

rest to-morrow.

Mr. Stuart was one of Cundall's secretaries, who, when his employer was in town; had sometimes to work night and day to keep pace with his enormous corre-spondence, but who was now disporting himself at Brighton. When Cundall was away it was understood that this gentleman should attend four days a week, two at Grosvesor Place, and two at his agent's in the City, but that on others he should be As, with his usual generosity, Cundall gave him five hundred a year for ing this, his post was a good one.

The valet came down at this moment to take his master's orders, and to say that his bath was ready.

"I shall dine quietly at the club to-night," Mr. Cundall said, "and then, tomorrow, I will make a few calls, and my friends know I have returned. Is

there anything else, West?"
"No. sir. Oh. I beg pardon, sir! I had almost forgot. Lady Chesterton called the day before vesterday to ask when you would be back. When I told her ladyship you were expected, she left a note for you. It's in that bundle you have selected, I think, sir.

Candali looked through the letters until he found the one in question, and, on open-ing it, discovered that it contained an invitation for a ball on that evening. As Lady Chesterton was a hostess whom he liked particular y, he made up his mind that he would look in, if only for an hour. It was as good a way as any of letting people know that he was back in town, and his appearance at her house and at the club would be Quite enough to do so.

It was eight o'clock when he entered the

latter institution, and his arrival was hailed with a chorus of greeting. A man of coloseal wealth is, of course, always welcome amongst his intimates and acquaintances, but, if he is of a reflecting mature, him that he is only appreciated for his posno such enthusiasm on his behalf as is testi-fied to his face. He does not know, perhaps, of all the sneers and jet is that go on about Crossus and Sir Gorgius Midae, but it is to be supposed that he has a very good idea of the manner in which his feilow men regard him. With Walter Cundall it was not thus; men neither scoffed at his wealth nor at him, nor did it ever occur to him to think that he was only liked because of that wealth. There was a charm in his mature, a something in his pleasant words and welcoming smile that would have made him, in any circumstances, facceptable to those with whom he mixed, even though it those with whom he mixed, even though it had not been in his power to confer the greatest benefits upon them. There are many such men as he was, as well as many whom we detest for their moneyed arragance; men whose lawns and parks and horses and yachts we may enjoy, but with whom, if they could not place them at our disposal, we should still be very happy to take a country walk or spend an hour in a humble parlor. humble purior

He was surrounded at once by all kinds of acquaintances, asking questions as to when he had arrived, how he had enjoyed the voyage, what May had been like in the Tropies, what he was going to do in the Ascot week, and a dozen others, some had seen; parts that seemed so strange to her who had never been farther away from the Tyrol or Rome.

laughingly, after having answered all the others. "When my old servant, West, reminded me that it was next week, which I had entirely forgotten-by the bye, what won the Derby ?-I thought of taking a house and having a pleasant lot down, but now I hear that I am wanted at Sir Paul "I can do

"Of course you are !" one very young member said. "Rather ! Why, you know

"They are going to have a jolly party there," an elder one put in; "no one knows how to manage that sort of thing better

Then he turned to the younger man and said, as he drew him aside. "You confounded young idiot ! don't you know that he



"I THINK THRY'RE MOSTLY INVITATIONS." was sweet on Miss Raughton himself, and won't like it when he hears she is engaged to Lord Penlyn? What do you want to make him feel uncomfor able for? He'll hear it quive soon enough."

"I thought he knew it," the other one

muttered. "I imagine not; and I fancy no one but you would want to be the first to tell him." There was undoubtedly this feeling amongst the group be whom Cundail was amongst the group he whom Cundell was surrounded, two one of these men, except the boyish member, but was aware that, before he went abroad six months ago, London society was daily expecting to he or that he and the beautiful Ida Raughton were engaged. Now they understood, with that accuracy of perception which men of the world possess in an extraordinary degree, that her recent engagement to

Lord Penlyn was unknown to him, and they unanimously determined—though without any agreement between them—that they would not be the first to open his eyes. He was so good a fellow that none of them wasted to cause him any min; and that the knowledge that Miss Raughten was now engaged would be painful to him, they were convinced.

Two or three of them made up a table and sat down to dinner, and Condall told them that he was going to Lady Chesterton's later on. But neither here, nor over their coffee afterwards, did any of his friends tell him that he would meet there the girl he was thought to admire, attended in all probability by her future husband, Lord Penlyn.

As, at eleven o'clock, he made his way

up the staircase to greet his hostess, he again met many people whom he knew, and by the time he at last reached Lady Chesterton, it was rapidly being told about the ball room that Walter Candall was back in

tewn again. "I declare you look better then ever," her ladyship said, as she welcomed him.
"Your bronzed and sunburnt face makes all
the other men seemed terribly pale and ghastly. How you must enjoy roaming about the world as you do!"

He answered her with a smile and a remark, that, after all, there was no place like London and that he was getting very tired of rambling, when he turned round and saw Ida Raughton coming towards him on the

arm of Lord Penlyn.

"How do you do, Miss Raughton?" he said, taking her hand and giving one swift look into her eyes. How beautiful she was, he thought; and as he looked he wondered "Well, give them to me. I will open a how he could ever have gone away and left her without speaking of his love. Well, no matter, the parting was over now!

"Hew are you, Penlynt" he said, shaking him cordially by the hand.
"When did you return!" Ida asked.
Until this moment she had no idea that he was back in England.

"I landed at Liverpool late last night, he answered, "and came up to town to-day. Lady Chesterton, hearing of my probable arrival, was kind enough to leave an invitation for me to-night.

Before any more could be said the hand began to play, and Lord Penyla turned round to Cundall and said: "I am engaged for this dance, though it is

only a square one. Will you look after Miss "With pleasure, or until some favored partuer comes to claim her. But," turning to her, "I presume you are also engaged for this dance; 'though it is only a square one.' "
"No," she said, "you know I never dance

"Shall we go round the rooms, then?" he asked, offering her his arm, "It is insuffer-Lady Chesterton, had moved away to

velcome some other guests, and so they



TELL ME THAT YOU WILL BE MY WIFE! Ida looked up at him, she thought how well and strong be seemed, and recalled the many dances they had together. And she wondered if he was glad to be back in Lon-

"How cool and pleasanty the con-servatory looks?" he said, as they pase-ed the entrance to it. "Shall we go in and sit down until you are claimed for the

Ste assented, and they went in and took possession of two chairs that were standing beneath some great palms and cacti. "I should think that after the heat you

have been accustomed to you would feel nothing in England," she said. "In Honduras we are suitably olad," be answered, laughing, "and evening dress suits are not in much request. But I am very glad to be wearing one again, and once

more talking to you."

"Are you?" she said, raising her eyes and looking at him. She recalled how often they had talked together, and how talked together, and how talked together.

"ladead I am ! Do you think I should go to the Tropics for pleasure?'

"I suppose you need not go unless you choose," she said; "surely you can do as

you please I "I can do as I please now," he answered, "I could not hitherte. I will tell you what I mean. Until a month ago the property I I mean. Until a month ago the property I owned in Honduras required my constant attention, and necessituted my visiting the place once at least in every two years. But, of late, this has become irksome to me—I will explain why in a moment—and my last visit was made with a view to disposing last visit was made with a view to disposing of that property. This I have made arrangement for doing, and I shall go no more to that part of the world. New," and his visce became very low, but clear, so he spoke, "shall I tell you why I have broken for ever with Honduras?"

"Yes," she said. "You have told me so often of your effairs that you know I am always interested in them. Tell me."

As she spoke, the band was playing the

As she spoke, the band was playing the introduction to the fast popular walts, and the few couples in the conservatory left for it. A young man to whom Ida was engaged for this dance came in to look for her, but, seeing that she was talking to Walter Cundall, withdrew. It happened that he did not know she was betrothed to Lord Penlyn, but was aware that, last season, every one thought she would soon be engaged to the man she was now with. So he thought he would not disturb them and want unselfably away, being seen by went unsellishly away, being seen by

ard from the ball-room, he said: England and make it my home. Because I want a wife to make that home welcome to me, because I have iong loved one woman and have only waited until my return to tell her so. Ida, you are that woman! I love you better than anything in this world! Tell me that you will be my

For answer she draw herself away from him, pale and trembling visibly, and trying to speak. But no word came from her

"Why do you not answer me, Ida?" he asked. "Have I spokes too soos? But no! that is not possible—you must have seen how dearly I inved you! how I always

"Engaged! be said, rising to his feet.
"Engaged! while I have been away. Oh!
teamnet be, it is impossible! You must

it cannot be, it is impossible? You must have seen, you must have known of my love for you. It cannot be true?"

"It is true, Mr Candali."

"True?" Then he paused a moment and endeavored to recover himself. When he had-done so he said very quietly, but in a deep, hoarse voice: "I congratulate you, Miss Raughton. May I ask who is the fortunate gentleman?"

"I am engaged to Penlyn."

He took a step backward and ejaculated, "Lord Penlyn! Lord—"

Then once more he recovered himself, and said: "Shall I take you bek to the ball-room? Doubtless he is looking for you now."

you now. "I am very sorry for your disappointment," she said, looking up at him with a pale face; his emotion had startled her, "very sorry. I would not wound you for the world. And there are so many other women who will make you happy."
"I wanted no other woman but you," he

CHAPTER III.

Lord Penlyn and his friend and com nanion, Philip Smerdon, had returned from their yachting tour, which had embraced amongst other places Le Vocq, about a fortnight before Walter Cundall arrived in London from Honduras. The trip had only been meant to be a short one to try the powers of the new purchase, the Electra, but it had been postponed by the storm to some days over the time originally intended. Since he had become engaged to Ida Raughton, he naturally hated to be away from her, and, up to the night before he returned to England, had fretted a great deal at his suferced absence from

But the discovery he had made in the But the discovery he had made in the Livie des Etrangers at Le Vocq, had had such an effect upon his thoughts and mind that, when he returned to England, he almost dreaded a meeting with her. He was an honorable, straigh forward man, and, with the exception of being possesse of a somewhat violent and obstinate temper when thwarted in anything he had set his heart upon, had no p-respitale failings. Above all he hated secreey, or secrecy's next-door neighbor, untruth; and it seemed to him that, if not Ida, at least Ina's father, should be told about the discovery he had

"With the result," said Philip Smerdon, who was possessed of a cynical nature, "that Miss Raughton would be shocked at hearing of your father's behaviour, and that Sir Paul would laugh at you."
"I really don't see what there is to laugh

at in my father being a scoundrel, as he most undoubtedly was." "A scoundrel !" Philip cohoed.

"Was he not? We have what is almost undoubted proof that he was living for two summers at that place with some sady who could not have been his wife, and whom he must have cast off previous to marrying my mother. And there was the child for whom the hadlard took me ! He must have deserted that as well as the woman. And, if a man is not a scoundrel who treats his offspring as he must have treated that boy, I don't know the meaning of the word." "As I have said before, it is highly probable that both of them were dead before he married your mother."

"Nonsense! That is a very good way for a povelist to make a man get rid of his encumbrances before settling down to comfortable matrimony, but not very likely to happen in real life. I telt you I am convisced that, somewhere er other, the child, ble to me to think that, while I have inherited everything that the Occleves posearning his living in some poor, if not disgraceful, manner.

"The natural children of noblemen are almost invariably well provided for," Smerdon said quietly; "why should you suppose that your father behaved worse than most

"Because, if the estate had been charged with anything I should have known it. But it was not-not for a farthing."
"He might have handed over to this lady

a large sum down for her and her son, when they parted." "Which is also impossible ! He was only Gervase Ocoleve then, and had nothing but a moderately comfortable allowance from his predecessor, his uncle. He married my mother almost directly after he became

Lord Penlyn. This was but one of half-a-dozen conversations that the young men had held together since their return from France, and Gervase had found comfort in talking the affair over and over again with his friend. Pailip Emerdon stood in the ostion to him of old schoolfellow and playmate, of a Varsity friend, and, later on, of companion and secretary. Had they been brothers they could scarcely have been—would pro-bably not have been—as cless frie..ds as

When they were at Harrow, and afterwards at Christ Church, Oxford, they had been inseparable friends, and, in point of means, entirely on an equality. Philip's father being a reported, and, apparently, enormously wealthy contractor in the North. But one day, without the least warning, without a word from his father or the slightest stopping of his allowance, he learnt, by a telegram in a paper, that his parent had failed for a stupendous sum, and was undenbtedly ruined for ever. The news turned out to be true, and Philip knew that, henceforth, he would have to earn his own living instead

of having a large income to spend.
"Thank God!" he said, in those days, "that I am not quite a fool, and have not altogether wasted my time. There must be plenty of ways in which a Harrow and be plenty of ways in which a Harrow and Oxford man can earn a living, and I mean to try. I have get my degrees, and I supposed I could do something down at the old shop (meaning the old University, and with no disrespect intended), or get pupils, or drift into literature—though they say that means starvation of the body and more ification of the spirit."

"First of all," said Penlyn, who in that time was the commelier, and not as he

time was the conuscilor, and not, as he afterwards became, the counselled, "see a bit of the world, and come along with me to the East. When you come back, you will be still better fitted than you are now

for doing something or other—and you are young enough to spire a year."

"Still, it seems like wasting time—and, what's worst !—it's sponging on you."

"Sponging! Rublish! You don't think! I am going alone, do you? And if you don't come, somebody else will! And you know, oid chap, I'd seemer have you than any one else in the world."

"All right, Jerry," his friend said, "Fill come and look after you."

But when they found themselves in the East, it turned out that the "looking after." Philip. The one was always well, the other always ill. From the time they got to Cairo, it seemed as if every malady that can afflict a man in those districts fell apon

Smerdon. At Thebes he had a horrible low fever, from which he temporarily recovered, but at Constantine he was again so ill, that his friend thought he would never bring him away alive. Nor, but for his own exertions, would be ever have done as, and the mountain city would have been his grave. But Gervane watched by his side day and night, was his nurse and doctor too (for the grave Arab physician did nothing but prescribe cooling drinks for him and herbal medicines), bathed him,

hed him, and at mat brought nam, once a finned him, and at last brought and, essent weak as a child, back to life.

"How am I ever to repay this?" the sick man said, as he set up one evening, gazing out on the Algerian mountains and watching the sau sick behind them. "What can I ever do in acknowledgement of your having saved my life?"

"Get thoroughly well, and then we'll go home as fast as we can. And don't talk bosh about repayment."

"Bosh! Do you call it that? Well, I don't suppose I shall ever be able to do

don't suppose I shall ever be able to do anything in return, but I should like to have the chance. As a rule, I don't talk bosh, I believe, though no one is a judge of themselves. Do give me another drink of that lemon-water, Jerry, the thirst is com-

ing on again."
"Which comes of talking nonsense, so shut up f' his friend answered, as he handed him the drink.

"It does seem hard, though, that instend of my being your companion as I
came out to be, you should have to al-

"New look here, Phil, my friend," Gervass said, "if you don't leave off talking, I'll call the doctor." This threat was effective had a said and tual, far the native physician had such un-pleasant personal peculiarities that Philip nearly went mad whenever he entered the

Four years have passed since that excursion to the East and the time when Gervase Occleve is the affianced husband of Ida Raughton, but the friendship of these two has only grown more firm. On their return to England, Lord Pen yn offered his friend the post of his secretary combined with stoward, which at that moment was vacant by the death of the previous holder. "But



"DO GIVE ME ANOTHER DRINK OF THAT LEMON-WATER, JERRY."

npanion as well," he said laughingly, " am not going to have you buried anve at Occleve Chase when I want your society in London, nor vica verse, so you had better find a subordinate."

Smerdon took the post, and no one could say with any truth that his friendship for Lord Penlyn stood in the way of his doing his duty to him as his secretary. He made himself thorough master of everything con-corning his friend's property—of his tenants and his servants, he knew to a head the cattle beionging to him, and what timber might be marked annualy, and regulated not only his country estate but also his town house. And, that his friend should not lose the companionship which he evidently prized so dearly, he thought nothing of traveling half the night from Oocleve Chase to London, and of appearing fresh and bright at the breakfast table. For, so deep y had Penlyn's goodness to him in all things sunk into his heart, that he never thought he had done enough to show his grantude.

Of course in society it was known that, also, and no doors were shut to the one that were open to the o her, or would have been that had Philip chosen. But he cared little for fashionable doings, and refused to accompany his friend to many of the ballsand dinners to which he went,

"Leave me alone in peace to read and amoke." he would say, "and go out and enjoy yourself. I shall be just as happy as you are." And when he learned that Ida Raughton had consented to be Lord Penlya's wife he was sincerely glad to hear it. "A man in your position wants a wif.," he said, "and you have found a good one in her, I am sure. You will be as happy as I could wish you, and that is saying a good

They had been busy this morning—the noming after Lady Chesterton's ball—in going over their accounts, and in making arrangements for their visit, in the forthcoming Ascot week, to St. Paul's villa, mear the Royal course. Then, while they had paused for a few moments to indulge in a signrette, the conversation had again turned upon that discovery at Le

Vocq.
'I tell you what I do mean to do," Penlyn said, "I mean to go and see Bell. Although he could have known nothing of what was going on thirty years ago, he may have heard his father say something on the subject. They have been our solicitors for

"It is only letting another person into the story, as he probably knows mothing about it," Philip said, "I wouldn't ge, if I "I will, though," Penlyn answered; and

Mr. Bell was a solicitor of the modern type that is an vastly different from the old one. Thirty years ago, when our fathers went to consult the family lawyer, they saw either an elderly gentleman with a shaved apper lip and decorous mutton-shop whiskers, or a young man, also with his lip shaved, and clad in a soloma suit of black. But all that is passed and Mr. Bell was an excellent apecimen of and Mr. Bell was an excellent apecimen of the soliciter of to day. He were a mently waxed menstacks, had a magnificent gardenia in his well-cut morning coak, and received Lord Penlyn in a handsomely furnished room that might almost have passed for the library of a gentleman of tatts. And, had his client been a few years older, they would probably have known each other well at Oxford, for Mr. Bell himself had been a John's man, and had been well known at the debating rooms.

He listened to his client's story, smiling faintly once or twice, at whatseemed to his worldly mind, too much remorae for his

worldly mind, too much remorse for his father's sin on the part of Lord Poulyn, then he said,"

"I never even knew your father, but I should think the whold affair a simple one, and an ordinary version of the old story."
"What old story?"

"The story of a person of position—
Forgive me, Lord Penlyn, we are men of
the world," (he said "we," though he considered his client as the very reverse of "a
man of the world"), "and can speak plain by; the story of a person of position taking up with some person who was his inferior and flattered by his attentions, amusing thinself with her till he grow tired, and then

"To starve with her-with his off-"I should imagine not !" Mr. Bell said with an airy cynicism that made him appear hateful to his young client. "No, I smould imagine not! The ladies who attack themselves to men of your father's position generally know how to take very good cure of themselves. You may depend that this one was either provided for before she agreed to throw her lot with him, or afterwards." Iterwards."
The lawyer's opinion was the same as Philip's, and they both seemed to look upon the affair as a much less agricus one than it



HE LISTENED TO HIS CLIENT'S STORY. appeared to him? Were they right, and was he making too much out of this peoca-dillo of his father's?

"And you can tell me nothing further ?" "What can I tell you?" the lawyer said.
"I never saw the late Lord Penlyn, and carcely ever heard my father meation him. If you like I will have all the papers relative to him gone through; but it is thirty years ago ! If the lady is alive and had wanted anything, she would surely have turned up by now. And I may say the same of the son." "He may not even know the claim he

"Claim't my lord, what claim? He has no claim on you."
"Has he not ? Has he not the claim of

brotherhood, the claim that my father de-served his mother? I tell you, Mr. Boll, that if I could find that man I would make him the greatest restitution in my power."
The lawyer looked upon Lord Penlyn, when he heard these words, as a Quixotic roung idiot, but of course be did not say so. It occurred to him that, in all proba-bility, his father had had more than one affair of this kind, and he wondered grimly what his remantic young client would say if he heard, by chance, of any more of them. But he did promise to go through all the papers in his possession relating to the late lord, and to see shout this particu-lar case. "Though I warn you," he said, that I am not likely to find anything that can throw any light upon an affair of se long ago. And, as a lawyer, I must say that it is not well that such a dead and

"I would dig it up," Lord Penlyn answered, "for he sake of justice." Then he went away, leaving the lawyer's mind wavering netween contempt and ad-

gone business should ever be dug up again.

"He must be a good young fellow at hear; though," Mr. Bell said to himself; "but the world will spoil him."

Two nights afterwards Peulyn received a letter from him, saying that there was not the slightest trace in any of the Ocoleve papers in his possession of the persons about whom they had spoken. Moreover, Mr. Bell said he had gone through a great many of the accounts of the ate Lord Penlyn, and of his unde and predecessor, but n no ouse could be find any evidence of the Hon. Gervase having ever exceeded his income, or, when he succeeded to the promoney for an unknown purpose. "And," he concluded. "I should advise your ledship to banish the whole affair for ever from your mind. If sour father really had the intimacy imagined by you with that lady, time has removed all signs of it; and, tain any information about it."

CHAPTER IV.

Two people west away from Lady Chesterton's ball with anything but happiness at their hearts—Ida Raughton and Walter Condail. The feelings with which the for-mer had heard the latter's declaration of leve had been of a very mixed nature; pity and sympathy for him being combined with an idea that she had not altogether been loyal to the man to whom she was new pledged. She was able to tail herself, as she sat in her dressing-room after her maid had left her, that she had, after all, become engaged to the man whom she really loved; but she had also to acknowledge that, for that other one, her compassion was very great, She had never leved him, nor did she until this night believe the rumors of society that reached her ears, to the effect that he loved her; but she had liked him very much and his society had always been agreeable to her. His conversation, his stories of a varied life in other lands, had had a charm for her that the invertebrate gossip of an ordinary London salon could never posses; but there her liking for him had stopped. And, for she was always frank even to herself, she acknowledged that he was a man whom she regarded with some kind of awe; a man whose knowledge anne kind of awe; a man whose knowledge of the world was as such above hers as his wealth was above her father's wealth. She remembered, that when any question had ever perplexed her, any question of politics, science, or art, to which she could find no answer, he would instantly solve the knotty subject for her, and throw a light upon it that had never come to her mind. Was, she reflected, he was so much above that also did not think in any circum. ber that she dad not think, in any circum-Stances, love could have come into her heart

tense sympathy. She could not forget, at most not so soon after the occurrence, has carnest appeal to her to speak, his certain-ty that she knew of his love, and then the Seep misery apparent in his voice when he forced himself into restraint, and could ferred himself into restraint, and could aren so so far as to congratulate her. Her knowledge of the world was small, but she thinght that from his tone thin must have been almost the first, as she was sure it was the greatest, disappointment he had ever had. "He wanted to have a wife to make his home welcome to him," he had said, "and she was the woman whom he wanted for that wife." Surely, she reflected, he was antitled to her pity, though she could not give him her love. And then she wondered what she ought to do with regard to dered what she ought to do with regard to telling her father and her future husband. She did not quite know, but she thought she would tell her husband first, and then, if he considered it right that Gervase should know; he should also be told. Perhaps he, too, would feel inclined to pity Mr. Candall.

As for him, he hardly knew what to do on that night. He walked back to his house in Growvenor Place (he was too uncasy to sit in his carriage) and, letting

himself in, went to his litrary, where he passed some hours pacing up and down it. Once he muttered a quotation from the Old Testament, and once he flung himself into a chair and buried his head in his hands, and chair and buried his head in his hands, and wept as strong men only weep in their darkest hour. Afterwaris, when he was calmer, he went to a large ceritoire, and, unlocking it, took out a bundle of papers and read them. They were a collection of several old letters, a tress of hair in an envelope, which he kissed softly, and two alips of paper which he seemed to read particularly carefully. Then he put them away and said to himself: "It must be done, there is no help for it. My happiness is gone forever, and, God knows, I would not wreak the happiness of others! but, is this case, my sin would be beyond recall if I hesitated." And, again, after a pause, he said to himself: "It must be done." What is

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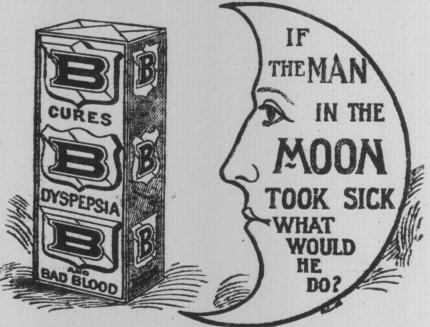
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> A certain doctor of this town who was called to see a patient, after examining her carefully said to the mother, "Well, Mis-us, I don't know much about this disease, but you just throw ner into fits, and I'm death on fits." Now, we claim no relationship whitever to that doctor, but we would say that we would like every person who happens to be troubled with weakness of any kind, filling fits, epilepsy, etc, to try a bottle of HIGINBOTHAM'S EPILEPSY CURE, and if you come back and say it did not help you your money will be cheerfully refunded.

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