"You are so wild, Ilma," she said. "How pleasure grounds. did you leave the house this morning ? There was not a bolt withdrawn.

"I got out of my window, auntie, and climbed down the creeper." Darrell burst out laughing. Mies Durnford

was obliged to laugh too, though she tried to

leok grave. "You'll break a limb some day, child," she said. Now sit down to breakfast.' " I won't do it again till next time." said llma, in an undertone, as she took her

seat. Sir Philip sat opposite to her ; and from time to time she scanned him covertly, watching him while he talked to her aunt, and marking every change of feature and every in

flection of a singularly sweet voice. Sir Philip was as dark as a Southern Ital ian : his rich curly locks were of the blue-black hue not often seen even in Italy, and the delicate and statuesque chiselling of his features was Italian rather than English. Every line of his striking countenance indicated strong passions and intense pride ; but pride seemed not inappropriate to a man who bore so strongly the marks of gentle blood. But deep dark eyes lay the shadow of the vague unrest that overcast a life which nature and fortune ought to have combined to make

bright and glorious. Ilma thought that this man looked as if he had stepped out of some frame at the Pitti Palace; he seemed to belong more properly to an age in which swords righted wrongs. It was no wonder the people considered him al-most an alien; no one could be more unlike the usual representatives of great county families. Sir Philip Darrell was pale, slender, supple, with the hues of an Italian, cleanshaved save for the soft moustache that shaded the resolute lips, a man of courts and cities, all but a stranger in his native country, his very speech giving, neither in tone nor accent, the faintest indication of his birthplace. He he tears in her eyes and the neither hunted nor shot, nor took any part in county doings, being indeed an absentee. It wonder that some of the most super-

stitious shook their heads and said that some strange influence had presided at the hour of his birth. "And do you intend," asked Miss Durnford, addressing her guest, after a short pause in the conversation, "to give us your company for a little longer this time than you did last, Sir Philip ?" a callous man, but a sensitive girl.

He shrugged his shoulders and answered -"I can hardly tell, Miss Durnford ; I have no settled plans. I am a rolling stone, you know, and shall be as long as I live."

"I hope not." "Do you? Do you cherish the idea that I shall settle down and become a country gentleman and exhibit at agricultural shows ? Miss Costello, you see, is laughing at the bare notion.

"I cannot help it," said Ilma. "Why, Sir Philip, I look as much a country gentleman as lip. For the next five minutes he did you do

Miss Durnford glanced bastily at her niece ; her transatlantic freedom of manner some what disturbed the good lady's equanimity but it was so free from transatlantic forward-ness, so child-like and charming, that no one could misinterpret it : and Sir Philip Darrell She answered : "Yes, like an Indian." was the last man to be anything but pleased

by it. He laughed and said— "No, no, Miss Durnford, rather for me

"'Fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathway !'

"So Cumberland 18 Cathy, and your splen-

did ancestral home a prison?" "Ay," said Darrell carelessly, though again with the tone of bitterness Ilma had noticed

before—" a short life and a merry one !" aunt did not keep riding horses, and her cous-"I should say a long life and a good one,"

replied Miss Durnford. "Long life? Defend me from it !" As he waid the words he caught a fleeting look from lima's brown eyes, a look so full of pain and horse ?' unconscious pleading that a quick flush crossed his cheeks, and he bit his lip; but, "but I dare say my uncle would let me have one if I asked him." "That would never do; all the good weather recovering himself, and with a total change of nanner, as if to dismiss an unprofitable sub-

over the court. "Oh, so much!" she said eagerly. "My cousins say it has such lovely pictures, and all gots of beantiful things." "You must honor me then, and your sunt

and cousins will, I hope, favor my poor house also. You will hear some dismal stories of the cavaliers and ladies you will see in the picture gallery. We have always been a turthe cavallers and latters you will do in a tur-picture gallery. We have always been a tur-bulent set, and ____" He stopped abruptly, and added, turning to Miss Durnford, "Per-haps you would kindly let me know in a day haps you would kindly haps you would kindly haps you would kin

in the shade of the tall tree of Aunt Sabine's Ilma thought that brief passage through the village was " great fun ;' t was like a royal progress. Old men au

grandmothers and young women and children all turned out curtseyed to the lord of th soil, and some blessed him in their broad dialect. He was most gentle and affable to all, and scattered silver among the people with a freedom that was more reckless than judi-Do you know any one you would care to ask cious; but it struck Ilms, though he sh nothing of this in his manner at the time.

Roland shook his head. that he was glad when it was all over. He did not seem pleased, as a landlord should be, by the homage of his tenants. He had gone through a needful ordeal, and he breathed a only farmers." "Ilma will join us." said Sir Philip, using

sigh of relief when he was free again. "Heaven be praised," he said, as the gate praised," he said, as the gates the Christian name quite inadvertently-closed behind him and his probably merely catching it from Roland, posof the Larches sibly from a subtle instinct to try to thick of her as "ouly a child." companion, and he had tossed some loose her as "only a child." But Roland did not like the dropping of the formal title. Wild and childlike as Ilma was,

coins to a grinning and admiring urchin, "that is the last !" "You don't care for the worship of your subjects ?" questioned Ilma. Darrell's haughty lip curled.

she was not young enough to be treated with such freedom on the strength of a morning's "No," he replied ; " and they do not care for me. How should they? They hardly ever acquaintance, especially by so young a man as Sir Philip Darrell. Sir Philip could read what was passing in Roland's mud-for it ior guide to myself, for I am the worst of was not easy to hide anything from his obser-florioulturists. So Ilma, where is it to be first see me, and we have no interests in common Some of them actually believe that I have an vant eyes-but he gave not the slightest sign understanding with supernatural powers be-

of having noticed a resentment which he haughtily considered " deucedly cool." cause I have escaped drowning two or three times when I ought to have been drowned There was an awkward pause for a lew seconds after Sir Philip's words; for every and mine is an accursed race. It will be better for these people when some one else than a Darrell reigns at the Court. They will not

one knew that Ilma had no means of carrying out her promise. Mrs. Sabine glanced up at regret me, nor I them." "Oh, don't-don't talk so !" cried Ilma Ilma, and the girl nodded laughingly. "Sir Philip is so kind as to give me a mount," she said; and as she spoke a quick passionately, more wounded by the lightness of her companion's manner than if he had shown deep feeling; it was as though he had schooled himself to cynical callous-

Darrell started violently, and the blood mounted to his very brow. He paused fully a minute before ke could speak, while Ilma Darrell half smiled ; "if I could not ride, I should be thrown." uickly walked on ahead of him to hide

"I am afraid you would," said Sir Philip. 'I don't think there is a very quiet horse in quivering of her lips. A few strides brought Sir Philip to her side, and he laid his hand on her my stables." Sabine looked anxiously at her niece. • I will look afterher, mother," said Roland

arm. " Miss Costello," he said, "pray forgive me. quickly; but Ilma shook her head. "Thanks, Roland: I don't need coaching. I hardly know what to say to apologize enough for naving pained you. It never occurred to me that what I said could affect anyone more am as much at home on horseback as on than it does myself; I forgot that you are not my feet.'

" Can you jump?" Will you "Yes"-opening wide her great clear eyes "gates, ditches-anything. I'll try conpardon my thoughtlessness?" "There is nothing that needs forgiveness," answered Ilma, looking up into the dark lusions with you.

usions with you. "You're confident, Miss America. Do you grand place was not a home. A shadow handsome face, which was earnest enough "No, only you. I shouldn't have a chance with Sir Philip." asked Darrell, would have been natural to its master, in the now. "I cannot help being sorry that you feel as you have said, and I should always be

sorry if you never spoke of it again !" "Would you ?"-and he gazed so intently into the girl's face that her eyes fell and he

while Roland bit his lip hard. "They told me you were a crack rider; garded it as an abiding place. "They told me you were a crack rider; and I could see by the way you rode this merning that you were like a Mexican in the saddle. And then see what a superb horse work had the see what a superb horse color rose. Thus recalled to himself, Sir Philip re moved his hand, which had till then reste on Ilma's arm, and he turned aside, biting his u have !" "Roland rides twelve stone," observed ter. If Sir Philip had called her "fair maiyou have !"

speak, walking on silently by the girl's side, and she, her yoing heart bleeding for him, dare not saymore, and she did not even ven-Sir Philip." "Twelve stone against something under suitably framed; but Roland and Rose looked

ture to look at him. Sir Philip spoke again presently, but on a one," said Sir Philip, laughing as be glanced painfully out of place and such surroundings. from Roland's stalwart frame to Ilma's fragile. Yet Ilma wished she could see one room that different subject, asking Ilma if she rode ooking figure. "I should think if a good looked as if it had been lived in within the breeze caught you, Ilma, you would be blown last hundred years, as if children had ever

"Then we must have some riding parties," said Sir Philip. "All your consins ride well, I know; and there are some splendid rides round here. A good gallop over Connaby Fells Ilma, laughing, too, as they all did; but be, but for the heavy curse that lay on it like Roland little liked that there should be in so a black pall.

would bring roses to your checks, though they would not last, I suppose." Ilma smiled ; but she did not choose to say short a time so good an understanding be-tween Sir Philip Darrell and lovely Ilma Costello Costello. Mrs. Sabine looked from Sir Philip's strik-ing features to Roland's, aud then to Ilma's that she could not enjoy that pastime, as he

uisite face, and sho said to hereelf: theaven avert that Darrell should think like to take a more general survey to day, as ins had only those which they themselves rode. Sir Philip however divined the position exquisite face, and she said to herself : "But perhaps your cousins have no spare too much of the girl, or she of him ! And yet you will have so many opportunities cf seeing he is but human, and she not even afraid." all that is to be seen; but don't let me hurry

The mother noted, too, how her son watched you. I only want you to take your own time lima and listened to her voice, and her heart and pleasure." "They have not, I know," answered Ilma sank. Were the two men equal is worldly fortune, or Roland the superior, he would among crussding knights and ladies in coifs have no chance of winning a young girl's and farthingales. Even the stiff, imperfect affection against Sir Philip Darrell, even if limning of the earlier periods could not hide

the latter should make no deliberate attempt to concuer. to conquer. The visitors were asked to stop to lunch-eon, but Sir Philip declined, having promised to see Miss Durnford before he returned to a difference of the house all its store of the house all its to reaces seewed to have reached their highest there are beautiful horses in my stables eating make your choice on Friday." "You won't let me refuse. Then how shall I thank you?" said the girl. "I shall be just wild to be on horseback again." the Court; and the best part of the after- graces seemed to have reached their highest noon, he added, would be taken up with ac- point.

counts. Ilma could not stay, because, she said, with a sigh, aunt Rachel wanted to take her to call on the Rector; and she was sorry for this, but glad of the good excuse for going. She would rather be with Sir

less gaze?

mind.

for you ?" Ilma hesitated ; and then she said—

"And," added Sir Philip, "I want to make a arding-party while the fine weather lasts. Do you know any one you would care to ask "Your organ of veneration is large," he the word of the set of the

"Your organ of veneration is large," he said; and just for a second a wild vision flashed through his mind which made his heart almost access to how how here here it why. "No," he replied; "new comers are scarce almost crease to beat, as he saw her standing hard's—less worth a thousand times, the in these parts. Ilma is the first for twenty there in her young beauty, with the warm he was Darrell the belted knight. It years at least; and the last before her were light on her golden hair and a deeper light in indeed It was

er wondrous eyes. Would she ever know why he was silent " Foulest stain on knighthood's face, Deadly blight on noblest race.'

for a moment and shunned her cloudless, fear- And have not his children, and his children's suppose," he said, after that pause children, to the fourth and fifth generation, suffered for it? But there," he added hur "that, though Ilma is the youngest here, she must be commander of the expedition, as she ridedly, for he saw how his words affected his listener — " all this is folly to you, and I am a mere slave of superstition. Do you see the is the stranger. You all know the Court as well as-perhaps better than-I do. Miss Durnferd tells me she prefers to remain here "Yes," answered the girl, trying to

Durniera tells me sne preters to steer for the for a little, and then intends to steer for the conservatories, where Wilkins will be a super-had given her, "there is a strong likeness." hide the pain one part of her host's speech for guide to mysell, for a minimum to be first lessly, not wishing to compel lime to explain how boy " So there should be," said Sir Philip.care-

wherein lay any differences. "Now here follows the long line of Sir Ingelhard's decendants. You do not believe in the "I am sure to like it all"--thinking that perhaps Sir Philip would not like to go to the curse ? Yet, whenever one of these picture galleries, which she would visit when loved, woe and death followed; and we he was away again. "Would you like to see the picture gallerhe was away again. "Would you like to see the picture galler-ies ?" asked Darrell, divining what was in her ind "Waa? This mar thon". Darrells, unhappily, cannot love lightly. This is Ingelhard's son. He married a Stanley; but he had loved Anne St. Maur, and she was

bind. "Yes? This way then." As they paused before an old Sevres vase in have been her wedding day. Marjorie, his

mount," she said; and as she spoke a quick heavy frown crossed Roland's brow. "Oh, then, you can ride," he observed hastily. "Why, of course," replied, while Sir Philip "Why, of course," replied, while Sir Philip "Why, of course," replied, while Sir Philip "Why is that containing the family nortraits." he containing the family nortraits." he can be compared to the potential to with that containing the family portraits," he Shall I go on ?" added, as Roland and Rose approached, Janie "answered Lima, in a low tone; she " Yes,"

having gone off somewhere else. It took some time to reach the galleries. was trembling, and her large eyes were full of suffering. Sir Philip Darrell seemed not to motice this

there being so many things to admire and "You must take care, Ilma;" and Mrs. abine looked anxiously at her niece. "I will look afterher, mother," said Roland uickly; but Ilma shook her head. "Thanks, Roland; I don't need coaching. "A need to be a many statues, and things of a kindred "Thanks, Roland; I don't need coaching. between the Renaissance and any other period any more than he could have assigned a veri, and who died on the very day she was restored to her husband; of graceful Magda-len, who fied with a lover well-born, but not of lineage pure enough for the haughty Dar-rells, and who perished with her lover while painting to any given school. Sir Philip how-ever hand it all at his finger's ends, and Ilma seemed in her glory; but in her heart she felt more and more, as she went on, that this of ferre Everand Darrell, who had won his fierce Everard Darrell, who had won his love at the sword's point, only to see her persh before his eyes, struck down by a ish Defore his eyes, struck down by a stray bullet as he was bearing her away. A few he passed over, and Ilma wondered why, till they came to a gallant-looking gentleman in the dress of George II. sreign, when Ilma touched her companion's arm, and asked... "Did he never love any one?" "Ay," answered Sir Philip, after a mo-ment's neves "to twisely but too well! flower of his manhood, indicating that he re-

ing. "I could not —indeed I could not., S. Philip. You must not ask me to accept such A thousand times I ment's pause, " not wisely, but too well ! It was for no lawful love he died in his own halls. He fied with the wife of a Westmoreland Squire; "Roland rides twelve stone," observed ter. If Sir Fining had vanied het the would her husband pursued them, and shot Morton den" and "thee'd" and "thou'd, she would her husband pursued them, and shot Morton bardly have been surprised. He indeed was Darrell in the great hall you passed through

the trembling lips, the troubled tearful eyes Did she fear him, the accursed Darrell? he when you arrived." So, when he passed by others. Ilma asked no questions-she could read of history-but, for good or for evil, it seemed that his dark passionate race must needs love, though they knew the curse that went with it, and others. breeze caught you, lima, you would be ofewil list induct for young girls dreamed there. way." "We'll prove that on the Fells," returned What a grand, bright, happy home this might knowing it, yet were not proof against the power to win which Nature had so lavishly bestowed on a gifted house. Would Sir a black pall. The picture-galleries, Sir Philip told his stowed on a gifted house.

youngest guest, occupied the whole of what was called Sir Damian's wing, having been a work to be free at least from the an-much the local states of the st her extreme youth and cnildlike manner ron-dered possible. But perhaps Miss Durnford built by that lord in the fourteenth century him 9 " I dare say," said Sir Philip, as he opened

And now they stood before the grave handsome face of Sir Bertram and the beautiful face of his wife. "I know who these are," said Ilma quickly,

to spare Sir Sir Philip speaking of them; and she gazed on them in deep reverence-not only because they were doomed for their very love's sake, and died young by a terrible Ilma thanked him, and they passed in death. but because Philip Darrell was their son; butilima did not then realise this ele-

ment in her veneration. "I have no memory of them," observed Sir

Philip. "They were lost when I was only two years old." He said this indifferently, n,t with any

when I meant to do the very opposite. Maybe the ride ?" elaboration of carelessness, but as though he really felt no concern in the matter. Ilma however knew that he was not really callous

and so priceless a gift, at his hands?

missy, and was sure to love her."

her.

apple.

prefer not to have her, or cannot, pardon me."

usly given him strength. Yes, it was better

" Then you will do me this great grace

"As you wish it so much, what can I say?

If 1 could only thank you enough ! I shall

and he could hear the curse alone.

Ilma—vou will take Zuleika ?'

that she

e did not read between the lines, even

your aunt would not like you to have the horse from me-though a Darrell's gift carries no curse. I would rather you had He handed the ladies into the carriage, Ro. Zuleika than any one I know; but if you land mounted his horse, and the party van

WHEN THE FLOODS ARE OUT. Darrell's side through the sunny village and truth in a curse which seemed to have influ; would have given the world to ling r, and great deeds of derring-do in the Spanish tered the stable, the doors of which Marsh re- ' Pshaw I' but he will think so; and you

train in a curse which seemed to have init, would have given the work to ling r, and great deeds of derring-do in the Spanish wars is the was a favored squire of dames -yet wars is no mole apartmentall furnished wars, is he was a favored squire of dames -yet wa

and I take it she is, or you wouldn't put her cause I don't want Philip Darrell to make love to her is equally absurd.' on Zuleika." "But," said Ilma, as Marsh entered the "I don't see why it is more absurd," re-

mare's box to lead her out, "I would rather torted Rose, "to imagine that you might be have one that is less a favorite, Sir Philip. If in love with her than that Sir Philip is. You by any chance Zuleika came to mischief ----" have both known her only a few days, and She could not in your bands. Ima and you are not a man for 'love at first sight' cershe is as sure footed as a mule, like all her tainly, while he is; and, besides, see what a race."

race." Zuleika was brought out, and Ilma clasped her hands with almost a cry of admiration, for the mare was like a picture; she was a deep bay in color, with a brilliantly glossy man; and the most deliberate of men couldn't

coat, and having the superb lines and sort dark eyes of a true Arab. She tossed her head and pawed the ground with coquettish grace; but Ilma's tender touch and caresses turn the points of weapons which he felt were

grace; but lima's tender touch and caresses turn the points of weapons which he feit were made her instantly a willing slave; and she stood almost still, only re-sponding to the fondling she received, as Hassan had done, and following lima when are always ready to sentimentalise over a she moved a few steps, and laying her nose handsome man. I happen to know something about my lord, and he has contrived to amuse

"She acts," cried old Marsh, "as if she knew you was a beautiful creature like herself, stewards do his work here. I believe him to be simply ruthless ; he thinks that in him the Ilma coloured and laughed, and turned to if Philip. Sir Philip. "Oh, Sir Philip," she said, "there cannot matter so that at least he may snatch some

be another horse such a beauty, except Has-san ! It is too good of you to let me mount here after the rains begin; and in ten days at re after the rains begin ; and in ten days at the furthest they will come." He paused for want of breath. Rose shud-

"She goes like the wind," interposed Marsh "and she's as knowing as Hassan himself, or a dered and repeated : Christian. You ask her if she would like an

and she as a knowing as massain minority, or a minoritian. You ask her if she would like an "Life for life for traitor's deed; "Uhite for dis are out take heed!" Tima obeyed, and the mare laid back her But, Roland, he has braved the floods. Redelicate sars, whinned, and pushed her nose

"Ah; but have you forgotten what is said ---what Hassan himself says--that, if the coaxingly into the girl's white hand, our Marsh enjoying the exhibition immensely. "Hold hard, missy," he said, "and I'll fetch some apples for ye;" and off went the old the Mill will be washed away?--and, while the Mill lasts, the curse must last. And then the went unusually early, and man. the Mill lasts, the curse must last. And then "It is a case of love at first sight on both the rains are this year unusually early, and sides, I think," remarked Sir Philip, smiling. Darrell is at the Court ; and he is more likely "Zuleika seems to have made her choice. to defy death than to fly it."

What say you 'child of gentleness' ?"—laying ' his hand on the mare's flowing mane. "Will it." "I almost think," said Rose, "that he seeks

"Let him seek it," returned Roland fiercely, "but not drag Ilma with him !" "Hush Roland ! At least try to be friend-

his hand on the mare's howing mane. "Will H you, lima, ratify the choice?" The girl looked at him wenderingly, colour-ing deeply. Could he mean what his words and manner seemed to imply? "Yes," she replied doubtfally, ignoring one a part of his speech. "U shell like to ride be ly with him. Do not let him suspect you he is so keen sighted, and your face is so bad mask. If you are taken with Ilma, try to very much, Sir Philip." "You have told me that; but I sense, don't abuse him to her, don't let her think you inderstand me, only you see that you are jealous of him. She's just are afraid to admit it, for fear of a mistake. the sort of girl to choose death with a man Will you not accept Zuleika?" "No, no-oh, no!" cried the girl, recoilshe loves sconer than live without him. Mamma said that of her the other day.

"I could not -- indeed I could not, Sir Now we must go down to luncheon Roland. When, at a somewhat late hour, according a gift. Forgive me. A thousand times I to country notions, but which Sir Philip thank you; but indeed I cannot." Darrell called early, the guests departed from Sir Philip looked at the sweet flushed face, the Court, the riding party was fixed for two

the Court, the riding party was fixed for two days later. Roland raised some objection, suggesting a later date. Rose saw Philip glance at him; but he said quietly— "I am in the ladies' hands; remember, if

wondered. Was her skepticism more than shaken by what she had seen and heard that we delay too long, we shall not be able to day so that she shrank from taking a gift, reckon on the weather, as we shall have the was no fear in her features or her voice, not rains." a look or a tone that seemed to indicate He

maidenly repugnance to an offer that only

would object to what might seem to have a certain significance. And, if it had, what then? The man's wild passionate heart re-

"You wish me to leave this year before the belled against the fate that had at first been floods come ?"

accepted with a kind of reckless desperation "Surely I must wish it, for your rake." "Yes, for my sake," hereturned, with more than a touch of irony. "But can one fly which was very far from resignation, and might indeed almost be called its antithesis. What then? But he must he thought crush from fate? Is it worth while?"

What then? But he must, he thought, crush "Why not?" said Miss Durnford, puzzled down the tempest that surged within him. He turned aside, setting his white teeth like and deeply moved. "You are warned !" "Warned? Yes, 'life for life'!" muttered

in a painful position and he could not risk lessly -"Ah, well, death must come some having his gift returned as a presumptuous time, soon or late, and as well soon as late ! Ilma"-turning to the girl, who was following with Roland-"shall I send Zuleika to-morrow, or bring her with me when I o me fer

"Whichever you like, Sir Philip."

"Then I will bring her with me." He handed the ladies into the carriage, Ro. ished through the deep arch of the courtvard.

must be just to Ilma; he must not place her Sir Philip to himself; then aloud, quite careone. "Very well," he said calmly, after a mo-

or two what day will suit you-all days are me alike to me." "But indeed. Sir Philip," was the reply,

"you must not make me fix a day." "You will, I am sure ; it would be so kind

please choose as many of them as you like. I certain, was not easily dislodged from his citremember your weakness for out of the way adel of self-possession. flowers.'

"You left orders with the head gardener for y fancy to be gratified," said the old lady, so he followed Ilma's lead up the terrace steps my fancy to be gratified," said the old lady. "No, no, Sir Philip; I cannot enroach any more on your kindness. Why, I have a ished Sabines. They were all there except Roland, in search whole range of flowers that are admired by all which came from your hot houses !"

of whom Ilma instantly sped away, and they greeted Sir Philip warmly. He speedily ex-"Have you? I am so glad. I wish you had a hot house full. I must see to it—the plained how Ilma came to be with him more the merrier. Why should the flowers waste their sweetness on the desert air ?" in what manner he had been introduced to There were tears in Miss Durnferd's eves

er. Meanwhile Ilma had found Roland busily thanked her guest ; But more than engaged in the repair of some fishing-tackle i one cause made the tears rise. It was not that in any case Sir Philip would not have been equally lavish; but there always seemed the name. He looked up, and his whole face brightened as his beautiful young cousin has in him a lack of that interest in anything belonging to him which a man would feel in tened to his side. "Well, catamount," said Roland, taking what he looked to enjoy for a lifetime ; he always spoke as a mere wanderer through a her hand and kissing her, "were you sent for eurrent of feeling which, put into words, would have been, "What are all these things" "Of my own accord ; though I have co brief existance. There was always that under-"Of my own accord : though I have com

to me? I have no hold on them. I do not care for them; let me give them while they "He here ?" said Roland, in a tone that did "Would any day this week suit you, Sir Philip?" asked Miss Durnford, rising from "Yes, and he came with me. He breakfasted are mine to give."

with us this morning; and, Koland," added Ilma, throwing up her hat and catching it the table. "Certainly, and the earlier the better-for

my pleasure, I mean, not my convenience." "Friday ?" Darrell bowed. "Then," he said, "I will call at the

but the laugh, Ilma thought, sounded forced ' Girls are bound to worship a man who looks Larches, and pay my devoirs; they will not mind the forenoon—but will they have breaklike a picture, though he doesn't do much more in the world than if he were a picture fasted ?' He might be the foreigner he looks, for all

" Oh, yes !" "I will walk up, if you will allow me to he is among his own tenants or cares about Leave Hassan with you a little longer." "With the greatest pleasure; and I hope them.

"That's not my business :" and Ilms flushed a little-the girl was quick-tempered you will give us more of your company when you will give us more of your company when you return for him." "I is very goed of you to tolerate such a scapegrace as I am," replied Darrell. "I shall be most happy."

e most happy." "Yeu don't know anything about them, Ilma had intended to run over to the my dear," said Roland ; " though I dare say Larches that merning, having been requested you know as much as Darrell does. Rough to do so by her cousins; but now she must speech and manners don't always mean a bac heart any more than suavity and smooth

give that up, as she could not intrude on Sir words mean a good one. nilip-it would be rude, though she was sure Ilma said no more, but descended with her he would not mind. Miss Durnford, however, cousin to the morning room. The girl went over to her aunt, and watched from beneath who was a woman of great common sense, came to the rescue. She regretted that lima her sweeping lashes the meeting between Roland and Sir Philip Darrell. What a difwould have to meet Sir Philip Darrell at all : but, as it was impossible to prevent this, she would not run the risk of some blunt remark from Roland or Rose, betraying that Ilms was seemed to belong to another and lower order expected, and thus giving the impression of being than the man of whom he had that she herself wished to keep Darrell and spoken with hardly veiled contempt.

"You are a good deal altered from when I Ilma apart. "Ilma," she said, "I have asked you to go saw you last, Sabine," said Sir Philip, sur veying his host. "You were not much more

to the Larches this morning. Sir Philip will, than a boy then; and, though I should have known you again at once, that forest of hair I am sure, be happy to escort you." Sir Philip bowed, and said he should be inabout your face makes an immense change in deed happy ; but the troubled look in his eyes

deepened as Ilma hurried away for her hat; you. "There is very little difference in you," and, though the next moment he turned to replied Roland, laughing. "You look a bit older, but not much; and, when you're forty, Miss Durnford with some ordinary remark,

"I must be true-true to the vow-what. ever the cost. Heaven knows what it may be !"

CHAPTER V.

Gelden-haired Ilma walked by Sir Philip

"You mean because you like to give enjoy-Philip Darrell. ment ? But that isn't selfish," returned Ilms Roland asked to accompany them to "for selfish people don't have pleasure in ether people's happiness." "Ah, you are metaphysical. We must dis-

peach. When Hassan had been duly admired, and Dark Darrell, with all his courtliness. was

Roland and Rose had departed, luncheon-time was so near that Miss Durnford urged ner guest to remain for this repast. Sir Philip and presented himself through the open win hesitated, but Ilma interposed dow of the morning room before the astor " There will be plenty of time for your stupid accounts, Sir Philip.

He langhed, and vielded. ' They are stupid, Miss Costello," he said,

though easy enough in themselves." "Easy !" cried Ilma. "I dare say they are to you. No doubt you can add up a olumn of decimals at a glance ; but I hate a look of pain. arithmetic. I like languages, metaphysics,

Music ?" interrupted Sir Philip quickly. Of course you do ; but do you play ?" "Yes, 'some,' as the Yankees say."

You will come early on Friday ?" he said, Venetia.' to see-whom do you think olding her hand in his.

frankly; "so I will hurry them up. And, Sir Philip, please don't call me 'Miss Costello.'

"No? I had no right to call you ' Ilma,' "he is just the nicest fellow I ever met !" "Oh, of course !" said Roland, laughing you know. "Hadn't you ? Why not ?" asked Ilma.

laughing. "But lam glad you did; every one else does, and I den't feel like 'Miss' nything. Auntie won't mind." Very well." His lips trembled for a

moment, and his hand clasped hers more clo cly as he added softly, "Good-bye, Ima Looking back as he rode away, he saw her

still standing there, and he bowed low and kissed his hand to her.

CHAPTER VI. The Court was a magnificent pile of build-

ings standing about two miles from the river, on the opposite bank to the Weir Mill, in the midst of an extensive park, beautiful plea-sure grounds immediately surrounding the

mansion. The Sabines almost knew the place by heart; they had carte blanche to go to the music room and one or two other apartments being locked up. The building itself, they told Ilma, would take a fortnight to explore, to say nothing of the picture-gallery, state apartments, chapel and works of art innum- end.

erable, collected during several hundred years. The Sabines' carriage rolled under a deep ders and been defended against Cromwell's soldiers. How could Sir Philip care so little

smile, as he resumed his seat. Something in the look and tone gave Ilma

the clue to his thought—" How should I look older in ten years? Time stands still in the grave." The girl felt something like terror come over her. Was there, after all, some

"The tradition, you know, is," he replied, read her silence, and he set his teeth hard as the first Darrell was an Italian noble, he turned away.

who fied his country for some political reason. Hassan, and Rose included herself in the or for some orime, real or charged to him; party. Ilma ran races across the grounds and I think it must have been so. Several trait of the last of the Darrells. How long she of you"—and he spoke in his most winning manner. "Thanks. One of the gardeners has been raving over some rare exotics. I forget what he called them. You must please of the perceive; for Sir Philip, she felt

"Are you?" said Ilma, with a sharp pang Rose had told her that the next heir claimed at her heart. Was there any fate in this through the female line, which branched off resemblance between the man who had in the reign of Henry VIII., and thus escaped brought the doom on the noble heuse and the brought the doom on the noble heuse and the one who was to be its last victim? one who was to be its last victim?

"How is it." asked Ilma. "that the Dar-

"You will see," replied Sir Philip, as the girl stopped silently before a stately dame of the reign of Henry VI.; and, glancing round should reflect the dark beauty of the Darrells? he saw that Roland and Rose had loitered Ilma, who knew him so little, could not bear behind, and he heard a laugh from Rose which to think of it. She could not keep back the tears, nor speak for the shoking sensation in echoed through the lofty arches. Ilma started, and her brow contracted with her throat ; she was obliged to turn abruptly

a look of pain. "How sensitive you are!" said Sir Philip smiling. "I suppose you think it sounds odd to laugh here. You have not done so the did not sir a step to follow her. His the did not sir a step to follow her. His the did not sir a step to follow her. face was deathly white, his heart was beating

"I don't think I could," replied llma; "it has was beauty which i look almost is liseyes glowed with a look almost of defiance, as though he dared some invisible "Yes, 'some,' as the Yankees say." "You must let me hear you on Friday. I Her heart beat fast as they drew nearer hould bee for music to day but that there and nearer to Sir Ingelhard's portrait. Pres. of denance, as though no taken but in the voice of conscience. But, when Ilma came back, he "You must let me hear you on Friday. should beg for music to day but that there will not be time." Her heart beat fast as they arew neares and nearer to Sir Ingelhard's portrait. Pres-ently they came to a stately knight in robes of the state of the stately knight in robes had regained self-command, and smiled and

luncheon, and Ilma accompanied him to the early Elizabethan period; by his side asked where she would like to go now, as a beautiful woman with "a face from though she had done nothing that could have been noticed. "Suppose," he added, "we go to some

"Renfric Darrell and his wife Ginevra della olding her hand in his. "I should like to do some more juitters and do some more juittress rankly; "so I will hurry them up. And, was their son. They were the last who were his Philip, please don't call me 'Miss Cos-happy in love Sir Renfric met Gineyra at histories have driven all the brightness from the Doge's court, and they lived together for your face. Will you come to the stables and thirty years. Both died-well for them !choose vour horse ?'

"Yes, thanks. I should like that."

"This way then. There is a postern close by, which will lead us by a short cut to the "Were there other children beside Ingel-hard ?" asked Ilma. "No ; Ingelhard was an only child. There stables.

before Ingelhard's crime."

They descended a few flight of stairs, and is his picture." He fell back a step or two, folding his arms, passed through some mysterious passages but standing so that he could see Ilms's face, then Sir Philip Darrell opened a postern, and upon which, as upon his own, fell the mellow the sunlight blazed full upon them. After going through some shrubberies, the stables

light of a painted window. The girl drew a long breath, and involun-tarily locked her little hands together as she looked upon the hard hand. menserange "Why," said Ilma, looking around the imas she looked upon the hard hand, mense range of buildings, "you might stable some countenance of Sir Ingelhard a regiment here, Sir Philip !"

some countenance of Sir Ingelhard a regiment here, Sir Philip !" of the Curse, the recreant knight who had shown the churl's ingratitude, who had brought shame to the heart that should have been sacred to him. The figure was half-length, leaning on a sword, and the head uncovered. The coun-tenance, like Sir Philip's, was strikingly in-tellectual and of commanding beauty; but the eyes were sinister, their depth was all of the more that a regiment has been stabled in old times; and in my father's time, and always till mine, all those stables" --peinting to a long range of stables evidently disused—" were full of hunters, and there" --ndicating another building,—" my grand-tather kept his racing-stud. It was the fin-tellectual and of commanding beauty; but the eyes were sinister, their depth was all of the more that a regiment has been stabled in old times; and in my father's disused—" were full of hunters, and there" --ndicating another building,—" my grand-tather kept his racing-stud. It was the fin-test stud in the North in those days; but my the eyes were sinister, their depth was all of father sold it; he did not patronize the turf.

nes almost knew the place by had carte blanche to go to the they chose, only the library, and one or two other apartments lup. The building itself, they ould take a fortnight to explore, ing of the picture gallery, state chane and works of art innum. the works of art innum. the store state and the state is the term in the store state is the His Iron will was tempered by nobler Marsh."

Up came the old groom. He saluted his qualities, which might sometimes be obscured. The Sabines' carriage rolled under a deep arched gateway into a vast courtyard, and Ilma looked up with profound veneration at castellated walls that had frowned on crusa-ders and becu defended against. Growwell's between the two faces; but the advantage of Marsh was a very old servant, and said pretty

mere physical beauty, still more that of well what he pleased -but there were some power, depth and soul, rested with the famous beautiful horses in them yet. As they went

solutions in such a grand old home as this, breathing traditions of glory and greatness? Her heart swelled within her, her eyes filled with tears, and her broa'h came quickly. But the carriage stopped at the noble entrance, the carriage stopped at the noble entrance. Finally, she turned away with a slight

"Now, Ilma," said Sir Philip, as they en- yourself.

"You do not understand me," replied the Sir Philip Darrell was alone again, with the rl, cut to the quick. "Why should aunt touch of Ilma's hand still fresh in his, and girl, cut to the quick. "Why Rach I mind my having Zuleika? If she her brown eyes looking into his; and through were afraid of your gift. I am not — and I am the stillness of the summer night came bound only to my own feelings. How could I faintly to his ears the roar of Gipsy's Weir. sake such a present as if it were a flower, or He listened, and a fierce defaut lock came something as trivial? You are so ready to into his eyes. He gazed up at the moonlit give that _____ Ah, you know what I would sky, as though he dared the very powers of say, but I cannot find the words !" she the universe, and he clenched his hands added with a child's innocent pleading, for tightly

added, with a child's innocent pleasing, "By earth and heaven, I will not yield they. Sir Philip had turned to her and clasped her Ilma! Perich all that stands between my love "Yes, I know it, I know it," he replied and thine !"

Had he ignored the solemn vow, so sternly hurriedly. "Forgive me, Ilma, but I di not kept till now, that never should his love blight a sinless life?

mean to seem unjust to you." He bowed his head, but she had unconsci-TO BE CONTINUED. so, he thought-it was better that she should

AROUND THE WORLD.

-Sheriff, Jarvis, of Toronto, is no relation to the Deputy Sheriff of Jarvis Section.

if ber manner had not shown it before ; and that inno ence of hers was his safeguard. He would leave Scarth Abbot, he said inwardly, -The net cost of the war in Afghanistan. including that of the frontier railways, was as he kissed the little hands before he re about twenty-one crores of rupees, or £17,leased them -- leave it while she was happy, 500,0,0 sterling.

--Col. Prjevalsky, the great Russian explorer, arrived at St. Petersburg on Jan. 19. He intends to publish a detailed account of his interesting explorations in Central Asia. -A comic fellow walked into a parlor on

seem so ungrateful." "Are the mere words then, Ilma, worth his hands, with his feet in the air, at a party more than the emotion that checks their at Cynthiana, Ky. It was very funny until a utterance? I think not."

Ilma's golden head drooped; sue this for the will of Mark Firth, who the group face against Zuleika's glossy neck. Oh, if hundreds of thousands of peunds away on she could keep back the tears I Why did he hundreds of thousands of peunds away on Gradiene as dving men bestow gifts? works of beneficence at Sheffield, England, how wrowed under \$3,000,000 person-I know." Why must any one have her? True, he might only mean that he was going alty.

-The following curious announcement away for an indefinite period ; but Ilma could not comfort herself with the idea that this appears in the Journal of the House of Lords Monday, January 17: "Prayers-Read was his meaning. Just then old Marsh returned, and almost by the Lord Chancellor, no bishop heins mmediately afterwards Roland and and Rose present."

same up, and both went into raptures ove -Water carrying is an industry at Rosita Zuleika. Col., the wells in town being frozen. One car-But, later, when they had all returned to rier poisoned the spring of his rival, and the the house and were getting ready for luncheon, Rose heard a knock at her dressing-room discovery was made just in time to prevent a great loss of life.

-With the object of raising the morale of door, and, responding "Come in, ' Roland and causing Hose to turn around with a start. that a picture representing the most glorious accomplished by each regiment since " My dear Roland-but what is the matter? for the young squire's face looked as she had 1790, shall be hung on the walls of the barnever seen it look before. rick room.

"A good deal is the matter !" replied Ro-

-The simplest post office in the world is land almost savagely. "What do you think aunt Rachel has just told me? That Darrell there for some years past. It consists of there for some years past. It consists of a as actually given Zuleika to Ilma !" small cask, which is chained to the rock of " Has he ?" exclaimed Rose, dropping the "Has he?" exclaimed Rose, dropping the brush with which she had been smoothing her hair; then, in a changed tone—"I am swiull sorry to hear it !" awfully sorry to hear it !" out and place others into it. The post office

" She doesn't understand, of course," conis self-acting therefore ; it is under the protinued Roland, in the same manner : " but inued Roland, in the same manner; but tection of the navies of an nations, and up to re'll soon teach her. Auut Rachel is mad to the present there is not one case to report in allow it. What are all his wealth and noble which any abuse of the privileges it afforda allow it. blood and his accursed beauty worth if he is only to bring misery and death? I cannot has taken place.

bear to think of it. I declare I've half a mind -A gentleman who was lately honored with a visit from royalty was

"Do not say a word to him or to her, Ro- amusing his distinguished guest with a battue, land !" cried Rose, springing to her brother's and, feeling apprehensive of shortcomings, he side, with a white face of terror. "Remem- resolved that when his guest arrived some ber, it is no concern of yours whatever. We 2.000 pheasants should arrive also, to be haven't even chaffed Ilma about Sir Philip turned out in his covers for slaughter. But lately, for fear of putting ideas into her head, when proceedings began next day, no sooner She would never have accepted the herse if were the guns fired than, lo and behold! hunon her memory; and two or three times she glanced at Sir Philip, as if comparing the two. Finally, she turned away with a slight shudder, shaking her head. "Well," said Sir Philip, in a slightly mock-ing tone, "what is your verdict? He was a his wife or not.

Ah, you may start and say there will be no shooting.