"I-don't know," she said. He assumed a wounded expression.

"Why should you wrong me by such a doubt, Lady Florence ?" he murmured, reproachfully. "Have I not tried to prove myself his friend-and yours?" She shuddered again.

"Oh, yes!" she said, with barely suppressed impatience-"I suppose so." "Suppose!" he echoed, with raised brows.

"When can I see him-how soon?" she demanded, restlessly.

He seemed to consider for a moment. "In a day or two," he said. "We must not try him too much at first, and of course your presence would excite him." "I-I will not see him until it is safe for him," she said, biting her lip. "Tell him-no, I will write to him. I may do | sir."

"Certainly," he answered. "He will be delighted with a letter from you. Your name has been on his lips day and night, Lady Florence."

Vane had scarcely mentioned her name. The color came into her pale face, and she turned her head away. "It is only the thought of his approaching marriage which has given him the necessary spirit to pull round,"

he said. softly. "That-that cannot be for some time," she murmured; but there was a touch

of hope in her low voice. "Forgive me if I venture to suggest that it should be as soon as possible,' he said. "He needs a loving and watchful care-such care as only a wife can give. But there; we need not talk of him as if he were a confirmed invalid. in Cornwall, he knew nothing of his Vane will soon be the old Vane again, and then-"

He paused significantly and left her. "You must get well as soon as you can, my dear fellow," he said to Vane, half an hour later; "you've got a big business in hand, you know."

Vane looked at him with listless interrogation. "Big business?"

"Yes. You don't call matrimony a small one, do you ?" said Senley Tyers, lightly.

Vane's face flushed, and he looked down; and, though he made no response, Senley Tyers' speech had its effect, and almost the first words Vane said when Lady Florence and he met were:

"When is our wedding to be, Florence ?"

"It shall be when you please, Vane," she answered, her hand trembling in his, her eyes cast down for a moment, then raised with a passionate devotion in

"Then I'll take the usual invalid's advantage and say 'Soon,' he said, lifting her hand to his lips. But for this wretched illness we should have been man and wife before this. you'll promise to take me-what remains of me, that is"-and he glanced down at his thin hands with a laugh-"next month-say the end of February-I shall have something to get well for. I'll talk about it to your father when he comes this afternoon, if you'll say 'Yes.' "

A glad light brightened her face, and she let her head fall lightly upon his shoulder and drew his arm round her neck.

"I would marry you to-morrow if you'd promise to get well by that time," she said, with a faint laugh. Lord Warlock, when he came, readily assented to the date proposed.

"Get it over and done with." he said. "It's a nuisance whenever and wherever it takes place. Why on earth people can't be married without the fuss

that's always made-" "But there is to be no fuss." said "Florence particularly wishes

that it shall be a quiet wedding." "So she tells me; but I've pointed out to her if she wants a sensible, quiet

wedding, you must get married in the country. You'd have half the fools in London coming to gape at you if it took place at St. George's or the Savoy. Look here, why not go down to the Grange and get married from there? You could stay at the inn-it's a decent place-for a night or two."

"The Grange?" said Vane. "Yes; that place of mine in Cornwall. I haven't been there for years : but it's pretty and all that, and it could be got ready in a few days."

"Very well," said Vane. "It must be all as Florence pleases."

"Just so." Lord Warlock said with a grin. "That's only fair, seeing it's the last time she will have her own way. Very well. We'll go down there in the middle of February and get things ready. Meanwhile, you can go down south and pick yourself up. By George, you look more like a living skeleton or a sick girl than anything else just at present," he added, with his usual can-

"Oh, I shall be all right in a day or two," he said, indifferently.

Senley Tyers, coming in to visit his friend soon after the earl's departure, was told of the arrangements, and asked to play the part of the best man; but to Vane's surprise he smilingly re-

"I shall have to get you to excuse r my dear Vane," he said. "It is a part I ald play most vilely. I hate wedings, and-well, you see, it wouldn't lo. You'll have to ask one of your swell relations to show up on that occasion. How did you come to forget that? You ust, you know; noblesse oblige; the shionable world would howl if you

all of you, have it your own way with me. But I suppose you'll condescend to be present ?"

Senley Tyers shrugged his shoulders. "I won't promise even that," he said.
"It's not unlikely; we shall see. Look
here, your train goes at ten o'clock tonorrow. I've got the ticket. You go and lie in the sun in Nice for a few weeks; that's all you want now." So, while Lady Florence was hard at work in that labor of joy-buying the trousseau-the bridegroom that was lounging at the Riviera. It is a wonderful place to recover one's health and spirits, and when, two days before the redding, he drove to the inn at Runnacleare, as the village nearest to the Grange was called, he looked almost like the Vane of old. But not quite, for, notwithstanding that the strength had come back to his stalwart frame, and the sun had restored the color to his handsome face, there was still a look in the eyes and about the lips which had been absent in those of the lighthearted, devil-may-care Vane Tempest

who rode to the Witches' Caldron to meet Nora Trevanion. He reached the inn too late to go to the Grange, but a groom who had been waiting Vane's arrival carried a note announcing it and promising that he would come over on the morrow; and, tired with the journey, he went straight

When he got down in the morning and stood at the inn door, looking thoughtfully at the sunlit scene and inhaling the sweet spring air, the landlord approached him with the smile of respectful greeting which was due to the gentleman who was going to marry the daughter of the great Earl Warlock, and who was himself a connection of another equally great earl.

"A beautiful morning, sir," he said. Vane nodded, and looked up absently at the sky. "You know that a gentleman, a Mr.

Harold Tempest, is coming to-day ?" he said. This was a distant cousin who had

been engaged for best man. The landlord bowed. "Yes, sir. His lordship, the earl, told me to expect him. Everything is ready.

"Very good," said Vane. "Can you let me have a horse to ride over to the Grange? How far is it, by the way?" "Near upon four miles, sir," replied the man. "Oh, yes, sir, I've a very good horse, and I think it will be fine,

your honor. "It looks bright enough," said Vane, preparing to go into his breakfast. "Yes, sir; it's too clear over the Witches' Caldron for rain."

Vane started and stood still. "What-what place did you say?" he asked, his back to the obsequious land-

"The Witches' Caldron, your honor." Vane turned slowly, his lips compressed, a shadow on his face. Beyond the fact that the Grange was near Runnacleare, and, like the Witches' Caldron,

"How near is it?" he asked. "A matter of ten miles, your honor," replied the landlord. "It's a main pretty place, but wild like. It's close to the sea. You can a'most see it from your window, your honor."

whereabouts.

Vane stood silent and motionless. "In which direction does it lie?" asked, after a long pause The landlord pointed to the east.

"Right in a line with my forefinger," he said. "There's the Grange, as you night, say, inland to the left; and there's the Witches' Caldron on the coast, a bit to the right. It isn't a sight out of your honor's way, if so be as your honor wasn't pressed for time and 'ud care to ee one of the roughest spots we've got." Vane shook his head.

"No; I have no time," he said. He went in and tried to eat his breakfast but failed. Something seemed to be drawing him to the place at which the misery of his life had commenced. He went out and ordered the horse round, leaped into the saddle, and rode in the direction of the Grange, as if fearful that if he hesitated or slackened rein he should yield to the temptation that beset him to gallop straight for the Cal-

It was the day before his marriage with one of the lovliest of the wealthiest women in England. All his thoughts ought to be of her, and yetand yet. He pulled up and looked around. In his absence of mind, his mental agitation, he had lost the thread of the direction to the Grange which the landlord had most carefully given him. He looked from side to side, then rode on again slowly, hoping to come

upon a fingerpost. But the country got wilder, the road ugher. He had lost his way, just as he had done months ago near this very place. There was nothing for it but to ride on and trust to chance, and he let the horse go again.

Suddenly he came upon a bend in the road, and he knew that it was the road upon which he had ridden the day he left the Caldron to continue his journey

to Vale Hall. His heart leaped, his face grew pale, as every incident of that morning flashed back upon his memory; and with the impulse now grown irresistible he rode on in the direction of the Caldron. As he approached the hut a horse whinnied. But, though he pulled up and looked carefully round, he could see no one. Tying his horse up, as Nora had done, but in another place, he descended to the hut. The desolation struck him as it had done her, and with an aching heart he was turning away, when it occurred to him that he would like to see the beach where they had embarked for their sail, and for which they had made when pursued by the revenue men. He ran down quickly. The clatter of the stones set rolling was echoed by the rocks, and as if startled by the noise of his footsteps a lady in a ridinghabit rose from the beach just in front

a glance at her he raised his hat, and was about to turn and make his way back, when he heard a low, stifled cry and his name.

He turned with an answering cry: "Nora!"

And so they stood and gazed with distended eyes and white faces, as if both thought they must be dreaming.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

They stood for a while gazing at each motionless, almost breathless oming of the waves on the rocks and the shrill cry of the gulls were the ounds that broke the silence more ant than a torrent of words. Then Vane strode toward her, hands exended, and in a low voice, scarcely aud-

shionable world would howl if you she did not offer to take the outstretched arms, but stood grasping the skirt of her habit and her whip, her while the still fixed on him as if she still stil

doubted the reality of his presence.
"Yes," she answered, in a low voice that sounded harsh and strained, "it is

He looked at her with an expres of anxiety. A fear lest the vision should melt into thin air, and she should again escape him, mingled with his almost overwhelming joy at her presence, and he drew near to her slewly, hesitating.

"How-how did you come here?" he asked, breathlessly. "How is it that I find you here alone? Where have you

He put his hand to his head, as if half stunned by the suddenness of his "Hiding ?" She echoed the word with

faint wonder, and her lips trembled. "Yes," he exclaimed, "You knowyou must know-that I have been

searching for you all these weary

"You have been searching for me?"

Her brows grew straight with be-

months

wilderment, her hand gripped the skirt of her habit. "You know-you know that I have ! he repeated, with painful agitation, "Oli, Vora, Nora! how could you be so heartless? How could you leave me without a word of explanation? When we part ed that night- " He looked at her with deep reproach. "Have you forgotten

She uttered a faint cry, and, shrinking from his vehemence, sank on to the rcck on which she had been sitting when he descended to the beach.

me, how you had promised to be my

"You promised to be my wife. You deceived me- Yes I know-I understand," he went on hurriedly, for she had opened her trembling lips as if to speak. "I know why you made that romise; I can understand that the excitement of the moment and-and my urging you compelled you to say what was not true. I know all that now: but why did you leave me without a word? Was it kind-was it, Nora? I thought I knew you. I would not have left you like that." She gazed at him as he stood before her, her face as white as his own, his eyes seeking hers. with a commingling of reproach and infinite tenderness. "If you had waited till the morning and told me that-that -the reason why you could not marry me, do you think I would have held you to your promise-that I would not have released you? You knew-you must have known-how dearly I loved

She spoke at last. "You-you loved me ?"

He stared at her. "You know I loved you-I told you so! Do you think I-I lied to you? Do you think I was trying to deceive you? Oh, Nora, Nora! you have been very

cruel to me, my girl." "Cruel to you?" She echoed the words as if she failed

to grasp their meaning. "Yes," he said, with deep emphasis-"most cruel! Why did you not trust me ? You trusted-you confided in Senley Tyers. Why did you not tell me what you told him? Did you think I should be so mean as to force you to marry me-that I wouldn't have been your friend still? God forgive you. Nora! I don't think that you can even guess the misery you have caused me. She looked at him as if painfully trying to follow and understand him. "For months I have been searching for you. Day and night, with scarcely any rest, I have been looking for you. For months never lay down to sleep but I saw you lying dead or-" He shuddered. "But you know-you must know how, loving you as I did, I must have suffered." He drew his hand across his brow. "But that's all over," he said, looking at her. You-you are well, happy? I-I am glad of that. Will you tell me-you won't refuse to tell me-where you have been hiding-how you managed to keep out of the way? Where! where have

not looked for you, Nora ?" She leaned her head on her hand, as if too confused and bewildered to grasp his meaning for a moment or two, then

she looked up at him. "You did not know where I was at first, but-but later you did.' "No!" he exclaimed, vehemently 'Not from the time you ran away from ne until this moment have I ever heard

where you have been. I do not know She half rose, then sank down again as if too agitated to stand.

"You knew I was at Vale Hall," she said, in a low voice of reproach, as it struck him. "You-at Vale Hall? No! Why-why

should you be there? How should I know it ?" "They wrote, they told you-they must ave told you," she said.

He stared at her. "They-who? I don't understand. What does this mean? You at Vale Hall? Why did you go there? It is the last place, the very last place in the whole world I should have thought of looking for you. She trembled and uttered a low moan

of bewilderment. "You knew that-that I am its mistres," she faltered, her eyes on his; "that—that they found I was Reuben Vale's daughter.' He said not a word, but signed to

her to go on. "They-the lawyers-wrote and told you that they had found me; that it was I who had stepped in between you and the estates and the wretched

"Merciful Heaven!" he breathed. 'Nora, I never read those papers!" She started and held her breath. "I knew that my uncle's daughter

had been found, that all had been left to her; but I took no interest in her. I never read the papers or saw your name—the name of Nora Trevanion. I yielded her caim, not knowing or caring who she was or anything about her history. Do you know why? It was because my heart was too full of misery for the loss of you for me to care about anything else.'

She trembled, and pressed her hand against the wet rock to steady herself. She was a woman, and could not be deceived. There was love, passionate love, in his voice, in his eyes.

"You never knew?" she faltered.
"Never!" he said. "I did not guess— He stopped and uttered an exclamation, as the portrait in the lumber room, the strange manner in which Mrs. Trevanion had spoken to him of Reuben Vale, rose in his memory. "I see it all now! I remember the portrait—it was your

He paced up and down the beach, his upon his breast, trying to unravel ingled skein; then he stopped in t why did you not, you you

papers they sent you, and—and that you id not want to see me, did not want He stared down at her, then broke

nto a wild laugh. "Not care to come, Nora! Look me in the face and say that. Not care to come, when I had been searching for ou day and night, when I would have given the whole world to have seen you, f only for a moment, long enough to earn from your own lips that you were safe and happy."

He drew nearer to her, and resting one foot on the rock, bent over her. "Nora, I would have come to you if you had been at the other end of the world, if I had had to go through fire and water to reach you! You know why ?"

She could not help the "Why?" that rose to her lips

"Why ?" He laughed again. "Because I loved you, because I should have come to you with the hope of winning you: love. Yes, if you had sent to me-even if you had not-I should have come to you and-I would have made you love

throbbed and shook him he forgot every thing-forgot that his bride of the morrow was even now awaiting him. She put her hands up to her eyes with a faint cry, almost a moan, and yet a moan not wholly of sorrow. There was another sound in it that went

In the tempest of love's passion that

that night-how happy you had made straight to his heart. "Nora," he said, and let his hand fall on her arm, "Is there more mystery, more confusion and misunderstanding Take your hands away from your eyes, that I may see them and read the

truth.

He drew her hands away from her face and looked straight into her eyes. "Nora-oh, my darling! what shall I say? How can I show you how dearly I love you-how badly I want you? Why did you deceive me that night at Luib? Why did you pretend that you loved me, when all the while you were anxious to escape from me-when you preferred to face the world alone rather than marry me?"

The tears began to well into her eyes her hands writhed together. Why did you do it ? Did you hate me so much, dislike me so much, that you

could not bring yourself to marry me? "No! no! no! The words seemed to force themselves through her lips and against her will "No ?" he echoed, his hand tightening

"Oh, no, no ! You know !" she moaned. "Oh, Vane, Vane! you are cruel-cruel! You know that I loved you, that I loved you too well to let you ruin yourself by marrying such a one as I was!" He doubted the evidence of his ears

and eyes, for, indeed, her face was as eloquent of the truth as her few broken words. "Nora!" he exclaimed, breathing

hard. "I loved you," she whispered, simply humbly, "and I would not let you share my disgrace,-for I had disgaced myself. Everybody would have shrunk from you as well as me, if you had married me. I was not fit to be your wife after-after what I had done. I was a

He caught her in his arms and drew ber up to his breast. "Nora, what is it you are saying you were not fit- Oh! my sweet, innocent child, you not fit to marry me!"

He laughed, and held her at arm'slength, devouring her face with his hungry eyes. "Why, how did such wild. nonsense get into your head? How could Panting, she rested in his arms, her face upturned to him with a strange look in her lovely eyes, a look of one who wanders blindly out of the dark-

ness of a great sorrow into the dazzing light of a greater joy. He kissed her, kissed her lips, her hair, the wonderful eyes. "My love !" he murmured "is it only

a dream? Can it be true that you and I are together again. Nora? That-that you love me, actually loved me that night-"

There was silence for a spell. Then blushing, she drew away from him and sank on to the rock again, and he flung himself at her feet and held her tightly, as if he still feared that she might van-

"Now-now tell me all, everything," he said. "Wait. Just say once more, 'I love you, Vane,' that I may get a firm grip of it. You see, I am not sure that she laughed and laid her cheek against I haven't gone mad, and that it isn't all a delusion.

She looked down at him, with love radiating from her whole face. "I-love-you, Vane," she murmured.

dutifully. "And now, to begin with," he urged, 'try and imagine how impatient I am to hear your story. Don't forget any thing. And you are Reuben Vale's daughter? Why, we are a srot of cousins," he laughed. "And you live at Vale Hall? I know Vale Hall, you know. You remember I was going there. And who was Mrs. Trevanion?" "My mother's sister," she said.

"Yes, yes, I see. And Reuben Vale did not know who you were, of course. But you'll have to tell me all about that later on. What I want to know is, where you fied to that night, and-andoh, Nora, if you could guess what I've gone through ! But never mind. That's all over and past. I've got you again, and I'll take care I don't lose you." and he drew her down to him and held her tightly for a moment. "Now, then, where did you go that night ?"

"Not far," she said. "Only to Kil-He stared at her. "But you said you were going to Lon-

She looked bewildered and shook her head. "Never mind. I expect you scarcely knew what you were saying that night, my poor darling. To Killin! Oh, if I had only known, guessed that !" and he drew a long breath.

don?

"To Killin, or near there," she said. "And there I found some good, kind people—a father and daughter. The kindest, sweetest, dearest girl—but you shall see her. She is at the Hall now. We are like sisters. Vane ; and you must love her for my sake.'

"Trust me," he said. "And that is what you meant when you wrote me you were well and happy? But why cidn't you write before. Oh, dearest, if you had but written the day—two days—after you met with these people, and told me you were safe, how much less I should have suffered! But never nind, never mind. What is their

Her face had grown pale again, and roubled with doubt and perplexity. 'I-I wrote ? I did not write !" she ,

ten it, Nora 2" He

my dear child, I have the note, precious little note, in my pocket at this moment. I say precious, though it hurt as well as comforted me, for it was hard to be told that you could be hiding from

me and yet-happy." "You-you have the note?" she said, her dark brows straight. "Show it to

He drew out his pocket-book and took out the letter. "There it is, dearest. And, I say, how

nicely you write. I couldn't write such a good fist to save my life." She took the paper in her hand and gazed at it as if she could not believe her eyes, then she turned her face to him with a troubled frown. "I did not write this," she said.

CHAPTER XXXVII. "You did not write this ?" repeated

Vane, looking at her in astonis She shook her head, with a puzzled frown on her face. "No; where did you get it from?" "From Sen," he replied. "He has been

the best, the kindest friend a man ever had. It's true that he made an awful mistake in thinking that-that you didn't care for me." "He told you that ?" in a low voice. "Yes," he said. "He was wrong; I

know that now; but I believed him. And yet, somehow, whenever I remembered the look in your face when I told you that I loved you, I doubted his judgment. Yes, he was wrong, but ne meant it for the best. He kept your letter from me for some time. You see, I was half mazed by your loss."

Her eyes beamed a wealth of love and pity upon him. "And you say you did not write it? Why-why," he laughed, "you must have written it and forgotten it !"

"Do you think so," she said. "But I did not write it, all the same. He looked at her, amazed. "But-but how-how did Sen come by

It ?" he demanded. She handed him the note without glancing at it again. "Give me a piece of paper and a pencil," she said, very quietly. He tore a leaf out of his pocket-book

and hand it, with a pencil to her. She wrote a few lines, in sense as nearly like those of the note as possible, and gave the paper to him. "Compare them," she said, simply.

Vane stared. The writing of the notes was quite dissimilar, palpably so. "You see ?" she said. Vane looked from the notes to her and back again. He was not so quick, mentally, as Nora, and could not jump

to a conclusion, a conviction, as she had already done. "Then-then this"-he said, touching Senley Tyers' pretty fabrication-"this is false, and-and-'

"And a forgery," she finished. Vane turned pale and looked straight before him. Forgery is an ugly word, especially when it is used to describe the act of a friend.

"But why-why should he do it ?" Nora's breath came fast. "Why did he tell you that I-I did not love you?" she asked. "Why did he tell you that I had gone to Londonif it was he who told you-for he wanted, directed me to go to Canada."

Vane started. "Why has he come between us from Do you know what you are saying? You the beginning? Why did he tell me -you-loved me-loved me all the time! that in playing the part of Ernest Morti-And it was because you thought that | mer I had brought shame and disgrace on myself and you ?" "He—Sen—told you this ?" said Vane,

hoarsely Nora laid her hand gently on his arm. "Yes. I cannot keep it from you, Vane; not now. Senley Tyers-your friend-has done all this. The question is: why? He did not want you to marry me: but whom did he want you to

At the question back came the remembrance of Lady Florence and the wed-Great heavens! his wedding. He started to his feet, white as death, an expression of horror and despair in his

Nora uttered a faint cry of alarm. "What is it, Vane? Oh, what is it?" "Florence!" he breathed, hoarsely. scarcely knowing that he was audible "Florence?" she repeated. "Lady Florence? Oh. it was she, perhaps, whom he wanted you to marry"—she laughed, but faintly-"but it does not matternot now. Don't look so-so horrified. Don't be angry, Vane. He has not separated us, after all. You are not married to Lady Florence, are you ?" and

his sleeve. Vane shook like a leaf. Not even yet did he see clearly; but this at least was plain: that Senley Tyers-Senley Tyers, his friend !-had plotted to separate him from Nora, and schemed to

marry him to Lady Florence Heaven! it was incredible! It was too constrous to be possible. And yet, the forged note, the lies he had told respecting Nora's feeling towards him, Vane. All lies, lies! His brain whirled, his heart burned with the agony of a fierce rage, and Nora's last words drove him mad. All unconscious that he was speaking aloud, he groaned out :

"And we are to be married to-mor Nora shrunk back and looked up at him, as with white, distorted face he gazed into vacancy, then she rose and

drew away. Vane! To whom? Ah!"—she uttered a low cry and drew back still further-"to Lady Florence!"

"Hear me, Nora! Don't speak; don't shrink from me. It is true—it was true -but it shall not be. I will not marry her. It is you I love and will marry, Senley Tyers do this ? Sen-" He clasp ed his brow, then struck his clinched hand on the rock, tearing the skin from his knuckles and covering them with blood. "He must be a devil of treachery and falsehood. Oh! it can't be true! Speak to me, Nora. Have I gone mad? Why do you look at me as if you had ceased to care for me? She put up her hand as he made a step

toward her. "Don't-don't touch me !" she said. hoarsely. "You have no right! You are Lady Florence's, not-not mine. Go to her—go!"
Almost beside himself, Vane caught

her arm.

"I will not !" she said, passionately. "You tell me that you are going to marry her. Why should I listen to you? Let me go. You never loved me! How uld you have loved me and—and loved her, too ? Let me go !" She wrenched her arm from his grass

a sprang from him. Vane sank on to rock and covered his face with his hands. Rage, disappointed love, tore at him in different directions, and left him well-night distracted.
He rose and appealed to her with outstretched hands.

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