



CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

Such a world of bitterness and despair lay in her tones that Mr. Bowyer felt moved to deepest pity, and his own voice grew tremulous as he replied:

"Do you think me cruel to speak so? It is not that I am trying to prove that all doors are closed against you—it is because I want to keep you with me. When I offered you escape and a home I did not act unadvisedly and without thought. And, Ellen, it has been a pleasure as well as a duty to make you happy; don't tell me I have failed!"

"Forgive me!" she whispered, humbly. "You are always right, always good. It is I—who am wrong, misguided and unjust."

"I don't suppose I shall keep you always," he said. "Tell me—how do you like the Colonel's son?"

"Very much. He is a dear boy, so thoughtful and kind, like—like his father, she had been going to add, then suddenly stopped short.

"Anything like the husband you have doubtless pictured to yourself?"—smiling slyly.

"Husband? He? Oh, Mr. Bowyer, surely you forget!" she cried, in horrified surprise. "Do you seriously counsel me to marry Mr. Severn?" Then, starting to her feet, she broke out impatiently: "We are talking idly; I shall never marry, and he—be he never dreamed of such a thing."

"Do not be too sure of that. His father spoke to me yesterday, and I told him that on your wedding-day I would give you twenty thousand pounds."

"I shall never marry—never! You are goodness and generosity itself, but I want no money—no money—only love."

"My dear, there is no reason you should not have both. The young fellow must speak for himself."

A silence ensued, during which the old fear once more obtruded itself on the Anglo-Australian's mind. Was she indeed guilty of that crime? Love and jealousy could, he well knew, transmute what might have been angelic to devilry incarnate. Had such influences worked in her?

When Ellen turned round a moment later she saw that she was trembling violently, with both hands grasping the arms of her chair.

"You are ill!" she cried, springing up and fetching a decanter hastily from the other room, and pouring some brandy into a glass.

He drank about a spoonful slowly; then the color of his face returned, and he forced a faint smile.

"Don't be frightened. It is only nervousness. Some senseless idea seizes my mind and grows in horror till—till I lose all control over myself."

She opened the window wider and pushed his chair more forward, so that he could see out, then went to remind Mrs. Priolo that it was time for the invalid to have his soup.

Ten minutes later she came back with it herself.

She had tasted a thin piece of bread for him, too, and was persuading him to try to eat it, when the housekeeper burst in and dragged the tray so roughly from her hands that nearly all the soup was spilled. At the same time she directed such a malicious glance at Ellen that the girl shrank backward. Mr. Bowyer, however, turned on her severely.

"What do you mean, madame?" he inquired, so sternly that Mrs. Priolo was recalled at once to prudence and her senses.

With something between a laugh and a sob, she stammered an incoherent excuse—the soup was not ready; she had forgotten to flavor it. Then she fled precipitately, tray in hand.

Ellen, bewildered and frightened, without knowing why, had also left the room, and was now prone upon her bed, weeping passionately, bitter tears. It seemed as though no one wanted her, no one loved her—as though in all the wide, wide world there was no such desolate, homeless wail as she.

CHAPTER XI.

In Ellen Wardle's sad thoughts the only brightness sprang from her friendship with the Severns. Intuitively aware of the Colonel's interest in her, though to herself she called it only kindly feeling, she could not but like him in return. As to Charlie she liked her for herself unconditionally; and, if she elected to accept his love, she thought he would not alter. But when in the afternoon he came to try his fate, full of happy boyish enthusiasm, tempered with a little boyish shyness, she knew at once that only one answer was possible.

Such a tender light was in her eyes as she went to meet him that no wonder the young fellow was deceived for a moment and his heart leaped high with hope.

"I—I am so glad you are alone. I want to speak to you. Will you walk a little way with me?" he begged, earnestly.

"Ellen, I love you! Will you be my wife?"

A crimson flush rose to her cheeks. Ah, it was sweet, sweeter than she had thought, to hear such words!

"I am very sorry," she began.

He caught her hands and nearly crushed them in his strong clasp as the crushed words fell upon his ear.

"Don't—don't say that," he interrupted, imploringly, "unless you wish to break my heart! I love you so—I love you so! You must not—cannot refuse me!"

She smiled sadly and shook her head, and said:

"If it were only that I do not love you as you deserve to be loved—"

"You—love some one else!" he asked, in a low voice. "I might have known. You are so far above me in every way. I ought to have known I had no chance. I was mad—presumptuous."

"You are no such thing," she returned, quickly. "Ah, if you only knew, you would say it was I, who was unworthy! I—Great heavens, am I so hypocritical, so false as to appear better than I am—is my whole life a deceit?"

"If," he said, half hesitatingly, "if I thought you really meant that—if I could believe that there was something in your life which perhaps—perhaps—for me for saying so—you were ashamed of and did not wish to be known—"

"Well?" she interrogated, gently, as he hesitated still.

"I would implore you not to let that stand between us. Oh, my darling, it could make no difference. Do you think anything could change or weaken my love?"

She smiled sadly; the tears were nearly falling from her eyes.

"It is all useless. There is a reason why I shall never marry; but I like you very much, and am sorry to give you pain."

He looked at her in mute distress.

"Good-by," she said.

"Good-by," he answered, sadly.

When she had gone a little way, she turned, and saw that he was sitting on a fallen tree, his head buried in his hands. Some impulse of compassion prompted her to return. She knew so well what it was to suffer, and to suffer alone!

"Don't fret," she said, wistfully, laying her hand gently upon his shoulder. "Nothing is worth much sorrow."

For he was sobbing like a child, and so absorbed in his grief that he had not heard her approach him.

She kept her hand upon his shoulder to prevent him from rising, and now passed it gently over his curly hair. It was done carelessly, yet it gave him only pain. Something told him that she would never touch him so if she cared for him in the slightest degree. There was no hope for him—none!

When he raised his head she was gone—out of sight already. Slowly he rose and wended his way toward home.

The Colonel was seated at his writing-table, pen in hand. Ever since his son had left his thoughts were centered on the scene that was being enacted.

When Charlie came in at last the Colonel looked up inquiringly, but could frame no question—nor was it necessary. A single glance told him that the boy's errand had been an unsuccessful one.

For a moment George Severn experienced a jealous pleasure. The lie felt ashamed and repentant.

"My poor boy—I am so grieved! Is there no hope?"

"None. I was a fool to fancy I could ever have a chance. She loves some one else. To her I am only a boy."

Colonel Severn became strangely silent. Had Charlie raised his eyes he must have been aware that the blow which had prostrated him had not been without its effect upon his father. But he was self-absorbed, and saw nothing.

"She said there was some secret—some reason why she would never marry," he observed ruefully, after a short pause.

Severn paced the room for several minutes in agitated silence. When he stopped at length before his son, his expression was composed, and only a little tightness of the lips, a certain hard look in the eyes, might have betrayed to a close observer how he had suffered and was suffering still.

"You won't mind my going away for a bit? I don't feel as if I could meet her again just yet," said Charlie.

"You shall go where you like and do what you like. Fortunately it is no longer a question of ways and means. If you care to go to Paris—"

"London will do well enough. The season is not over. Not that I am in the mood for gaieties at all," he added, quickly.

A half smile flitted across the elder man's grave face, but it was instantly suppressed.

"Then London it shall be," he said, and found it in his heart to wish that he could break away from the chains that bound him, and believe it possible that a little gaiety or change might mitigate, even cure, his pain.

CHAPTER XII.

Mrs. Priolo had decided on her plan of action. It had flashed upon her instantaneously when, as she snatched away the soup that morning, her eyes lighted for a second upon Ellen's white frightened face. She had seen in columns of police news how a previous conviction told against a prisoner, and she resolved she would stick on that idea.

With this idea in her brain, she took her work and sat with Mr. Bowyer one afternoon when Ellen was out sketching.

It was Mr. Bowyer who by chance opened the subject that was anxious to discuss.

"Where is Ellen?" he asked.

"Gone out with her drawing materials. She went out about an hour ago."

"Ah, sketching is a great resource! I am glad she has an occupation to amuse her. Since we have been here, I don't fancy the child has looked so well. What do you think, Mrs. Priolo?"

"It's brooding. She should make an effort to shake it off. You must tell her

so, Mr. Bowyer—she will listen to you. The poor girl seems to have taken an unaccountable dislike to me, and would resent any interference on my part."

"It is the first time I have heard of this dislike. May I inquire the reason of it?"

"Ah, poor child, that is jealousy. I sometimes think! She has set her heart upon inheriting your fortune, and fancies—laughing gaily—that I have designs upon it, too. But she need have no fear of me! Before she came the thought may have crossed my mind that perhaps, as I was your only relative, you might remember me in your will; but directly Ellen Wardle appeared I relinquished the idea without a sigh."

"You will find that I have not forgotten the faithful service of the last ten years, nor the fact that you were once my brother's wife."

"You are too good," murmured Mrs. Priolo.

"Half of my fortune is left to you."

"Half?" asked Mrs. Priolo, various emotions mingling in her low excited tone.

"Half," went on Mr. Bowyer, calmly. "will belong to Ellen."

The housekeeper started to her feet, and her work, falling to the ground, was swept along by her stiff silk gown as she hurriedly crossed the room.

"Have you told her this?" she inquired, laying her hand heavily on his arm.

"I told her that she would have twenty thousand pounds when she married," he answered at last, with an effort.

"And you said nothing about your will to her?"

"Nothing—so far as I can remember."

"Then don't tell her now, I beg and implore you."

The old man could not but be impressed by her manner, though he tried hard to maintain the shrewd judgment and keen insight on which he had formerly prided himself.

"I am at a loss to understand your motive for speaking so," he remarked, stiffly.

"I have no motive. We women have very little judgment, and no logic; but we have a weapon of our own to defend ourselves and—and those dear to us. Instinct prompted me to say what I did. Even to myself it seems absurd and uncalculated for. But with a little catch in her voice which might have made her fortune had she been her profession—don't disregard my warning."

Mr. Bowyer opened his mouth to speak, but no words came. He was so deeply agitated that he could not even affect composure any longer. Sinking into his chair, he leaned back with closed eyes and pallid face; while Mrs. Priolo, alarmed at the effect of her words, hastily fetched her smelling-salts from the mantel-piece, and chafed his hands, which were ice cold.

"Forgive me!" she said, impulsively. "I have frightened myself and you needlessly, I am sure. There can be no sense in my fears. Forget all I have said, or disbelieve it."

Ellen Wardle's voice was heard outside, and he shrunk back nervously.

"You are not well enough to be disturbed now. Shall I tell Miss Wardle not to come in just yet?" asked the housekeeper, and he made a gesture of assent.

Mrs. Priolo left the room to carry out her suggestion, and when she returned, utterly exhausted by the mental conflict, he had fallen into a deep sleep.

CHAPTER XIII.

"And so you sent my poor boy away?" Colonel Severn was the speaker. He had strolled over to the Dower House one evening after dinner, and he and Ellen Wardle had been in the dimly lighted sitting-room alone.

At first they talked only of generalities, but the Colonel suddenly broached the subject of which both had been thinking; and Ellen's pale face flushed crimson as she answered:

"I could not help it—indeed it could not have been otherwise. I hope you are not angry with me?"

"Angry? No."

"I forgot," she said, bitterly, "most probably you thought it a subject of self-congratulation that your son had secured marriage with one of whom you felt absolutely nothing."

"Miss Wardle, how can you do me such injustice? For my son's sake I was sincerely grieved—I could not have wished for him a sweeter wife; of for my own sake I was selfishly glad, can't you understand that it would have been hard for me to lose a friend, even though at the same moment I gained a daughter?"

Ellen's heart beat a little faster, responsive to the meaning in his tone, but there was no outward sign of confusion.

"You see," went on the Colonel, with rather a comical expression about his mouth, "I have never felt the need of a daughter; the possession of one would doubtless add to the comfort of my old age—but I don't feel that approaching yet."

"Of course not. You are quite young. It seemed absurd to think of you as the father of your son."

"I was forty-five a month ago; but somehow I have never felt so young as lately. Do you know, Miss Wardle, that when I returned from India, gray-haired veteran as I may seem to you, I had never been in love?"

Was it the flickering light that made the girl seem so pale? Only for a moment. Quickly she recovered herself, and laughed lightly as she replied:

"Do you expect pity for that? Why, I think you are to be envied, having had no doubts and fears, no disappointments, no sentimental troubles of any sort."

"Is that your real opinion?" he asked her gravely. "Do you really think that love is of so little worth that the pains and penalties which accompany it sometimes are too heavy a price to pay?"

"It does not matter what I think," she said; "my future is decided, and love has no part in it."

"I heard from Charlie to-day. I fancy he is enjoying himself in spite of his resolve to be miserable. His friends seem to belong to rather a reckless set. I only hope they won't lead him into any mischief."

"Why, what do you fear for him?" asked Ellen.

"Nothing definite. I suppose it is a parent's privilege to be anxious without reason. There is an actress—"

"Do you object to her associating with her?" asked Ellen, looking steadily into his face.

"I don't think it will do him any good. An actress leads a life of spurious excitement that must necessarily—"

"Stop!" cried Ellen, raising her hand with an imperious gesture. "I have been an actress myself. Don't say anything you might regret."

"I have offended you beyond recall," she declared, so humbly that, if she had felt any wrath, it must have melted away; "but I was speaking carelessly, and on a subject of which I know nothing. Remember I have been all my life in India, and am naturally old-fashioned

and narrow in my views. They are subverted from this moment. The mere fact of your having adopted it makes the profession one worthy of any woman to follow."

"Is not that rather a sudden conversion?" smiled Ellen, earnestly, touched, in spite of herself, by his earnestness.

"It is not the less sincere. I think you must have seen, Miss Wardle, how high you stand in my opinion—how I admire and revere you. In my eyes you could do nothing wrong. There is no one whose friendship would be so dear to me—since I must ask no more."

He was deeply moved, and felt it a relief when Mrs. Priolo entered to say that Mr. Bowyer would like to see the Colonel before he left. Directly she was alone Ellen sank upon a sofa and buried her face in her hands.

Presently she heard Colonel Severn's footsteps on the stairs, then passing along the hall. Some one opened the outside door for him, and closed it. He was gone—gone without a word of farewell! Was this the first fruits of her mad confession?

Mrs. Priolo heard the girl's sobs, and entered noiselessly. For a while she stood looking down at her pathetically "How could such a wretch expect mercy?" thought the woman.

"Mr. Bowyer is waiting for you to say good-night," she said, at last, sharply. "Are you coming?"

"I will go now. I did not know it was so late."

"Not with that face, I should hope. It looks as if you had something on your mind. Curiosity is aroused already by your strange behavior; unless of course—an actual suspicion, unless, of course— with a sneer—"your past life will bear looking into."

The girl's pale scared face was turned toward her tormentor in agonized suspense as she turned out the gas, and both were left in darkness.

Was it Ellen's excited fancy, or did she really hear a whisper—three words muttered in a low malicious tone, but cruelly distinct—"Her own sister!"

CHAPTER XIV.

To open one's eyes on a pleasant sunny morning, when a balmy breeze is blowing and birds are singing in the trees, gives a curious sense of unreality when the preceding night has been a wakeful one and terrible with dire forebodings.

So it was with Ellen Wardle, as when the breakfast bell rang, she went down stairs singing softly to herself, fastening a crimson rose into her belt as she entered the room, which relieved her from the necessity of encountering the housekeeper's glance.

"Bless my heart, you're looking fine and gay this morning! Have you heard good news?" was asked, bluntly.

"No; but I have received some good advice, and mean to profit by it."

"Humph! It's well for those who can forget. There's some who have no right to be happy and contented like other folk."

"I hope you don't mean yourself, Mrs. Priolo. I should be sorry to think you were one of those."

"I'll tell you who is!" cried Mrs. Priolo; but before another word could leave her lips, Mr. Bowyer's entrance created a diversion.

"What is this?" he asked, testily. "Is breakfast not ready? The bell rang some time ago."

Ellen jumped up lightly and drew his chair to the table. "Mrs. Priolo was just going to tell me a story. She must reserve it for some other time," she explained, with a pleasant smile; then, turning to the housekeeper, who was white with rage—"If you will go and hurry them in the kitchen, I will make the tea for my uncle."

A debarment emphasis was laid on the last word; and Mrs. Priolo had no choice but to leave the room, as requested.

(To be continued.)

A Baby's Peculiar Name.

The happy parents of a new baby who lived in Southern Indiana took their infant to church to be baptized.

The baby was being raised "by hand," and where it went its bottle went also. After the arrival of the christening party at church an accident happened. The nozzle of the milk bottle came off and the baby's nice new dress was soaked all down its long front. This annoyed the parents, but nothing could be done, as the time for the ordinance had arrived.

When the parents stood before the clergyman, the baby in its mother's arms, he looked at the damp dress with a good deal of apprehension, and to satisfy his curiosity the mother whispered:

"Nozzle came off."

The minister did not seem to understand, and turned inquiringly to the father, who said a little more loudly:

"Nozzle came off."

The good man understood this time, or at least he thought he did. He took the baby in his arms, sprinkled his forehead with baptismal water and solemnly said, before anybody could correct him:

"Nozzlecameoff Snyder. I baptize thee," etc. etc.—Judge.

Japanese Brides.

When a Japanese girl is about to become a bride, she is counted as dead to her own parents. On the eve before the wedding she is borne out of her father's house clad in white garments, the prescribed mourning color; and as much formality is observed as would be if she were really deceased. The house is then purified by sweeping and dusting and airing. As the girl enters the enclosure of her new home, two lighted torches guide her in the right direction, and, as soon as the cortege has passed within the walls, these are extinguished simultaneously.

After the Rehearsal.

Author—By the way, Deepvoice, there's a point to which I should like to call your attention.

Deepvoice (the villain)—Well?

Author—Where I make the heroine say to you: "Do you worst!" I do not intend the remark to be a stage direction in regard to your acting.—Truth.

The Last Straw.

He (jocularly)—What makes you so miserable? You look as though your greatest enemy had got married.

She—It's worse than that. She's got her decree of divorce.—New York World.

WORN BY THE WOMEN

SOME OF THE VERY LATEST IDEAS IN DRESS.

The Godet Skirt is Fighting for Its Hold on Women's Favor—New Cape and Bodice—Yellow Trimming Masked with Lace.

Fashion's Giddy Fancies.

FIGHTING for its hold on women's favor is the godet skirt, and pretty successfully, too, as is proven by consideration of the present new skirt, which seems not so new, after all. It is close over the hips, falls in somewhat diminished godet below, and at the back is gathered at the waist into several outsetting organ pipes. The godet effect from the hips and in front seems out of favor, but in general appearance the new skirt looks much like the one it succeeds. Here it is beside the initial, pictured in its extreme width and with a narrow panel of black satin on either side of the front breadth. The stuff is finely striped suitably, which for the bodice is fashioned into a tasteful jacket. It has an overlapping front fastening with horn buttons, which are also used on the circular basque. The latter is wide enough to close in front. A white satin pointed collar finishes the plain stock, and a silk tie ends in a small sailor knot. The sleeves are conventional, consisting of large puffs and fitted cuffs. Speaking of styles in sleeves, it can be said that the new sleeves show more of a change from styles just past than the new skirt does. One sort that seems likely to be generally worn is the Huguenot, which

THE FIRST CAPE OF ITS KIND.

is slashed to allow inside puffery to escape.

With our summer dresses we are to have the dearest little capes of duck, linen or muslin. Protection? Not much; but that is just the advantage. Lots of times it is so hot that one really doesn't want any outer garment for the street, and yet a gown minus some covering does not look right. A little shoulder cape of duck, or of wash stuff to match the gown will be just the thing to make off the bareness and yet not be uncomfortably warm. Capes for this purpose may be richly embellished, if the wearer likes that, but with dresses that are not elaborate a plain cape is in much better taste. In the second picture a novel cape is shown. It is of the same stuff as the dress, its medic collar is lined with fancy silk, its fronts are ornamented with buttons and all fullness is disposed in godet pleats. A strap through which each arm slips holds the garment in place. The costume with which it goes, or perhaps it is more accurate to say of which it is a part, is made of granite colored mohair. Its wide skirt is stiffened at the hem and is trimmed with a fancy strap and button on either side of the front breadth. The jacket bodice is fitted, and its diagonal front is ornamented with buttons. The sleeves are only moderately wide. All the edges are machine stitched and the buttons are tinted ivory.

It is all very well to say that we are tired of spangles, but the imported

A BODICE THAT IS QUITE AS NEW.

dresses go on sporting them. It may be true that these dresses are the ones that served last season as models in foreign parts—your friends who "go over" every year may be mean enough to say so, but spangles are certainly going to blaze another year here. Here

In the next picture is a dress that fairly advertises its own newness, yet the fronts of its novel jacket bodice show a very rich embroidery of spangles and silk. The bodice's material is green cloth, it has a fitted back and loose front, and its basque is slashed at the sides. A small vest with plain stock collar of green silk shows at the top, and silk soutache edges the jacket.

It is a familiar type of turban-touque that tops the woman of the fourth sketch, one that in this instance was made of light green and brown mixed straw. Four upright ends of green ribbon and a bunch of pink crushed roses trimmed the front, more roses were put along the sides, and at the back a cluster of leaves and a knot of lace fell over the hair. A hat for this dress would hardly be harmonious unless its trim-

YELLOW TRIMMING THAT IS MASKED WITH LACE.

mings contained some lace, because lace entered so freely into the scheme of the gown's ornamentation. To begin with, its goods was golden-brown cloth and skirt showed a panel of lace over straw-colored silk on each side.

Gray was never more used than this season. It is combined with all sorts of color, a favorite notion being the heavy veiling in gray chiffon of a brilliant color of satin. Taffeta in baby blue with pink roses is made with skirt of taffeta showing pink at the seams, and with a bodice having the sleeves of taffeta and the front and back of rose satin draped with chiffon of blue so heavily pleated that the rose hardly gleams through. The rule for black dresses is, as usual, to have their trimmings of the unobtrusive sorts, though that does not mean that it may not show originality. All is, it must not cry out to the multitude, "I am just out of the box; look at me!" The final gown to engage the artist's attention was made of black satin, and its trimming certainly could not be considered entirely conventional, yet it in no way overstepped the bounds that good taste sets about a dress of black. Its skirt was bordered at the hem with a row of jet buttons above which was ornamentation of cord passerterie. The jacket bodice's short riple basque was lined with cream silk, and was cut away in front, beginning at the shoulders, to show a gathered vest of cream silk finished with a folded stock col-

IN BLACK TASTEFULLY TRIMMED.

lar. The edges of shoulder seams and fronts were embroidered with jet and spangles and two velvet rosettes, each with a rhinestone button in the center, finished the left front. Any plain black satin can be revived to a fair degree of fashionableness by the application of trimming. If it is an itching for brocades that leads the possessor of a satin skirt to tire of it, let her buy a couple of yards of handsome brocade, cut out all the figures and applique them, outlining in gold or color. The effect will be artistically rich and the transformation complete.

Now that the new parasols are on view it becomes apparent that even if last year's parasol would do, it's got the chiffon ruffles in the wrong place. This season the dressiest parasols will have row on row of fluffy frills on the under side of the parasol. This is becoming and reasonable. If it should rain the parasol is not ruined, the only trouble is that this arrangement necessitates a bulging of the parasol when closed that looks a little queer at first, but it doubtless will come to seem stylish. Now, to confess, the truth, it does remind one a good deal of an emigrant's "number-woot," stuffed with odds and ends that ought to be put in a bag. Copyright, 1898.

Dr. Bridge, the famous London organist, lives in the Littleington tower of the abbey cloister, and sleeps in the old prior's bedroom, which bears the date of 1364. He is an enthusiastic angler.