" Perhaps while you were playing chess, suggested Sir Philip. No: I saw it when you left the table,

said Roland. "It must be somewhere about the fleor; and Ilma looked round her. " Never mind Rol; you will have to give me another." Just then Rose drew near.

"Roland, we want you for whist; and Rachel has no partner. Come along." Reland could not well refuse; he could not make a pretense of waiting to hear classical music: so he was fain to be a victim-and never was there a more unwilling one. Will you play that last piece again

asked Darrell, as soon as he was gone.
Ilma complied, and, while she played, Sir Philip, who was looking down, caught sight of something lying near his foot. It was Roland's little-cared for rose. He did not pick it up at once; but, when Ilma had finished playing, he raised it and placed it on the piano before her.

"Your rose," he said. "I wonder I did

not see it earlier; it fell close to me.' "Thanks." There was no pleasure in her face. She took up the rose as if she hardly knew what to do with it. "The stalk is

broken off," she said, with a perplexed look "I can't put it back in my dress; it's not much good now;" and she let it drop on the piano again." Darreil bent forward with a quick-drawn

breath, and his deep gray eyes flashed.

"You have not always so treated the gift of

a flower," he said.

Crimsorr as the rose itself were Ilma's cheeks and brow; her eyes, half turned to him, had seen the look of his, her ear had caught-nay, to her very heart had rungthe tone in his voice. Yet she knew nothing and felt nothing clearly. She had a sense of losing some safeguard, of having some vail read her conduct about the flowers he had dering moment, tell whether he was right or She could not think at all.

Darrell, a man of the world with a man's subtlety of perception, saw that this child who turned from him and knew not how to answer him had given him more than her lips could have told him, than her whole part half child's half woman's could have told herself; and back on his soul came th surge of the reaction. The daring words he had spoken should never have passed his ling. Had he said too much to draw back in Nay, if she loved him, of what use to draw back. It would be too late too save "If !" Ilma was still a child in many things. How should she give to him, he asked himself again, in so short a time, such love as he gave to her? At least he could test it, at least he could find out by absence if he had won a woman's heart, or only the girlish love that was more of the imagination

than the heart.

Quickly all this flashed through Sir Philip Darrell's mind—so quickly that there was scarce a monent's pause before he laid his hand lightly on the keys, as though he were speaking of some piece of music to her, and, forcing back from eyo and lip all that made his heart beat so wildly, said earnest-

"I should not pain you, Ilma; let my words pass - not as a jest - no - I wounded neice.
te day by a jest, born of my own pain - but as Ilma a thought too hastily spoken, a thought that my life is not barren of at least a kindly

memory."
What a bitter mockery to him were words! They pained her, but they gave her self-command, and she was for the time even grateful to him; later, in the silence of a knew that his heart had spoken in that first | walk.

"Kindly memory!" she repeated very "Why should you not think so Sir Philip? I owe you too great a debt of grati tude to fall short of so much as kindly mem

"You give me a problem to solve, Ilma for, by my faish, I cannot discover how I am Give me a woman's privilege, the last word unless you will take it in music; and I would rather listen to Schumann than fathom enigmas."

So Ilma played again; and, when she rose old legend of the knight who rose with the less in winning you?—for I cannot plead doubt."

The place looked like an enchanted delland brought to Ilma's ready imagination the old legend of the knight who rose with the less in winning you?—for I cannot plead doubt."

"Gult?" The girl almost smiled. "Your heart, I think, spoke better in the old legend of the knight who rose with the less in winning you?—for I cannot plead doubt."

were to return in the carriage, and Zuleika was to follow them. As the farewells were being said. Roland continued to whisper to his

about explaining to you?"
"Yes," said the girl wonderingly. "What

do you mean?"
"May I come and see you, Ilma?" "I suppose so; but not yet, not-not be

fore Thursday.' But you will come here before then?"

Maybe. Good night. Auntie is waiting. She ran away quickly, and Darrell handed her into the carriage; then he mounted Grange. He would not go in, but bade adieu ment, trying to remember. Yes; had

mer night, and pressed her hands over her any living creature, save the birds in the eyes with a low quick sob that was half bitter branches and the scuttling squirrels. She pain and half the very agony of joy.

pain and half the very agony of joy.

Did Philip Darrell love her? was the question that Ilma asked herself over and over again that night. Had she been a few years older, there could have been no doubt as to She bent down and examined the marks of the step would not be audible till the animal wore within twenty yards.

She bent down and examined the marks would have been conducted the step would not be audible till the animal wore within twenty yards.

She bent down and examined the marks would have been conducted the step would not be audible till the animal wore within twenty yards.

She bent down and examined the marks would have been conducted the step would not be audible till the animal wore within twenty yards.

ing-shrink from it as she would, self-analy given them to her that she valued them; she Another turn, and no sign yet of the end of knew that he was far more to her than all the loved her, that? The girl stopped abruptly. A sudden you would most avoid. There is not one in this life blight his life? She did not, would not believe in it.

There was no stain on his honor; the ban of startled them? In another second a dark as you imagined, and I had riden through the would rather have seen Ilma Costello and she was glad, for that might save him.

weariness; every pulse was beating high, and the last frail barrier the strong will had striven every sense on the alert. She rose before the to uphold tottered and fell. was above the horizon, and, dressing guickly, went down to the stable and saddled Zuleika, and went for a ride. She rode miles before good Miss Dumford had opened her eyes and, when Ilma came in to break fast; she looked so bright and fresh, and

nessed how she had suffered, and suffered longer!

still. to be alone with Roland. The shadow of the and his hand had never touched hers?

Meanwhile nothing was seen of Sir Philip Darrell. He was still at the Court; all Scarth Abbott would have speedily known it if he had left.

" Maybe, missy," said Job Heston to Ilma. as she was crossing the lock bridge early on Wednesday morning, and met the miller, 'he's setting his house in order at last; time he did, if he means to stop till the rains come They'll be on us in a day or two, or my name not Heston."

" How do you know?" asked Ilma with sinking heart.

*Know? Oh. I can tell! His days are

numbered, missy."

"I don't believe it," said Ilma steadily.

"Don't you, missy? But then, you see you're a foreigner." "How do you know?" asked the girl

What is meant by 'life for life?' That imies a life possibly saved."
"Suppose it did, missy, his would be lost, plies a life possibly said Job, grimly; "and both must be lost."
Why? A life is given if it is given by

the will; actual death is not a necessity." Well, of course," returned Heston, curse is doubtful to some extent: but I fancy Sir Philip himself takes it rather that he'll loe his life some way. Don't be the other party, that's all, mi-sy; you're far too hand-

some to lose your life."

Ilma turned away haughtily and walked on.

Job stood and looked after her.
"Is that to be it, I wonder?" he said to himself musingly. "The young Squire fancies her, or I'm much mistaken; but, if Sir Philip's in the field, he'll win—no fear. Then the Squire isn't one to take it coolly if his girl is taken away from him. I don't know what he'd do—something many wouldn't expect. As for the lord, he'd carry her off that's the Darrell way."

Thursday morning dawned clear and sunny out Ilma awoke with a heavy load of dread and grief on her heart. She could not meet Roland; he would taunt her about Sir Philip and her face might betray her. The dread grew to an everlasting terror; and the girl determined to fly from the impending interview, the more so as Miss Durnford said at breakfast that she was going to visit some of the poor people, and, as Ilma never ac-companied her on these occasions, she would he left alone.

What are you going to do with yourself, my dear?" asked Miss Durnford. " I shall take a ramble presently,

perhaps." "Very well, dear. How odd it is," continued Miss Durnford, tying her honnet-strings, "that Sir Philip has not been this way for so long! It makes me very anx-He seems determined to dare to the uttermost.

Ilma made no auswer; and Miss Durnford went out with her mind tolerably at rest concerning Dark Darrell and her beautiful

Ilma walked with her aunt to the gate, and noted which road she took; then she went back to the house, caugut up her hat, and such of going towards the river, she took an opposite course, running for some distance till she had put half a mile or more of wood and field between herself and Scarth sleepless night, she saw their hollowness, and Abbot, and then she dropped into a quick

CHAPTER IX.

Ilma had not the least idea where she was oing, and did not care, so long as she escaped Indeed she wanted to escape from every living thing, and the wilder the country grew the better pleased she was. Up hill and

Bo Ilma played again; and, when she rose to leave the piano, she forgot the poor damask rese, and the piano lid closed over it, and it died there neglected.

In the state of the same than your reason. You know I am not an uter skeptic, Philip. I was at first; but eichanted groves. She wondered if the superstition of the country folk had peopled the stition of the country folk had people the stition of the country folk had peo Grange, she took Sir Philip's flowers carefully and if the hoof marks her quick eye detected from the water and hid them in her breast, among the thick moss that carpeted the ground knowing not where else to put them, for she were those of a headless steed, like the one "Life for life," repeated Darrell; and dared not carry them in her hand lest they that haunted the precincts of the Alhambra. gladly would my life by laid down for you, should be seen. Miss Durnford and Ilms. The entrance to the gorge sloped gradually Ilms; but, even then, should I not bring to from where Ilms stood. At another time she would have deliberately skirted the verge for Woe to which death were happiness, from where Ilma stood. At another time saw would have deliberately skirted the verge for the pleasure of scrambling down; but now said the girl passionately. "But Philip, life is given by will as by deed; may not that be the eousin—

"You remember what I asked to night
about explaining to you?"

"Yes," said the girl wonderingly. "What light among the leaves. Deeper and deeper she went into the dell, thinking she would

no sign of a return journey.

It was strange, the girl said to herself, that she had never heard of this wildly beautiful he said, looking upwards. Hassan, and rode with the ladies as far as the spot before. Stay! She stood still a mo to them on the steps, lifting Ilma's hand to Rose, only the other day, talked of the his lips, as his custom was; but this evening Abbot's Dell, which was said to be haunted? the soft monstache hardly touched the little No doubt this was the place. Haunted! word.

Then she need have no fear of meeting any word.

Then she need have no fear of meeting any word. But there was a deeper meaning in that re-ticence than even in lingering kiss and pas-sudden throb at her heart. There was one out it would seem, a thought for the mor-And when he was gone Ilma man who cared nothing for peasants' tales stood quite still for a moment in the sum- She glanced tehind her, but saw no sign of

the answer—scarcely any need for the question; but, even when there seemed none other than one solution to what had pas-ed that day and evening, still the torturing of a small hoofed animal, though whether thought came that she was foolish and only a they were recent or not her knowledge did won to her faith, and the bitterness almost thought came that she was foolish and only a they were recent or not her knowledge did won to her faith, and the bitterness almost child. He might be fond of her in a fashion, not enable her to determine. Had Hassan but love her! And yet——. Did he fear to passed that way? Well, why frighten her bring sorrow on her? So only could she read self so? It might have been yesterday, or what must otherwise seem like trifling with two days before, or three hours ago that Sir time was unheeded in the enchanted glen Philip had ridden through the glen; and, if Gentle Hassan seemed content to be forgotten his manner when he parted with her, would it were only five minutes ago. he would be far for the slight dark eyed girl to whom his mas not agree with a man's affection for a child; ahead of her, out of sight before she ter spoke so low and tenderly: and the bird.

She knew now in this solitary self-commun- ward step she took! How she started at heart, she feared him, although she yearned ward step she took! How she started at heart, she feared him, although she yearned of self sacrifice. What he desired to possess every rustle of a leaf, as though she expected to see him again, so that she would have field should be his or should belong to no one else; sis was forced upon her—that he was right to see an elfin creature instead of a bird from him at the moment she beheld him if it shout the flowers; that it was because he had shoot forth from the brake! Another turn, and no sign yet of the end of

Heaven could not be on such as he; and, if object came round the turning—not the it were, she would rather die with him than knight of the legend, with cross bilted sword so there was fate in this at least. No snare live without him. But he was going away, elevated before him, but Sir Philip Darrell, ever set for bird was more complete." mounted on Hassan, and gazing before him She could not resist the influence of the gen. with such a look as strong proud men wear enter the glen it will be said 1 came to meet noted with a grim satisfaction, as he at length eral belief that deadly peril lay for the last when they are fighting a stern battle with you!"
of the Darrells in the Coalmere floods this their own passions, and know that they are Would be go without seeing her? She losing ground inch by inch. But this Ilms the country is wild, and human beings are trembled at the thought of seeing him again, had not time to see; for he had recognized scarce, though we are only a mile from the and wept passionately at the thought of not the slight form standing in the soft twilight of the glen at the instant that he passed the Morning found the girl with no feeling of curve; and a wild joy lighted up his face, and

> Not even pausing to draw bridle, he sprang from his horse, and was at Ilma's side, her hands clasped in his, before the startled steed

had halted. and halted.

"Ilma, Ilma," he cried—and his whole heart went out to her in the passionate atter-day. He said something the other night that "Ilma, Ilma," he cried—and his whole

seemed so happy, that no one could have ance on, my life, my soul, I can strive no startled me, and I said I did not understand had been very penitent; but she had only at the Larches. Roland's face on the night Sir Philip Darrell at that moment appeared Why have you come to tempt me?"

still.

Rose came over early to the Grange, and termbling violently. Her golden head drooped, was termbling violently. Her golden head drooped, termbling violently. Her golden head drooped, and her eyes sank before his. How could she if grew so frightened that at last, when the explanation.

The same that he might explain; and how evel in methat he might explain; and how evel in was strictly true; and Miss Durnford has a word of explanation, going straight to his art number of explanation. The same that he might explain; and how evel in was strictly true; and his a word of explanation, of explanation, and head now have the same that he might explain; and how evel in was strictly true; and his a word of explanation. The was strictly true; and his a word of explanation, of explanation, and head now have the strictly true; and his a word of explanation. The was strictly true; and his a word of explanation, and head now have the time had passed—which was very wrong; but then do vouchsated not a trumbling violently. Her golden head drooped, refuse? Sa I said he could come to-day; but was strictly true; and his a word of explanation. The was a word of explanation, going straight to his a word of explanation.

But time dout not answer time. She was described with the explanation.

But now the did not know how the time had passed—which was equally uncommunity to his autagonist or of the come; of the come and her eyes sank before his. How could have the strictly true; and him a word of explanation, going straight to his a trumbling violently. Her golden head and her eyes sank before his. How could have strictly true; and him a word of explanation.

But time dout not nearly the same that he might explain; and how every wrong; but she word of explanation.

But time dout not nearly true is and the every sank before his. How co

tell me that your life is mine, as mine is yours."

Was the curse forgotten? She thought not of it, but raised her eyes to his and whispered softly, the sweet eyes sinking again immediately—
"I love you!" And his lips sealed the

avowal. Philip Darrell's wish was granted, and that brief wild happiness was his. But, oh, it was brief indeed, and not even for a moment was there peace! Once more—and now too late -rose up before him all that he had trampled under foot and seemed to have crushed for ever. He raised his head, which had been nowed on hers, and sought to loosen his lasp; but Ilma read his heart, and with a low ery of pain clung to him, pressing her golden head against his breast.

"No, no," she said, passionately, "you

shall not put me from you! You have done me no wrong to love me and teach me—ah, you could not help that l—to love you.

Heaven will not curse you—I will not believe

"Ilma, Ilma, hear me !" "No, no!" she cried again. "Even if the curse be true, you cannot save me"-and a that gazed now full into his—" for I love you, and I must suffer with you. Your fate must belief.

Didlin, whether for weal or wee; be mine. Philip, whether for weal or woe; and, oh, it would be a thousand times better to die with you than to live without you!"

"Hush, hush, darling, you break my eart!" But he strove no more to put her from him, folding her closer and closer to "Why should I he exempt from the curse that has been on all my house for three hundred years; though indeed such love as yours, Ilma, might redeem the blackest doom that ever fell on man? Child, listen to me. I was yet a youth when I vowed that no innocent life should suffer for my love; and I believed that I could live my life without love. Inca _ it was years ago _ I saw one whose face and I feared, and would not see her again : and soon almost the bare memory of that face passed away. Since then I have seen many in many countries, but not one fair women in many countries, but not one who could win me to break the vow I had made. But, when I saw you, I knew for the first time the force of the power that I had thought more under my own control. I was master of my own heart no more. There was one being in this world, through which I had wandered so many years, who was to enter into my life and make it her own: and that one was a golden-haired child, with cloudless eves that spoke to me a language they were

not conscious of uttering."

He paused a moment; his voice failed him; but Ilma whispered softly:
"It is so sweet to think that it was my lot

first to win your heart, Philip, and that even ou that morning when you saw me on the river bank you gave me what must ever be

"Ay," he said bitterly : "but I should have been stronger. I did struggle, Heaven knows, to conquer, but not till I had madly flung into temptation-till I had sought n vself you, defying my fate, and given my whole heart to you; and then, when I believed you loved me, llua-ah, forgive me for the cruel tests I put you to, and never blush how, dear one, that your heart betrayed a truth it should not recognize !—I thought the last cord that bound me had snapped. Yet I made one more effort to be true to myself. On that last evening that I saw you I solved to keep away from you—I would try to discover whether your love was but a girl's fancy-and in one second of time all was swept to the wieds of heaven, save only my love for you. And now must your dear life be sacrificed for mine? Oh, Ilms, when you will not believe my evil fate, it is your great

Sir Philip started violently.

"I cannot—I date not think it," he said hurriedly. "Not if the hope were too bright

yours." " Not to share death - just Heaven forbid!"

"By the heavens above, he shall not have he said, looking upwards.

"Philip, Philip, what are the mere years of existence when all is gone that makes life more than time?"

Darrell gazed down wonderingly at the exquisite face through which the woman's soul shone so clear and strong. Was this the happy careless child he had seen but a few days before dancing in the sunshine, with-

"Oh, my heart, my heart," he said, with inexpressible radness "I have rebbed you of your happy childhood, and have given you

whispered, hiding her face. "And is not one

"Dost thou so love me, darling?" He could say no more, but bowed his head on hers again in silence; and he was almost

Then-oh, Philip, if anyone was seen me

"It is unlikely that you have been seen; gates of the Court park."

"Near the Court? I had no idea where I

was," said Ilms, coloring deeply.
"Whom do you fear?" asked Darrell,
watching her. "Roland Sabine?" The girl started. "Yes." she answered in a low tone.

"Ilma," said Darrell quietly, " has he dared Darrell. The old lady had received her with to speak to you?"

onger! Why have you come to tempt me?" him. When we were going, he asked to see said that she had been for a long ramble and before had plainly showed that semething before him, he would most likely have sprung But Ilma could not answer him. She was me that he might explain; and how could I did not know how the time had passed—which was very wrong; but he had vouchsafed not at him with the ferocious instinct of a wild

to be alone with Roland. The shadow of the approaching Thursday hung over her like a pall. She could not now avoid more than auspecting what Roland wanted to speak to her about; and she shrank from that with a dread that grew more and more as the day are also being a single from the shrank from that with a dread that grew more and more as the day are also being against his, and his that had told him this with such girlish naily sought hers. "Ilma, my darling, I know that you love me. Let me hear you say it. Raise those dear eyes and look into mine, and tell me that your life is mine, as mine is the strength of the same of well, or he will learn to his cost that the last windows 9" of the Darrells is not one whit behind his an-

" Auntie !"

"I do not believe in the carse, auntie."

that her lover had not uttered a word that im-

plied he desired secrecy: but she would no

your own battles at seventeen.

dear; go to bed and try to get some sleep."

Independent? Yes

dreaded him, but not so much

about.

sufficient.

"Ilma dear," returned Miss Durnford, "

"Yes, auntie; I understand."

cestor in avenging an insult,"

Ilma had herself too high spirit to rebuke the fierce temper of her haughty lover; but the mention of Roland had brought to her the face distinctly in the dusk of the anartment said gently—
"I canuot sleep to night, and I came to see first thought of the time; and now she suddenly pointed upwards to a gap in the trees. if you were wakeful too. My hearts fails me"
—and her voice faltered—" when I think of
Sir Philip Darrell—still at the Court." " Philip," she said, " see how late the day is growing. Aunt Rachel will have returned and will wonder where I am. I must go home. How far is this from Scarth Ab

" Too for you to go yet," replied Sir Philip Nay, sweetheart, a little longer! I can not so soon yield my first taste of Elysium.'
And Ilma suffered him to lead her farthe nwards, away from the entrance to the glen The sun was sinking towards the western hor izon when Dark Darrell and his golden haired love came forth from the deep shadows of the Abbot's Vale. Leading Hassan, be valked with Ilma almost to the village, leaving Philip Darrell. I mean, I hope you do not her where he could see the slight foot flitting think too much of him. You understand me? onwards to the very gates of the Grange ga

Turning when he had nearly reached this point, she saw him still standing motionless by Surely, she thought, in fear and perplexity, nothing had passed between Ilma and Sir his horse, watching her; and, as she turned he kissed his hand to her.

Sabine went to the Grange, only to learn that Miss Ilma was out ard had left no message. No message! Had she forgotten her promise Roland ground his teeth; but, to him? would wait till Miss Durnford returned.

The old lady came back before one. She

The old lady came back before one. She knew nothing of Ilma; doubtless she would be in during the afternoon. Roland departed, and at three called again. Ilma had not yet returned. Miss Dy nford had flattered her would be nothing strange if you had allowed other salutations until she knew whether here returned. Miss Duenford had flattered herself that the girl was at the Larches: but the young Squire's appearance made her anxious. What could have become of the her anxious. What could have become of the child? She could never have stayed away so that she could not give her confidence; besides, had she a right to do so? It was true long on purpose. Roland shared her anxiety and went off at once to make inquiries about Ilma.

He turned his steps first toward the river. and was just approaching the lock bridge when he saw Zenh coming down the slope She stopped the moment she saw Roland; and, as he came towards her, she looked into ais face with a wicked flash and laughed. "You can keep off," she said shortly: " and

ou needn't try to hide what you're after. It's Dark Darrell's lady love you were going to ask

about, I know."
"Dear Zeph," began Roland, "if you have seen ——"
'Don't 'dear Zeph 'mel" interrupted the girl fiercely, stamping her foot. "You'd drown me as soon as look at me if you dared. or see me drown, which is the next thing to it. It's that golden haired foreign cousin of yours you are in love with; and all the pretty things you said to me count for nothing now. But

you won't get her. Didn't I know Sir Philip would have her when I saw her riding the Arab ?" "Zeph, are you mad?" cried Roland hoarsely. "What do you mean?"
Ob, I may suffer," retorted the undaunted girl; "but you must not wait an instant to know what the girl you love is about! You may talk to me, and tell me you love me, and give me things, and there is no harm done : as if I had no heart, and need not mind have spoken to her aunt, and so avoided an seeing you throwing me over directy a interview with him; but this idea did not occur to her. She could, in her fear, run 'Tis no use to tame. Mr. Sabine; you have treated me as Sir rainip would not have done one to interpose on her behalf was contrary whatever his ancestor did. He's a noble gental to her nature; and, after all, she thought, tleman anyhow, and he'd never fool with an

Roland had a right to see her. honest girl he couldn't marry, as you have would not seek an interview, but she would You needn't worry after Miss Ilma; no longer avoid it.
osen a handsomer lover than you—

At the turn of the night the rain came. she's chosen a haudsomer lover than you—
ha, ha! She's been dreeing her weird while fell suddenly, like a vast sheet of water from you've been hunting the woods for her. She's the heavens, with the roar and hiss of a catanot arraid of Sir Philip's kisses, I'll warrant; ract. It beat down the flowers in the gar-she'd rather die with him than live with you." dens; it laid flat the corn in the fields; it "Zeph." said Roland, grasping the girl's converted many a dry mountain watercourse, tell me what you know. Are you into a brawling stream. Villagers, startled wrist, "tell me what you know. Are you into a brawling stream. Villagers, startled I am not unjust to him. He three himself to vengeance. Several dead bodies of Indians. talking like this to torture me, or do you out of their sleep by the pouring of the tor mean that Ilma Costello has fled with Dar- rent, drew back their curtains and gazed forth

in terror; and the thoughts of all turned to the grand old castellated mansion of the Darrell?" she s home now: but I saw them on the road rels and its doomed lord. together twenty minutes ago; he was leading nand, Mr. Sabine; you hutt me. Just a bit above the village they stopped and said goodbye. He didn't kiss her then, though there was nobody by that they could see; but he stood still where she'd loft him and watched her. When she'd gone on a bit, she looked back, and he kissed his hand to her. You don't like it a street of the don't. "Lass, lass, get up and look at the rain! It has net fallen like this for more than twenty years.

The girl was at the door in an instant, with a white scared face.

"Father, is the Mill safe?" his horse and she was by his side. Drop your ter's chamber and knocked at the door. back, and he kissed his hand to her. You "Ay, for to night, yes; but, Zeph, if it don't like it, eh?" - for Roland stamped his rains like this for two nights more, the river

discover the outlet; for, she argued, there surely was an outlet, since the hoof-marks were still visible going one way, and there was but, come life or come death, I am still but, were still visible going one way, and there was but, come life or come death, I am still but, were still visible going one way, and there was but, come life or come death, I am still but, were still visible going one way, and there was but, come life or come death, I am still but, were still visible going one way, and there was but, come life or come death, I am still but, were still visible going one way, and there was but, come life or come death, I am still but, were still visible going one way, and there was but, come life or come death, I am still but, were still visible going one way, and there was but, come life or come death, I am still but, were still visible going one way, and there was but, come life or come death, I am still but, were still visible going one way, and there was but, come life or come death, I am still but, were still visible going one way, and there was but, come life or come death, I am still but were still visible going one way, and there was but were still visible going one way, and there was but were still visible going one way, and there was but were still visible going one way, and there was but were still visible going one way, and there was but were still visible going one way, and there was but were still visible going one way, and there was but were still visible going one way, and there was but were still visible going one way, and there was but were still visible going one way, and there was but were still visible going one way, and there was but were still visible going one way, and there was but were still visible going one way, and there was but were still visible going one way, and there was but were still visible going one way, and there was but were still visible going one way, and there was but were still visible going one way, and there was but were still visible going one way were stil but you can't save her if she loves him; you

as you hate him, and will hate her when she the great bell in the chapel for the last without him?" scorns you; for she will. Av"—as Roland of the Darrells before Sunday comes round Roland stood shook off her hand her voice rose almost to a gain."

shriek—"it's of no use, Roland Sabine!

The storm began to lessen at three o'clock,

shriek—"it's of no use, Roland Sabine!

If she loves Philip Darrell, she must die; and you know it. You take her from him! Ha, ha!"—and she laughed long and leudly. Has better had she laughed long and leudly. Before the echo of her laughter had swollen and angry tide.

"The water's risen more'n two feet since died away, Roland was hundreds of yards"

"The storm began to lessen at three o'clock, but there o'clock, but the rain still fell in torrents till nearly vengeance be worked out. Suddenly he burst into a discordant laugh.

"Yes, I suppose you have a right to choose your fate. Yours is a fair life to win from him the 'needful sacrifice.' A man might Feb. 15th, 1881. Not homewards, for he dared not be seen man to Zeph. "If I was your father, I'd there; nor to the Grange, for he could not clear out of the Mill; for there's no saying to there; nor to the Grange, for he could not the Mill; for there's no saying meet ilms in her aunt's presence. He dashed into the woods, and there remained till long into the woods, and there remained till long into the woods, and there remained till long after darkness had fallen, now walking wildly to and fro, now lying on the ground in a chaos of thought that made him feel at times bridge.

"And I'd see to it before nightfall if I was doubted that Ilms had met Sir Philip Darrell by appointment: and she had either forgot by appointment and she ignored it. He swore again that she should once the floods are out, how'll you get

be his, or die with the lover she had prerather would be destroy what he valued than allow another to have it. He had displayed "Sweet one"—he could not help smiling this trait even as a lad. He had shot a favor-

Philip for nothing.

The miller expressed no regret for the im stretched dead at his feet than happy in a rival's arms. Fearful as the thought was he did not put it from him, or even try to do so. He nursed it with a fierce triumph, and even walked homewards through the night. that a heavy cloud hung solitary in the heavens, otherwise clear, which stemed to broad over as he believed, that of the last represents the river, and that the air was close and tive of false Sir Ingelhard, and which would heavy In a few days—it might be a week, it might be less—the floods would be out!

her aunt of her interview with Sir Philip CHAPTER XI. the joy of one relieved from keen anxiety; and she had told Ilma that Roland had called

even if the Mill don't go -and it's bound

Early in the afternoon it became known that Job Heston and his daughter were trans-

d his hand had never touched hers?

"A childlike act indeed, darling, remarked sky; and she stole softly to lima's chamber word. His appetite—usually hearty—had report was throbbing against his and his and opened the door. The girl started up from the window and came to meet her.

mother and eisters arrived at the conclusion My dear child," said Miss Durnford, " it that he had seen Ilma, spoken to her, and been is past eleven, and you are not even un-dressed. What are you doing by the open rejected. Rose tried strenuously to banish Sir Philip's name from the conversation, and succeeded partially, but not entirely. Watching that cloud, auntie. I am not

Directly after breakfast Roland withdrew to his study, and locked the door; and no one Miss Durnford could not see the speaker's ventured to intrude upon his solitude. The heavy fall of rain till noon frustrated his original intention of seeking Ilma in the morning but, as soon as it abated, he sallied forth but she drew the slight form towards her and

him breathless.
"Roland, Roland, have you heard?" Heard what?" said her brother roughly.

I have heard nothing."
"Why. Job Heston is leaving the mill! ilms gently disengaged herself from her aunt's embrace, and went back to the window. not kneeling down this time, but standing with her forehead resting against the glass. is said that if it rains to-night as it did last night the floods will be so great that the mill Presently she said softly, without looking round to where her aunt still stood will be washed away,"

"Ah, by Heaven ———"
Roland paused suddenly, and a look cam into his face that made his sister recoil—a look she remembered afterwards, and read must not mind my saying this, that I hope look she remembered afterwards and read you are not speaking so because you do not rightly then; now it only filled her with a

wish to believe in misfortune coming to Sir vague horror.

Philip Darrell. I mean, I hope you do not "Roland!" she cried, in a tone that startle him into self-recollection.
"So." he said musingly, "the Mill is doomed? Well, Rose, I am going to see how

Miss Durnford paused; but Ilma said no more; and the old lady felt disappointed. things are; and I will step down and have a Why could not the child be frank with her? talk with Job."
Surely, she thought, in fear and perplexity, He passed out, mounted his horse, and role When he reached the Grange, away.

CHAPTER X.

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It was barely eleven o'clock when Roland Sabine went to the Grange, only to learn that

beating heart for Ilma. Would she run away from him a second time? No! He heard willing. The secret belonged to herself and Sir Philip, for the present at least. Its reve-The secret belonged to herself and light step in the oak passage, the door opened and the girl entered. She looked deathly lation could only make her aunt unhappy, and white, and there was a latent dread in he large eyes; but the curved lips and firm brow me anxious. You are not open with me, as showed nothing but resolve. She drew back you should be. I do not want to blame you; as Roland came forward eagerly, and held ou her hand, as if by that action to deny him any

bim to engage your fancy.

Fancy—when the very sound of his name paused.

"Well," he said, with a forced laugh, "Well," his cheeks and the which the angry flush in his cheeks and the fierce gleam in his eyes belied, " are we

strangers?"
"No, Roland." The girl colored deeply and her eyes fell. "I am sorry about vester - indeed she could not—speak of what seemed day. I don't want to make excuses. bout.

"Auntie," she said pleadingly—and there

on her too solemn and sacred to be talked bout.

"You need not apologise," returned her cousin, declining the proffered hand. "I

other time perhaps, but not now. Don't promise was made before I said good-bye to think me unkind or ungrateful; but I couldn't you the other night or afterwards." "Other promise! What do you mean?

say anything to night,"

Miss Durnford sighed heavily.

"You American girls," she said sadly, "are the plain truth—nothing more."

"Very well, then; I wronged you," answered Roland, who did not doubt his young so independent, I cannot understand you.
When I was your age, I sought my mother's
help when I was in trouble; but you fight
your own battles at seventeen. Good night consin's truth. If Ilma had made an appoint ment with Darrell, she might have refused t

mother, she srgued—she had never known her own—was something that the kindest of aunts could not be. Her lover seemed allayers where the said limit is the sound and the said limit. The said limit is that so applicant. "" Father to me thou art, and mother dear,
And brother too, kind husband of my heart."
So speaks Andromache."
And so spoke lima. Even with regard to
Roland Sabine she felt stronger—she still What is it to you or to any one else in thi nlace what I do or where I go?

"It is everything to me, Ilma," cried the young man, "if Darrell is—as I believe he is—your lover! No; you shall hear me! You know that I love you; and I can give you after the what he, with all his beauty and his wealth, we find and his intellect, cannot give you—happiness Sneer as you will, you cannot shake off all faith in that terrible curse. You must believe that to love him is fatal---' "Then how can you save me?" interrupted

wildly; have tried to win you; and he tried from the during, and immediately in your way: he gave you a costly gift, such as no man would have given to a girl he did

not want to lay under an obligation to him. Did he mean nothing by those flowers, nothing by--"
"Stop, stop, Roland! I will not listen t Job Heston arose and went to his daughtransformed into a woman, as she stood erect. white scared face.

"Father, is the Mill safe?"

"Ay, for to-night, yes; but, Zeph, if it Leave me; you have said too much al-

that my instinct was right."

"Never liked me, never trusted me! "And Dark Darrell?" said Zeph, in a low

Roland stood still for a moment, gazing on the beautiful girl before him. He felt as if he could strike her; but not so should his King George, should they retaliate, decamped,

"Yes, I suppose you have a right to choose your fate. Yours is a fair life to win from your fate. Yours is a fair life to win from peaceful and orderly Massissagas.

Feb. 15th, 1881. well lose all for you. Yours will be merry marriage-chimes. Ha, ha! Tell them not

parted, Zeph nodded with a resolute look of evil in her black eyes, and said, "All right; prevalent, that Ireland is a country occupied. ferrying all mevables from the Mill to places of safety on the Scarth Abbotside of the river, sir.

household goods being deposited with a relative of Job's late wife, who was only a cousin, though Zeph called him "uncle." that delusi No one liked the Hestons, so, even in his and there he sat down, with the wide land. Occupiers than a deserted barn a little way up the slope; that delusion : present extremity, Job could obtain little help scape of hill and wold and river before him, what he paid for. He knew that if he and his heart full of a foul design that he had sent up to the Court Sir Philip would scarcely cared even to try to veil with had sent up to the Court Sir Lindy would have dispatched a gang of laborers to aid him; suphemism.

He had not told Zeph the whole truth when the bed not told in the lad not told in the

he had enlisted her services; he had not told her that Ilma should have one chance for her pending destruction of his property. He had life, and that that chance was to fly with amassed a good sum of money, and could him; he had only told her the alternative, as amassed a good sum of money, and cother nim; he had only sold her she alternated with it a craving for stimulants. Ilma chose that, his crime would perish inheritance of his fathers seemed to be all but with her. The Hestons dared not beobliterated by the grim satisfaction with which he contemplated a ruin that would include, as he believed, that of the last representation of the last repre tive of false Sir Ingelhard, and which would fulfil the curse. He said little indeed, but glanced anxiously at river and sky, and once heart with with wild hopes for the future, till Ilma, kneeling at her chamber window, saw that cloud too, and bowed her sunny head; and she prayed—sh, how earnes by !—with bitter tears, for her lover. She had not told be morrow."

| An and she prayed—sh, how earnes by !—with bitter tears, for her lover. She had not told be morrow."

| An and she prayed—sh, how earnes by !—with bitter tears, for her lover. She had not told be morrow."

| An and she prayed—sh, how earnes by !—with bitter tears, for her lover. She had not told be when lover. She had not t Roland did not ask himself; he was not a mans say that the author's humor is not fitted man who at the best of times was able to fore-cast beyond a short period, or to hedge round any contemplated misdeed with safe.

Startling was the change that evil passions deserted him. He drank eagerly, as if con-sumed by thirst, but ate nothing; and his His cheek was livid and haggard, his nether lip was drooping, and his eyes were wild and any one who had seen seated in that dreary place, with his elbows on his knees and his hand proping his chip, might well have deemed that he had com-

mitted or contemplated some deadly crime,
Although the rain had ceased at Scarth Abbot, it was pouring down over the far-off hills, and the storm might sweep over Scarth Abbot again that night. The river rose steadily; and numbers of villagers watched and, as he crossed the hall, Rose rushed up to anxiously the progress of the floods, and pre-him breathless. the river would certainly overflow at the turn of the night, if not before; though what mysterious influence the midnight hour had upon tides and currents was not explained.

Black and heavy the clouds rolled up from

the west, till the whole sky was one black canopy, beneath which the river rushed foaming and roaring; and against the inky back-ground the doomed Mill stood out white and ghostlike. Just when darkness had fallen on the

scene, two figures came out from the wood and passed down to the lock bridge, and one -a nan's figure-vanished in the the other ran swiftly towards the Grange gar den, which, at the back of the house, stretched to within a few hundred yards of the river. As Zenh-for it was she -drew near to the gate of the garden, her keen eyes detected a town standing just without; and her vengeful hear gave a glad bound. The next moment Ilma had sprung forward, and Zeph was

"What is it? What is the matter?" asked the Canadian hurriedly, her thoughts flying instantly to Roland, who had left her in distraught a state of mind.

anting for breath, pressing her hand t her

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HANS' REMINISCENCES.

Iu readin of the barbarity practised by uncivilized nations with whom we come in con-tact, we are by comparison disposed to credit purselves with much more humanity than we possess. In proof of this we have only to turn back a few years and take into account the burning of the American dead after the attle of Lundy's Lane, the shooting of plundering wild Indians on the night of the battle, and on the foll wing morning, who were our allies. I do not call upon published history for these accounts, for I have them direct from eye witnesses who were engaged in the battle. We may turn also to the conduct "Auntie," she said pleadingly—and there were tears in the sweet young voice—"please do not ask me any questions to night—annot worth while to ask whether your other thighs of the dead body, as they supposed, of the great chief Tecumseh, to be carried home Parhans is and converted into razor strops. Perhans it said the girl haughtily. "I made no other promise. I went out to avoid you; that is inferior chief. Col. Johnson, a lawyer, who inferior chief. Col. Johnson, a lawyer, who had been all of six weeks in the service, was seriously wounded, and being placed in a half reclining position against the foot of a tree. was left alone. Directly after a stalwart chief, dressed in Indian style, in buckskin Ilma was alone again. Independent? Yes, doubtless she was; yet somehow she did not now feel the need of even a mother; and a promised Sir Philip Darrell to meet him; for you were seen walking been told by reliable persons, who had ample been told by reliable persons. out she would never have and feathers, approached, tomahawk in hand.
"I thought you had Johnson had barely strength to level his pistol opportunities of knowing, that this chief was "What then?" said Ilma. "Is that so not Tecumseh, as American history reprenew or very strange a thing to do? Have I sents, for he was at that battle dressed as a never walked or ridden with Sir Philip before? British field officer, and was accidentally shot by one of his own men as he rode up in front of them while they were lying in the grass

and occasionally firing at the enemy.

To return, the Indian like all wild men, has simply, perhaps a natural code of laws; much style of the ancient Israelites, we find an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, the rule; consequently the wild Indian (not our Massissagas, who came here from the Mchawk and Central New York, and were far advanced in civilization) were dis-"Then how can you save me?" interrupted posed to carry away openly, from the settlers, whatever their wants directed or their fancy might suggest; and as there was no possibility of the whites retaliating in kind the wild "it is not love—only fancy. You man came to think that the white man's are captivated by his graces; his very doom property was free to be plundered when he had He is a dastard to the power to carry it away. These aggressions were discovered in a swamp, on a mountain, above the village of Stoney Creek. A legal investigation was attempted; some of the most respectable people were suspected of complicity in their murder, but, through obstacles thrown in the way by many w you! How dare you speak so to me of suffered from Indian depredations, nothing Philip Darrell?" The slender girl seemed of any moment was soluted. Still the diresuffered from Indian depredations, nothing ful hatred towards the wild Indian continued; with stern brow and commanding gesture, and on one occasion a spirited young fellow, never more superbly beautiful than now. who had served his country in several battles --- whose intrepidity and valor were undoubted ready. I should not have loved you if I had fell from his high estate when passing an Innever seen Sir Philip Darrell. I never liked dian camp on the brow of the mountain, and you, never trusted you; and you have proved seizing hold of an Indian cradle to which a pappoose was bound in the usual manner, dashed the child's brains out against a tree. ut you can't save her if she loves him; you "And Dark Darrell?" said Zeph, in a low enheed Roland, drawing back a step. His face tone, after a pause, filled up by the rush of the rain, mingled with and almost drowning the rain, mingled with and almost drowning tremble inwardly, though she showed nothing were, and knowing right well the locality, were, and knowing right well the locality, of this in her fearless mein and dauntless made his escape over a precipice near the durst not venture. A few shots were fired at him, to which he replied with defiant ges-

> At length, "Lo, the poor Indian," finding occasionally the dead body of a comrade, and being unable to cope with the whites, and northwest, left the Macassa hunting and fishing grounds to the white man, and the

; and, An hour later Roland Sabine stood in the salled in your paper to the absurd delusion which has so taken hold of the public mind as to the improvidence and fruitfuiness of Irish et transplaces
he river,
a rela
cousin,
lage, but not homewards. He went no farther
lage, but not homewards he went not homewards he were not homewards he were not homewards he went not homewards he were not homewards he were not have not h

Amount. 50,322 garden patches under..... 1 acre
1 to 5 acres
5 to 30 acres
30 to 50 acres
100 to 20: acres
100 to 500 acres

-The uncertainty of meal taking brings

-Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild has a new necklace which, although it is only a single row of pearls, is valued at \$100,000. One of her husband's bridal gifts was a pleasant little sum of \$2,500 for distribution among the Jewish charities at Vienna.

-One of 'Bret Harte's stories has been