but I adjure you, for your soul's sake, to \_\_tho name \_you know me by\_and for in great agitation; "in that thought a little while she watches him furtively, keep back from her, to break all connect cighteen years I have lived a hermit's lies the deepest sting! All these years and then—tion between you! Think of her mother use in years I have supplanted. tion between you! Think of her mother life."

"Have mercy!" says Dolores, with done that you should so blot yourself session of a treasure such as this!"

she vehemently—"that man who stands mother"—laying his hand upon Do. holds out her hands to Miss Maturin, to "Well, I can't see it in that light," and trusted him! Curse him, girl-I title would by law come to me in course first place in her affections.

by the suppression of many years. He paused, as though overcome by ping back a little and speaking as one in any way." Your mother he ruined body and soul; some vague recollections. and now you he would ruin to. Call to "Go on!" says Miss Maturin ner- andience, a jury who is to decide upon father! Has he not killed for you all "He pressed upon me this marriage think?" has been your best friend! Show him knapsack at my back, wandered into father's embrace to run to Miss Maturin little dainty kiss from the tips of her no mercy—none," cries she, with in the Northern counties. My love of and fling her arms lovingly around her— fingers to Miss Maturin, who appears creasing horror. "but call for Heaven's creasing horror; "but call for Heaven's painting drove me ever onward to the "no one, whilst I am present." for a moment a vengeance on him, lest he escape bold rocky coasts that border Scotland. "It was such a cruel mistake," says then vanishes.

cries Dolores pitifully. "My heart is so far to sweeten life. I confided in gently, thinking with bitter remem. Dick, laughing; and after that there is torn in twain! He has been very good her; I told her all; I described to her brance upon her lifelong grief, upon her never any further mention made of s to me, and see—see "—pointing to Mr. the hard, narrow-minded, obstinate old many lost hours, when happiness might desire to resign her to any wandering with the hard.

"You told me she was dead," says had—the ungrudging devotion of my power to soften you? Did you never soon as ever we can," says Bouverio, Mr. Mildmay, a sudden sharp colour whole heart. Ah, those happy days!" think that a father had some right in with quite a business-like air. ther that I glory in it. I would have per- side. saved that angel there from the con- ling his return to cartle. "Hear me!" says Mr. Mildmay, com- he born, your mother grew delicate. "Nay, satisfy him; do me justice!" "Are you counting upon that as a sure 'g forward with a certain dignity in She riped a little and at least I anguant, she exclaims her voice vibrating with ing forward with a certain dignity in Sho pined a little, and at last I suggest. she exclaims, her voice vibrating with way of getting rid of me? Don't. his bearing, though his lips are tremb. od change to her. She grasped at the emotion.

I had no thought that I wronged her telling me of my uncle's approaching that I was motherless." and her child so irretrievably as you say death and forwarding to me letters de-

loud cry. Her first thought is for her fered, being thus torn in two between my gotten his presence; now however he tuous glance, to her younger son. lover. She runs to him, straight into desire to be with her and my fear of turns to him, his arms, and nestles there. Not for a losing all that I had striven so hard to "You see," he says graciously, "es I scoms." moment does she doubt the blessed retain, urged me to go to England and told you, I have to-day regained not "Any news of—" He runs his eyes truth. Now she may give herself to present myself to my dying uncle. She only a daughter, but a nephew!" him sans peur et sans reproche; now she had never felt better—she declared "A nephew!" The young man re. Greylands as soon as you can convenimay have and hold him as her own for earnestly—than she now felt, and why peats his words vaguely, as though ab- ently manage -odd—ch?

truth flashes across his mind, and he either of us if disinheritance were to fol- lores father!" colours deeply as a girl might, and turns low on my refusal to visit the old man's Miss Maturin, who has been scarcely her disreputable relatives?" his wide surprised gaze upon Miss Ma- sick-bed. turin. "Can it be, madam," he asks, in "I went, to find my uncle lying sick, "If you are Richard Bouverie," sho a trembling tone of keenest repreach, nigh unto death, but fully alive as to says slowly, as though following out a common," returns she icily. "He has "that you have so wronged in thought his affairs. He seemed to find pleasure train of troublesome thought, "why, chosen to reucunce me and join himself that sinless creature now lying in her in my presence, and from day to day then you are the elder son; to you the to those whom it would be a disgrace grave?" All thought of himself is forgot- kept me near him, occupied with law- baronetcy belongs—you are Sir Rich- even to know. Let him abide by his

bear; but I shall know also that you fewer, and then ceased altogether. have made me the happiest being upon "A sense of nervous horror overcame tion for me." For an answer he unlocks a drawer uncle, and left England again to seek daughter," cries Miss Maturin

near him and in silence hands a folded the town in Brittany that contained for "your child surely is worthy paper to her-a paper yellowed and soil- me all that made life worth having thought! od by years, but unmistakably a mar. Alas, it no longer contained it! I ar. self, and give yourself to the world ed by years, but unmistakably a mail Alas, it no longer contained desolate again under your right name, if only risge-certificate. She is so agitated, rived to find my house left desolate again under your right name, if only

"What is there to say?" asks the old

hand timidly around her neck.

Dear Lallie," she whispers softly.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"Dolores Bouverie!" he says address. courted death in many a form, if I comes obligatated from her mind; she

What strange tale are you telling her? videntially I had fallen, and found my her too, my innocent girl; even when no her too, my innocent girl; even when no her too, my innocent girl; even when no she lay dead within my arms I wronged air lips I condemn you. I have no daught full certainty of having been present at her! But her gentle spirit has forgiven ter. She died when—"

my death, I determined to be dead from me long ere this. For your forgiveness, my death, I determined to be dead from sir. I dere not ask!"

But

"She lived!" interrupts Miss Maturin that day forward so far as my people sir, I dare not ask!"

the gentle pleader. "And are you the me into marriage with a woman I ab. says vehemently; "no unkind thing one to crave pardon for him? I tell horred on pain of being disinherited, I must be said to her—remember that!" thing is, so changed; you have all, I Millinery, Mantles, you, you should rather curse him." cries and be and being disinherited. I must be said to her—remember that!"

upon him would be too light," persists baronet, was my guardian as well as "that is yourself!" the elder woman, carried away by a my uncle, and I was his presumed passion grown strong and irrepressible hoir."

her life or death. "What could chance of love and hope and joy? with an arrogant heiress, until, to avoid "No one shall blame you, Lallie," Truly "-with a scornful laugh-" he his importunities, I left my house, and, exclaims the girl softly, leaving her as air!" says Miss Bouverie, blowing a

To escape further from him and his Miss Maturin, sobbing, but holding the "Youdon't mean to tell me," exclaims I cannot," says Dolores, falling upon plan, and to place it out of his power to pretty slight form eagerly to her breast Dick, turning upon her fiercely, "that her linees and covering her face with persecute me with letters on the same —"cruel to me as well as to her! you mean to throw me over now?" nor hands. "He is my father,"

distasteful subject, I changed my name Listen, sir! "she cries again, addressing Dolores breaks into a merry heartfelt

"You had a mother too," Miss Matu- and travelled everywhere through the Sir Richard. "When I found my sister laugh. rin reminds her, in a low tone full of towns and villages under an assumed dying—nay, dead—there was upon her "Ab, Dick, you were never meant t concentrated bitterness. "Is her blight- cognomen. So travelling, I found her hand no wedding-ring. Like a flash of tread the boards," cries she sancily ed memory nothing to you? Am I my fate! Of that I need say no more, unalterable truth it came to me that " your acting is not up to the mark a alone to be the one to remember her I loved her, and she loved me. We what I had dreaded all along was true. all! Why, you forgot all about you cared not for consequences. Yet I could Ah, what terrible hours that false belief part when the tragic moment arrived She draws back from the kneeling not bring myselfaltogether to disregard has given mo! As I have already said, Now confess that, in spite of all you girl, as though resigning her, and raises the chance of gaining an inheritance I wronged her, and for my fault I have silly pretending, you would not give me her eyes to heaven.

that might enable me to give to the wo- been justly punished. Be merciful to up for the world." "Ah, do not forsake me, Lallie!" man I adored all those luxuries that go me now, I beseech you!" she murmurs "Not for a thousand worlds!" return

Mildmay—"how pale he looks and how man who was seeking to force me into a have been possible to her but for this duke or reigning prince who, coming detested bondage. She consented to fly slur upon her darling's birth. "Who is this child?" asks Mr. Mild- with me, to submit to a private mar- "The ring! It must have been stolen by her charms. But, just before they may, in a hollow voice, indicating riage, to give herself in effect as abso- then from her poor hand!" says Sir go in, a slight mention is made of an lutely to me as any lover's soul could Richard, with pale lips. "But"—turning other topic altogether. Yours," returns his adversary icily. dosire. I rewarded her with all I again to Miss Maturin—"had time no "I think we ought to get married as

tinging his features. "You swore it. As though lost in recollection of a his child?" time when youthful ecstasy and divine "Believing what I then believed, I tating slightly. "To save her from you I lied! Don't rapture alone filled his days, the old thought a total separation from all "I shall never be quite happy until 1 think I shrink from this avowal!" ex- man ceases speaking and gazes with things connected with her unholy birth get you into my own possession," goes claimed she eagerly. "Be assured ra- rapt eyes upon the faded garden out- the one thing to be desired. I took her; on Dick, when sundry lover-like pro-

jured myself at any time and thought it "Well, father?" says Dolores, touch. place of that poor lost one. To her," feel now always as if I dare hardly take a good deed, if by doing so I could have ing his shoulder gently, and so compel- cries Miss Maturin, flinging out her hands my eyes off you, lest I should lose you gladly have laid her in her innocent he, with the long-drawn sigh of one "Lallie!" cries the girl pathetically, sight." grave rather than resign her to your nowly awakened from a pleasant trance, trying to reach her; but Miss Maturin care—you who destroyed her mother!" "Whon you, my child, were about to waves her back.

ling and his face is ashen gray. "Is thought, and went with me willingly to "I will," murmurs the girl tenderly. Shall stay with you just as long as you secrecy so foul a crime? Her mother" a small village in Brittany. Hardly was Then she turns to her father. "It is live." -indicating Dolores by an almost im- I there when I received a letter from enough," she says fervently, "to tell "I wish I could live for ever." says

The word breaks from Dolores with a Dolores comprehending how I suf- young man speaks. Perhaps he has for the missive in question, with a contemp

"How-what is this? What am I a mere cowardly fear? And baby, he-ing," he says, breaking off with a curi-news of that poor child's death." to understand?" Mr. Mildmay is stam- she had all along persuaded herself it ous laugh, but paling perceptibly. mering feebly. Then all at once the would be a boy-would suffer more than "To think that you-you should be Do- coldly; "though why to me?" What

listening, turns now to the elder man.

ten.

"Sir," says Miss Maturin, in a broken condemning that, and so on. A wearith "So it might be," returns he dros. "When a man is in love," begins Bruvoice, "if you can prove to me that I some waiting! The days grew into mily. "But I have given up the world; no carnestly, "he hardly calculates the have wronged her, I shall feel that no weeks; and at last there came a time it is no longer anything to me; and why whys and wherefores. You should rebunishment is heavy enough for me to when the letters from my wife grew should I disturb others? A title has member that he long since ceased to have any attrac-

She clasps her hands with a address behind, no name, no sign by ture. "She is saved!" she which a clue to her dwelling place might which a clue to her dwelling place might to look for a higher alliance to which be discovered. But that she was Eng. her sweetness and beauty might well her sweetness and beauty might well her sweetness and beauty might well happened then became clear to me. I entitle her to take her from his very around her neck.

less, scarce breathing, with down-bent slender fingers into his, and compels;

advised to try Scott's Emulsion " Tush !" says Miss Maturin bitterly, and to my surprise was relieved at gained flesh and atrength and was message came to me, saying ... Ah, poor Lady Bouverie!" exclaims able to stand even the Blizzard and C. T. CHURCHILL.

discoveries, and so is your father; at

to have meant to me life indeed—the pos- you?" she asks, her voice vibrating

the Softly, caressingly, he lays his hand "I am sorry that I have now nothing upon Deleres's sunny head as it lies to offer you." "You must not blame Lallio," she belief in her own accusation.

"She kept from me the only sunshine can't see, then, how things are so ter-"Ob, no, no, no!" says Dolores, shud- was entailed, and what there was of it that could have gladdened my sad ribly changed as you would make them

> Dick regards her with a sudden fear. feel yourself bound to-"

"Not in the least bound. I feel free

I said I would be a mother to her, in coedings have been gone through. towards Dolores, "I leave it to say if I again. Even when you are my wife,

" A letter from that woman at Grey-

should we risk losing all for the sake of sent or puzzled. "It is all so confus has not got to communicate to you the

let her know how thoroughly en rap TO BE CONTINUED.

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ward on his hands at the mention of "They were part of an unhappy past the dead.

"Did he show mercy?" demands Miss able to dissover myself. But for my life.

"Day one man a ration for young man, with some vehemence.

"Do beloves's sunny head as it lies to offer you."

"Oh, Dick, are you going to tell me "Oh, Dick, are you love is no longer mine?"

then that your love is no longer mine?"

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"An empty title is of small account, "It seems hore to keep you now to ribly selfish of me to keep you now to mands Miss Maturin passionately, stepment an engagement that cannot benefit you an engagement that cannot benefit you mands Miss Maturin passionately, stepment and procedure in a stern tone—says Dick gloomily. "It seems hore in the keep.

"An empty title is of small account, and it is an engagement that cannot benefit you an engagement that cannot benefit you in an engagement that cannot benefit you an engagement that cannot benefit you in an engagement that cannot be en

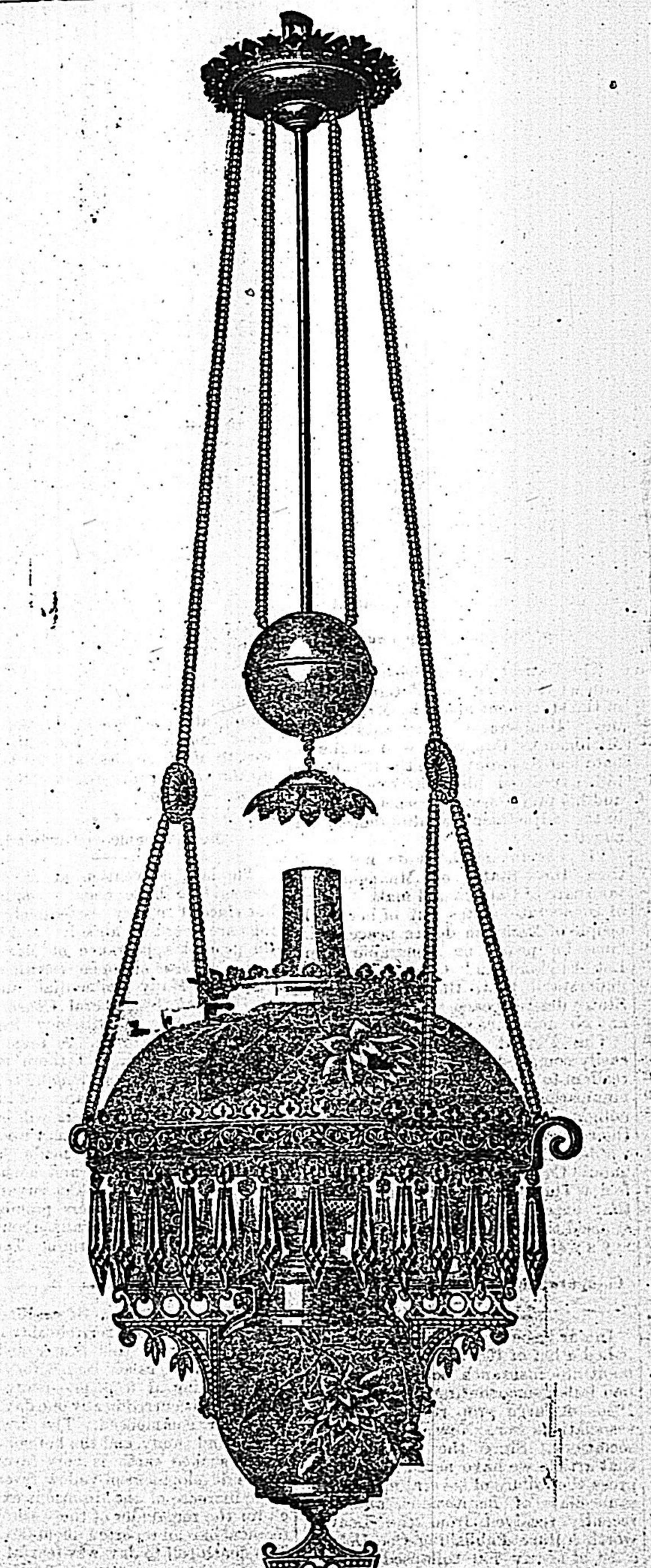
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