

It all flashed upon Constance's mind in a moment. She sunk upon the chair and hid her face in her hands.

He was by her side in a moment. "Constance," he murmured, "forgive me. I wanted to keep you near me. I wanted to spare you the bitter disappointment which comes to all those who, like you, think they can find work in this hard world. Forgive me; it is all past now; there is no more drudgery for you, dearest; nothing but peace and happiness." He sank on his knee and got hold of her hand as he spoke. "Constance, say the word; be my wife-" She had torn her hand from his grasp

and had sprung to her feet in an in-"Never," she panted. "Not if the word would save me from starving. Your wife! I would rather beg-or die. Oh, why did you come? You love me, and deceive me so cruelly ? You do not know what love means. Please go! Go this

She stood clutching the curtain with one hand and pointing with the other to the door.

He had risen, and, white to the lips, regarded her fixedly.

"Is that your last word ?" he said, almost inaudibly She raised her hand and again pointed

to the door. "Heartless!" he exclaimed, hoarsely, his face set and rigid. "Do not be afraid "-she had moved toward the bell -"I am going. I leave you to discover and realize the mistake you have made. Perhaps-who knows ?- the time may come when you will admit it-yes, even to me." His manner changed swiftly. 'I will wait till then. I ought to hate you "-he paused, as if his emotion mastered him for the moment--" but I can not. As surely as there is a heaven a-

be glad-ves, glad to listen to me." For a full minute he stood looking at her his face eloquent with the storm of passion that raged within him: then he took his hat and slowly left the room.

CHAPTER XV.

With a low cry of relief Constance sunk to the ground, and rested her head upon her arms outstretched upon the sofa. She was physically and mentally exhausted. Then suddenly she rose, and seizing the papers, tore them into fragments and flung them into the fire-place. And as she did so the act seemed to bring home to her the full sense of her helplessness.

Alone and unprotected, how could she escape the further persecution of this man whose love proved as relentless as hate? She knew him too well now not to be aware that he would not leave her in peace. He had set detectives on her track: he would continue to watch her every movement. A life led with the ever-present consciousness that she was being perpetually spied upon and dogged would be intolerable. What should she do to escape him?

The room seemed to spin round and become stiffing. Panting and trembling. she hurried on her hat and jacket and went down the stairs and into the street. For a little while she stood gasping as if for air. Rawson Fenton, with his determined face, rose before her, and his hoarse, persistent voice rang in her ears. Even now he might be coming back to urge some fresh argument, to utter some new threat. "The time will come when you will be glad to listen to me," he had said, and as if he had spoken the words of prophecy, she shuddered.

She felt as if he were weaving a net round her, in which sooner or later she would be fast bound and at his mercy. Where could she go? Where could she find refuge from him?

In this terrible condition of mind, which not only the scene she had gone through but her hard and unaccustom ed toil of the last week was answerable for, she started off walking, not knowing or caring the direction she was tak-

Her whole desire was to get far away from the solitary room which his presence had made unendurable; and the cool air, the crowded streets, seemed a paradise of rest and quiet as, with her veil drawn over her face, she hurried on

her purposeless way. Constance was in terrible straits. The scene with Rawson Fenton had unnerved her, and the London streets, through which she walked with hurried and purposeless steps, only impressed her more deeply with a sense of her helplessness. If you are out of heart and miserable, and are desirous of making yourself utterly wretched, go out into the streets of London in which you are a stranger and friendless, and you will drain the

cup of misery to the bottom. Constance walked on, heedless of the direction she was taking, until, suddenly overcome by the weakness of exhaustion, she stopped and looked about her. She had, all unknowingly, reached St. James Street, and had stopped outside one of the large clubs, the lights

from which fell across the pavement on which she was standing. She felt faint and giddy, and was wondering where she was and how she should get home—the home that would

be home for so short a time. A policeman came up with his measured tread, and eyed her at first suspiciously and then with an air of sur-

Constance, feeling as if she were about to fall, caught the railings of the club

and put her hand to her brow. "Anything the matter, miss?" asked he policeman not unkindly. "No, no," said Constance, in a low

"I am tired and-and rather

Will you call a cab for me, if you

Thanking him, Constance was getting nto the cab, when a gentleman came lown the steps of the club. He looked up and down the street, and his glance rested upon her for a moment; then with an exclamation he sprung forward nd laid his hand upon Constance's arm. She looked up and uttered a cry.

It was the marquis! For a moment he stood looking down t her and she up at him, as if neither f them could realize the situation; then e recovered from the shock of surprise 'All right, officer," he said, "I know this lady ;" and the policeman, touching his hat in acknowledgment of the coin the marquis put in his hand, tramped

The marquis drew her arm within his and, signing to the capman to follow them, led her a little way in silence. Then he looked down at her, and in a voice struggling for composure, said: "Constance-Miss Grahame, you here,

Constance remained silent. He stopped for a moment as if uncertain what to do, then led her to a quiet estaurant and made her sit down. 'You are ill," he said, gently, and he gave the waiter some order, and poured

out a glass of water for her. Constance, pale and weary-looking, fought hard for strength, and presently the color crept back into her face. He made her drink a glass of wine, and waited, with true delicacy looking away from her, for some minutes; then he

'You are better ?" "Yes, my lord," said Constance. Instantly the question arose in her mind, now to get away from him?

"Then tell me all-everything that has happened," he said, quietly. "I can scarcely believe that it is really you who are sitting there, that only a few minutes ago I was half mad with the disappointment of my failure to find you, and that now-"

"You were looking for me, my lord ?" said Constance, wonderingly. "Yes," he said ; "I have been looking for you for days. Where have you been? Tell me everything.

Constance half rose, looking round "I can not stay here, my lord," she

said, tremulously. He put his hand upon hers gently, soothingly. "A few minutes longer," he said; "you

are not quite recovered yet. Why did you not write to my mother, to Lady Ruth ?" he asked. "Why did you not send them the address of the relation you have been nursing? Did you think that we-that they-were utterly indifferent as to what had become of you ?" Constance leaned her head upon her hand. She did not know what to say, for every word she might utter seemed

fraught with danger. He waited a moment, his dark eyes fixed upon her with an intense expres-

When I came back to the castle that evening I learned that you had been sent for suddenly, and that you had bove us, as surely as you and I stand gone without a word to any one excepthere, the time will come when you will ing Ruth, and she appeared to know will tell me?" he added with deep earnestness.

> Constance shook her head 'I-I am in London, my lord," she said, speaking with difficulty. "There is nothing to tell. I-I came out to-night and—and lost my way. I must go now, at once," and she rose

" You do not ask me why I have been searching for you," he said as they passed out, and he drew her arm within his. I have some sad news for you." 'For me?" said Constance, with a

sudden vague apprehension of fresh trouble 'Yes," he said, with sad gravity. Arol-'

She stopped and looked up at him with little cry. "Don't be frightened," he said gently.

He is not dead, but he is very ill." "Arol ill ? Oh, my lord !" was all she "Yes" he said, pressing her arm tight-

ly against his side, so as to render her all the support he could. "He caught cold the day you left, and rapidly grew worse. He has been, is still, very ill, and they are afraid-" He stopped. "Oh, poor, poor child!" murmured

Constance, brokenly, her tears falling fest as she forgot everything but the bright boy who had so readily learned to love her, and whose love she returned with all her tender heart. "Oh, my lord, my lord !'

"I have just received a telegram," he "They say that the fever is at its height, and that he is still unconscious. The day he was taken ill he began to fret for you. Your name was on his lips continually, and ever since, in and out of delirium, he has called for you and begged you to come to him." Constance could do nothing but cry

' My mother is half distracted by anxiety," he said, "and she begged me to try and find you and implore you to return, if you could possibly leave your sick relative. But I should have started in search of you even if she had not sent me. I got to London four nights ago, and have been looking for you ever since. I found out that you had come to Paddington, but I lost all trace of you there, and to-night I was wondering what I should do next. Did you not see the advertisements in the paper ?" "No," said Constance, almost inaudi-

"No." I need not have asked. You vould have answered, would you not?" "I would have come from the other end of the world to him, my lord," she said, still forgetting everything else but

the sick child. "Yes, I know that," he responded, and you will come now ?"

"Yes, I will come," she replied at once and unhesitatingly. "How soon can I go, my lord ?" she added, eager-

an early train ; it leaves at eight o'clock.

Can you go by that ?" "Yes; oh, yes," she answered. The need for action had banished all her faintness and weakne "Very well," he said. "And now let

me take you home.' She stopped short, her color coming "No, my lord," she faltered. "If-if

ou will call a cab for me." You will not let me come with you?" "No; I would rather go alone," she

"Oh, yes, yes," she said. "Is ther

no earlier train I can go by, Lord Brake-

"There is one at twelve to-night," he "I will go by that, please," said Con-

stance, firmly.

He looked at his watch. "No, no," he said, "you will be hurried, and you are not strong." "I feel strong enough to walk all the way to him," she said, eagerly. "Oh,

let me go by that, please! Call a cab, my lord! Every moment will seem He looked down at her earnestly, with a veiled, passionate tenderness in his

"Very well," he said, gently. "The child shall thank you himself; I can He beckoned a cab and put her in

The night had grown chilly, and her hand, as he held it, felt cold. He took off his overcoat and wrapped it round her, paying no heed whatever to her re-"Paddington at twelve," he said. "Keep the cab while you get ready;

but I will give the man instructions. Now, your address ?" She told him. He went and spoke to the cabman, gave him some money, and took his number. Then he came back to her.

"Do not fret," he said, "he may be better ; while there is life there is hope -good hope for a healthy child." His hand held hers for a moment with a strong, encouraging pressure; then

he released it, and signed to the cabman to drive on. Mrs. Mervyn opened the door as the cab drove up, but Constance gave her

no time to express her anxiety. "I must get ready to go at once," she said, eagerly. "I have had bad news," and she gave a hurried explanation as she packed a bag. "You will keep the rooms for me," she said; "I shall be back as soon as I can, and I will come to you if you will have me." She put some money on the dressing-table with a little blush, but Mrs. Mervyn pushed

"That will do when you come back,' she said in her timid way. "I am not in need of it, and-well, it will be a reason for coming to see me again, if only to say good-bye, Miss Grahame." Constance kissed the sad, patient wo-

"I should have come back without that," she said: "and I will not take the money again.' Feeling half bewildered, but thinking

only of Arol, she got back to the cab and was driven to Paddington. As the cab pulled up at the station the marquis's tall figure came toward

it, and he helped her out. "There is plenty of time," he said. You will not be more anxious than you can help.' Constance said nothing.

He had already taken the tickets, and he put her in a first-class carriage, on the seat of which were half a dozen magazines and a dainty basket of sandwiches and fruit. He spread a fur wrap over her knees. "You are to sleep as much as you can."

he said. " I am in the next compartment, if you should want me." he added. as he put on his coat, which he had taken from the cab; and Constance understood and appreciated the delicacy very little. What has happened? You which caused him to refrain from riding with her. He treated her as if she were a princess.

The guard whistled, and having remained beside the door to the last moment, he left her and jumped into his own carriage

The train had got some distance on it way before Constance could realize that she was going back to Breakespeare Castle, and in charge of the marquis! What would Lady Ruth say? But she put the question from her. What did matter what any one said under the circumstances? It was of Arol, and

Arol only, she thought. After a time she grew calmer, and took up one of the magazines. How careful the marquis had been of her! What consideration he had shown her! He had not insisted upon questioning

her, had studied her feelings, her comfort in every detail. Was it any wonder that her heart should feel full of gratitude to him? Presently the pages of the magazine grew dim and blurred, and resting her

head against the padded cushion, she fell asleep.

The train stopped at one of the large stations, and the marquis came to the carriage and entered it. He stood for a moment looking down at her with an inexpressible tender-

ness that had something strangely sad and melancholy in it, and he took up the fur rug, which had slipped to the floor, and softly wrapped it round her. Then, with a sigh, he looked down at her again, and left the carriage, seeing that the guard locked it after him.

Constance did not awake until the train steamed into Berrington. The marquis had telegraphed along the line to the sation-master to procure a carriage from the castle, and it was waiting for them.

"You have had some rest?" he said. That is right. Let me draw that wrap round you more closely; the air is cold." A footman in the livery that seemed so familiar to Constance got her bag and opened the carriage door for them, and they were soon on their way to the castle.

She had left it a few days ago under circumstances which Lady Ruth had tried to make ignominious; she returned to it escorted by its master. But this view of the situation was lost upon Constance, whose mind was fixed upon Arol. The carriage rolled up the avenue, and the great door was opened. By the dim light burning in the hall Constance saw the stately figure of the marchioness

standing by the stairs. She came forward in her noisele way, and took Constance's hand and kissed her.

"I knew you would come, my dear, f you could," she said, simply. Then as the marquis bent and kissed her, she said, "You found her then, Wolfe?" "Yes, mother," he responded, "I found er. She is tired out, and not stron "She shall go to bed at once," said the

Constance shook her head. "Let me go to him at once." she said. ed, I am not tired. I could not ep. I have slept all the way down. Please let me go to him." arquis, after a glance at Constance,

"Let her go, mother." "Come up to your room, my dear," said the old lady, affectionately. They went to the room, which Contance noticed, as she entered, had not

Constance murmured something unin-telligible, her face crimsoning painfully

as she turned away. speare," she said, "I left him so well for ?" he said, as he bent over and look-

"Yes. It began with a cold. He got vorse so rapidly that he was very in lmost before we realized it. And he as asked for you unceasingly. I think he was conscious of your absence, and dissed you even when he was unconcious of anything else."
"Dear child!" murmured Constance, person," he said, in his quiet, professional voice. "I am very glad you have

her eyes full of tears. "It has been such a comfort to me to have Lord Wolfe at home," said the marchioness. "I cannot tell you how good he has been. Till the day he left in search of you he insisted upon sitting up with me to nurse the dear boy. If Arol had been his own child he could not have been more devoted. Ah, with all his wildness he always had the tenderest heart in the world." And she wiped her eyes. "But are you sure you will not take some rest, my dear? It is such a terrible journey!"

"No, I would like to go to him at once," said Constance. They went through the familiar rooms, the sight of Arol's toys making Constance's heart ache, and entered the

The nurse rose from beside the bed, and Constance saw the pretty face all flushed and fevered, the golden brown hair streaming over the white pillow. Constance, too moved to speak, bent down and kissed him, and took one of the hot hands that clutched the cover-

"He is not conscious now?" asked the marchioness. "No, my lady," replied the nurse. "Not now. I think he was a little while ago, for he looked at me as he asked for you and Miss Grahame."

"You see!" whispered the march-Constance knelt down beside the bel, still holding the tiny hot hand. "You will get some rest now Miss Grahame has come, my lady ?" said the

nurse, respectfully. "Yes." urged Constance. "I will go and lie down for a little while, presently," said the marchloness

The door opened as she spoke, and the marquis entered. He had a salver in his hand upon which was some wine, and he poured out a glass.

"She has had nothing since we started, mother," he said, quietly, as he gave the wine to Constance. He took Arol's other hand, and held it. "Is he better or worse?" he asked.

anxiously. "I think he is the same, my lord," replied the nurse. "Doctor Griffin will be here again early in the morning; he has only just gone."

They stood silently watching the little sufferer for some minutes, and presently he began to toss to and fro, and to talk in a low, rambling murmur. Then he stopped suddenly, and, opening his eyes, looked round vacantly, but seemed to recognize the marchioness. "Grandma!" he said feebly, "has she

come-Miss Grahame ?" "Yes, I am here, Arol, dear," He uttered a weak little cry of joy,

and, turning, put his parched lips to her cheek. "I am so glad, so glad!" he murmur ed. "You-you won't go away again ?" "No, dear," responded Constance, al-

most inaudibly. "No, stay with me and I shall get better." he said, plaintively. "I'm always missing you when I wake. Oh. I feel so tired, Miss Grahame, dear! I

think I have been very ill!"
"You must call me Constance," she ious face. "One hour only, mind. I will go and send her some breakfast. murmured. A loving smile flickered over his face. "May I? How kind you are to me!

It's such a beautiful name. Constance !" He was silent for a moment, then he turned his heavy eyes on the marquis. "Oh, is that you. Uncle Wolfe? I'm

so glad she has come. You won't let her go again, will you?" "No. Arol," said the marquis, gently, and he stroked the hot hand that clung to his convulsively. "We've got her ncw, and we'll keep her, eh? Come away, mother, and leave them alone." he said to the marchioness in a whisper. 'He will get better now that he has

ceased to fret after her." "Oh, please God, please God! nured the old lady. She paused a moment as she was leav the room, and his lips twitched.

"Yes," he assented, almost harshly. 'Come away.' "I shall remain with him, nurse," said Constance when they had gone. "You may go and rest. Put the medicine close at hand, and tell me anything I

ought to know." She spoke so firmly that the nurse could not very well refuse to obey, and Constance was left alone. Arol lay motionless now, his eyes fixed upon her dreamily, his cheek press-

ed to hers; and presently the tight grasp of his hand relaxed, and he fell into the fitful sleep which is all the rest fever allows. Your true woman is never happier, never so certainly at her best, as when she is nursing those she loves, and a his bed and talking to him and Con-

feeling of peace and rest fell upon Constance; but it was doomed to a speedy The door opened slowly, and, looking up, she saw Lady Ruth enter. Constance took no notice, but her

heart began to beat, and her face grew Lady Ruth stole up to the bed and locked down at them with a very different expression to that which the marchioness's face had worn.

"So you have come back?" she said

n a whisper that was almost a hiss. Constance made no reply, did not even "You have come back—in triumph, as you think. It will be only short-lived, Miss Grahame, be sure of that." She had raised her voice slightly

above the whisper, and Constance, looking up, glanced at Arol warningly. "Oh, not here!" she murmured. Lady Ruth sneered. "You play your part of the devoted urse well," she said. "Confine yourmain here. It will not be for long!"

ed and her eyes averted, and Lady

Ruth, with a look of mingled hate and ealously, stole out again. The hours passed, and the dawn came

and he entered the room presently with ess and the nur "This is Miss Grahame," said the

The young lady he has been askin

ed at him. He is better," he said. "Yes, certainly there is an improvement," as he felt the child's pulse. "Shall we share the credit between us, Miss Grahame?" Constance's heart throbbed with gratitude and pleasure. "A child frets more than a grown-up

come, my dear young lady," and he nodded emphatically. Constance's eyes filled with tears. "You see, my dear !" said the marchioness, laying her hand upon Con-

stance's gratefully. "If he goes on like this we are all right," said the doctor. "Let him have as much of you as you can, Miss Gra-

stance, fervently.

The old doctor smiled, and in the most natural way gave her his instruction as he sat beside the bed and watched the child's flushed face. "Your name is familiar to me, Miss Grahame," he said, after some time. "I

"He shall have all of me!" said Con-

knew a Doctor Grahame in the Cur-Constance flushed, then turned pale. "He was my father," she said, in a

Dr. Griffin held out his hand with a pleased look that grew into a sympathetic one as he glanced at her black dress and at her sad face.

"He was a remarkably clever man," Lowell, Mass. he said, gently. "We were at the Curragh together. Remarkably clever. And you are his daughter? How small the world is. Dear, dear! And you are staying here ?" "While Arol is ill, sir," said Constance, with a sudden flush. "I was his gover-

"Was?" he said. "And now you are his nurse. But you must not knock yourself up. You have been ill, have you not ?"

Constance shook her head. "They must take care of you," he said, quietly; and he smiled at the marchioness as she came toward them, and within hearing, "for little Lord Arol's

"And for her own, doctor," said the marchioness, gently. "You will go and rest now, my dear.' But Constance refused firmly. "Not yet." she said: "I cannot re-

sign my post so soon," and she looked at the doctor anxiously. He nodded approvingly. "That was worthy of the daughter of my old friend," said Dr. Griffin as he

rose. "I have every confidence in you, my dear young lady." "Oh, my dear, if you knew how grateful I am to you !" murmured the marchioness. "But, indeed, you must go and rest. I heard what doctor Griffith said and Lord Wolfe would never forgive

any of us if you were to be ill." Constance turned her face away. "I shall not be ill. dear Lady Brakespeare," she said in a low voice.

The marquis entered at the moment, and came noiselessly to the bed. "You have done more than the doctor could have accomplished," he said in a voice that thrilled her. "I have not seen him so peaceful yet. Have you tried to thank her, mother ?"

"Yes, Wolfe," she replied, meekly, "and I want her to rest, but she will He took out his watch. "She shall remain another hour," he said, as he glanced at Constance's anx-

Remember." he added as he reached the door, "it is a command, and you know I like to be obeyed." And Constance, who had withstood the doctor and the marchioness, lower-

her head and said nothing. CHAPTER XVI. The crisis had passed, and Arol had turned the dark corner and was on the road to recovery. Since the hour she had re-entered the castle Constance had nursed him with the devotion of a sister; she had scarcely left the bedside, and it was from her hand that he took his medicine and his food; and it was to her that they all looked with the deepest and most profound grati-

tude. Since the day she had come back Constance had not left the upper part. of the house. There was a balcony running some little distance in front of the windows on the west side, and she had gone out upon this balcony and got

a few minutes of fresh air. The marchioness had urged her to come down at meal times, and the marquis had just stopped short at the point of ordering her to do so, but Constance had resisted all their entreaties.

She had come back, she told herself,

for one sole object; to nurse Arol, and

she would confine herself to that. As soon as he got well she would return to the lonely life at Mrs. Mervyn's, and begin again the struggle for evistance. The marchioness spent a great deal never so happy as when sitting beside stance. Lady Ruth had come in about twice a day for some days, but soon after the crisis had passed Constance noticed the discontinuance of her visits, and it was explained by the march-

"Lady Ruth has gone on a visit," she "Yes ?" said Constance, who could not help a thrill of relief and satisfac-

tion at the news. "Yes. She has gone to join her father, "Because she has gone to join her

"Well, yes. Lord Portaire is a sad martyr to the gout, and—and it is terrible affliction. There are some days when no one excepting his valet can go near him. I am very sorry for poor buth, for she is not adapted to a sickhamber. She is—is rather restless and getic," she continued very gently as if apologizing for finding even such httle fault. "Now you, my dear, have such a quiet, mousey way with you when you like, that your very presence seems to soothe one. Would you like iss Grahame to go now, Arol ?' she

"No!" he said, turning his pale, wasted face, in which, however, already a healthier look was observable. "Who says she is going? You won't go, Constance, dear, will you? I'll get ill again

(To be Continued,)

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