by A. E. Hake (with eighteen Illustrations) 2 v.
- Mrs. Gore: Castles in the Air 1 v. The Dean's Daughter 2 v. Progress and Prejudice 2 v. Mammon 2 v. A Life's Lessons 2 v. Two Aristocracies 2 v. Heckington 2 v. Sarah Grand: Our Manifold Nature 1 v.
- Miss Grant: Victor Lescar 2 v. The Sun-Maid 2 v. My Heart's in the Highlands 2 v. Artiste 2 v. Prince Hugo 2 v. Cara Roma 2 v.
- M. Gray: The Silence of Dean Maitland 2 v. The Reproach of Annesley 2 v. Ethel St. Clair Grimwood: My Three Years in Manipur (with Portrait) 1 v.
- W. A. Baillie Grohman: Tyrol and the Tyrolese 1 v.
- Archibald Clavering Gunter: Mr. Barnes of New York 1 v.
- "Guy Livingstone," Author of—Guy Livingstone 1 v. Sword and Gown 1 v. Barren Honour 1 v. Border and Bastille 1 v. Maurice Dering 1 v. Sans Merci 2 v. Breaking a Butterfly 2 v. Anteros 2 v. Hagarene 2 v.
- J. Habberton: Helen's Babies & Other People's Children 1 v. The Bowsham Puzzle 1 v. One Tramp: Mrs. Mayburn's Twins 1 v.
- H. Rider Haggard: King Solomon's Mines 1 v. She 2 v. Jess 2 v. Allan Quatermain 2 v. The Witch's Head 2 v. Maiwa's Revenge 1 v. Mr. Meeson's Will 1 v. Colonel Quaritch, V. C. 2 v. Cleopatra 2 v. Allan's Wife 1 v. Beatrice 2 v. Dawn 2 v. Montezuma's Daughter 2 v. The People of the Mist 2 v.
- H. Rider Haggard and Andrew Lang: The World's Desire 2 v.
- Hake: *vide* "Gordon's Journals."

The price of each volume is 1 Mark 60 Pfennig.

- Mrs. S. C. Hall: Can Wrong be Right? 1 v. Marian 2 v.
- Philip Gilbert Hamerton: Marmore 1 v. French and English 2 v.
- Thomas Hardy: The Hand of Ethelberta 2 v. Far from the Madding Crowd 2 v. The Return of the Native 2 v. The Trumpet-Major 2 v. A Laodicean 2 v. Two on a Tower 2 v. A Pair of Blue Eyes 2 v. A Group of Noble Dames 1 v. Tess of the D'Urbervilles 2 v. Life's Little Ironies 1 v. Beatrice Harraden: Ships that pass in the Night 1 v. In Varying Moods 1 v.
- Agnes Harrison: Martin's Vineyard 1 v.
- Bret Harte: Prose and Poetry (Tales of the Argonauts; Spanish and American Legends; Condensed Novels; Civic and Character Sketches; Poems) 2 v. Idyls of the Foothills 1 v. Gabriel Conroy 2 v. Two Men of Sandy Bar 1 v. Thankful Blossom, etc. 1 v. The Story of a Mine 1 v. Drift from Two Shores 1 v. An Heiress of Red Dog, etc. 1 v. The Twins of Table Mountain, etc. 1 v. Jeff Briggs's Love Story, etc. 1 v. Flip and other Stories 1 v. On the Frontier 1 v. By Shore and Sedge 1 v. Maruja 1 v. Snow-bound at Eagle's and Devil's Ford 1 v. The Crusade of the "Excelsior" 1 v. A Millionaire of Rough-and-Ready, etc. 1 v. Captain Jim's Friend, etc. 1 v. Cressy 1 v. The Heritage of Dedlow Marsh, etc. 1 v. A Waif of the Plains 1 v. A Ward of the Golden Gate 1 v. A Sappho of Green Springs, etc. 1 v. A First Family of Tasajara 1 v. Colonel Starbottle's Client, etc. 1 v. Susy 1 v. Sally Dows, etc. 1 v. A Protégée of Jack Hamlin's, etc. 1 v. The Bell-ringer of Angel's, etc. 1 v.
- Sir H. Havelock: *vide* Rev. W. Brock.
- G. Hawthorne: *vide* "Miss Molly."
- Nathaniel Hawthorne: The Scarlet Letter 1 v. Transformation 2 v. Passages from the English Note-Books 2 v.
- "Heir of Redclyffe," Author of—*vide* Yonge.
- Sir Arthur Helps: Friends in Council 2 v. Ivan de Biron 2 v.
- Mrs. Hemans: Select Poet. Works 1 v.
- Admiral Hobart Pasha: Sketches from my Life 1 v.
- Mrs. Cashel Hoey: A Golden Sorrow 2 v. Out of Court 2 v.
- Oliver Wendell Holmes: The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table 1 v. The Professor at the Breakfast-Table 1 v. The Poet at the Breakfast-Table 1 v. Over the Teacups 1 v.
- A. Hope: Mr. Witt's Widow 1 v. A Change of Air 1 v. Half a Hero 1 v. The Indiscretion of the Duchess 1 v. The God in the Car 1 v.
- E. William Hornung: A Bride from the Bush 1 v. Under Two Skies 1 v. Tiny Luttrell 1 v. The Boss of Taroomba 1 v.
- Household Words: conducted by Charles Dickens. 1851-56. 36 v. NOVELS and TALES reprinted from Household Words by Charles Dickens. 1856-59. 11 v.
- How to be Happy though Married 1 v.
- Miss Howard: One Summer 1 v. Aunt Serena 1 v. Guenn 2 v. Tony, the Maid, etc. 1 v. The Open Door 2 v. A Fellow and His Wife 1 v.
- W. D. Howells: A Foregone Conclusion 1 v. The Lady of the Aroostook 1 v. A Modern Instance 2 v. The Undiscovered Country 1 v. Venetian Life (w. Portrait) 1 v. Italian Journeys 1 v. A Chance Acquaintance 1 v. Their Wedding Journey 1 v. A Fearful Responsibility, etc. 1 v. A Woman's Reason 2 v. Dr. Breen's Practice 1 v. The Rise of Silas Lapham 2 v.
- Thomas Hughes: Tom Brown's School Days 1 v.
- Mrs. Hungerford: Molly Bawn 2 v. Mrs. Geoffrey 2 v. Faith and Unfaith 2 v. Portia 2 v. Loÿs, Lord Berresford, etc. 1 v. Her First Appearance, etc. 1 v. Phyllis 2 v. Rossmoynne 2 v. Doris 2 v. A Maiden all Forlorn, etc. 1 v. A Passive Crime, etc. 1 v. Green Pleasure and Grey Grief 2 v. A Mental Struggle 2 v. Her Week's Amusement; Ugly Barrington 1 v. Lady Branksmere 2 v. Lady Valworth's Diamonds 1 v. A Modern Circe 2 v. Marvel 2 v. The Hon. Mrs. Vereker 1 v. Under-Currents 2 v. In Durance Vile, etc. 1 v. A Troublesome Girl, etc. 1 v. A Life's Remorse 2 v. A Born Coquette 2 v. The Duchess 1 v. Lady Verner's Flight 1 v. A Conquering Heroine, etc. 1 v. Nora Creina 2 v. A Mad Prank, etc. 1 v. The Hoyden 2 v. The Red House Mystery 1 v. An Unsatisfactory Lover 1 v. Peter's Wife 2 v.
- Jean Ingelow: Off the Skelligs 3 v. Poems 2 v. Fated to be Free 2 v. Sarah de Berenger 2 v. Don John 2 v.
- The Hon. Lady Inglis: The Siege of Lucknow 1 v.
- John H. Ingram: *vide* E. A. Poe.
- Iota: A Yellow Aster 1 v. Children or Circumstance 2 v.
- Washington Irving: The Sketch Book (with Portrait) 1 v. The Life of Mahomet 1 v. Successors of Mahomet 1 v. Oliver

The price of each volume is 1 Mark 60 Pfennig.

Goldsmith 1 v. Chronicles of Wolfert's Roost 1 v. Life of Washington 5 v.

Helen Jackson (H. H.): Ramona 2 v.
Charles T. C. James: Holy Wedlock 1 v.
G. P. R. James: Morley Erstein (with Portrait) 1 v. Forest Days 1 v. The False Heir 1 v. Arabella Stuart 1 v. Rose d'Albret 1 v. Arrah Neil 1 v. Agincourt 1 v. The Smuggler 1 v. The Step-Mother 2 v. Beauchamp 1 v. Heidelberg 1 v. The Gipsy 1 v. The Castle of Ehrenstein 1 v. Darnley 1 v. Russell 2 v. The Convict 2 v. Sir Theodore Broughton 2 v.

Henry James: The American 2 v. The Europeans 1 v. Daisy Miller, etc. 1 v. Roderick Hudson 2 v. The Madonna of the Future, etc. 1 v. Eugene Pickering, etc. 1 v. Confidence 1 v. Washington Square, etc. 2 v. The Portrait of a Lady 3 v. Foreign Parts 1 v. French Poets and Novelists 1 v. The Siege of London, etc. 1 v. Portraits of Places 1 v. A Little Tour in France 1 v.

J. Cordy Jeaffreson: A Book about Doctors 2 v. A Woman in Spite of Herself 2 v. The Real Lord Byron 3 v.

Mrs. Jenkin: "Who Breaks—Pays" 1 v. Skirmishing 1 v. Once and Again 2 v. Two French Marriages 2 v. Within an Ace 1 v. Jupiter's Daughters 1 v.

Edward Jenkins: Ginx's Baby, etc. 2 v.
"Jennie of 'the Prince's,'" Author of—*vide* B. H. Buxton.

Jerome K. Jerome: The Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow 1 v. Diary of a Pilgrimage 1 v. Novel Notes 1 v.

Douglas Jerrold: History of St. Giles and St. James 2 v. Men of Character 2 v.

"John Halifax," Author of—*vide* Mrs. Craik.

"Johnny Ludlow," Author of—*vide* Mrs. Henry Wood.

Johnson: The Lives of the English Poets 2 v.

Emily Jolly: Colonel Dacre 2 v.
"Joshua Davidson," Author of—*vide* E. Lynn Linton.

Miss Kavanagh: Nathalie 2 v. Daisy Burns 2 v. Grace Lee 2 v. Rachel Gray 1 v. Adèle 3 v. The Two Sicilies 2 v. Seven Years, etc. 2 v. French Women of Letters 1 v. English Women of Letters 1 v. Queen Mab 2 v. Beatrice 2 v. Sybil's Second Love 2 v. Dora 2 v. Silvia 2 v. Bessie 2 v. John Dorrien 3 v. Two Lilies 2 v. Forget-me-nots 2 v.

A. Keary: Oldbury 2 v. Castle Daly 2 v.

Elsa D'Esterre-Keeling: Three Sisters 1 v. A Laughing Philosopher 1 v. The Professor's Wooing 1 v. In Thoughtland and in Dreamland 1 v. Orchardscroft 1 v. Appassionata 1 v.

Kempis: *vide* Thomas a Kempis.
R. B. Kimball: Saint Leger 1 v. Romance of Student Life abroad 1 v. Undercurrents 1 v. Was he Successful? 1 v. To-Day in New-York 1 v.

A. W. Kinglake: Eothen, a Narrative from the East 1 v. The Invasion of the Crimea 14 v.

Charles Kingsley: Yeast 1 v. Westward ho! 2 v. Two Years ago 2 v. Hypatia 2 v. Alton Locke 1 v. Hereward the Wake 2 v. At Last 2 v.

Charles Kingsley: His Letters and Memories of his Life, ed. by his Wife 2 v.

H. Kingsley: Ravenshoe 2 v. Austin Elliot 1 v. The Recollections of Geoffrey Hamlyn 2 v. The Hilliards and the Burtons 2 v. Leighton Court 1 v. Valentin 1 v. Oakshott Castle 1 v. Reginald Hetheredge 2 v. The Grange Garden 2 v.

Rudyard Kipling: Plain Tales from the Hills 1 v.

May Laffan: Flitters, Tatters, and the Counsellor, etc. 1 v.

Charles Lamb: The Essays of Elia and Elia 1 v.

A. Lang: *vide* H. R. Haggard.
Mary Langdon: Ida May 1 v.

"The Last of the Cavaliers," Author of—The Last of the Cavaliers 2 v. The Gain of a Loss 2 v.

The Hon. Emily Lawless: Hurrish 1 v. Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands from 1848 to 1861 1 v. More Leaves from the Journal of a Life in the Highlands from 1862 to 1882 1 v.

Holme Lee: *vide* Miss Parr.

S. Le Fanu: Uncle Silas 2 v. Guy Deverell 2 v.

Mark Lemon: Wait for the End 2 v. Loved at Last 2 v. Falkner Lyle 2 v. Leyton Hall, etc. 2 v. Golden Fetters 2 v.

Charles Lever: The O'Donoghue 1 v. The Knight of Gwynne 3 v. Arthur O'Leary 2 v. Harry Lorrequer 2 v. Charles O'Malley 3 v. Tom Burke of "Ours" 3 v. Jack Hinton 2 v. The Daltons 4 v. The Dodd Family Abroad 3 v. The Martins of Cro' Martin 3 v. The Fortunes of Glencore 2 v. Roland Cashel 3 v. Davenport Dunn 3 v. Confessions of Con Cregan 2 v. One of Them 2 v. Maurice Tierney 2 v.

Sir Jasper Carew 2 v. Barrington 2 v. A Day's Ride 2 v. Luttrell of Arran 2 v. Tony Butler 2 v. Sir Brook Fossbrooke 2 v. The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly 2 v. A Rent in a Cloud 1 v. That Boy of Norcott's 1 v. St. Patrick's Eve; Paul Gosslett's Confessions 1 v. Lord Kilgobbin 2 v.

G. H. Lewes: Ranthorpe 1 v. Physiology of Common Life 2 v. On Actors and the Art of Acting 1 v.

E. Lynn Linton: Joshua Davidson 1 v. Patricia Kemball 2 v. The Atonement of Leam Dundas 2 v. The World well Lost 2 v. Under which Lord? 2 v. With a Silken Thread, etc. 1 v. Todhunters' at Loanin' Head, etc. 1 v. "My Love!" 2 v. The Girl of the Period, etc. 1 v. Ione 2 v.

L. W. M. Lockhart: Mine is Thine 2 v.

Lord Augustus Loftus, Diplomatic Reminiscences of—, 1837-1862 (w. Portr.) 2 v.

Longfellow: The Poetical Works (with Portrait) 3 v. The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri 3 v. The New-England Tragedies 1 v. The Divine Tragedy 1 v.

Flower-de-Luce, and Three Books of Song 1 v. The Masque of Pandora 1 v.

Margaret Lonsdale: Sister Dora (with a Portrait of Sister Dora) 1 v.

A Lost Battle 2 v.

Sir J. Lubbock: The Pleasures of Life 1 v. The Beauties of Nature (w. Illust.) 1 v. The Use of Life 1 v.

Lutfullah: Autobiography of Lutfullah, by Eastwick 1 v.

Edna Lyall: We Two 2 v. Donovan 2 v. In the Golden Days 2 v. Knight-Errent 2 v. Won by Waiting 2 v.

Lord Lytton: *vide* Bulwer.

Robert Lord Lytton (Owen Meredith): Poems 2 v. Fables in Song 2 v.

Maarten Maartens: The Sin of Joost Aveling 1 v. An Old Maid's Love 2 v. God's Fool 2 v. The Greater Glory 2 v.

Lord Macaulay: The History of England (w. Port.) 10 v. Critical and Historical Essays 5 v. Lays of Ancient Rome 1 v. Speeches 2 v. Biographical Essays 1 v. William Pitt, Atterbury 1 v. (See also Trevelyan.)

Justin McCarthy: The Waterdale Neighbours 2 v. Dear Lady Disdain 2 v. Miss Misanthrope 2 v. A History of our own Times 5 v. Donna Quixote 2 v. A short History of our own Times 2 v. A History of the Four Georges vols. 1 & 2.

George Mac Donald: Alec Forbes of Howglen 2 v. Annals of a Quiet Neigh-

bourhood 2 v. David Elginbrod 2 v. The Vicar's Daughter 2 v. Malcolm 2 v. St. George and St. Michael 2 v. The Marquis of Lossie 2 v. Sir Gibbie 2 v. Mary Marston 2 v. The Gifts of the Child Christ, etc. 1 v. The Princess and Curdie 1 v.

Mrs. Mackarness: Sunbeam Stories 1 v. A Peerless Wife 2 v. A Mingled Yarn 2 v.

E. Mackay: Love Letters of a Violinist 1 v. Chas. M^cKnight: Old Fort Duquesne 2 v.

Ian Maclaren: Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush 1 v.

Norman Macleod: The old Lieutenant and his Son 1 v.

Mrs. Macquoid: Patty 2 v. Miriam's Marriage 2 v. Pictures across the Channel 2 v. Too Soon 1 v. My Story 2 v. Diane 2 v.

Beside the River 2 v. A Faithful Lover 2 v.

"Mademoiselle Mori," Author of—Mademoiselle Mori 2 v. Denise 1 v.

Madame Fontenoy 1 v. On the Edge of the Storm 1 v. The Atelier du Lys 2 v.

In the Olden Time 2 v.

Lord Mahon: *vide* Stanhope.

E. S. Maine: Scarscliff Rocks 2 v.

L. Malet: Colonel Enderby's Mr. v. v. Lord Malmesbury: Memoirs of an Ex-Minister 3 v.

Mary E. Mann: A Winter's Tale 1 v. R. Blachford Mansfield: The Log of the Water Lily 1 v.

Marmon: *vide* Philip G. Hamerton.

Capt. Marryat: Jacob Faithful (w. Port.) 1 v. Percival Keene 1 v. Peter Simple 1 v.

Japhet, in Search of a Father 1 v. Monsieur Violet 1 v. The Settlers 1 v. The Mission 1 v.

The Privateer's Man 1 v. The Children of the New-Forest 1 v. Valerie 1 v. Mr. Midshipman Easy 1 v. The King's Own 1 v.

Florence Marryat: (Mrs. Francis Lean): Love's Conflict 2 v. For Ever and Ever 2 v. The Confessions of Gerald Estcourt 2 v. Nelly Brooke 2 v. Veronique 2 v. Petronel 2 v. Her Lord and Master 2 v. The Prey of the Gods 1 v. Life of Captain Marryat 1 v. Mad Dumaresq 2 v. No Intentions 2 v. Fighting the Air 2 v. A Star and a Heart 1 v. The Poison of Asps, etc. 1 v. A Lucky Disappointment, etc. 1 v. "My own Child" 2 v. Her Father's Name 2 v. A Harvest of Wild Oats 2 v. A Little Stepson 1 v. Written in Fire 2 v. Her World against a Lie 2 v. A Broken Blossom 2 v. The Root of all Evil 2 v. The Fair-haired Alda 2 v. With Cupid's Eyes 2 v. My Sister the Actress 2 v. Phyllida 2 v. How They Loved Him 2 v. Facing

the Footlights (w. Portrait) 2 v. A Moment of Madness, etc. 1 v. The Ghost of Charlotte Cray, etc. 1 v. Peeress and Player 2 v. Under the Lilies and Roses 2 v. The Heart of Jane Warner 2 v. The Heir Presumptive 2 v. The Master Passion 2 v. Spiders of Society 2 v. Driven to Bay 2 v. A Daughter of the Tropics 2 v. Gentleman and Courtier 2 v. On Circumstantial Evidence 2 v. Mount Eden. A Romance 2 v. Blindfold 2 v. A Scarlet Sin 1 v. A Bankrupt Heart 2 v. The Spirit World 1 v.

Mrs. Marsh: Ravenscliffe 2 v. Emilia Wyndham 2 v. Castle Avon 2 v. Aubrey 2 v. The Heiress of Haughton 2 v. Evelyn Marston 2 v. The Rose of Ashurst 2 v.

Emma Marshall: Mrs. Mainwaring's Journal 1 v. Benvenuta 1 v. Lady Alice 1 v. Dayspring 1 v. Life's Aftermath 1 v. In the East Country 1 v. No. XIII; or, The Story of the Lost Vestal 1 v. In Four Reigns 1 v. On the Banks of the Ouse 1 v. In the City of Flowers 1 v. Alma 1 v. Under Salisbury Spire 1 v. The End Crowns All 1 v. Winchester Meadows 1 v. Eventide Light 1 v. Winifrede's Journal 1 v. Bristol Bells 1 v. In the Service of Rachel Lady Russell 1 v. A Lily among Thorns 1 v. Penschurst Castle 1 v. Kensington Palace 1 v.

Helen Mathers (Mrs. Henry Reeves): "Cherry Ripe!" 2 v. "Land o' the Leal" 1 v. My Lady Green Sleeves 2 v. As he comes up the Stair, etc. 1 v. Sam's Sweetheart 2 v. Eyre's Acquittal 2 v. Found Out 1 v. Murder or Manslaughter? 1 v. The Fashion of this World (80 Pf.) Blind Justice, etc. 1 v. What the Glass Told and A Study of a Woman 1 v.

Colonel Maurice: The Balance of Military Power in Europe 1 v.

George du Maurier: Trilby 2 v. "Mehalah," Author of—*vide* Baring-Gould.

Whyte-Melville: Kate Coventry 1 v. Holmby House 2 v. Digby Grand 1 v. Good for Nothing 2 v. The Queen's Maids 2 v. The Gladiators 2 v. The Brookes of Bridlemere 2 v. Cerise 2 v. The Interpreter 2 v. The White Rose 2 v. M. or N. 1 v. Contraband; or A Losing Hazard 1 v. Sarchedon 2 v. Uncle John 2 v. Katerfelto 1 v. Sister Louise 1 v. Rosine 1 v. Roys' Wife 2 v. Black but Comely 2 v. Riding Recollections 1 v.

George Meredith: The Ordeal of Richard Feverel 2 v. Beauchamp's Career 2 v. The Tragic Comedians 1 v.

Owen Meredith: *v.* R. Lord Lytton. Henry Seton Merriman: Young Mistley 1 v. Prisoners and Captives 2 v. From One Generation to Another 1 v. With Edged Tools 2 v.

Milton: The Poetical Works 1 v. "Miss Molly," Author of—Geraldine Hawthorne 1 v.

"Molly Bawn," Author of—*vide* Mrs. Hungerford.

Miss Montgomery: Misunderstood 1 v. Thrown Together 2 v. Thwarted 1 v. Wild Mike 1 v. Seaforth 2 v. The Blue Veil 1 v. Transformed 1 v. The Fisherman's Daughter, etc. 1 v.

Frank Frankfort Moore: "I forbid the Banns" 2 v. A Gray Eye or so 2 v. One Fair Daughter 2 v.

Moore: Poet. Works (w. Portr.) 5 v. Lady Morgan's Memoirs 3 v.

Henry Morley: Of English Literature in the Reign of Victoria. With Facsimiles of the Signatures of Authors in the Tauchnitz Edition [v. 2000].

* William Morris: Poems. Edited with a Memoir by Francis Hueffer 1 v.

D. Christie Murray: Rainbow Gold 2 v. E. C. Grenville: Murray: The Member for Paris 2 v. Young Brown 2 v. The

Boudoir Cabal 3 v. French Pictures in English Chalk (1st Series) 2 v. The Russians of To-day 1 v. French Pictures in English Chalk (2nd Series) 2 v. Strange Tales 1 v. That Artful Vicar 2 v. Six Months in the Ranks 1 v. People I have met 1 v. "My Little Lady," Author of—*vide* E. Frances Poynter.

The New Testament [v. 1000].

Mrs. Newby: Common Sense 2 v. Dr. J. H. Newman: Callista 1 v.

"Nina Balatka," Author of—*vide* Anthony Trollope.

"No Church," Author of—No Church 2 v. Owen:—a Waif 2 v.

Lady Augusta Noel: From Generation to Generation 1 v. Hithersea Mere 2 v.

W. E. Norris: My Friend Jim 1 v. A Bachelor's Blunder 2 v. Major and Minor 2 v. The Rogue 2 v. Miss Shafto 2 v. Mrs. Fenton 1 v. Misadventure 2 v. Saint Ann's 1 v. A Victim of Good Luck 1 v.

Hon. Mrs. Norton: Stuart of Dunleath 2 v. Lost and Saved 2 v. Old Sir Douglas 2 v.

Not Easily Jealous 2 v.

Novels & Tales *v.* Household Words. Laurence Oliphant: Altiora Peto 2 v. Masollam 2 v.

Mrs. Oliphant: The Last of the Mortimers 2 v. Margaret Maitland 1 v. Agnes 2 v. Madonna Mary 2 v. The Minister's Wife 2 v. The Rector and the Doctor's Family 1 v. Salem Chapel 2 v. The Perpetual Curate 2 v. Miss Marjoribanks 2 v. Ombra 2 v. Memoir of Count de Montalembert 2 v. May 2 v. Innocent 2 v. For Love and Life 2 v. A Rose in June 1 v. The Story of Valentine and his Brother 2 v. White Ladies 2 v. The Curate in Charge 1 v. Phoebe, Junior 2 v. Mrs. Arthur 2 v. Carità 2 v. Young Musgrave 2 v. The Primrose Path 2 v. Within the Precincts 3 v. The greatest Heiress in England 2 v. He that will not when he may 2 v. Harry Joscelyn 2 v. In Trust 2 v. It was a Lover and his Lass 3 v. The Ladies Lindores 3 v. Hester 3 v. The Wizard's Son 3 v. A Country Gentleman and his Family 2 v. Neighbours on the Green 1 v. The Duke's Daughter 1 v. The Fugitives 1 v. Kirsteen 2 v. Life of Laurence Oliphant 2 v. The Little Pilgrim in the Unseen 1 v. The Heir Presumptive and the Heir Apparent 2 v. The Sorceress 2 v.

Ossian: Poems 1 v.

Ouida: Idalia 2 v. Tricotrin 2 v. Puck 2 v. Chandos 2 v. Strathmore 2 v. Under two Flags 2 v. Folle-Farine 2 v. A Leaf in the Storm, etc. 1 v. Cecil Castlemaine's Gage, etc. 1 v. Madame la Marquise, etc. 1 v. Pascarel 2 v. Held in Bondage 2 v. Two little Wooden Shoes 1 v. Signa (w. Port.) 3 v. In a Winter City 1 v. Ariadne 2 v. Friendship 2 v. Moths 3 v. Pipistrello 1 v. A Village Commune 2 v. In Maremma 3 v. Bimbi 1 v. Wanda 3 v. Frescoes, etc. 1 v. Princess Napraxine 3 v. Othmar (30 Pf.). A Rainy June (60 Pf.). Don Gesualdo (30 Pf.). A House Party 1 v. Guilderoy 2 v. Syrlin 3 v. Ruffino, etc. 1 v. Santa Barbara, etc. 1 v. Two Offenders 1 v. The Silver Christ and other Stories 1 v.

The Outcasts: *vide* Roy Tellet.

Miss Parr (Holme Lee): Basil Godfrey's Caprice 2 v. For Richer, for Poorer 2 v. The Beautiful Miss Barrington 2 v. Her Title of Honour 1 v. Echoes of a Famous Year 1 v. Katherine's Trial 1 v. Bessie Fairfax 2 v. Ben Milner's Wooing 1 v. Straightforward 2 v. Mrs. Denys of Cote 2 v. A Poor Squire 1 v.

Mrs. Parr: Dorothy Fox 1 v. The Prescotts of Pamphillon 2 v. The Gosau Smity, etc. 1 v. Robin 2 v. Loyalty George 2 v.

G. Paston: A Study in Prejudices 1 v. "Paul Ferroll," Author of—Paul Ferroll 1 v. Year after Year 1 v. Why Paul Ferroll killed his Wife 1 v.

James Payn: Found Dead 1 v. Gwendoline's Harvest 1 v. Like Father, like Son 2 v. Not Wood, but Won 2 v. Cecil's Tryst 1 v. A Woman's Vengeance 2 v. Murphy's Master 1 v. In the Heart of a Hill, etc. 1 v. At Her Mercy 2 v. The Best of Husbands 2 v. Walter's Word 2 v. Halves 2 v. Fallen Fortunes 2 v. What He cost Her 2 v. By Proxy 2 v. Less Black than we're Painted 2 v. Under one Roof 2 v. High Spirits 1 v. High Spirits (2nd Series) 1 v. A Confidential Agent 2 v. From Exile 2 v. A Grape from a Thorn 2 v. Some Private Views 1 v. For Cash Only 2 v. Kit: A Memory 2 v. The Canon's Ward (with Port.) 2 v. Some Literary Recollections 1 v. The Talk of the Town 1 v. The Luck of the Darrells 2 v. The Heir of the Ages 2 v. Holiday Tasks 1 v. Glow-Worm Tales (1st Series) 1 v. Glow-Worm Tales (2nd Series) 1 v. A Prince of the Blood 2 v. The Mystery of Mirbridge 2 v. The Barm Million 2 v. The Word and the Will 2 v. Sunny Stories 1 v. A Modern Dick Whittington 2 v. A Stumble on the Threshold 2 v. A Trying Patient, etc. 1 v. Gleams of Memory and The Eavesdropper 1 v.

Miss Fr. M. Peard: One Year 2 v. The Rose-Garden 1 v. Unawares 1 v. Thorpe Regis 1 v. A Winter Story 1 v. A Madrigal, and other Stories 1 v. Cartouche 1 v. Mother Molly 1 v. Schloss and Town 2 v. Contradictions 2 v. Near Neighbours 1 v. Alicia Tennant 1 v. Madame's Grand-Daughter 1 v.

A Penitent Soul 1 v.

Bishop Percy: Reliques of Ancient English Poetry 3 v.

F. C. Phillips: As in a Looking Glass 1 v. The Dean and his Daughter 1 v. Adventures of Lucy Smith 1 v. A Lucky Young Woman 1 v. Jack and Three Jills 1 v. Little Mrs. Murray 1 v. Young Mr. Ainslie's Courtship 1 v. Social Vicissitudes 1 v. Extenuating Circumstances, etc. 1 v. More Social Vicissitudes 1 v. Constance 2 v. That Wicked Mad'moiselle, etc. 1 v. A Doctor in Difficulties 1 v. Black and White 1 v. "One Never Knows" 2 v. Of Course 1 v. Miss Ormerod's Protégé 1 v. My little Husband 1 v. Mrs. Bouverie 1 v. A Question of Colour 1 v.

F. C. Philips & P. Fendall: A Daughter's Sacrifice 1 v. Margaret Byng 1 v.
 F. C. Philips and C. J. Wills: The Fatal Phryne 1 v. The Scudamores 1 v. A Maiden Fair to See 1 v. Sybil Ross's Marriage 1 v.
 Edgar Allan Poe: Poems and Essays, edited with a new Memoir by J. H. Ingram 1 v. Tales, edited by J. H. Ingram 1 v.
 Pope: Select Poet. Works (w. Port.) 1 v.
 E. Frances Poynter: My Little Lady 2 v. Ersilia 2 v. Among the Hills 1 v. Madame de Presnel 1 v.
 Praed: *vide* Campbell-Praed.
 Mrs. E. Prentiss: Stepping Heavenward 1 v.
 The Prince Consort's Speeches and Addresses (with Portrait) 1 v.
 Richard Pryce: Miss Maxwell's Affections 1 v. The Quiet Mrs. Fleming 1 v. Time and the Woman 1 v.
 Horace N. Pym: *vide* Caroline Fox. Q.: Noughts and Crosses 1 v. I Saw Three Ships 1 v. Dead Man's Rock 1 v.
 W. F. Rae: Westward by Rail 1 v. Miss Bayle's Romance 2 v. The Business of Travel 1 v.
 The Rajah's Heir 2 v.
 Charles Reade: "It is never too late to mend" 2 v. "Love me little, love me long" 1 v. The Cloister and the Hearth 2 v. Hard Cash 3 v. Put Yourself in his Place 2 v. A Terrible Temptation 2 v. Peg Woffington 1 v. Christie Johnstone 1 v. A Simpleton 2 v. The Wandering Heir 1 v. A Woman-Hater 2 v. Readiana 1 v. Singleheart and Doubleface 1 v.
 "Recommended to Mercy," Author of—"Recommended to Mercy 2 v. Zoe's "Brand" 2 v.
 James Rice: *vide* Walter Besant.
 A. Bate Richards: So very Human 3 v. Richardson: Clarissa Harlowe 4 v.
 Mrs. Riddell (F. G. Trafford): George Geith of Fen Court 2 v. Maxwell Drewitt 2 v. The Race for Wealth 2 v. Far above Rubies 2 v. The Earl's Promise 2 v. Mortomley's Estate 2 v.
 Anne Thackeray Ritchie: *vide* Miss Thackeray.
 Rev. F. W. Robertson: Sermons 4 v.
 Charles H. Ross: The Pretty Widow 1 v. A London Romance 2 v.
 Dante Gabriel Rossetti: Poems 1 v. Ballads and Sonnets 1 v.
 Roy Tallet: The Outcasts 1 v. A Draught of Lethe 1 v. Pastor & Prelate 2 v.

The price of each volume is 1 Mark 60 Pfennig.

J. Ruffini: Lavinia 2 v. Doctor Antonio 1 v. Lorenzo Benoni 1 v. Vincenzo 2 v. A Quiet Nook in the Jura 1 v. The Paragreens on a Visit to Paris 1 v. Carlino, etc. 1 v.
 W. Clark Russell: A Sailor's Sweetheart 2 v. The "Lady Maud" 2 v. A Sea Queen 2 v.
 Sala: The Seven Sons of Mammon 2 v.
 John Saunders: Israel Mort, Overman 2 v. The Shipowner's Daughter 2 v. A Noble Wife 2 v.
 Katherine Saunders: Joan Merryweather, etc. 1 v. Gideon's Rock, etc. 1 v. The High Mills 2 v. Sebastian 1 v.
 Col. R. H. Savage: My Official Wife 1 v. The Little Lady of Lagunitas (w. Port.) 2 v. Prince Schamyl's Wooing 1 v. The Masked Venus 2 v. Delilah of Harlem 2 v. The Anarchist 2 v. A Daughter of Judas 1 v.
 Sir Walter Scott: Waverley (w. Port.) 1 v. The Antiquary 1 v. Ivanhoe 1 v. Kenilworth 1 v. Quentin Durward 1 v. Old Mortality 1 v. Guy Mannering 1 v. Rob Roy 1 v. The Pirate 1 v. The Fortunes of Nigel 1 v. The Black Dwarf; A Legend of Montrose 1 v. The Bride of Lammermoor 1 v. The Heart of Mid-Lothian 2 v. The Monastery 1 v. The Abbot 1 v. Peveril of the Peak 2 v. The Poetical Works 2 v. Woodstock 1 v. The Fair Maid of Perth 1 v. Anne of Geierstein 1 v.
 Prof. Seeley: Life and Times of Stein (with a Portrait of Stein) 1 v. The Expansion of England 1 v. Goethe 1 v.
 Miss Sewell: Amy Herbert 2 v. Ursula 2 v. A Glimpse of the World 2 v. The Journal of a Home Life 2 v. After Life 2 v. The Experience of Life 2 v.
 Shakespeare: Plays and Poems (with Portrait) (*Second Edition*) compl. 7 v. Shakespeare's Plays may also be had in 37 numbers, at *M* 0,30. each number.
 Doubtful Plays 1 v.
 Shelley: A Selection from his Poems 1 v.
 Nathan Sheppard: Shut up in Paris (*Second Edition, enlarged*) 1 v.
 Sheridan: The Dramatic Works 1 v.
 J. H. Shorthouse: John Inglesant 2 v. Blanche, Lady Falaise 1 v.
 Smollett: Roderick Random 1 v. Humphry Clinker 1 v. Peregrine Pickle 2 v. Society in London. By a Foreign Resident 1 v.
 Somerville & Martin Ross: Naboth's Vineyard 1 v.
 The Spanish Brothers 2 v.

Earl Stanhope (Lord Mahon): The History of England 7 v. The Reign of Queen Anne 2 v.
 Sterne: Tristram Shandy 1 v. A Sentimental Journey (with Portrait) 1 v.
 Robert Louis Stevenson: Treasure Island 1 v. Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, etc. 1 v. Kidnapped 1 v. The Black Arrow 1 v. The Master of Ballantrae 1 v. The Merry Men, etc. 1 v. Across the Plains 1 v. Island Nights' Entertainments 1 v. Catriona. A Sequel to "Kidnapped," 1 v.
 "Still Waters," Author of—Still Waters 1 v. Dorothy 1 v. De Cressy 1 v. Uncle Ralph 1 v. Maiden Sisters 1 v. Martha Brown 1 v. Vanessa 1 v.
 M. C. Stirling: Two Tales of Married Life 2 v. Vol. II. A True Man, Vol. I. *vide* G. M. Craik.
 Frank R. Stockton: The House of Martha 1 v.
 "The Story of Elizabeth," Author of—*vide* Miss Thackeray.
 Mrs. H. Beecher Stowe: Uncle Tom's Cabin (with Portrait) 2 v. A Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin 2 v. Dred 2 v. The Minister's Wooing 1 v. Oldtown Folks 2 v.
 "Sunbeam Stories," Author of—*vide* Mrs. Mackerness.
 Swift: Gulliver's Travels 1 v.
 John Addington Symonds: Sketches in Italy 1 v. New Italian Sketches 1 v. Tasma: Uncle Piper of Piper's Hill 2 v. Baroness Tautphoeus: Cyrilla 2 v. The Initials 2 v. Quits 2 v. At Odds 2 v. Colonel Meadows Taylor: Tara: A Mahratta Tale 3 v.
 H. Templeton: Diary and Notes 1 v. Alfred (Lord) Tennyson: The Poetical Works of, 8 v. Queen Mary 1 v. Harold 1 v. Becket; The Cup; The Falcon 1 v. Locksley Hall, etc. 1 v.
 W. M. Thackeray: Vanity Fair 3 v. Pendennis 3 v. Miscellanies 8 v. Henry Esmond 2 v. The English Humourists 1 v. The Newcomes 4 v. The Virginians 4 v. The Four Georges; Lovel the Widower 1 v. The Adventures of Philip 2 v. Denis Duval 1 v. Roundabout Papers 2 v. Catherine 1 v. The Irish Sketch Book 2 v. The Paris Sketch Book (w. Portrait) 2 v.
 Miss Thackeray: The Story of Elizabeth 1 v. The Village on the Cliff 1 v. Old Kensington 2 v. Bluebeard's Keys, etc. 1 v. Five Old Friends 1 v. Miss Angel 1 v. Out of the World, etc. 1 v. Fulham Lawn, etc. 1 v. From an Island

The price of each volume is 1 Mark 60 Pfennig.

1 v. Da Capo, etc. 1 v. Madame de Sévigné, etc. 1 v. A Book of Sibyls 1 v. Mrs. Dymond 2 v. Chapters from some Memoirs 1 v.
 Thomas a Kempis: The Imitation of Christ 1 v.
 A. Thomas: Denis Donne 2 v. On Guard 2 v. Walter Goring 2 v. Played Out 2 v. Called to Account 2 v. Only Herself 2 v. A Narrow Escape 2 v.
 Thomson: The Poetical Works (with Portrait) 1 v.
 Thoth 1 v.
 Tim 1 v.
 F. G. Trafford: *vide* Mrs. Riddell.
 G. O. Trevelyan: The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay (w. Portrait) 4 v. Selections from the Writings of Lord Macaulay 2 v.
 Trois-Etoiles: *vide* Murray.
 Anthony Trollope: Doctor Thorne 2 v. The Bertrams 2 v. The Warden 1 v. Barchester Towers 2 v. Castle Richmond 2 v. The West Indies 1 v. Framley Parsonage 2 v. North America 3 v. Orley Farm 3 v. Rachel Ray 2 v. The Small House at Allington 3 v. Can you forgive her? 3 v. The Belton Estate 2 v. Nina Balatka 1 v. The Last Chronicle of Barset 3 v. The Claverings 2 v. Phineas Finn 3 v. He knew he was right 3 v. The Vicar of Bullhampton 2 v. Sir Harry Hotspur of Humblethwaite 1 v. Ralph the Heir 2 v. The Golden Lion of Granperre 1 v. Australia and New Zealand 3 v. Lady Anna 2 v. Harry Heathcote of Gangoil 1 v. The Way we live now 4 v. The Prime Minister 4 v. The American Senator 3 v. South Africa 2 v. Is He Popenjoy? 3 v. An Eye for an Eye 1 v. John Caldigate 3 v. Cousin Henry 1 v. The Duke's Children 3 v. Dr. Wortle's School 1 v. Ayala's Angel 3 v. The Fixed Period 1 v. Marion Fay 2 v. Kept in the Dark 1 v. Frau Frohmann, etc. 1 v. Alice Dugdale, etc. 1 v. La Mère Bauche, etc. 1 v. The Mistletoe Bough, etc. 1 v. An Autobiography 1 v. An Old Man's Love 1 v.
 T. Adolphus Trollope: The Garstangs of Garstang Grange 2 v. A Siren 2 v.
 Mark Twain (Samuel L. Clemens): The Adventures of Tom Sawyer 1 v. The Innocents Abroad; or, the New Pilgrims' Progress 2 v. A Tramp Abroad 2 v. "Roughing it" 1 v. The Innocents at Home 1 v. The Prince and the Pauper 2 v. The Stolen White Elephant, etc. 1 v. Life on the Mississippi 2 v. Sketches (w.

Portrait) 1 v. Huckleberry Finn 2 v. Selections from American Humour 1 v. A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur 2 v. The American Claimant 1 v. The Million Pound Bank-Note, etc. 1 v. Tom Sawyer Abroad 1 v. Pudd'head Wilson 1 v.

The Two Cosmos 1 v.

"Véra," Author of—Véra 1 v. The Hôtel du Petit St. Jean 1 v. Blue Roses 2 v. Within Sound of the Sea 2 v. The Maritime Alps and their Seaboard 2 v. Ninette 1 v.

Victoria R. I.: *vide* Leaves.

Virginia 1 v.

L. B. Walford: Mr. Smith 2 v. Pauline 2 v. Cousins 2 v. Troublesome Daughters 2 v.

D. Mackenzie Wallace: Russia 3 v.

Lew. Wallace: Ben-Hur 2 v.

Eliot Warburton: The Crescent and the Cross 2 v. Darien 2 v.

Mrs. Humphry Ward: Robert Elsmere 3 v. The History of David Grieve 3 v. Miss Bretherton 1 v. Marcella 3 v.

S. Warren: Passages from the Diary of a late Physician 2 v. Ten Thousand a-Year 3 v. Now and Then 1 v. The Lily and the Bee 1 v.

"The Waterdale Neighbours," Author of—*vide* Justin McCarthy.

Hugh Westbury: Acte 2 v.

Miss Wetherell: The wide, wide World 1 v. Queechy 2 v. The Hills of the Shatemuc 2 v. Say and Seal 2 v. The Old Helmet 2 v.

Stanley J. Weyman: The House of the Wolf 1 v. The Story of Francis Cludde 2 v. A Gentleman of France 2 v. The Man in Black 1 v. Under the Red Robe 1 v. My Lady Rotha 2 v.

A Whim and its Consequences 1 v.

Walter White: Holidays in Tyrol 1 v.

Beatrice Whitby: The Awakening of Mary Fenwick 2 v. In the Suntime of her Youth 2 v.

Richard Whiteing: The Island; or, An Adventure of a Person of Quality 1 v.

S. Whitman: Imperial Germany 1 v. The Realm of the Habsburgs 1 v.

"Who Breaks—Pays," Author of—*vide* Mrs. Jenkin.

K. D. Wiggan: Timothy's Quest 1 v. A Cathedral Courtship, etc. 1 v.

Mary E. Wilkins: Pembroke 1 v.

C. J. Willis: *vide* F. C. Philips.

J. S. Winter: Regimental Legends 1 v.

H. F. Wood: The Passenger from Scotland Yard 1 v.

Mrs. Henry Wood: East Lynne 3 v.

The Channings 2 v. Mrs. Halliburton's Troubles 2 v. Verner's Pride 3 v. The Shadow of Ashlydyat 3 v. Trevlyn Hold 2 v. Lord Oakburn's Daughters 2 v. Oswald Cray 2 v. Mildred Arkell 2 v. St. Martin's Eve 2 v. Elster's Folly 2 v. Lady Adelaide's Oath 2 v. Orville College 1 v. A Life's Secret 1 v. The Red Court Farm 2 v. Anne Hereford 2 v. Roland Yorke 2 v. George Canterbury's Will 2 v. Bessy Rane 2 v. Dene Hollow 2 v. The foggy Night at Offord, etc. 1 v. Within the Maze 2 v. The Master of Greylands 2 v. Johnny Ludlow (*First Series*) 2 v. Told in the Twilight 2 v. Adam Grainger 1 v. Edina 2 v. Pomeroy Abbey 2 v. Lost in the Post, etc. By J. Ludlow 1 v. A Tale of Sin, etc. By J. Ludlow 1 v. Anne, etc. By J. Ludlow 1 v. Court Netherleigh 2 v. The Mystery of Jessy Page, etc. By J. Ludlow 1 v. Helen Whitney's Wedding, etc. By J. Ludlow 1 v. The Story of Dorothy Grape, etc. By J. Ludlow 1 v.

M. L. Woods: A Village Tragedy 1 v. Wordsworth: The Poetical Works 2 v. Lascelles Wraxall: Wild Oats 1 v.

Edm. Yates: Land at Last 2 v. Broken to Harness 2 v. The Forlorn Hope 2 v. Black Sheep 2 v. The Rock Ahead 2 v. Wrecked in Port 2 v. Dr. Wainwright's Patient 2 v. Nobody's Fortune 2 v. Castaway 2 v. A Waiting Race 2 v. The yellow Flag 2 v. The impending Sword 2 v. Two, by Tricks 1 v. A silent Witness 2 v. Recollections and Experiences 2 v.

S. L. Yeats: The Honour of Savelli 1 v.

Miss Yonge: The Heir of Redclyffe 2 v. Heartsease 2 v. The Daisy Chain 2 v. Dynevor Terrace 2 v. Hopes and Fears 2 v. The young Step-Mother 2 v.

The Trial 2 v. The clever Woman 2 v.

The Dove in the Eagle's Nest 2 v. The Danvers Papers, etc. 1 v. The Chaplet of Pearls 2 v. The two Guardians 1 v.

The caged Lion 2 v. The Pillars of the House 5 v. Lady Hester 1 v. My young Alcides 2 v.

The three Brides 2 v. Womankind 2 v. Magnum Bonum 2 v. Love and Life 1 v.

Unknown to History 2 v. Stray Pearls (v. Port.) 2 v. The Armourer's Apprentices 2 v.

The two Sides of the Shield 2 v. Nuttie's Father 2 v. Beechcroft at Rockstone 2 v.

A reputed Changeling 2 v. Two penniless Princesses 1 v. That Stick 1 v.

Gristly Grisell 1 v.

"Young Mistle," Author of—*vide* Henry Seton Merriman.

The price of each volume is 1 Mark 60 Pfennig.

Collection of German Authors.

Berthold Auerbach: On the Heights, (Second Edition) 3 v. Brigitta 1 v. Spinoza 2 v.

Georg Ebers: An Egyptian Princess 2 v. Uarda 2 v. Homo Sum 2 v. The Sisters (Die Schwestern) 2 v. Joshua 2 v. Per Aspera 2 v.

Fouqué: Undine, Sintram, etc. 1 v.

Ferdinand Freiligrath: Poems (Second Edition) 1 v.

Wilhelm Görlich: Prince Bismarck (with Portrait) 1 v.

Goethe: Faust 1 v. Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship 2 v.

Karl Gutzkow: Through Night to Light 1 v.

F. W. Hackländer: Behind the Counter (Handel und Wandel) 1 v.

Wilhelm Hauff: Three Tales 1 v.

Paul Heyse: L'Arrabiata, etc. 1 v. The Dead Lake, etc. 1 v. Barbarossa, etc. 1 v.

Wilhelmine von Hillern: The Vulture Maiden [die Geier-Wally] 1 v. The Hour will come 2 v.

Salomon Kohn: Gabriel 1 v.

G. E. Lessing: Nathan the Wise and Emilia Galotti 1 v.

Fanny Lewald: Stella 2 v.

E. Marlitt: The Princess of the Moor [das Haideprinzesschen] 2 v.

Maria Nathusius: Joachim v. Kamern, and Diary of a poor young Lady 1 v.

Fritz Reuter: In the Year '13 1 v. An old Story of my farming Days [Ut mine Stromtid] 3 v.

Jean Paul Friedrich Richter: Flower, Fruit and Thorn Pieces 2 v.

J. Victor Scheffel: Ekkehard. A Tale of the tenth Century 1 v.

George Taylor: Klytia 2 v.

H. Zschokke: The Princess of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel, etc. 1 v.

Series for the Young.

Lady Barker: Stories about 1 v.

Louisa Charlesworth: Ministering Children 1 v.

Mrs. Craik (Miss Mulock): Our Year 1 v. Three Tales for Boys 1 v. Three Tales for Girls 1 v.

Miss G. M. Craik: Cousin Trix 1 v.

Maria Edgeworth: Moral Tales 1 v. Popular Tales 2 v.

Bridget and Julia Kavanagh: The Pearl Fountain 1 v.

Charles and Mary Lamb: Tales from Shakspeare 1 v.

Captain Marryat: Masterman Ready 1 v.

Emma Marshall: Rex and Regina 1 v.

Florence Montgomery: The Town Crier; to which is added: The Children with the Indian-Rubber Ball 1 v.

Ruth and her Friends. A Story for Girls 1 v.

Mrs. Henry Wood: William Allair 1 v.

Miss Yonge: Kenneth; or, the Rear-Guard of the Grand Army 1 v. The Little Duke. Ben Sylvester's Word 1 v. The Stokesley Secret 1 v. Countess Kate 1 v.

A Book of Golden Deeds 2 v. Friarswood Post-Office 1 v. Henrietta's Wish 1 v.

Kings of England 1 v. The Lances of Lynwood; the Pigeon Pie 1 v. P's and Q's 1 v.

Aunt Charlotte's Stories of English History 1 v. Bye-Words 1 v. Lads and Lasses of Langley; Sowing and Sewing 1 v.

The price of each volume is 1 Mark 60 Pfennig.

Neues Handbuch der Englischen Conversationsprache von A. Schlessing. bound # 2,25.

A new Manual of the German Language of Conversation by A. Schlessing. bound # 2,25.

Tauchnitz Dictionaries.

- Nuevo Diccionario Español-Alemán y Alemán-Español. Por D. Luis Tolhausen. Second Edition. In two Volumes. Royal 8vo. Sewed \$ 15,00. Cloth \$ 17,50. Half-morocco \$ 20,50.
- Dictionary of the English and German Languages. By W. James. Thirty-third Edition. Re-written by C. Stoffel. English-German and German-English in one Volume. Crown 8vo. Sewed \$ 4,50. Bound \$ 5,00.
- A complete Dictionary of the English and French Languages for general use. By W. James and A. Molé. Fourteenth Stereotype Edition. Crown 8vo. Sewed \$ 6,00.
- A complete Dictionary of the English and Italian Languages for general use. By W. James and Gius. Grassi. Eleventh Stereotype Edition. Crown 8vo. Sewed \$ 5,00.
- A New Pocket Dictionary of the English and German Languages. By F. E. Wessely. Twenty-second Stereotype Edition. Revised, altered, and greatly enlarged by C. Stoffel and G. Payn, assisted by G. Berlit. 16mo. Sewed \$ 1,50. Bound \$ 2,25.
- A New Pocket Dictionary of the English and French Languages. By F. E. Wessely. Twenty-first Stereotype Edition. 16mo. Sewed \$ 1,50. Bound \$ 2,25.
- A New Pocket Dictionary of the English and Italian Languages. By F. E. Wessely. Sixteenth Stereotype Edition, thoroughly revised and re-written by G. Rigolini and G. Payn. 16mo. Sewed \$ 1,50. Bound \$ 2,25.
- A New Pocket Dictionary of the English and Spanish Languages. By F. E. Wessely and A. Gironés. Nineteenth Stereotype Edition, thoroughly revised and entirely re-written by L. Tolhausen and G. Payn. 16mo. Sewed \$ 1,50. Bound \$ 2,25.
- A New Pocket Dictionary of the French and German Languages. By F. E. Wessely. Fifth Stereotype Edition. 16mo. Sewed \$ 1,50. Bound \$ 2,25.
- A New Pocket Dictionary of the Italian and German Languages. By G. Locella. Fourth Stereotype Edition. 16mo. Sewed \$ 1,50. Bound \$ 2,25.
- A New Pocket Dictionary of the Latin and English Languages. Tenth Stereotype Edition. 16mo. Sewed \$ 1,50. Bound \$ 2,25.
- A New Pocket Dictionary of the French and Spanish Languages. By L. Tolhausen. Second Stereotype Edition. 16mo. Sewed \$ 1,50. Bound \$ 2,25.
- Technological Dictionary in the French, English and German Languages by A. and L. Tolhausen. Complete in three Parts. Third Edition. Crown 8vo. Sewed \$ 26,50.
- A Hebrew and Chaldee Lexicon to the Old Testament. By Dr. Julius Fürst. Fifth Edition. Translated from the German by Samuel Davidson. Royal 8vo. Sewed \$ 19,00.

No orders of private purchasers are executed by the publisher.

BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ, LEIPZIG.



July 1895.

Tauchnitz Edition.

Latest Volumes:

(Continued from page 2 of cover.)

The Ralstons.

A New Novel by F. Marion Crawford.
2 vols.

A Victim of Good Luck.

A New Novel by W. E. Norris.
1 vol.

Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush.

By Ian Maclaren.
1 vol.

Highland Cousins.

A New Novel by William Black.
2 vols.

The God in the Car.

A New Novel by Anthony Hope.
1 vol.

The Honour of Savelli.

By S. Levett Yeats.
1 vol.

The Woman who did.

A New Novel by Grant Allen.
1 vol.

(Continued on last page of cover.)

July 1895.

Tauchnitz Edition.

Latest Volumes:

(Continued from page 3 of cover.)

A Question of Colour, etc.

The Newest Stories by F. C. Philips.

1 vol.

Kensington Palace.

A New Novel by Emma Marshall.

1 vol.

A Study in Prejudices.

A New Novel by George Paston.

1 vol.

Tales of Mean Streets.

The Newest Stories by Arthur Morrison.

1 vol.

Colonel Norton.

A New Novel by Florence Montgomery.

2 vols.

The Impregnable City.

A New Novel by Max Pemberton.

1 vol.

The Tauchnitz Edition is to be had of all Booksellers and Railway Libraries on the Continent, price № 1,60. or 2 francs per volume. A complete Catalogue of the Tauchnitz Edition is attached to this work.

July 1895.

Tauchnitz Edition.



The Tauchnitz Edition is to be had of all Booksellers and Railway Libraries on the Continent, price № 1,60. or 2 francs per volume. A complete Catalogue of the Tauchnitz Edition is attached to this work.