CHAPTER XV.-Continued.

MISTRESS AND MAID. It was very seldom-not once in a year, perhaps-that Mary Forest was ever out of temper with my Lady; but then such a su-preme occasion as the present had never occurred before. Underneath their mere superficial relation of mistress and servant, they were more like elder and younger sisters; but then even sisters quarrel when the one wants the other—generally under some pretence of mere prudence, not to be listened by a woman of spirit-to give up the man of her choice. The ample countenance of Mistress Forest expressed something more than Decision in the negative; there was an unpleasant smile upon her pale lips, which seemed to say: "If you knew what I know you would know that you are wasting breath." She sat with her plump hands folded before her, like a naughty boy that has been put in the corner, but who does not care—nay, more, who knows that he has got a cracker to put presently under his master's chair, the results of which will make full amends for the inconvenience he at present experiences.

"I will say nothing more, Mary, of the mutual esteem and affection between us two and of the nain that an eternal partingsuch as your marriage with this Mr. Derrick would most undoubtedly entail—needs must found it—however weighty—insufficient to alter your determination?"

Mary nodded, sharply enough, but it was doubtful it she could have spoken. Already her features had lost their rigidity, as though melted by my Lady's touching tones.

"You have known this person—that is to long." say, you have met him some dozen times during a period of less than four months; yet such is his inustence over you, that you are prepared to sacrifice for him a friend of four rather—to lose—— O dear! what an are prepared to sacrifice for him a friend of thirty years' standing, a comfortable home, and a position in which you are respected and eyes! I will never trust to appearances by all who know you. If I was speaking to young girl, Mary, I should not advance these argumenus; but you are a—a wise and sensible woman, and yet not of such a left the bottle of smelling salts, which mature age that you need despair of finding a suitable partner for the rest of your life."

Mistress Forest heaved a little sich of re-Mistress forest neaves a little state of the will be something of their natural crimson; they either; and if she left her, it could not certain of the control of the left her, it could not certain of the control of t something of their natural crimson; they had been purple with the apprehension of what my Lady might have said upon the subject of age.

"Now, what is it," pursued my Lady, whispered: "which has produced this confidence in an almost entire stranger? Do you know anything of his former life, which may be a guarantee to you for the stability of your future? Have you ever met a single individual who is acquainted with it in any way? For all you know, this man may have been

" My Lady !"

For a moment the relative position of Mentor and pupil were exchanged; there was a quiet power about the waiting-maid's rebuke, for which an archbishop would have given more than his blessing, if he could only have incorporated it into a "charge."

"I believe he is fond of a class, my Lady, as most men are who have no home, or people to look after them. If he had a wife, he would never go to the public-house at all, perhaps-he tells me so himself."

My Lady smiled faintly.

"But not fling his money to left and right-I use your own words, dear Mary-and treat every chance companion he comes across to liquor. Do you suppose at his age he is likely to change habits of this ing-maid half incredulously.

is anything against him," replied the waiting maid coldly. "He is not so likely to run through his money as if he were young, ter, and particularly when he has got some it after I reached land. But I was note the out to provide for health himself. "I am not aware, my Lady, that his age out to provide for beside himself. And indeed, so far as money goes, he has thous ands of pounds; and if all goes well with him—and something has occurred to day about which he has sent me a line by hand, dear fellow, by which it has been made almost certain that things will go well—he will be a very rich man indeed after a week ortwo. There is some great race on Epsom

"O Mary, how can you talk so cheerfully of money acquired in that way. If it is won to-day, it is lost to-morrow; and even if it were not so, do you know that it is gained from those who can ill afford to lose it, and who, having lost it, often turn to wicked

"I don't know about that, my Lady, I'm sure," responded the waiting maid demure-ly; "I leave all these things to my betters. ly; "I leave all these things to my petiers. But, I suppose, if racing was a grime, Mr. Chifney would not be let to have the Abbey Farm—Sir Richard being so very particular whom he was so proud, are baseborn-Farm—Sir Richard being so very particular and Master Walter would not for ever be up at the stables. Why, he and Mr. Derrick are both together, hand and glove, in this very business—something about a Walter, he is baseborn too. And Letty—something about a Walter, he is baseborn too. And Letty—something about a baseborn too. French racer, it is; although, when you and French racer, it is; although, when you and I were at Dijoin, my Lady, we never heard too high-wshe, too, is no Lisgard. If I had I were at Dijoin, my Lady, we never heard of there being such a thing in all France, did we?—so my poor Ralph cannot be so very wieked after all. And please, ma'am, it is no use saying anything more about it, for I have written him that letter already which he was to find in London, and put it in the post."

"And did you answer 'Yes' 'No,' Mary?"

"I answered 'Yes,' my Lady—that I would marry him—and begging your pardon, madam, but I mean to stand to it." "And stone?" grating

CHAPTER XVI.-(Continued.)

"Mary," said her mistress solemnly, and after a long silence, "I am grieved beyond all power of words to tell at what you have just said; but the mischief may not yet be quite past mending. I have seen this—Mr. Derrick—this very night, and therefore he will not receive your letter till. at earliest to-morrow evening.'

"No, nor then either, my Lady, so far as

"Then it has not yet left the village postoffice," interrupted my Lady, hastily snatch-

"No, my Lady, I heard the postman's an hour ago; and if it were otherwise, nothing would induce me to alter what I have already written—nothing—nothing!" repeated Mistress Forest, emphasising her two last words by beating with her foot upon the carpet.

"Alas, dear friend, you know not what you say," replied my Lady very gravely. Give me your hand, Mary; nay do not withdraw it coldly, for you will have need of comfort and support, almost as much alas, as I — Mary, Mary, this man is married already!" The waiting-maid started from her seat with a shrill scream.

"I don't believe it, I won't believe it; it is false. How dare you tell a lie to me, Lady Lisgard, only to gain your ends?"

"Hush, bush, Mary; did you ever know me to tell a lie, my friend? It is true as that yonder moon is rising, that this man has a wife alive. Do not weep so passionately."

"The perjured villian; the false, bad man; wicked wretch !" cried the waiting-maid, her eyes flashing through

"Nay, above all, do not blame him Mary, for he knows it not himself; he does not indeed."

"What? Not know whether he's married or not!" Sobbed the unhappy bride-elect. "I don't believe that, at all events, even if believe you. He has married so many, that he doesn't know rightly who is his wife; that is what you mean, I see. Sailors cost us both. I presume that you have are all alike. O dear, dear, when weighed that matter in your mind, and Mrs. Welsh comes to know of it! And the manster will have got my letter by to-morrow night, to shew about! How nearly have I been committing bi-bi-bigamy!

> "Calm yourself, dear Mary, calm yourself. Your trouble is nothing to what I suffer, and must continue to endure for my life

"Ah, my Lady, I daresay it is very bad to be a widow; but it's much worse to die honest man he looked, and such a beard upon a certain occasion we saw used by Mary Forest for the recovery of her mistress had to change hands. The unfortunate tainly be said that she also lost the use of her limbs. At last, exhausted in body, but also more reasonable to her mind, she "Mistress, dearest, tell me all you know." Then my Lady knew that the time had come for her first self-humiliation. Throughout the narrative that followed, they were sitting on the sofa together, hand in hand, but each had her face averted from the other, and only and then, by a con-vulsive grasp of the fingers, did Mary shew

ing revelation from my Lady's lips over-whelmed every faculty of speech within her, and she sat like a child who listens to a horrid story in the darkening twilight. "We have known one another more than "You are right, Mary," said my Lady frankly; "let us only speak of what is with in our own knowledge. Does this man's own conduct, then, give any promise of lasting happiness to the woman who may become his wife? Is he sober?" half our lives, Mary, said I, a while ago, and you thought me so mad for first refus ing him, and afterwards for demanding such a long delay, I had a reason for it, which he knew, but which you have never guessed I was then the three-weeks bride of another

her sympathy with her unhappy mistress. At first, she was too full of her own trouble

to interrupt by words, but soon the astound

man. You may well start, Mary, but that is the dreadful truth. The man, Ralph "Is he industrious and provident, Mary?" Gavestone, whom I mourned so deeply, as "He has earned his money hardly enough, being drowned with my dear paren's, and all my Lady, and it seems only natural that he the rest of the ship's company, in that great the rest of the ship's company in that great the rest of the ship's company in that great the rest of the ship's company in that great the rest of the ship's company in that great the rest of the ship's company. should now spend a little in enjoying him, storm—which I would to Heaven had whelmed me in its waves--was not my half brother, as Sir Robert persuaded me to give

"You had no wedding ring, my Lady, when you came ashore," murmured the wait-

"That is true, Mary. I know not how it was, but perhaps the cold and wet of that less a widow; as I thought; and although, another husband to my arms, although the raging sea had worked that rough divorce between us. At first, I replied: 'No, Sir Robert, never;' you will bear me witness that I did. Then, when he pressed me still, I bargained for three years. I thought that he would tire of waiting for me, and get some fitter mate in the meantime; I did, as Heaven is my judge. I was true to my poor Ralph—he had saved me upon that spar, nt the risk, and, as I then believed, at the sacrifice of his own life—as long as 1—nay, I was true to him in a sense for eyer. Sir Robert was well aware of that. I do not need justification from man or woman; God himself absolved me, I think, so far. But that was an evil day, Mary, when I married. I was no more Sir Robert's wife than you were, Mary. Think of that. And he was

"And this man Derrick, he was Gave whispered Mary Forest, in a hoarse grating voice.

"Yes; did I not tell you so? I only found it out last Christmas Eve, I knew his voice, and I knew the carol that he sang.

will not receive your letter till, at earliest, waiting-maid, in an agony of remorse --"forgive me that I have been thinking of myself

"Nay, let us not think," excluimed her mistress with a shudder, "or I shall lose my

ing up her bonnet from the table upon which she had wearily put it down on entering the room; "there is time to stop it yet.,' wits. Would you have me picture what this house would be should he come hither and claim me for his wife? Richard and he beneath the same roof, and he the master! Would Walter, though he herds with him, you say, brook this man as his equal? Would he not loathe him rather, and how soon, ah me! unlearn the love he owes to me, his wretched mother! I cannot bear to think of it, I tell you. Let us act; let us be doing something, something! How my brain whirls! Think for me, Mary, oray for me, for Heaven is deaf, alas, to my

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prayers!" But even while she spoke, the gracious tears began to fill the furrows in her cheeks; which until now had been dry throughout her talk; and having told her friend, the weight about her heart was lifted off a little. and the tightness round her brow was oosened by the blessed hand of sympathy.

"I must write to him at once," said Mary thoughtfully. "How fortunately that he did not leave Mirk until to-night. The two letters will now reach him at the same time. He cannot write in answer to the one which ---which I wrote first, without having read the other; that will be something saved." My Lady shook her head.

"There is but little hope in that, I fear; for he himself has this night told me---yes, I saw him face to face, Mary, only I was thickly veiled, thank Heaven-he told me rankly (thinking I did not wish to lose my waiting maid) that he should lay it to my charge if your reply was 'No,' and should not take it as the answer of your heart. How much more, if he gets a refusal coming so quickly upon the very heels of this acceptance, will be decline to believe it comes from your own self. More likely, it would cause him, reckless as he is, to something rash and vengeful, perhaps to return hither on the instant, and— O Mary, Mary, I would give five thousand pounds this day, if that would stop his comng to Mirk again!"

"Would that not stop him, mistress?" asked the waiting-maid with earnest gravity. "Five thousand pounds is a fortune, is it

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