MBER 27th, 1902, WIDOW

han the horse that i BY BERTHA M. OLAY. uberb Stock of fine \$2500000000000000000000000000000000000 many styles in Coach

Track harness, and (Continued from last week). goods are of Superior metty fixe the virtuous character site style and finish the play. I am going about adpest Stock that money sting wrongs and awarding rights, mishing the evil and rewarding the of fine Lap Robes an god. I really believe that, when sarything is comfortably arranged mplete. and I have every obstacle removed COMPTLY DONE ious. It is easy to be pious when servithing is going smooth with al. As Bunyon says, 'People like

walk with Religion when he goes his silver slippers.' Yes," the state young woman murmurs softlittle's Old Stand glancing at herself and her tall cantly robed figure in a fullagth mirror in one of the rooms the passes, "I shall certainly study rup a'n't call myself a hypocrite either doing it. It is only a careful bervance of certain forms, so far

> She is a little dubious on this last int, and temporizes with herself. "At all events, I am quite deterined that by-and-by I'll perform ery duty scrupulously, and be very critable, and very kind and genmus, and all that sort of thing, and perfectly faultless in word, so at the most censorious old maid m't find a flaw in my conduct; and nt will be doing good to every one ed harm to no one, which is relijourness, so far as it goes."

And then she recalls certain ruthless ed unholy deeds of hers in the past nd thinks of certain ruthless and mholy deeds in the future before he can reach the peaceful "by-andw.' to which she looks forward as a eason of grace and goodness. There re several prostrate necks, metaporically speaking, beneath Miss lover's merciless heels. There is ne-the fairest of all-Joyce Murw's-to be trodden under foot

'An aristocratic adventuress- ahe nothing better-angling for a married man's coronet!" the virnous Isabelle mutters, setting her teth close. "A false, treacherous firt, an avaricious sordid creature, or all her blue eyes and yellow mir and patrician graces! I'll hwart her schemes-winding my lord the Earl round her little finger as the is doing lately, and worming her into the Countess's kindness forgiveness, because she knows days are numbered as well as I

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Ay, I'll thwart my quite-toosarming Joyce and demolish her lots and plans if I have to ruin my-And in this Christian frame of

ind Mademoiselle Gantier meets liss Dormer, a pallid, red-eyed, woegone, poor old lady wandering mlessly about the house, carrying s spectacle-case and her knitting asket in her hands, and occasionalsearching for both those articles, atil some one reminds her that she is actual possession of them. She is an excellent subject for the

factice of Isabelle's new role, mich she is anxious to be perfect; ud when, after a little soothing and mpathizing, the poor old lady Nurs out all her griefs and fears ad woes, Isabelle comforts her with Mich sweetly wise and pious talk Miss Dormer says afterwards Ma some enthusiasm that she al-Mys thought "dear ma'm'selle" had l beautiful mi-end." but now she

sure of it! Manwhile Yolande is being comitted in another fashion by Lady intreath, who is sorrowfully kind I gentle and friendly as Yolande mayer seen her before; and she herself vaguely wondering if it e possible that she has not win the Countess for a very long if she is not an old acquaintand a trauted friend-she seems to talk to her so freely and cone in her so fully.

then you and your husband are reconciled — quite good friends, Mande?" she asks earnestly for the or third time. "There are no inderstandings, no divisions now dreen you, you are quite sure?" Quite sure that we are reconciled, Tary good friends, at all events," Mande answers, with a faint blush Ma fainter smile; "but, as I said ore, Lady Pentreath, this loss of ortune must make a great difference our lives."

make no difference feelings towards each er if you are sincerely attached to other," poor Maria, Lady Pent-4, says in her prim formal wayer chill existence "attachments" been very slender ligaments in-

am attached to him, at all is the love is on one side if it on the other." Yolande replies, a sort of bitter passionateness. ove him with all my heart and and the air he breathes, and Found under his feet!"

ush, hush!" the Countess says, shocked, but putting her affectionately on Yolande's love any human creature - a ephemeral mortal like yourself that sinful fashion. You must magine," Lady Pentreath goes sorting to the hackneyed warnmany as yourself."

think." Yolande retorts ty." antedly. "I shouldn't love him

Poolish girl," the Countess says, posed as usual.

gard face, and wonders if, when youth and hope were in her blood, she ever dreamed of Lyulph Glynne 'reciprocating' her affection.

"It is a bad thing;" she continues, with a far-away look in her sunken eyes, and in a low, dreary voice, as if speaking to herself, "when one starts in married life with too fond and tender a heart. You are sure to get it crushed."

"I think mine was crushed before I started at all!" Yolande remarks, with a half convulsive laugh. "Oh, no!" Lady Pentreath says

gravely. "You must live with a man, and bear with him, and endure him, and suffer through him, and weep bitter tears on account of him, and spend sleepless nights, and be patient under neglect, and smile whe patient under neglect, and smile when your heart is sore with jealousy, and forgive him selfishness and cruelty, and live in friendship with him through all and everything, and of my path, I shall grow quite | bring children into the world only to see them die and leave you alone to look at their graves before you know that your heart is crushed out of all capacity for joy or tenderness."

> summary. "I hope I shall not live to suffer all that," she remarks.

"You may," Lady Pentreath says gravely. "And when one comes to role more and more. And I the end, Yolande, as I have, it doesn't seem much to look back on, after all. Time and its woes and joys seem triffing things beside eternity." "Lady Pentreath," Wolande asks, with startled questioning eyes, "why do you speak like that?"

"Why?" Lady Pentreath repeats, with a faint smile. "Because it is true, and time is nearly over for me, Yolande, and eternity very near, I

"Oh, don't say that! You are not so very ill, are you?" Yolande exclaims, with a terrified shamed feeling of being cruelly selfish and unobservant of the sorrows and sufferings of those around her, and with a horrible selfish gladness, which is thrilling her through, that what she loves and prizes - the centre of the universe to her — is safe from death, has vitality and youth and strength, hers to have and to hold close to her heart for many a day. "Dear Lady Pentreath," she adds - and she is so sorry and ashamed and frightened and excited that she cannot keep from weeping - "you are no worse than when I saw you first, are you?" An idea flits through her mind that it is only an outcome of the poor Countess's hypochondria, this dreary belief.

Lady Pentreath shakes her head and answers quite quietly and cheer-

"The disease had not developed itself at all then, Yolande. It has lately advanced very rapidly. There is only one chance for me - an operation; but they do not know yet if they can perform it. The doctors have told me so plainly. It was very good of them to speak so candidly to me. I have no hope for myself; I have made arrangements-settled my few worldly affairs. Why do you cry, dear? I am rather glad than otherwise," the Countess says mildly. "I am looking forward with happiness to the better life beyond, in the world that sets this one right. And, speaking of that, there are a few things I want to set right while I may - the separation between you and your husband, Yolande, for one thing. But you have reassured me on that point. There is to be no more separation or misunderstanding or jealousy between you two, is there, dear?"

"No," Yolande replies slowly. "That is, I will try, Lady Pentreath, that there shall not be if Dallas comes back to me."

"Dallas will come back to you," Lady Pentreath says quickly. "But you are not jealous of your husband, Yolande? You have no real reason to be, you know. You would not accuse Joyce Murray of anything cruel, so base, as a deliberate attempt to win another woman's husband? Answer me, Yolande!"

Her sunken eyes are gleaming, her breathing is guick and labored, her pinched haggard features are sharpened with intense feeling, and Yolande wonders vaguely how it is that she never knew Lady Pentreath cousin Joyce Murray.

"I cannot say what I do not think," she answers unwillingly, the long-smothered fire in her bosom bursting into a flame at this guestortures. He says I need never be saw him with Joyce Murray. I hate if you or Lady Pentreath have seems to spell 'fiend!' I think her a false, cruel, selfish woman who threw away his love when she might have had it honestly, and then tried to rob me of it. I shall never forget what I suffered through her; and she knew I suffered, and enjoyed my misery. am sorry if you like her, Lady Pentreath. 'I look on her as the curse of my life."

"Hush, child-hush!" the Countess says hoarsely, wiping her brow, and Yolande sees that the delicate cambric is wet when she removes it. "You-you are exaggerating, I hope. I thought Joyce Murray was only a moustache recklessly, to the great little thoughtless. And of late she detriment of the shining brown coshas seemed quite different-kind and metique with which it is dyed and considerate, and most prudent and glossed. maidenly in her language and conder. 'My dear child, you must duct — quite different. And I do not my Lady Countess's card into the want to think it is all assumed for fire, and say nothing about either her own purposes. I could not think it or her message!" he mutters savwithout great pain that my mother's agely. "I will too if that stuck- says quietly, in a low voice, and sister's child would be a traitress to up beggar, my Lord Dallas, cuts up then goes away without a word or a me!" Her last words die away in a rough with me the next time he question more. adoring lovers, "that he has hoarse sob, and she covers her face. shows up here! His chit of a lady-You will find out that he "Give me something to drink, please, wife and his countesses Yolande - I am so faint and thirs- duchesses! I dor't care a fig for

And when Yolande comes back with

the affection is affection in the see things clearer than they bracelets — I have given them to see the see things clearer than the see that the see th dear? And to-morrow evening CapHis poor little wile, too! I'd selection in the same manlitrust he will be same mantain Glynne will dine with me, Yotain Glynne will dine will dine will trust he will try to recipro- lande. I have some business mat- after dinner, Isabelle, if he does month. But the truth remains the her, for no one knows: no, not even at least as much as hus- ters to talk over with him, and then not come, and explain the delay to same—she has gone home to die.

| A compare the delay to same—she has gone home to die. | Compare the delay to same—she has gone home to die. | Compare the delay to same—she has gone home to die. | Compare the delay to same—she has gone home to die. | Compare the delay to same—she has gone home to die. | Compare the delay to same—she has gone home to die. | Compare the delay to same—she has gone home to die. | Compare the delay to same—she has gone home to die. | Compare the delay to same—she has gone home to die. | Compare the delay to same—she has gone home to die. | Compare the delay to same—she has gone home to die. | Compare the delay to same—she has gone home to die. | Compare the delay to same—she has gone home to die. | Compare the delay to same—she has gone home to die. | Compare the delay to same—she has gone home to die. | Compare the delay to same—she has gone home to die. | Compare the delay to same—she has gone home to die. | Compare the delay to same—she has gone home to die. | Compare the delay to same—she has gone home to die. | Compare the delay to same—she has gone home to die. | Compare the delay to same—she has gone home to die. | Compare the delay to same—she has gone home to die. | Compare the delay to same—she has gone home to die. | Compare the delay to same—she has gone home to die. | Compare the delay to same—she has gone home to die. | Compare the delay to same—she has gone home to die. | Compare the delay to same—she has gone home to die. | Compare the delay to same—she has gone home to die. | Compare the delay to same the delay to sa after dinner — about nine o'clock — her. Poor child!" Lady Penafter dinner — about nine o'clock — her. Poor child! And I have but two regrets, Isa- believe I could really dare to aspire will bring him round with me, and treath says sadly. "She is count-

say good-bye to you both together." "To-morrow evening?" Yolande re- suppose!" peats, with a joyous quiver in her voice, cheeks and lips and eyes all agiow with gladness. "Will you really? How good of you to befriend joyfully substructs every ten me so now, Lady Pentreath! But pass. are you going back to Wales

soon?" she has used before. "But I will say evening, in case I do not see you again, Yolande," With motherly gengirl-wife's slim lissom form. "How are you going to receive him, Yolande, when I bring him back to you?" And Yolande clasps both her soft hands around poor Lady Pentreath's thin skeleton-like figure and kisses her warmly.

"This way!" she replies, laughing and crying together.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Early on the following afternoon Lady Pentreath's carriage draws up before the Baltimore Hotel, and the boy-in-buttons runs out, and the commissionaire opens the door, and Yolande shudders at the dreary the hall-porter stands at "attention" as two ladies descend and enter the hotel - two tall stately ladies, the younger the richer dressed and far more elegant of the two - and quire for "Mr. Dallas."

"Mr. Dallas, madam?" the hallporter repeats, bowing, but looking confounded; and, stepping back towards the office, he says in an undertone, "Mr. Davison!"

A tall, vulgar, showy handsome man, exceedingly well dressed, and with fine small diamonds flashing on his white fat fingers, comes forward bowing and smiling. Through the glass panels of the door he sees the carriage and bays, and sees an earl's coronet shining in the sun.

"Dash the fellow! Half the British peerage will come inquiring for him!" he says, inwardly savage with petty spite, outward showing his teeth through his big black, glossy moustache, and smiling.

"Mr. Dallas, madam?" he says, dividing his bow equally between Lady Pentreath and mademoiselle; but, shrewdly guessing that the plainer-looking lady is the grander of the two, he bows again to her. "Or Mr. Glynne, I believe I should say? I regret to say, madam, Mr. Glynne is not in the hotel at present." "When do you expect him back?"

Lady Pentreath asks curtly. She is feeling very ill to-day, and, besides, being a gentlewoman, every instinct makes Mr. Davison repellent to her. "My card case, Isabelle! Will you please give him that the moment he returns, and say I am waiting to see

Mr. Davison reads, "The Countess | uation, homeless, friendless, and of Pentreath," and bows until he shows the top of his head and thick moist-looking black hair.

"I regret very much to have to tell your ladyship that I do not know when to expect Mr. Glynne back," he says reluctantly, wishing heartily that he could concoct any the Countess of Pentreath in friendladyship's card; and any message

shall---"Where has Captain Glynne gone?" interrupts the younger and haughtier and more elegant lady very im-

'Well, I guess I can talk to female swell of them all."

"I really can't say, madam," answers mademoiselle. "I am very sorry indeed." "Has Captain Glynne left the ho-

tel-left his situation here?" the imperious lady interrupts again. "Well, there was some little misunderstanding," Mr. Davison says fawningly, "about a very trifling Glynne's eyes. "Mr. Dallas matter-can be put to rights in a moment-but Dallas-Mr. Dallas -Captain Glynne, I mean-was very much displeased-a most trifling cause, I assure your ladyship"-very confidentially to Lady Pentreath -

morning." "And his present address please?" cared so much for her pretty young | the younger lady asks, with a flash of her eyes, opening her silver cardcase and taking out the pencil.

"and left here last night or this

"Captain Glynne left no address, madam." Mr. Davison answers sourly, seeing that neither his bows nor tioning. "I was jealous of my hus- smiles nor his personal appearance band and Miss Murray, and I had produce any effect on these frigid cause - I had! She made me suffer members of the British aristocracy. "He will call for letters doubtless jealous again; but I should be if I either to-day or to-morrow; and, the very sound of her name - it letter or message, it shall be delivered to him instantly."

"I have left my card," the Countess says briefly, looking at her companion, and not at Mr. Davison. "We can do no more now, Isabelle, "No." agrees Isabelle, watching Mr. Davison very keenly. "If you will please give Captain Glynne Lady Pentreath's card and message,

that will be all." She inclines her head slightly the Countess has already moved onand they both sweep out to their carriage again, leaving Mr. Davison gazing after them and gnawing his

"I've a dashed good mind to pitch

the whole bilin' of 'em!" And when Yolande comes back with the hadn't been so cruel to a glass of claret and seltzer, Lady the Countess repeats wearily, as the nothing for her; they tell her so in And "ambitious comes back with the Countess repeats wearily, as the nothing for her; they tell her so in And "ambitious comes back with the Countess repeats wearily, as the nothing for her; they tell her so in a complete the countess repeats wearily as the nothing for her; they tell her so in the countess repeats wearily as the nothing for her; they tell her so in the countess repeats wearily as the nothing for her; they tell her so in the countess repeats wearily as the nothing for her; they tell her so in the countess repeats wearily as the nothing for her; they tell her so in the countess repeats wearily as the nothing for her; they tell her so in the countess repeats wearily as the nothing for her; they tell her so in the countess repeats wearily as the nothing for her; they tell her so in the countess repeats wearily as the nothing for her; they tell her so in the countess repeats wearily as the nothing for her; they tell her so in the countess repeats wearily as the nothing for her; they tell her so in the countess repeats wearily as the nothing for her; they tell her so in the countess repeats wearily as the nothing for her; they tell her so in the countess repeats wearily as the nothing for her; they tell her so in the countess repeats wearily as the nothing for her; they tell her so in the countess repeats wearily as the nothing for her; they tell her so in the countess repeats wearily as the nothing for her; they tell her so in the countess repeats wearily as the nothing for her; they tell her so in the countess repeats wearily as the nothing for her; they tell her so in the countess repeats wearily as the nothing for her; they tell her so in the countess repeats wearily as the countess repeats wearily as the nothing for her; they tell her so in the countess repeats wearily as the countess repeats wearily as the countess repeats wear very much disappointed. I wished effect, though they still allude to er is literally afraid to look up at wery much disappointed. I wished the Countess says, posed as usual.

"remedial measure" and to 'keep the speaker. "They say that dying rings and pendants and rings are rings

ing the hours until she sees him, She is counting the hours nay, the

very minutes she has turned into a gigantic sum, from which

She has had his room prepared for him, and has stolen in herself after "I do not know," the Countess an- the housemaid has gone, to put swers in the same patient mild tone fresh roses in the delicate pink specimen-glasses that stand here and good-bye to you both to-morrow there, to fill the massive cut-glass toilet-bottles with perfume, and to place some of his favorite poets' tleness she puts her arm around the and novelists' works on the writing table and cabinet-shelves. She arranges and re-arranges the draperies everywhere, so that the golden afternoon sunshine shall only gleam and sparkle softly on the furniture and ornaments, and changes the doilies and antimacassars for a set worked by her own hands in daintiest silk crewel embroideries.

There are pretty candle-shades to be fitted on the mantel-shelf candles-yellow shades with purple pansies; and Yolande wonders anxiously whether Dallas will like yellow candles or plain white sperm. And on the cabinet she puts two velvetcovered easel-frames holding two large handsome photographs-one of Dallas, and one of herself. They have never been taken together, and this one of Dallas taken in uniform, in its crimson plush frame, has been her most precious earthly possession next to her wedding-ring. Her own picture she takes away twice and replaces twice, but at last, with many misgivings, decides to leave it. As she stands at the door for a final glance at the dainty apartment all delicate pink chintz and white lace, embroidered linen.snowy fur rugs, and crimson carpeting, she tells herself that Dallas can not help

being pleased with his room. It looks charming, and it is sure to be much nicer than any room Dallas has occupied lately, even at the Baltimore Hotel. It is certainly much nicer than Capt. Glynne's present apartmenta dingy "tidy" room, a second-pair

back in a "decent" street near Theobald's Road-a street the aspect of which is suggestive of a model convict prison in the vicinity- where, on a small iron bedstead, fronting a narrow painted wooden washstand, Dallas Glynne is lying, ill and feverish in mind and body, moaning with pain and vexation of spirit, am unwilling prisoner in this cheerful apartment twelve feet by ten, with nothing to look at but "The complete bed-room suite for five guineas as advertised," nothing to think of but his own miserable condition lying here helpless from a badlysprained ankle, for which he has to thank a hasty omnibus-conductor and some greasy mud-out of a sit-

tween him and destitution. And the next day comes, and the next and the next, but no message or letter from Dallas Glynne reaches

with six pounds in the world be-

His poor young wife has written twice to him-tender and beseeching likely falsehood which would detain | letters, begging even for his address. Lady Pentreath has written, and ly conversation with him for a while | finally mademoiselle has called at longer. "The moment he comes the hotel. But Mr. Davison only back I will of course give him your informs her curtly that all letters addressed to Captain Glynne are your ladyship may intrust me with lying there waiting for him, but he has never called or sent for them.

"And I guess I don't expect he will call here again," adds the manager, with disagreeable significance. It is five days later than the day "Maybe a countess's sister or on which he has left his situation at daughter, or a duchess, for all I can a few hours' notice, in consequence tell," Mr. Davison thinks uneasily. of the unbearable insolence of Davison, the manager, when Captain Glynne, pale and ill, gets feebly out he of a cab and limps into the hotel

office with the aid of his stick. "Any letters for me, Mr. Marsh?" he asks briefly but civilly.

"Mr. Davison has your letters, Mr. Dallas," Marsh replies, glancing with a flurried uneasy look into the inner office and avoiding Captain called for his letters, Mr. Davison," he says, putting in his head and speaking in a queer dubious voice. "They are all afraid of their lives through this vulgar bully," Dallas

thinks, with bitter contempt. "All right!" the gentleman in the inner office responds coolly; and, walking out presently, with a patronizing smile, he hands Dallas three letters. "There you are." he says graciously. "What's wrong with your leg-hurt it?"

"Thank you," Dallas says quietly, taking the letters and ignoring Mr. Davison's questions. "These are

He cannot keep the tone of sharp pain out of his voice. He does not know that his enemy is waiting to hear it, and is gloating over it and the look of blank dismay that is in his eyes; for a dagger seems to quiver in his breast at the sight of those letters. He knows the writing of all three-one is from a man who owes him money and pays him in apologies, the others are from acquaintances about an appointment to dine at the Exhibition. Not one line from his wife Yolande!

"Yes; did you expect more?" Davison asks, with insolent amusement in his subtle eyes. Dallas does not answer this ques-

tion either, being almost speechless from the shock of his cruel disappointment. "She repented of her generosity; or perhaps my mother talked her out

of it!" he thinks, setting his lips hard lest he should betray himself by a word or a sigh. "Thank you. Good morning," he

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

One week later Lady Pentreath has

Place in Lindsay to purchase anything in the Jewellry line than at C. Hughans. We are showing an elegant line of Brooches and Gem Rings which you should see. Prices away down. We will also sell a limited number of Ladies' Gold Filled Waltham Watches for the exceedingly low price of \$11.00 Ladies' Solid Silver Watches \$3 up. Bring along your Watch and Jewellery repairing. Issuer of Marriage Licenses

Jeweller, Ontario Bank Block,

Handsome'y Decor-FA HIS IS ES costs from \$15 o S25. Don't throw your noncy away. If you want a cautiful set of Dishes for a wear The Finest China cher, Plates, Cups, Saucers, full size for family use, lard's Famous V ge able P.il , the greatest r medy on earth for all weak and you receives a Prize Ticket, which et it es them to a fine piece of Silverware. Almost everybody will buy. The Dr. Willard Medicine Co. want one o two honest agents in each locality. Send us your order to-day, and we will end the 12 boxes of Pills and 12 Prize T ckets by mail, postpaid. When sold, send us the morey, \$3.00, and we will carefully pack for you the handsome Set of Dishes the same day money is received. We pay the freight charges to your nearest station. There in no humbug about this, we mean just what we say. We are giving away these beautiful Sets of Dishes to quickly introduce Dr. Willard's Famous Vrge able Pills. When you receive our handsome dishes, we ask you to kindly show them to your friends. Hundreds have received dishes from us and write us delighted letters of praise and thanks. Bou't miss this grand opportunity to get a fine set of Dishes without paying a cent for them. Write to us at once and be the first in your locality. Address: The Dr. Willard Medicine Co., Dept. 506 Toronto, Ont.

cue, sne says, discussing her contition calmly - she who used to ex aust the resources of medical skil it every fresh hypochondriacal fan y. "One, the greatest, is that ave not made a better use of my

ife and my opportunities." "You have been good and kind nd chairtable, chere Comtesse. abelle protests earnestly, with emething like honest emotion, while ars dim her eyes - "you have een patient and amiable and forgiv

ng to every one!" 'I have been an unprofitable se ant, Isabelle," the Countess say ravely, "and my few poor efforts to tone for the wasted years I trust viil be graciously received. If I had ried to comfort others, I should tve been comforted myself. If I ha tried to satisfy the afflicted soul ight would have arisen on the darkness of my lonely path. You must

lo better than I, Isabelle." What do you mean, Lady Pent enth?" Isabelle asks in a startled voice, crimsoning all over the face "You must do better with your ince and opportunities, and take warring by my wasted life."

countess replies slowly and gravely, op ing at her with surprise and scrutiny. i wish I was only one-half as as you, Lady Pentreath!" she

ave hastily, with a convulsive well, the deep color fading utterly that even her very lips.

The Countess makes no reply veral minutes. She lies on he of gazing at Isabelle, who tries in in to seem utterly unconscious . with the same grave surprised scratiny in her eyes.

tou must look to a far higher andard of goodness than says presently, in a cold reprovtane. "And Isabelle, more will expected of you. You have ter to my one. I am afraid

hidden mine in a napkin fo. my a day; but what are you eg with yours? You have been a titisful friend and companion to me, know, and I am grateful to you or it. Whatever were the motives that prompted you to devote your time and thoughts to me - whether from a sense of duty merely, or kindness of heart, or ambition - you have been both kind and faithful in your services, and I will try to reward you when I am gone. Would you like to know what I have bequeathed to you, Isabelle, or would you rather wait until my will is read, after my funeral?"

"I don't want to know anything about it," Isabelle answers, bursting into tears and sobbing agitatedly, for she is both ashamed and frightened. 'I don't want to hear you speak about your death and your funeral; it cuts me to the heart! You are the best and kindest friend I ever had in my life, and-andcannot bear to think of losing you! I want to stay with you always-as long as I live!"

There is again that curious meaning silence on the part of Lady Pentreath which disturbs Isabelle so. It is as if she guessed the secret yearnings of Bella Glover's worldly soul. She smiles a little as she speaks | annuities," the Countess goes on. again, a cold weary smile, but places her hand kindly on Isabelle's head as she crouches in a low chair with her face hidden.

bidden Yolande "a last farewell," as she says gravely. "That life would course I have nothing to do - they "We can do no more, Isabelle," she herself says, and gone back to not content an ambitious, elever wo- are for the next Countess of Pent

"I will tell you what division I have made of what I have to leave, Isabelle," the Countess continues, "and I speak in strict confidence to you, as I told you before, when informed you that I had provided for you in my will. Lord Pentreath is not aware of the terms of my will."

"No," Isabelle thinks; "if he were, I shouldn't be provided for. Lord Lyulph would go down on his knees to his wife if he thought he could coax her to leave him all her money. I sha'n't pretend I know anything about her will, no matter how he cross-questions me. Pas si

"You told me you meant to benefit poor Captain Glynne and his wife in some way, dear Lady Pentreath," she says with an humble innocent look of inquiry; "and I said I thought that was so good and generous of you," she goes on, smiling sweetly, as if she had not a selfish thought on earth. "I dare say it was the loss of money that helped to separate them; and I think Dallas Glynne has been tolerably well punished by twelve months of hard work and poverty. And so I said to you, when you asked my advice, chere Comtesse, that I thought it would be a good thing to try to bring them together again, and save poor Yolande from breaking her heart, dragging out a lonely miserable life, the slave of Lady Nora's worldliness and selfishness."

"Yes, you did," the Countess agrees, looking pleased; "and thought it was kind of you, as 1 know you did not like Dallas Glynne, Well, Isabelle, I have left him twelve thousand pounds, the interest of which will give him just about five hundred a year, the sum he was deprived of under the late Earl's will. The principal is to be divided

amongst his children, or to revert to Yolande after his death. ' "Goodness me!" Miss Glover

thinks. "I have repaid Yolande well for that friendly greeting she gave me at Pentreath. I vowed I would do her a good turn for showing that Murray woman and her daughter how she regarded me. But I didn's think I was going to reward her so splendidly. What a generous creature I am! I shall certainly quite pious in the long run.'

"And to you, Isabelle," Lady Pentreath continues, "I have also left twelve thousand pounds, and my dresses and few ornaments, and my Brussels lace. Lord Pentreath, under our marriage-settlement, inherits the rest of my fortune."

"Oh, my dear Lady Pentreath, how good you are to me - how generous and good!" Isabelle exclaims, have ing indeed a hard struggle to keep from crying again. For the bequest is a surprise, and a most pleasant one. At the most she had not hoped for more than two or three thousand, or a hundred pounds annuity. And the jewels and the lace - why, they

are worth hundreds more! "I have put Mrs. Brett and some of the old servants down for small "and I have endowed a couple hospital beds, and given a few hundreds to some local charities; and that is all, Isabelle, except my dias "That is not quite true, my dear," monds. With the family jewels reath" - with a faint smile that a glass of claret and sertzer. Lady the Countess repeats wearly, as the Pentreath's sad pallid face is as com- carriage rolls homeward. 'I am effect, though they still allude to

It is 'Mordecai in the gate's to

(Continued on Page 44)