

With a Casket of Letters.

What I have written is written,
And here you will find it some day,
In this old black ebony casket,

Yet why should you think I would wound you?
I know you have loved me,
And all I have said in these letters

So, if in the unknown future
You chance on this ebony case,
You needn't read over my letters

Still, what I have written is written;
And here you will find it some day,
When most of my words are forgotten,

LOVERS YET.

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

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Thursday evening, and the hand of the
ormolu clock pointed to a quarter to 10.
Lord Earle sat reading. Lady Helena had
left Lillian asleep, and had taken up a book

If he had known, how those strong arms
would have been raised to shield her—how
the stout, brave heart would have sheltered

Beatrice went up to Lady Helena, who
smiled, without raising her eyes from her
book. Beatrice bent down and touched

She raised her face to his, and he kissed
the proud, sweet lips.
He touched the golden locket.

Then she passed out of his sight, and he
who would have laid down his life for her,
saw her leave him without the faintest

The smile still lingered on her lips as
she stood in her own room. A few more
hours—one more trial—she said to herself;

"I shall not want you again," she said
to her maid. "And do not call me in the
morning. I am tired."

The door of Lillian's room was not
closed; she went in. The night lamp was
shaded, and the blinds closely drawn,

Beatrice took from her wardrobe a
thick, warm shawl. She drew it over her
head, and so half hid her face. Then she

It seemed to sail triumphantly in the
dark blue sky. It poured a flood of silvery
light on the sleeping flowers and trees.

She had not lingered to look round the
pretty dressing-room as she left it. Her
eyes had not dwelt on the luxurious chamber,

Deeply she felt the humiliation of leaving
her father's house at that hour of the
night; she felt the whole shame of what

leaves whirled round her feet. She crossed
the gardens; the moon cast strange
shadows upon the broad paths. At length

"Hugh," she said, "I am here."
Before she could prevent him, he was
kneeling at her feet, he had clasped her

"My darling," he said, "my own Beatrice,
I knew you would come!"
He rose then, and, before she could stop

"Words are so weak," he said, "I cannot
tell you how I have longed for this hour.
I have gone over it in fancy a thousand

He could not resist the passionate
torrent of words—they must have touched
the heart of one less proud. She stood

"Speak to me," he said, at length.
"How coldly you listen! Beatrice, there
is no love, no joy in your face. Tell me

"Hugh," she answered, gently, drawing
her hands from his strong grasp, "this is
all a mistake. You have not given me time

"But," he said, hoarsely, "you promised
to be my wife."
"I remember," she acknowledged, "I do

"I came here to-night, my heart on fire
with love, my brain dizzy with happiness.
You have killed me, Beatrice Earle, as

"Do you think of my grief?" he cried.
"I came here to-night, my heart on fire
with love, my brain dizzy with happiness.

"Far off, from amongst the trees, she saw
the glimmer of the light in Lord Airle's
room. It struck her with a sensation of

"Let us walk on," she said—"I do not
like standing here."
They went through the shrubbery, through

"You promised me," he said, "and you
must keep your promise. You said you
would be my wife. No other man must

"I will lay my claim before him," he said—
"You may do so," she replied; "and,
although he will never look upon me again,

She saw the angry light flame in his
eyes, she heard his breath come in quick,
short gasps, and the danger of quarrelling

"Hugh," she said, "do not be angry.
You are a brave man; I know that in all
your life you never shrank from danger

"I appeal to your generosity," she said—
"your nobility of character. Release me
from a promise I made in ignorance. I

"Those who love truly," she continued,
receiving no reply, "never love selfishly.
If I cared for any one as you do for me,

"Not from mercenary motives," she
replied, earnestly; "not because my father
is wealthy, my home magnificent, and you

belong to another grade of society—not
for that, but because I do not love you.
I never did love you as a girl should love

"That is beside the question," she
replied, haughtily; "I am speaking of you
and myself. Hugh, if you will give me my

"Yes, be tempted," she said—"let me
urge you to be generous, to be noble! See,
Hugh, I have never prayed to any man—I

"Hugh," she said softly, "I, Beatrice
Earle, pray you, by the love you bear me,
to release me from all claim, and leave me

CHAPTER XL.

They stood for some time in perfect
silence; they had wandered down to the
very edge of the lake. The water rippled

"I think it must be so," said Hugh
Fernelly at last—"I think I must give you
up, Beatrice. I could not bear to make

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

"You do not speak," he added, gloomily.
"By Heaven, Beatrice, if I thought you
had learned to love another man—if I

"Answer me!" he cried, hoarsely. "I
will know."
Not far from her slept the lover who

"Where is my ring?" he asked. "Answer
me, Beatrice."
"I have not worn it lately," she replied.

"I believe I am going mad," he said,
gloomily. "I could relinquish my claim
to you, Beatrice, for your own sake, but

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"Am I to live all my life unloved and
unmarried," she answered, controlling her
angry indignation by a strong effort,

"I shall not care," he said, "what happens
after I am gone—it will not hurt my
jealous, angry heart then, Beatrice; but

"What is this thing you wear?" he
asked, quickly. "You threw aside my ring.
What is this? Whose portrait have you

"You forgot yourself again," she said,
drawing herself haughtily away. "I have
no account to render to you of my friends."

"Not from mercenary motives," she
replied, earnestly; "not because my father
is wealthy, my home magnificent, and you

any one who has outwitted me, I will throw
it into the depths of the lake."
"You shall not see it," she said, raising

It will never be known how that fatal
accident happened. Men will never know
whether the hapless girl fell, or whether

Hugh Fernelly did not plunge into the
lake after Beatrice—it was too late to save
her; still, he might have tried. The cry

He stood for hours—it seemed to him as
years—watching the spot where the pale,
agonized face had vanished—watching the

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

He crept into a field where the hedge-
rows were bright with autumn tint. He
threw himself down, and tried to close his

Great heaven! How long was it since
the dead girl, now sleeping under the deep
waters, was happy and bright as they?

The sun shone bright and warm in the
breakfast-room at Earlescourt. The rays
fell upon the calm stately face of Lady

"It seems strange," she said to Lord
Earle, "to breakfast without either of the
girls. I would not allow Lillian to rise,

"I cannot find her," she said. "Mother,
I do not understand this. She cannot have
left us. She was not unhappy—my beautiful

"She must be trying to frighten us," he
said; "she must have hidden herself. There
can't be anything wrong." Even as he

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"What is it, Susette?" she asked, "what
is the matter?"
"For mercy's sake, my lady," replied

"My lady," Susette whispered, and her
frightened face grew deadly pale, "her bed
has not been slept in; nothing is touched

A shock of unutterable dread seized Lady
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;

"She has not slept here," she said; "she
must have slept with Miss Lillian. You
have frightened me, Susette; I will go and

"No," replied Lillian; "I have not seen
her since just before dinner last evening."
"Did she not sleep with you, then?" said

"No, she did not sleep here," responded
the young girl.
Lady Helena kissed Lillian's face, a

"My lady," she said, "I fastened the
outer door of the staircase last night
myself. I locked it, and shot the bolts. It

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

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

He smiled at first, thinking, as she had
done, that there must be some mistake,
and that his mother was fanciful and

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

He went through every room of the
house one by one, but there was no trace
of her. Still Lord Earle had no fear; it

Then he went out into the grounds, half
expecting the beautiful face to smile upon
him from under the shade of her favorite

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