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me, and grew fitful, capricious, and suspicious. We differed in a thousand things, and at last we parted."  
Afterwards I learned that Crawford Carden had been even then one of Mr. Gascoigne's spies, and had done all in his power, by false reports to the one and exaggerated pretended sympathy with the other, to divide uncle and nephew.  
"He is not mistrustful or capricious now," I said. "He is generous to everybody in word and deed. No one could be more so."  
"The last subject on which we quarrelled was the subject of marriage."  
"Marriage!" I started.  
"His marriage. I had three almost penniless nieces. I had two nephews—my heirs. Urie was young, and at college—Annis at school; Gwendoline was engaged to Lord Martin Pomeroy because he was rich; I had Gilbert marry Hilda. He scarcely knew her, but refused even to learn her name. He said there could be nothing congenial between them, and he would not be married for his money, as Lord Martin had been—for Gwendoline's marriage, poor girl, was not happy, though Matt was a fine young fellow whom any girl might have loved. Will, he proposed to divide the property with Hilda. I said the Grange property had not been divided for a hundred years, and I was not going to begin to do so to suit him. He answered that he wanted none of it; and so it ended."

"And Hilda," I asked tremulously—"did Hilda know of your wish?"  
"Do you think I would let a young lady know she had been rejected? The matter was between me and Gilbert, and us only. The girls knew so little that, when they met their cousins, they thought it advisable to keep me in the dark. I am not easily kept in the dark."  
I looked up at him quickly. How much did he know? His voice had returned to its old dry tone, and he chuckled softly.  
"I heard whispers, plenty of whispers! My young gentleman began to have private meetings with Miss Hilda and Miss Annis, and I thought me that Master Gilbert might find his lovely cousin more attractive now that the money was on her side. I wished him to fall in love with her. I intended it; that would be checkmate. I waited."  
"Mr. Gascoigne, who has told you all this? Who has betrayed them? Not I?"  
"No, not you; you kept the secret remarkably well, and longer than I expected, when you had every temptation as great as I could make it to save yours if by revealing it. You did not tell me that my niece set you the example in meetings under the one, and that Annis was hiding yet more?"  
"Do not be vexed with her," I said; "she could not help it. She could not prevent herself from becoming acquainted with Urie at Naperville; she could not prevent herself from loving her. It was not his wish or hers that you were deceived. You will forgive her, Mr. Gascoigne?"  
"Have you not enough to think about in getting forgiveness for yourself?" he asked dryly.  
"Ah, yes. It is more to be forgiven than to forgive and me. I am not your niece; I am only a paid secretary. I said bitterly, repeating Hilda's words, 'I ought to have resisted seeing him; perhaps he may have been wrong to do as he did. But Annis and Urie—they have been innocent from first to last.'"  
"My dear," said the old man, taking my hand, "you see that I have watched you all, prisoner as I am; whispers and eavesdroppers keep nothing back. I will tell you what I am going to do. Until Annis gives me her confidence I never lose confidence. I know nothing of these things. I am not angry with her; and when I die I shall leave her just what I always intended to do—nothing more nor less. As for Gilbert, although I regret for some reasons he did not, as I certainly expected of him, court his cousin Hilda, because now he has baffled my plans I am satisfied with his choice. But, for the present, things remain as they were. I am not going to let him come back; I know we should get on no better now than ever. I resent none of my orders. I shall not leave him any of my money, for I am not in the habit of changing my mind."  
"There is something which would be more precious to him than your money; may I tell him that you forgive him?"  
"Yes, you may," he said, after a few moments' hesitation—"but not at present. When you are married, you may tell him all you please of what I have said to you now; until then it must remain sealed, and like everything else that goes on in this room, not a word will I have repeated. If Gilbert knows I forgive, he will hold out hopes of the Grange, and neglect his work, and be in a hurry for me to die."  
"No, no!" I exclaimed.  
"Yes, yes," he said testily; "and I should be suspicious of him, and—I won't have it! I'll think about it when you are married, but not a syllable shall he hear till then. You can keep a secret, Miss Thorne. Believe me, my dear, I know him better than you do yet, and it's best for you he should not know, whether I am alive or dead, that he had my pardon. I dare say he'd think you were marrying him for the chance of the Grange; he would find something to be suspicious about, one way or another. He has all the Gascoigne pride and the Gascoigne jealousy!"

"Of course I did not agree that he knew Gilbert half so well as I did, and I was sure Gilbert trusted me a great deal too well to be jealous. I knew he had not any lingering hopes of the Grange which Mr. Gascoigne took for granted only wanted a puff to set them alight."  
"You must promise," he said.  
"Since you wish it," I answered slowly, "I cannot refuse, sir; but—"  
"Leave the 'buts'; I can't argue. It's a question of that or the withdrawal of the pardon altogether," he said, with his dictatorial directness. "Now for the Times, if you please, and business."

And so things relapsed into their previous state, and the days passed on. We were fettered, and we were conscious of our shackles; but we could do nothing. It was a strange life, and at times I fretted and struggled against my bonds; but Gilbert and I were all in all to each other, and I could not be unhappy while he was near. As for Crawford Carden, Mr. Gascoigne, at my earnest request, let me leave him when he came, but no hint of my dislike served to stop the visits of the spy, or his assiduous attentions to me when I chanced to see him, although he must have been aware I was the promised wife of Gilbert Gascoigne.  
Nor were my innocences more effectual with Gilbert. Naturally he thought it all due to illogical prejudice.  
"I don't like him myself," he said, in his frank way. "But he is a clever fellow, and we are partners. You shall not see more of him than I can help when we are married, darling."

I was to stay three months longer at St. Gabriel's Grange, in accordance with Mr. Gascoigne's request; and it was now mid-June. It seemed that my last three months under that roof were to be more full of anomalies and contradictions than the first three, only that Gilbert's love and Mr. Gascoigne's words to me were enough to far outweigh the trials his demands entailed on me. Yet I felt that he was unintentionally hard on us, that our lives were unnatural, our relations strained.

Annis, encouraged by her uncle's receipt of my engagement, imparted her own to him one evening when only I was with them.  
"You young people act by contraries nowadays," was the old gentleman's characteristic answer. "I conclude your affection for each other quite overcame your care for my views on the subject; and your meetings were doubly sweet because they were secret. I suppose Miss Thorne set you the bad example?"  
"No—oh, no, uncle; I set it to her! It began before she came, and I persuaded her to go with me. It was all my fault!"  
"And you repent it all sincerely, no doubt?"  
Annis blushed and laughed very prettily, repeatedly; and her uncle allowed a smile to creep into his face.  
"I hope you will be happy, Annis. I don't intend to be vexed with you, or to alter my opinion with regard to Urie. You can tell him that he has made a very good choice, that I haven't the least inclination to alter any of my plans, and that, when I die, you will have ten thousand pounds."  
"Uncle," cried Annis, with big imploring eyes, "won't you forgive him? It's that we want, not the money. Don't talk of dying, uncle Richard!"  
"Doesn't ten thousand pounds look like forgiveness? You will find it more useful for housekeeping, Annis! My dear, it's no question of forgiveness. I am an old man, and am living a life that suits me, and I can't leave things revolutionized for the few days I have left, as they would be if once I let your cousins inside this house."  
And with that Annis had to be content.  
"But it is so nice, Voladear," she imparted to me, "to know that you are in just the same position as I am to know we can share our little sorrows and our little happiness, and our little beautiful happiness! Poor uncle Richard! Why didn't he get married?"  
It was not much sympathy either Annis or I got from her sisters. Hilda, increased by the knowledge that her last madly-shot arrow had no poison to injure me, was more bitter than ever. But that could hardly explain the cruel disdain with which she treated me, the contumely she heaped upon me, the insults for which, so long as I remained at St. Gabriel's Grange, I had no answer. Ever since I came she had been chill and haughty. I knew her to be proud as Lucifer and cold as ice; but now I found that ice could burn like molten metal. She had never been my friend, she had never spoken a kindly word to me, never refrained from an opportunity to remind me of my position in the household, had sought at first to ignore and then to annihilate me. At the beginning it had been only a studied neglect, a setting at naught the fact of my presence. Now it was war a outrance.  
"I who had never willingly made an enemy, had done to deserve this hatred I could not guess. I thought Gilbert could have nothing to do with it, since she knew nothing of his refusal to marry her. How could I guess that she, so cold, proud, and ambitious, would have given up the Grange and her money, riches and brilliant position for the sake of Gilbert Gascoigne? How could I guess that then, when all Naperville looked upon her as the heiress of Lord Ormsby, the Earl of Seagrave's eldest son, she loved the cousin who had nothing but his profession and the future of a country lawyer?"

(To be continued.)  
Chameleon Spider of Africa.  
"It has always been a hobby of mine," said T. E. Grimsby, of Raleigh, N. C., to a St. Louis Globe-Democrat man, "to collect strange bugs and insects during my travels, and I think I have succeeded in getting together a pretty choice collection. Of the whole assortment I got last summer on the coast of Africa, is the most valuable. The capture of this insect was highly interesting to me. One afternoon, while tramping along a dusty road, I noticed in the bushes which grew along the side what appeared to be a singular looking white flower with a blue center. Stopping to examine it I found to my astonishment that it was not a flower at all, but a spider's web, and that the supposed light blue heart of the flower was the spider itself, lying in wait for its prey. The mottled brown legs of the spider were extended in such a way as to resemble the division between the petals of a flower.  
"The web itself, very delicately woven into a rosette pattern, was white, and the threads that suspended it from the bushes were so fine as to be almost invisible. The whole thing had the appearance of being suspended in the air upon a stem concealed beneath. Upon knocking the spider from his perch into the white gauze net which I carried, my surprise was greatly increased upon seeing my captive instantly turn in color from blue to white. I shook the net, and again the spider changed color, this time its body becoming a dull greenish brown. As often as I would shake the net just so often would the spider change its color, and I kept it up until I had assumed about every hue of the rainbow."

The oldest secret trade process now in existence is in all probability either that method of inlaying the hardest steel with gold and silver, which seems to have been practiced at Damascus ages ago, and is still known only to the Syrian smiths and their pupils, or else the manufacture of Chinese red or vermilion.  
Gottlieb von Klackenber, a South African Boer, has two racing ostriches. One of them has developed a speed of twenty-two miles an hour and has a stride of fourteen feet. The breeding of ostriches for racing purposes has been seriously interfered with by the passage of an anti-betting law by the English government.  
The United States have not a particularly large military establishment—in fact, it is regarded as meager for such an extensive territory, neither have they many posts from which the sun is saluted at morning and evening. Still it costs the government \$20,000 annually for ammunition for the morning and evening gun, which figures out the expense at \$54.79 for each of the 365 days in the year.  
Naval officers have various devices for getting their mail when cruising. Some when in European waters have all matter sent to the care of an agent at London. A few make out a tentative itinerary for the convenience of their correspondents, but there are too many elements of uncertainty about this for it to be entirely safe. The best rule for the correspondent when in doubt is to address his man at the navy department, Washington.

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