Although you swear now to be true, Then I hope that you'll tear up my letters, Lest she should discover them too. You exclaim I say this to torment you, To scoff at the love you have sworn; Kiss fondly the words I have sent you, And vow they shall never be torn; And that if time should tempt me to sever
The fetters that suit you so well,
You will throw yourself into a river,
Or live like a monk in a cell.

Yet why should you think I would wound you? I know you have loyally loved, And all I have said in these letters I think that I too, dear, have proved; And I well know you think as you say, dear, That your heart will forever be true;

But every one says that men change, dear, And so I suppose that they do. So, if in the unknown future You chance on this ebony case, You needn't read over my letters Ere taking them out of their place;

There'll be no need to prize them or spare them— Dry fruits of a faded desire; You had much better take them and tear them, And toss them all into the fire. Still, what I have written is written;

And here you will find it some day, When most of my words are forgotten, And half of your hair is gray; But you needn't think sadly of me, dear, Or lament that you haven't been true; For I think you will probably see, dear, That I shall have changed then, too!

LOVERS YET.

(By the author of "Madoline's Lover.") CHAPTER XXXIX.

Thursday evening, and the hand of the for Beatrice a plan of the new wing at hear your voice." hands and gazed at it in loving admiration, love me." whispering something the while about His hands dropped nervously, and he "Lady Airlie, of Lynnton." He remem- turned his despairing face from her. bered how she, so little given to caressing, "You must be reasonable," she conclasping her arms round his neck, kissing "Hugh, I was only a dreaming, innocent, his face, and calling him "her dear papa." | ignorant child when I first met you. It loved so dearly stood in the shadow of filled with love." deathly peril.

If he had known, how those strong arms | to be my wife." would have been raised to shield her—how "I remember," she acknowledged, "I do the stout, brave heart would have sheltered | not deny it; but, Hugh, I did not know her! As it was, she left him with jesting what I was saying. I spoke without words on her lips, and he did not even gaze | thought. I no more realized what the words after her as she quitted the room. If he meant than I can understand now what the had only known where and how he should | wind is saying."

see that face again! smiled, without raising her eyes from her the kind, stately face with her lips.

"How studious you are!" "Good-night-bless you, my child," re- trusted."

turned Lady Helena, and the fair face turned from her with a smile.

Airlie;" good-night, my Beatrice. Never grieve me." mind papa—he is not looking at us; give me one kiss."

the proud, sweet lips. He touched the golden locket.

"You will never part with it," he said: never!"

Then she passed out of his sight, and he | fear, as though he were watching her. who would have laid down his life for her, saw her leave him without the faintest like standing here.

morning. I am tired." The door of Lillian's room was not rising passion in his face.

that the bright moonlight could not intrude. | would be my wife. No other man must | face quivered. Lillian! The pale, sad face, with its wist- | you are mine, Beatrice Earle." quivering lips. Sorrow and woe were a wilful, foolish child." impressed on the fair face. Yet, as Beatrice kissed the clear, calm brow, she would " I will lay my claim before him." gladly have changed places with her.

said, gazing long and earnestly on the he will protect me from you.

Beatrice took from her wardrobe a gentle touch.

thick, warm shawl. She drew it over her head, and so half hid her face. Then she You are a brave man; I know that in all will love and marry, and be happy."

shine before.

light on the sleeping flowers and trees. pretty dressing-room as she left it. Her promise?" to have been sleeping; but, now that she with a long, low wash.

room and one in Lord Airlie's. She shrank appeal to your very love to me-release me, by the slender chain. back; what would he think if he saw her that I may be happy. now? her father's house at that hour of the If I cared for any one as you do for me, I there? Let me see it."

she saw the shrubbery gate, and, by it, man she means to marry." erect and motionless, gazing on the bending did not hear her light footsteps—the wind this way?" among the lime trees drowned them. She

"Hugh," she said, "I am here." with hot kisses and burning tears.

trice, I knew you would come!"

him, he took the shawl from her head and be a true friend to you." raised the beautiful face so that the moonlight fell clearly upon it.

"I have hungered and thirsted," he said, "for another look at that face. I shall see | urge you to be generous, to be noble! See, the waters closed, the ripples spread over it always now-its light will never leave Hugh, I have never prayed to any man-I the broad surface, and the sleeping lilies me more. Look at me, Beatrice," he cried; pray to you; I would kneel here at your trembled for a few minutes, and then lay "let me see those dark eyes again."

But the glance she gave him had in it promise I never meant to give." excitement of his joy he did not notice it. softened look upon his face, the flaming and then all was over; the wind blew the presence was there. "Words are so weak," he said, "I cannot anger die out of his eyes. tell you how I have longed for this hour. "Hugh," she said softly, "I, Beatrice the grass, and the stir of the deep water I have gone over it in fancy a thousand Earle, pray you, by the love you bear me, subsided. times; yet no dream was ever so bright to release me from all claim, and leave me Hugh Fernely did not plunge into the room. Lady Helena walked mechanically and sweet as this reality. No man in the in peace." wide world ever loved any one as I love you, Beatrice."

torrent of words-they must have touched Let me think what I lose in giving you up." the heart of one less proud. She stood perfectly still, while the calm night wind seemed to thrill with the eloquent voice of

the speaker. "Speak to me," he said, at length. ormolul clock pointed to a quarter to 10. " How coldly you listen! Beatrice, there Lord Earle sat reading. Lady Helena had is no love, no joy in your face. Tell me you thought, Beatrice looked into the clear the living, happy wife of another man? left Lillian asleep, and had taken up a book are pleased to see me—tell me you have depths. How near she was in her triumph! Or was it that in the sudden shock and near him. Lord Airlie had been sketching remembered me. Say anything-let me

Lynnton. Looking up suddenly, she saw | "Hugh," she answered, gently, drawing the time. At 10 Hugh Fernely would be her hands from his strong grasp, "this is at the shrubbery gate. She had not a all a mistake. You have not given me time moment to lose. Saying she was feeling to speak. I am pleased to see you well and tired, she rose and went to bid Lord Earle safe. I am pleased that you have escaped good-night. He remembered afterward the dangers of the deep; but-I cannot how he had raised the beautiful face in his say more. I-I do not love you as you

had laid her head upon his shoulder, tinued, in her musical, pitiless voice. He remembered the soft, wistful light in was not love I thought of. You talked to her beautiful eyes, the sweet voice that me as no one else ever had-it was like lingered in his ears. Yet no warning came | reading a strange wonderful story; my head to him, nothing told him the fair child he was filled with romance, my heart was not

"But," he said, hoarsely, "you promised

A long, low moan came from his lips Beatrice went up to Lady Helena, who | the awful despair in his face startled her. "So I have returned for this!" he cried. book. Beatrice bent down and touched "I have braved untold perils, I have escaped the dangers of the seas, the death "Good-night, grandmamma," she said. that lurks in heaving waters, to be slain by thought you wanted to be free from me to hot, dazed eyes; but the sky above him cruel words from the girl I loved and

He turned from her, unable to check the bitter sob that rose to his lips. "You have left me until last," said Lord | "Hush, Hugh," she said, gently, "you

"Do you think of my grief?" he cried. "I came here to-night, my heart on fire She raised her face to his, and he kissed with love, my brain dizzy with happiness. You have killed me, Beatrice Earle, as surely as ever man was slain."

roem. It struck her with a sensation of fonder of her than of any one on earth. brain. He fell in the field near the cottage.

suspicion of the shadow that hung over her. They went through the shrubbery, through the hour of her deadly peril, when she The smile still lingered on her lips as the broad green glades of the park, where stood on the shore of the deep lake in the The first faint flush of dawn, a rosy light dearly Hubert loved her-how unutterably shore of the deep, calm lake, where the within her. happy she would be when Hugh released green reeds bent and swayed, and the her! And he would—she never doubted it. | moonlight shone in the rippling water. All | calmly—"you pain me." "I shall not want you again," she said this while Hugh had not spoken a word, but to her maid. "And do not call me in the had walked in silence by her side. He turned to her at length, and she read the

She went gently to the side of the bed dare to speak to you of love," he cried, where her sister lay. Poor, gentle, loving grasping her arm. "In the sight of Heaven,

ful, wearied expression, was turned to the "I am not," she answered proudly, "and wall. There were some traces of tears, I never will be; no man would, or could, and even in sleep deep sighs passed the take advantage of a promise obtained from

" I will appeal to Lord Earle," he said-

sleeping face. "In a few weeks she shall | She saw the angry light flame in his wish." be happier than she has ever been. 1 will eyes, she heard his breath come in quick, make Master Lionel go on his knees to her." short gasps, and the danger of quarrelling unmarried," she answered, controlling her

went noiselessly down the staircase that your life you never shrank from danger or "I shall not care," he said, "what hap- and from some caprice Beatrice forbade her "Hubert," said Lord Earle, "we are led from her suite of rooms to the garden. feared peril. The brave are always gener- pens after I am gone—it will not hurt my maid to call her, saying she was tired." How fair and beautiful the night was- ous, always noble; think of what I am jealous, angry heart then, Beatrice; but I Lord Earle made some laughing reply, trice cannot be found. She has not, seem-

the moon shining as she had rarely seen it of any power you could really compel me were my promised wife, and I was giving Punctuality with her had always been a frightened.' to be your wife, what would it benefit you my every thought, you were loving favorite virtue. In case of real illness Lady Helena had sunk pale and trem-It seemed to sail triumphantly in the you? I should not love you, I tell you some one else. I should like to believe allowance was of course to be made; but bling, upon a couch. Lord Airlie looked dark blue sky. It poured a flood of silvery | candidly. I should detest you for spoiling | you were true to me while you were my | she herself had never considered a little | bewildered. Lord Earle told him briefly my life-I would never see you. What own."

stood outside the Hall, she looked up at "I appeal to your generosity," she said— face, and his eyes flamed with fierce light. | trice to Langton Priory.

night; she felt the whole shame of what should consider my own happiness last of she was going to do; but the thought of all. If you love me, release me, Hugh. I drawing herself haughtily away. "I have the man lover went out together was going to do; but the thought of all. If you love me, release me, Hugh. I drawing herself haughtily away. "I have the man lover went out together was going to do; but the thought of all. If you love me, release me, Hugh. I drawing herself haughtily away. "I have Lord Airlie nerved her. Let this one night | can never be happy with you."

pass, and a life-time of happiness lay before "Why not?" he asked, tightening the grasp upon her arm.

The night wind moaned fitfully amongst the trees; the branches of the tall lime trees swayed over her head; the fallen is wealthy, my home magnificent, and you wish to be the trees are supported by the first and you wish to be the freed from me. Whose face is lying near the gentlemen, went to the door where trace of Beatrice. They went through the your heart? Let me see. If it is that of the girl stood.

leaves whirled round her feet. She crossed belong to another grade of society-not any one who has outwitted me, I will throw the gardens; the moon cast strange for that, but because I do not love you. I it into the depths of the lake." shadows upon the broad paths. At length never did love you as a girl should love the

trees in the park, was Hugh Fernely. He |" pray, is there any one else you love in You will never use violence to me."

kneeling at her feet, he had clasped her foolish promise of a foolish child-I will to free herself from his grasp. hands in his own, and was covering them respect and esteem you while I live, I shall It will never be known how that fatal bless you every day, your name will be a accident happened. Men will never know "My darling," he said, "my own Bea- sacred one enshrined in my heart, your whether the hapless girl fell, or whether He rose then, and, before she could stop You shall be my friend, Hugh, and I will into the lake. There was a startled scream

CHAPTER XL.

They stood for some time in perfect silence; they had wandered down to the very edge of the lake. The water rippled his cruel love, he preferred to know her in the moonlight, and, while Hugh Fernely dead, beneath the cold waters, rather than A few minutes more and he would turn to terror he never thought of trying to save her and tell her she was free. His face her? was growing calm and gentle. She would dismiss him with grateful thanks; she would hasten home. How calm would be that night's sleep! When she saw Lord Airlie in the morning, all her sorrow and shame would have passed by. Her heart beat high as she thought of this.

"I think it must be so," said Hugh you miserable. Look up, my darling; let me see your face once more before I say

good bye." She stood before him, and the thick dark shawl fell from her shoulders upon the grass; she did not miss it in the blinding joy that had fallen upon her. Hugh Fernely's gaze lingered upon the peerless features.

"I can give you up," he said gently, "for your own happiness, but not to another, Beatrice. Tell me that you have not learned to love another since I left you."

She made no reply-not to have saved her life a thousand times would she have denied her love for Lord Airlie. His kiss wild, woeful weeping, praying the heavens was still warm upon her lips—those same to fall upon him and hide him forever from lips should never deny him.

upon her arm.

will know." Not far from her slept the lover who in the bright sunshine. her dear head was more precious than gold | waters, was happy and bright as they? away, awake and thinking of her. Yet in fringed the pond under the elder trees.

ring I gave you?"

swer me, Beatrice." "Hugh, you forget yourself. Gentlemen remained still untold.

do not speak and act in this way." "I believe I am going mad," he said, glodmily. "I could relinquish my claim to you, Beatrice, for your own sake, but I breakfast-room at Earlescourt. The rays will never give you up to be the wife of any fell upon the calm stately face of Lady Where is the poor child?" "You may do so," she replied; "and, other man. Tell me it is not so. Tell me "I will soon make it up to her," she although he will never look upon me again, you have not been so doubly false as to love another, and I will try to do all you

"Am I to live all my life unloved and She left the room, and Lillian never with him struck her. She laid her hand angry indignation by a strong effort, knew who had bent so lovingly over her. | upon his arm, and he trembled at the "because, when I was a lonely and neglected girl, I fell into your power? I do not

She had not lingered to look round the would you gain by forcing me to keep my | She made no answer, fearing to irritate | ing herself from table.

"Those who love truly," she continued, asked, quickly. "You threw aside my ring. her to call her young mistress.

"I will see who is there!" he cried, come here? You are wanted very particular gone out into the garden and had met no account to render to you of my friends." beside himself with angry rage. "Perhaps larly."

"You shall not see it," she said, raising her hand, and clasping the little locket "You are very candid," he said, bitterly; tightly. "I am not afraid, Hugh Fernely. find Miss Beatrice—she is not in her room;"

But the hot anger leaped up to his heart; "That is beside the question," she he was mad with cruel jealousy and rage, went up to him and touched his arm gently. replied, haughtily; "I am speaking of you and tried to snatch the locket from her. and myself. Hugh, if you will give me my She defended it, holding it tightly clasped Susette?" Before she could prevent him, he was freedom-if you will agree to forget the in one hand, while with the other she tried

> memory will be a source of pleasure to me. Hugh Fernely, in his mad rage, flung her "Beatrice!" he cried, "do not tempt fall, a splash amidst the waters of the lake. | night." There was one awful, despairing glance feet and beseech you to release me from a still again. Once, and once only, a woman's white hand, thrown up as it were in agonripples more strongly, they washed up on

"Let me think," he replied-" give me her; still, he might have tried. The cry a few minutes; no man could part with that rang through the sleeping woods She could not resist the passionate the dearest treasures he has so hastily. seemed to paralyze him-he stood like one bereft of reason, sense and life. Perhaps the very suddenness of the event overpowered him. Heaven only knows what passed in his dull, crazed mind while the girl he loved sank without help. Was it that he would not save her for another-that, in

He stood for hours—it seemed to him as years—watching the spot where the pale, agonized face had vanished-watching the eddying ripples and the green reeds. Yet he never sought to save her—never plunged into the deep waters, whence he might have rescued her had he wished. He never moved. He felt no fatigue. The first Fernely at last—" I think I must give you thing that roused him was a gleam of grey up, Beatrice. I could not bear to make light in the eastern sky and the sweet, faint song of a little bird.

Then he saw that the day had broken. He said to himself, with a wild, horrible laugh, that he had watched all night by

He turned and fled. One meeting him with fierce, wild eyes full of the fire of madness, with pale, haggard face full of despair, would have shunned him. He fled through the green park, out on to the high road, away through the deep woodshe knew not whither—never looking back; crying out at times, with a hollow, awful voice, that he had been all night by her grave; falling at times on his face with his fellow men.

"You do not speak," he added, gloomily. He crept into a field where the hedge-By Heaven, Beatrice, if 'I thought you rows were bright with autumn tint. He had learned to love another man-if I threw himself down, and tried to close his marry another—I should go mad—mad looked blood-red, the air seemed filled with with jealous rage! Is it so? Answer me." flames. Turn where he would, the pale, She saw a lurid light in his eyes, and despairing face that had looked up to him shrank from him. He tightened his grasp as the waters opened was before him. He arose with a great cry, and wandered on. "Answer me!" he cried, hoarsely. "I He came to a little cottage, where rosy children were at play, talking and laughing

would have shielded her with his strong | Great neaven! How long was it since arm—the lover to whom every hair upon the dead girl, now sleeping under the deep

Far off, from amongst the trees, she saw or jewels. Not far from her slept the He fled again. This time the piercing and she smiled as she answered, "No, the glimmer of the light in Lord Airlie's kind, loving father, who was prouder and cry filled his ears; it seemed to deaden his Gaspar Lawrence, too, who would have Hours afterward the children out at play "Let us walk on," she said-" I do not died for her, lay at that moment not far found him lying in the dank grass that

she stood in her own room. A few more the dew-drops shone upon fern leaves and fierce grasp of a half-maddened man, there broke in the eastern sky, a tremulous house one by one, but there was no trace hours—one more trial—she said to herself; thick grass; past the long avenue of chest- was no one near to help her or raise a hand golden shimmer was on the lake as the of her. Still Lord Earle had no fear; it then she would be free, and might enjoy nut trees, where the wind moaned like a in her defence. But she was no coward, sunbeams touched it. The forest birds seemed so utterly impossible that any her happiness to its full extent. How human being in deadly pain; on to the and all the high spirit of her race rose awoke and began to sing; they flew from harm could have happened to her. branch to branch; the flowers began to and the green sedges.

commence their work; the cows in the ing over him.

CHAPTER XLI.

The sun shone bright and warm in the Helena, upon the grave countenance of her son, upon the bright, handsome features of rapidly mastering him. Lord Airlie. They sparkled on the delicate silver, and showed the pretty china thing," he said. to perfection. The breakfast was upon the table, but the three occupants of the room where Lord Airlie still waited for the girl

girls. I would not allow Lillian to rise; of mother and son.

extra fatigue a sufficient reason for absent- how they had missed her, and what had

him if she told the truth, and scorning to The two gentlemen talked gayly during

the windows with a sense of loneliness and |" your nobility of character. Release me | Suddenly he caught sight of the gold | Hearing that, Lady Helena thought it anything wrong. fear. There was a light in Lady Helena's from a promise I made in ignorance. I locket she wore round her neck, fastened time to send some little warning to her. He could throw no light upon the subgrandchild. She rang for Susette, the ject. He had not seen her face since he "What is this thing you wear?" he maid who waited upon Beatrice, and told had kissed her when bidding her good-night.

"What is it, Susette?" sheasked, "what

is the matter?" "For mercy's sake, my lady," replied the maid, "come up stairs. I-I cannot

and the girl trembled violently, or Lady Helena would have smiled at her terror. "She is probably with Miss Lillian," she said; "why make such a mystery,

"She is not there, my lady; I cannot find her," was the answer. "She may have gone out into the garden

or the grounds," said Lady Helena. "My lady," Susette whispered, and her frightened face grew deadly pale, "her bed has not been slept in; nothing is touched that rang through the clear air, a heavy in her room; she has not been in it all

A shock of unutterable dread seized Lady "Yes, be tempted," she said-" let me from a pale, horror stricken face, and then Earle; a sharp spasm seemed to dart through her heart.

"There must be some mistake," she said, gently; "I will go up-stairs with you." The rooms were without occupant; no disarray of jewels, flowers, or dresses, no nothing but coldness and dread. In the Her words touched him. She saw the izing supplication, cleft the dark waters, little slippers, no single trace of Beatrice's The pretty white bed was untouched—no

one had slept in it; the blinds were drawn, and the sunlight struggled to enter the lake after Beatrice-it was too late to save to the window, and drew aside the lace curtains; then she looked round. "she has not slept here," she said; "she

must have slept with Miss Lillian. You have frightened me, Susette; I will go and see myself." Lady Helena went through the pretty

sitting room, where the books Beatrice had been reading lay upon the table, on to Lillian's chamber. The young girl was awake, looking pale

and languid, yet better than she had looked the night before. Lady Earle controlled all emotion, and went quietly up to her. "Have you seen Beatrice this morning?" she asked. "I want her."

"No," replied Lillian; "I have not seen her since just before dinner last evening." "She did not sleep with you, then?" said Lady Earle. "No, she did not sleep here," responded

the young girl. Lady Helena kissed Lillian's face, quitted the room; a deadly, horrible fear was turning her faint and cold. From the suite of rooms Lord Earl had prepared and arranged for his daughters, a staircase ran which led into the garden. He had thought at the time how pleasent it would be for them. As Lady Helena entered, Susette stood upon the stairs with a bow of pink ribbon in her hand.

"My lady," she said, "I fastened the outer door of the staircase last night myself. I locked it, and shot the bolts. It is unfastened now, and I have found this lying by it. Miss Earle wore it last evening on her dress."

"Something terrible must have happened," exclaimed Lady Helena. "Susette, ask Lord Earle to come to me. Do not say a word to any one."

He stood by her side in a few minutes, looking in mute wonder at her pale, scared

"Ronald," she said, "Beatrice has not slept in her room all night. We cannot

He smiled at first, thinking, as she had done, that there must be some mistake, and that his mother was fanciful and nervous; but, when Lady Helena, in quick, hurried words, told him of the unfastened door and the ribbon, his face grew serious. He took the ribbon from the maid's hand -it seemed like a living part of his daughter. He remembered that he had seen it the night before on her dress, when he had held up the beautiful face to kiss it. He had touched that same ribbon with his

"She may have gone out into the grounds, and have been taken ill," he said. "Do not frighten Airlie, mother; I will look round myself."

He went through every room of the

Then he went out into the grounds, half "Loosen your grasp, Hugh," she said, open their "dewy eyes;" the stately swans expecting the beautiful face to smile upon came out upon the lake, bending their him from under the shade of her favorite "Answer me!" he cried. "Where is the arched necks, sailing round the water lilies trees. He called aloud, "Beatrice!" The wind rustled through the trees, the birds He seized both hands and looked at them; The sun shone out at length in his sang, but there came no answer to his cry. they were firm and cool-they did not majesty, warming and brightening the fair Neither in the grouds nor in the gardens closed; she went in. The night lamp was "You promised me," he said, "and you tremble. As his fierce, angry eyes glanced face of Nature—it was full and perfect day. could he discover any trace of her. He shaded, and the blinds closely drawn, so must keep your promise. You said you over them, not a feature of her beautiful The gardeners came through the park to returned to Lady Helena, a vague fear com-

> "Where is my ring?" he asked. "An- pasture-land stood to be milked, the busy "I cannot find her," he said. "Mother, world began to rouse itself; but the fatal I do not understand this. She cannot have "I have not worn it lately," she replied. secret hidden beneath the cold, dark water left us. She was not unhappy-my beautiful child."

There was no slip of paper, no letter, no clew to her absence. Mother and son looked blankly at each other.

"Ronald," she cried, "where is she? He tried to comfort her, but fear was

"Let us see if Airlie can suggest any-They went down to the breakfast-room,

had been waiting. Lady Helena took her he was never more to meet alive. He turned round with a smile, and asked if "It seems strange," she said to Lord Beatrice was coming; the smile died from Earle, "to breakfast without either of the his lips when he saw the pale anxious faces

alarmed—let us hope without cause. Beanot cold, although it was September, and going to say. Suppose that by the exercise should not like to think that while you but Lady Helena was not quite pleased. ingly, slept in her room. My mother is

been done.

"She must be trying to frighten us," he eyes had not dwelt on the luxurious cham. He made no reply. The wind bent the deny the love that was the crowning bless. breakfast. Lord Earle asked Hubert if he said; "she must have hidden herself. There ber, and the white bed, wherein she ought reeds, and the water came up to the bank, ing of her life. His anger grew in her would go with him to Holte, and Lord can't be anything wrong." Even as he silence. Again the dark flush rose in his Airlie said he had promised to drive Bea- spoke he felt how impossible it was that his dignified Beatrice should have done

Her maid was the last person to whom she Deeply she felt the humiliation of leaving receiving no reply, " never love selfishly. What is this? Whose portrait have you She stood at her writing-table, arranging had spoken. Susette had left her in her some letters, when the maid returned own room, and since then nothing had

> Father and lover went out together. with some accident there. They went