TERLE'S CRUSADE

BY BOGA HAUCHETTE CARRY.

of "Barbara Heathcote's Trial," counts's Whim," "The Search -of Basil Lyndhurst."

CHAPTER IXIII.-RINGING THE CHANGES It pleased me greatly to hear that Gay rould be mistress of Marshlands; I could set imagine the place without her bright presence. She would still have her pets ground her, her bees and chickens, and

place a little wearily, but her eyes were shining in the dusk. "I do not think any of us deserve it, Merie; it is a free cift to all of us, for which we must be thankful."

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"Yes," I returned, briefly, for I would not interrupt the solemnity of her mood by any ill-timed compliment; and yet, in my heart, I believed no one deserved happinens more. It would not be wasted on her, I knew that; she was one of those who receive with both hands, and then give it back again to others. I knew she and Walter Rosaiter would lead noble lives together, doing their duty simply and without effort, not looking for large results, but carrying good seed with them and scattering it broadcast with no nignored with and.

and eastering it broadcast with no nig-gardly hand.

Theirs would be a bright, sunny home,
I was quite sure of that—a home where
generous hospitality would be exercised,
where the poor as well as the rich would
be feasted.

be feasted.

When Gsy said presently in a moved tone, "How good I ought to be, and how happy I ought to make others when I am so blessed myself!" I knew she was speaking out of the very fullness of her young heart that was overflowing with happiness, and I thought how nice it was to bear her. I liked to see the simplicity with which she grasped the meaning of life—to be happy—yes, truly, for to that end we were created, and to benefit our fallow residures.

life—to be happy—yes, truly, for to that end we were created, and to benefit our fellow creatures.

It was a little hard to say good-bye to her, but she comforted me with the assurance that she meant to have us-down at Marshlands that summer. Their honeymon was to be a brief one, she told me; for neither she nor Mr. Rosatter liked to leave the squire long alone.

"We must not be selfish, Walter says," she finished, brightly: "and as he declares our honey-moon is to last for life, I do not see that it much matters where we spend it," and then she gave a happy little laugh and went away.

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It was a great disappointment to my mistress that neither she nor her husband sould be at the wedding; but circumstances prevented it, for with the May smashine another little human blossom appeared at Prince's Gate—a baby girl, to take the place of the dead Muriel.

I do not know why I shed tears when the baby was first laid in my arms. Perhaps I realized that my beloved mistress had lain long between life and death, and that to the bousehold it had been a time of terrible suspense; but when I saw my mistress' pale face irrediated with the purest happiness the feeling passed.

"Alick has promised me that I may call her Florence," she whispered. "Is she not a lovely baby, Merle; more like Reg-

panionanie to me toan mannan, and oacy Florence was my delight.

From the first, she was more with me than with her proper nurse. Mrs. Morris pretended to gramble when I snatched her away on every possible occasion, but I could not resist the pretty cooing creature. I would have given up my night's rest gladly to watch over her. Even my mistress smiled when she paid her first visit to the nursery, and saw me in the rocking chair with baby on my lap, and Mrs. Morris amusing Reggie at the window.

When she grew stronger she came daily to the nursery and sat with us for an hour or so. She told me once, when we were alone together—a very rare thing now—

Enjagement agreatify to be retain Gary round be mistress of Marshlands; I could not imagine the place without her bright presence. She would still have her petts around her, her bees and chickens, and her brown mare Bonnie; the tame pheas as would still follow her up and down as would read the state of the state of

"Yes, indeed; but I dare say the stuff one will be just as pretty."

"Mother was married in a Japanese silk dress; Molly has a bit of it still in a workbag; but Molly says she does not hold with silk dresses and silver spoons for working folk. There is Martin of Scroggin's Mill has promised Lyddy a gold watch and chain and a silk gown that will stand alone for richness, but Molly says Lyddy is far too sensible to be bought at that price."

at that price."
"Indeed, I hope so, for Lydia's own

"You had better let Mrs. Keith know "You had better to ma. Actual who beforehand, Merie. Suppose you were to find her out; that would be a serious disappointment to you both."

But I refused to entertain this objection; I had never found Aunt Agatha out

Very well, do as you like," she replied. pleasantly. "It is rather a hot afternoon; but I see you have made up your mind. You are just a little home-sick, Merie, and want a comfortable talk with your aunt. If your uncle could see you home, I have no objection to your remaining all the evening. Mrs. Morris will look after Reg.

gie."
I shook my head over this proposition.
Uncle Keith was very kind, but I could not trouble him to escort me. My mistress was very particular about this. She would never hear of my being out late

was thankful to put on my coolest dress. It was rather a light-colored stuff, that Aunt Agatha had given me in the spring. Hannah and I had made it up with Travers' help; but though it was a very pretty gown, I thought it rather unsuitable for daily wear, and so I put it by for festive occasions. I always took particular pains with myself when I went home. I knew Aunt Agatha would eye me critically, and would grumble if I looked dowdy or shabby. She was a woman who loved pretty things, and it was an unpardonable offense in her eyes for young persons to be negligent of their appearance.

"Depend upon it, Merle," she would say, "there is something unhealthy in a girl who professes not to care how she looks. It is our duty to make the best of ourselves. A woman cannot help being olain out ane need not shock our eyes by tastelessness or untidiness."

"I think I shall please Aunt Agatha this afternoon," I thought, as I looked at myself somewhat critically. The dress was pretty, so was the bonnet, though I had trimmed it myself.

I was in very good spirits as I left the house. It might have been cooler, certainly, and the second-class compartment felt unusually stuff; but I forgot the heat when the river came in sight—it was so bright and sparkling in the sualight.

Mrs. Morton's speech somewhat haunted

Mrs. Morton's speech somewhat hanuted me as I came up the narrow flagged wav leading from the town. Suppose, after all, Aunt Agatha should be out; I knew I should be grievously disappointed. Perhaps, after all, it was foolish to chance it. I slackened my steps instinctively, as though I feared no welcome awaited me at the cottage. As I walked between the garden walls, with rose scents wafted to me every now and then, the shadeless sunshine oppressed me, the stones felt hot to my feet; and a cloud of dust whirled suddenly round the corner.

I really thought my apprehension was true when Uncle Keith opened the door; he looked so excessively surprised to see me; his manner, too, was rather confused. "Hir-rumph, my dear! this is a very unexpected pleasure. Who would have thought of such a thing? Agatha will be delighted."
"Aunt Agatha is in, then?" I asked, eagerly.
"Oh yes, she is in, but—hir-rumph." Mrs. Morton's speech somewhat haunted

"Aunt Agatha is in, then?" I asked, eagerly.

"Oh, yes, she is in; but—hir-rumph—the fact is, my dear, she is engaged just at this moment. We did not know who it was, and she asked me to excuse her to any visitor. Shall we go into the dining-room for a few minutes until she is ready?"

"I would rather go up-stairs and take off my bonnet, Uncle Keith," I returned, quickly; "it is so hot, and I shall be glad to get cool;" but he stood still on the mat, looking after me, and I heard him clearing his throat more loudly than usual as he went back to the drawing-room.

I was glad to hear the front door shut presently, and ran down at once without

resently, and ran down at once without looking to see who the mysterious stranger might be. If I had taken that trouble, I should have seen Uncle Keith. In his old felt hat and gingham umbrells, walking rapidly down the street, intent on some domestic business, and should hardly have burst into the room in that unceremonious

fashion. "Oh, Aunt Agatha!" I exclaimed, reproachfully, "why did you not come up to me?" and then I stood transfixed with as-tonishment. There was a tall gentle-man standing by the window talking to Aunt Agatha, who turned round abrupt-ly as I opened the door. It was Mr. Haw-

I suppose I must have looked very stupid, standing there, unable to speak in my surprise; for he certainly laughed as he came forward and shook hands with

me, and yet he seemed a little nervous, too.

"I see you do not believe your eyes, Miss Fenton, and yet it is really I myself, Roger Hawtry." And then he laughed again. Yes, I was sure he was nervous, "My dear child, what good wind has blown you to us this afternoon?" exclaimed Aunt Agatha, putling her arms round me. "I had no idea who the visitor was until Ezra told us just now."

"It was Uncle Keith, then, who went out?" I stammered, for I was unaccountably confused. "He told me you were engaged; why did he not say it was Mr. Hawtry? He pretended it was somebody on business." But here I stopped, for Aunt Agatha was making a funny face, as though she were trying to keep grave, and Mr. Hawtry had become very red all at once, and turned to the window.

"Why should I not have business with your friend, Mr. Hawtry, Merle?" Why

"Why should I not have business with your friend, Mr. Hawtry, Merle?" Why did she call him my friend, I wender? Had she forgotten my position and his? Aunt Agatha was never awkward; she had more savoir faire than most people. If it were not incredible, I could almost have believed she was nervous, too.

"Oh, I don't know," I returned, rather lamely; "you and Mr. Hawtry are strangers." But at this he came forward again.

"This is my first introduction to Mrs. Keith, certainly," he said, quickly; "but I

"This is my first introduction to Aira. Keith, certainly," he said, quickly; "but I cannot allow we are strangers. Miss Fenton. You have already made me so well acquainted with your aunt that I ventured to do myself the pleasure of calling upon her. I consider we know each other quite well now."

I thought Aunt Agatha looked pleased at that. She had a pretty color this af-

at that price."

"Indeed, I hope so, for Lydia's own sake."

"Oh, there's no fear of Lyddy taking up with Martin." returned Hamnah, confidently: "she is bound to be slugle like Molly. Folks cannot all be mated, Molly says, and it is best to be content with a solitary lot than wed a fool. Molly never had much opinion of men-folk. She says they want a deal of waiting on, and are fine and helpless compared to women."

Molly's strong minded views somewhat amused me, but she was certainly a tower of strength to her young sisters. One could not help sympathizing with Hamnah's happiness; she was so simple and honest; she had such faith in her lover's perfections; she so thoroughly believed in herself and him.

After a time I grew almost as much interested in the cottage arrangements as Hannah did. I was quite excited when luke brough home a pig to inhabit the new sty by the kitchen garden, and spoke of investing his next week's wages in a cock and some hems. I found Hannah nearly crying for joy one day over a letter from home. Molly had coaxed her father to spare the brindled cow as Hannah's marriage portion.

"Is it not good of Molly?" she cried, drying her eyes on her apron. "To think of my having Buttercup for my very own, and of the sweet new milk for Luke's porridge that she will give us every morning. It makes me cry with happiness, Miss Penton, to think how proud Luke will be. Molly has been a mother to us girls ever since I can remember, and we have not been half good councy to the country of the west not been half good councy to the heat, but I certainly felt a little restless. We were to start for Netherton in another ten days, and I thought It would be nice to surprise Anni Agatha would do me good. Perhaps it was the heat, but I certainly felt a little restless. We were to start for Netherton in another ten days, and it thought It would be nice to surprise Anni Agatha would do me good to have been should be proved the council of the northward. He was not known in Europe before the Mohammedan conquest, but since then his blood spread through all lands visited by communication with Mecca, through the pilgrimage. The Barb of north Africa, the Andalusian horse of Spain, the Turk, the Persian and the Turcoman have been all largely infused for centuries with Arab blood. The first Arab blood in England was probably brought through Spain and France, and later from Palestine, by the crusaders.

A Lively Oripple.

A one-legged man whom the Seattle (Wash.) police were after the other day took refuge in a cellar, barred the door, and defied the whole force. The fire department was called out and the cellar pumped full of water. When it got up to the man's chin he surrendered. Since then he has escaped three times from jail.

WHICH SHE LOVED BEST.

When I arose on the morning of my rily to my own reflection in the glass fondly. "I know you'd give it to me back at me was that of a handsome, happy, and very fortunate girl.

"You desire your free land so graded and a so; but I didn't know what there was a so; but I di

It wanted but three week of my edding-day. I was happy as I as busy just then, for I loved the man life. whose bride I was so soon to become with all a young girl's warm untried affection.

"Better than anyone in the world but Tom," I thought, "And surely nobody ever could or ought to be dearer to me than Tom."

Tom was my twin brother. The

usual strong affection existing between twins was exceptionally powerful in our case from circumstances. One of us was born strong and robust, and the other frail and small.

Notwithstanding my sex, I was the favored one by nature, while Tom was the weakly twin. That was the first of his misfortune. which naturally gave him a claim on

me, and at the same time attached him to me and made him cling to me as a heartier, manlier boy would not have done. The second misfortune was that he resembled our father.

Poor fellow! As if he could help that! And yet Uncle Elliot resented it in him just as if he had been to blame for it.

"Not a fraction of my money shall go to this second Tom Searle," he used to say.

And he kept his word. He had adopted us at poor mother's death, Our father had died years before. He gave us both a good education, and got Tom a position in a bank; but when he died-just a year before that twentieth birthday of mine-I was his to marry. sole heiress.

It grieved me terribly. I loved Tom better far than myself, and would have shared anything with him; but he was proud, poor dear, and wouldn't near of such a thing.

So the best I could do was to spend as much money upon him as possible and lend him all he wanted to use He had no objection to that, because is he would say:

"Some of these days, when I'm partner in the bank, I'll pay it all back gain, Lyddy." And, of course, it was quite prob

able that some day he would be part-

per, since I was about to be married to the banker's only son and heir. I was puzzled sometimes to know what Tom did with so much money He had "speculations on hand," he told me. I thought that perhaps he

was rather extravagant, too-perhaps somewhat inclined to be wild. "He is so young and so handsome," I thought.

I was always making excuses for mon-sense taught me that if he would be steadier, and attend to business better, his chances of promotion at the bank would be improved.

As I thought of him on that birthday morning-of course, it was his birthday, too-the face in the glass ceased to smile, and a new anxiety crept into my thoughts. I was think-

ing of last night. Tom had acted very strangely. had lain awake a long time thinking of it last night, and a vague uneasiness smote me as I remembered it

low. What could have ailed him. He had come in, at about ten o'clock, to the little parlor where Harry and I were sitting together, and had remained with us, restless, agitated, nervous, and showing so plainly that he wished to see me alone, that presently Harry, half vexed, half mused, took the hint and left us.

And then he asked me for money. No trifling sum either. He implored ne, almost wildly, to "give him six hundred pounds, then and there, for dod's sake!"

He almost took my breath away. ad no such sum of money in the house, of course, nor could I get it on such short notice. My fortune consisted of real estate, from which J derived a moderate income, and a few thousands in ready money, which, what with Tom's extravagance, and my own preparations for my marriage, were nearly gone.

Quite aghast at his agitation, well as at his request, I explained to him the utter impossibility of compliance. He said not a word, but dropped into a seat, and sat looking at me as if stupefied.

Every vestige of color had gon from his fair handsome face, and the elicate clear cut features looked haggard and careworn. A pang shot through my heart as I saw his distress. I ceased to care or wonder what the money was wanted for. I knelt down

"I'll get it for you tomorrow," I said, "if I have to mortgage my property. Don't despair; only wait till tonorrow, dear."

As my hand touched his he started and looked down at me. He was never very strong or brave—never fit to battle with trouble. It seemed to with trouble. It se

have crushed him now; tears fell from his eyes upon my face.

"Never mind!" he moaned. "Poor wentieth birthday, and nodded mer- Lyddy! Poor girl." he patted my hand the bright young face that laughed if you could. Ah, I've been a bad brother to you, dear. Say you forgive

I was wiser before that birthday was half over, though the knowledge

"Something had gone wrong at the bank," Harry told me. He broke the bitter news to me as gently as he could, and with a grave pale face. "Six hundred pounds, which had been entrusted to Tom to deliver somewhere several weeks ago, had not been accounted for; and-there were errors, sir. too, in his accounts---"

I heard no more. Insensibility snatched me for awhile from the agony of Tom's ruin and my own dis

For must not his sister share his dishonor? I felt that bitterly at first-I who had been so proud of him. But by-and-by, indignation, shame, anger, all gave place to love and love's anxiety. in my protection. Tom was missing.

What mattered it to me that he had sinned? He was still my brother, and I loved him.

My thoughts flew back to his despair that night-his tears, his self-reproach his prayer for my forgiveness. I remembered how weak he was, how easily led, and who could tell how greatly tempted; and from my soul I forgave him.

I had not waited for that, however, before taking steps to shield him from the consequences of his crime.

Mr. Hatton was merciful. He had no wish to bring public disgrace upon the family of his old friend-upon the girl whom his own son was engaged I was permitted to make up the de

ficit in the bank's accounts. In order to do so, and for another reason, I instructed my lawyer to dispose of my property. And that other reason was a letter from Tom, received just one week from his departure.

A pitiful letter-the outery of a penitent and almost broken heart. He had not appropriated the six hundred pounds, thank God! but he had been out drinking, with the money in his possession, and had been robbed of it.

Oh, how grateful I was! Every other misfortune in the world might be borne with patience now, since Tom was not dishonest.

He confessed to me a thousand in discretions, follies, sins; told me of many and serious debts that he had left behind me. Most startling of all, he told me he was married, and implored me to seek out and protect his wife and child.

Tom's wife and child! Who was she?

sister and the little one. I went to the address Tom had sent me-went with a carriage, prepared to bring my new relations home. Disappointment met me. Mrs. Searle and her child had gone.

"They were behind with their rent," said the landlady, "and the husband went away, so I couldn't keep her. She left today."

I returned home discouraged. didn't want to see or speak to any one just then, so it was peculiarly annoying to find that a young woman, whom I had employed to do sewing more than a year ago, had called and was was waiting to see me.

I went down to her. She arose to meet me as I entered the parlor. Little Eva Robinson! I remembered creature.

I started when I saw that she had an infant in her arms "Why, what's this?" I cried.

"My baby," she said timidly. "I'm married since I saw you last, miss." I sat down, and bade her do the same, and then asked her what I could

do to serve her. For all answer she burst into a pas sion of tears, and, rising suddenly, came and laid the infant in my lap.

"Have mercy on me!" she cried, falling on her knees. "This is your brother's child and mine, and I-I am

and child—he might have married so advantageously, I thought, and here I was called upon to welcome as a sister my own sewing-girl.

And her eyes dwelt on me in a way that made my tell-tale color rise.

A few days afterwards she came to

my own sewing-girl.

But I did. I may have shrunk from her for an instant, perhaps, in the first surprise; but next minute the thought of that other disgrace, which Tom had not brought on himself and me, returned to me, and in my gratitude at escaping that I could not murmur.

She was a dear little thing, too after all; and the baby charming. Ah, I had reason to be thankful for the comfort of their presence soon. For the very next day, meeting an ac

A few days afterwards she came is me laughing.

"I told John of your question, an only hear what he says."

She reads aloud:

"Tell Lydis my wife (that is to be, hope) resides in your city. I hope is visit you before very lang, and introduce her to you."

And he did. With the merry Chris was the very happiest season of milds. Of course you guess how it if an only hear what he says."

And he did. With the merry Chris was the very happiest season of milds. Of course you guess how it if and I smile now it if an only hear what he says."

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And he did. With the merry Chris was the very happiest season of milds. Of course you guess how it if you before very happiest.

The was a drawn, but this realist your city. I hope is your city. I h

For the very next day, meeting an ac

quaintance in the street, said she:
"And so I hear that your marriage is postponed, my dear."

"Who informed you?" I sake

quietly. "Your intended bridegroom, Mr Harry Hatton, himself. Is it not true?"

"Perfectly true," I answered. "And postponed until when?"
"Indefinitely."

I wrote the same day to Harry: "You desire your freedom; take it. You will never be called upon to ful-

He called, certainly, and made pretence of explanation and regret. seemed the greatest calamity of my The almost entire loss of my fortune had influenced his father, not himself:

but my brother's conduct I stopped him there.

"Tom was innocent," I said: "and what he lost I have restored. You have acknowledged that there was nothing wrong in his accounts. You

need seek no excuse in his conduct He lost his temper.

"Do you excuse his destruction of an innocent girl, and abandonment of her and her child?" he said.

With one quick movement I threw

open the folding-doors, and showed him Eva and her son. "Allow me to introduce you to my brother's wife and child, whom he left

But his words had made me uneasy. That evening, seated with the baby on my lap, I asked Eva where she had

been merried. "Alas!" she cried, "if I only knew! Tom took me to church in a carriage. It was in this very city, but I don't know where. It was because I had no certificate of my marriage that I dared not go to my brother-my dear noble brother-who had struggled so hard, and made himself, unaided, an honorable position and a name. I knew that a cruel slander concerning me has been carried to him that must

almost have broken his heart." I took her hands away from her face and kissed her.

"We'll find the church." I said. "There must be no slander about my dear brother's wife." And I did find it after a few day's

address-he was a lawyer I foundand requested him to call on me. .
He came, a wonderfully grave hand some man, with something singularly

search. Then I got John Robinsons

manly and impressive about him. In my heart I thought: "No wonder Eva wept at thought of his displeasure. He is worth pleasing

surely."

I took him to the parlor. "I wish to reconcile you to your sister." I said. "She is my brother's

Then I left them together. After an hour or more Eva came for me. "John wants to say good-bye before

he goes," said she. He took my hand in his, and looked into my eyes. "You are a good woman." he said.

earnestly, "May God bless you, and After the first surprise was over, I make you as truly happy as you have today made me!" There was something in his mere look and tone-a strength, a truth, a

thorough reliability-that gave me comfort somehow. I found myself thinking: "If it had been my fate to love such a man as that, I should be nearer hap-

piness than I am today." But I kept my thoughts to myself. Only from that hour I was sensible that I regretted my lost hopes and happiness for their own sake, far more than I mourned for the false lover on

whom they had been founded. One week later all my property was sold. I had paid off Tom's debts: and accompanied by his wife and child, joined him in a distant home.

There we began life anew. I had a small income still, and Tom obtained the girl well—a pretty, gentle, timid a lucrative position. The lesson of the past was not lost upon him. The sacrifice I had made was not in vain. Dear Tom was a changed manchanged for the better. Whatever I had lost had been his gain.

And what had I lost? The money I

counted less than nothing; and Harr Hatton's love was not worth a regre Hatton's love was not worth a regret. What was it, then? I sighed for the trust betrayed—the glamor and illusion gone from life so early.

"Oh, to be well and truly loved?" I thought. And then — my thoughts never went back to Harry.

Another filled them. Strange impression that man had made upon me; seen only once; never to be forgotten.

seen only once; never to be forgot I thought of him constantly; heard from him, through Eva, now

I was a proud girl, and this blow "What is your brother's wife like, "What is your brother's wife like, "What is your brother's wife like, "I asked her once just to try her, "He has none," she answered. "I know what I should wish her to be like, though."

That was a dream, but this
All my sacrifices have been well
and all my loss was gain; I realis
every time I hear pretty live so
me—as I first spoke of heabrother's wife."