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CHAPTER XIV-CONTINUED.

She entered the room and carefully closed the door. Frank's wonderment grew. He could not help picturing the dismay which would fall upon Horace and Herbert had they nown that at I o'clock in the morning he as conversing with a female member of

Mrs. Miller drew near to him. "May I speak few words to you, Mr. Carruthers?" She sked the favor respectfully, but as one who hlly expected it would be granted.
"Speak away," said Frank, good-naturedly.

But is there anything wrong in the

"Nothing more than you know of, sir."

Her words bore a meaning which did not scape Carruthers. They told him that Mrs. diller was quite aware of what had taken place between him and Beatrice. He winced mentally. The thought of his rejection becoming the gossip of the servants' hall was

"Well, let me hear what you have to say." He spoke with more asperity than usual. The strange visitor laid her hand on his arm. She was a tall woman, he was a man of middle height, so the faces of the two were all but on a level. Frank, who had never until now taken particular notice of the nurse, was much struck by the wild, intense look in those dark eyes which gleamed from the white, worn-looking face. He began to wonder if her wits were all right. But she spoke sensibly, although there was passion in

"Mr. Carruthers," she said, "tell me how much you love Miss Beatrice."

The sudden question staggered as well as annoyed Frank. He frowned. 'I am not in the habit of making confidences to—to strangers." He was going to say "inferiors," but

it was a word he hated using.
"Oh, sir; don't misunderstand me. Tell ne-" the woman spoke with startling carestness—"tell me; set my mind at rest, Let me know that you love her with all your neart and soul-that the very ground her foot presser is hely to you—that you could cherish her, care for her, be true to her until death! Tell me this and make me happy. Surely you are not ashamed of loving her? Her manner was so impressive that Carruthers for the moment forgot it was but a servant who addressed him. "No," he said, servant who addressed him. "No," he said, speaking glowly, and with his eyes fixed on the opposite wall. "No, I am not ashamed of loving her. What concern it is of yours I cannot divine; but I love your mistress as much as a man can love a woman."

Mrs. Miller bent down and kissed his hand. She murmured a few words which he could not catch. Most men, not being kings or princes, object to having their hands kissed. "Have you anything more to say?" he asked. "Only this, sir-you will wait, will you

"Wait! For what?" "For her-for Miss Beatrice, Oh! Mr Carruthers, you won't go in a fit of anger, and give yourself away to the first doll-faced

woman who smiles on you? You will wait for the woman you love-five, ten, twenty She clutched his arm, and her eyes looked at him with that same intense, imploring

guze.
"I shall never marry another woman," said



A thought struck Frank. Did this strange roman come to him of her own accord, or lently, "Are you giving me a message from Miss Clauson?" he asked.

messages by servants. She doesn't know! to throw up a tiny shoot in Mr. Carruthers' have come to you. You won't tell her, Mr. Carruthers! Promise me you won't tell her.'

At last he went to bed, wondering what Her face grew paler than before as the possibility of Carruthers' telling Beatrice of this necturnal interview rose before her. She seemed so distressed that Frank hastened to assure her he would not mention the matter. Strange as was this woman's manner, something showed him that she meant him

"She would never forgive me if she

"Why do I trouble? Because she is all in this world and the next to me. Because I would kill myself to save her from a pain of bulk. He could not go away that day. He would not go away that day. He would not go away that day. mind or body. Listen, Mr. Carruthers. Years ago—she was then but a girl of seventeen or eighteen—she saved me from starvation, from death, from worse. She fed me, clothed me, called me back to life, and saw that I lived. I say to you, Mr. Carruthers, that if I stood with one foot across the golden threshold of the heavenly gate, even if my eyes had caught a glimpse of God and His angels, my ears heard the sound of the harps of the blest, if below me I saw the flery gulf-if I knew that withdrawing my foot

would bring her happiness, I would withdraw it, and be doomed forever." Her figure seemed to dilate as she uttered this tremendous rhapsody. It certainly sounded like an exaggerated expression when used to illustrate the devotion of one woman to another. But the depth of the love which voman can bear to woman has never yet been rightly plumbed.

Even Frank, who we may presume considered Miss Clauson worthy of out-of-the-way adoration, felt that Mrs. Miller's eccentric and profune description of her sentiments towards her mistress was more exalted than any occasion could warrant. Nevertheless, as she was sounding the praises of the woman he loved,

his heart softened toward: her.
"This is sheer idolatry," he said, not un "Call it what you will, sir. I mean all

say, and more."
"And because you are so fond of her, you wish to see her future in my hands, feeling sure it will be a happy one?" "Yes, sir. I have watched you day by day and have seen that you love her. Thave aske

about you, and heard you spoken of with the tongue of good report. Besides-She hesitated. Carruthers hoped she would finish the sentence with some information as to the true state of Beatrice's feelings. Mrs. Miller's assurance that she had good grounds for asking him to wait for an indefinite time would be thrice welcome. Lovers and drown-ng men ought to be coupled together in the matter of catching at straws.

"Well, besides what?" he said, seeing she "You are both of the elect," she said in "What do you mean?" said Frank in be-

She clasped her thin hands together; her eyes shone with strange brilliancy. "Mesen!" the exclaimed, so loudly that Frank glanced

af the door to make sure that it was closed.
"Meag! Can it be possible that those blessed ones who are predestined to be saints hereafter can walk the earth and know it not! I can see it, can read it on your face-on Miss Beatrice's face. 'Many are called, but few are chosen'-few are chosen. You are of the

"Oh!" said Frank. He was beginning to understand that he was dealing with a re-ligious fanatic. His bewilderment was suc-annoyances which afflict less methodically esceled by pitying curiosity, tempered by conducted escablishments. So far as could

satisfactory," he continued. "Tell me why you feel so sure about us. Our creed must differ from yours.

"Creed." she burst out. "You were chosen before there was a creed in the world. The seal is put on the elect as they draw the first

thought Frank. "Why do you feel so sure about Miss Clauson and me?" he asked, "I can read it in your faces. You are to storms were brewing which were to shake have happiness in this world and in the their house to the foundations.

clined to ask Mrs. Miller about the ultimate fate of the gentle Horace and Herbert, with He would even have liked to know what was to become of the sedate Whittaker, and Wilthe questions. He saw that what was amuse-ment to him was death to the pale, excited woman at his side. He did not wish to enter into a theological argument, and at this time of night play Pelagius to this feminine disciple of Augustine. Indeed, he knew that the arguments of these who hold the dectrine of predestination and its correlative, reprobation, are logically unanswerable by the best theologian ever turned out of Oxford; and theology was not Mr. Carruthers' pet science. So he contented himself by expressing a polite hope that Mrs. Miller felt also sure of her

"II" she exclaimed, and a shudder as of terror ran through her. "I have prayed day and night—day and night—that answer may It was r be given me, that a sign may be shown to me. The answer has been given." "Well, you found it all right, I hope," said

Frank, to humor her. She leaned forward, and again clutched his "I am 'one of the many," she said, in "My good woman," he said, "your belief is simply a diabolical one. Get rid of it, and trust that there is some mercy to be shown to those who ask for it. Go and talk to Mr. roast beef and plum pudding. Mordle or the rector, or some one whose business it is to set things of this kind straight. Now I think we had better say good-night,"
"Good-night, sir. Thank you," she said,
with a sudden return to her usual calm and

to write a line to Miss Clauson,'

"Love-letters will do no good, sir."
"It's not a love-letter," said Frank somewhat sharply. Mrs. Miller waited. He took a sheet of paper. After what had happened he felt he could not address the woman he loved as "My dear Miss curious what. Clauson," and he did not dare to write "My dear Beatrice," So his letter began abrupt be taken in. ly, without address of any kind. Moreover, it was very short. Here it is: "Now that I have asked my question, and

you have given your answer, tell me would you rather I left this place at once, or stayed on as I intended.—Yours, F. C." prising the number of respectable families who do winter in London. He handed the letter to Mrs. Miller. She took it in a reluctant manner. "You have not written anything unkind to her?" she

asked. "Nothing. Take my word for it." "And you promise you will wait?" "I must wait, whether I like it or not,"

said Frank, rather bitterly. "Good-night, sir." Mrs. Miller curtseyed, and stole noiselessly from the room. Frank fell back into a revery. How strange that in the few hours since he had been rejected two persons had bade him wait and hope—Mordle, in his cheery, optimistic way, Mrs. Miller, in her sombre, half-entranced, highly-wrought religious frenzy. woman! what extraordinary ideas she held! married." She must be next door to a religious mono; maniae, with her ghastly tenets of fore-ordainment and predestination.

Nevertheless, if either of his counselors gave him hope it was this mad, wild-spoken the subject of the precedity which Beatrice's fanatic. She was, so to say, Beatrice's body servant, and as such might be presumed to know something of the secrets of her mis-tress heart, or at the least to be able to make the day before—a record of individual but not general interest. had Bentrice sent her? His heart heat vio a shrewd guess at them. So, in spite of his own common sense, in spite of her dismal Maingay made a more notable remark. "I jargon about the elect, the seals, and the rest made the acquaintance this week of a young "No, sir. Miss Beatrice is not one to send of it, the hope which springs eternal began

At last he went to bed, wondering what promised to call." answer he would receive to his letter. It is to be hoped the promise he made Mrs. Miller was to be more sacred than those made to Horace and Herbert, for he blew out the lamp anybow, and left the hearthrug to take

"I shall be care of itself.

Alas for the "hope eternal." It was all but crushed in the morning by a note from Beatrice, which, with the pathos attending all modern emotional incidents, was brought be so. Nevertheless, Beatrice was shown in

felt that such a sudden departure would set the brothers gossiping and trying to account for its cause. But, as persons generally do in such extremities, he received a letter or a telegram, the nature of which made it imperative he should leave on the

Horace and Herbert expressed genuine sor row at this sudden termination to his visit. They pressed him to come to Hazlewood House at the end of the next term. He promised to do so. Only by foreswearing himself could he avoid giving an explanation of what made his presence for the future im possible. Of course he saw Bentrice as usual; but neither by word or look did he allude to what had passed between them. On her part she seemed shy and constrained, and the old apathetic manner appeared to have reasserted its sway. Dr. Carruthers' cure for morbidness was a failure!

The moment for departure came. Horace and taken the reins. Herbert was beside ber Frank had a thousand times pictured his him. Frank's portmanteaus were stowed away in the big wagonette. He turned to chake hands with Beatrice. "I came here an

"Won't you come with us, Beatrice?" asked Herbert. She drew back her outstretched hand, and hesitated. Frank turned his eyes away. He would in no way plend for this concession. Sud lenly, and in a defiant way, which such a trivial matter by no means seemed to call for, she exclaimed, "Yes, I will come. Wait for me one minute," In one minute, liter

ally, she was back again, in her hat and jacket, and scated opposite Frank.

Few words passed between them during the drive to the station. A mere good-bye was all they said as Frank took his seat in the train; but as that train rolled out of Blacktown, as his eyes for the last time met Beatrice's, fairly and fully, Mr. Carruthers' heart leaped in a way which would have been a credit to a boy's of 18, and once more and for ever he knew that no vanity of his had led him to dare to think that in Miss

undefinable, inscrutable "something," which had led him to risk and apparently toss all. So 'hope eternal" sprang again, and the conviction forced itself on Mr. Carrufbers that the day might come when, in spite of

force "grovel." And, notwithstanding his pride, this fact was by no means an unpleasant one!

## CHAPTER XV.

A DISPUTED CLAIM.

During fice last three months of the year Hazlewood Kouse did not belie its reputation for calm regularity of its domestic concerns reasm.

"If one could believe it, it would be very be seen all promised well for a quiet, placid and uneventur winter. Horace and Herbert employed themselves as was their wont. They were men who could spread out a little ecupation over a large slice of time, so never found the hours hang wearily. Beatrice

seemed fairly happy with her bright-haired boy. The little fellow was now beginning to breath. It may be that a heathen who may be breath. It may be that a heathen who has lived of the great throne, while he who has lived on earth the life of a saint shall go into evertified at Hazlewood House, until the budding the first through the saint shall go into evertified at Hazlewood House, until the budding through the saint shall go into evertified at Hazlewood House, until the budding through the saint shall go into evertified at Hazlewood House, until the budding through the saint shall go into evertified at Hazlewood House, until the budding through the saint shall go into evertified at Hazlewood House, until the budding through the saint shall go into evertified at the saint shall go into ever breath. It may be that a heathen who has prattle merrily, and his manner towards the never heard God's name shall sit on the steps. Talberts was more audacious and familiar

spring cleaning. But, all undreamt of by the brothers,

Christmas came. Now Christmas Day was Frank's sense of humor made him feel in-lined to ask Mrs. Miller about the ultimate sacrifices for the good of their fellow-creatures. Sylvanus Mordle, who believed that their kindly hearts and old womanish ways. those in poverty were as much entitled to creature-comforts as to spiritual consolations, always sent the hat round at Christliam Giles, the ceachman. But he checked mas, and collected a special fund for the purpose of giving all his poor people a hearty linner. At this dinner the Talberts were hi henchmen. No one who knew their fastidious tastes could have seen them carving huge joints of sanguinary-looking beef or serving out sticky segments of plum-pudding without feeling sure that, at heart, they were thoroughly good fellows. Herbert did once plaintively ask Mordle if the meat need be quite so red. The curate chuckled. "If is wasn't red, they'd say 'twas American, and leave it," he answered. It is to be feared that experience had taught Mordle that charity is often looked upon as a right to be demanded, not a bounty for which to be

It was no doubt the terrible sights of the forenoon which made the Talberts rigidly taboo, so far as their own table was con-cerned, all conventional Christmas fare. As Horace gravely said, there is, to educated minds, something savoring of vulgarity in supposing that the celebration of a certain a low, thrilling whisper. Her face were a hely-day must be attended by the consumplook of utter hopelessness. Frank pitied the tion of a certain class of comestibles. So poor creature from the bottom of his heart. brace of birds and an omelet.

"We never thought of Beatrice," said Herbert penitently. "Beatrice might have liked But Miss Clauson did not yearn for Christ. mas diet. Moreover, her thoughts were far away from eating and drinking. Indeed, during the last three months the girl had been, even for her, strangely quiet and respectful manuer. Then, with bent head, thoughtful. As for a little while longer we and hopelessness written all over her, she must be contented to regard her from the walked slowly to the door. A thought struck outside only, her musings cannot be divulged. Carruthers.
"Wait a moment," he said; "I should like deal about an impending visit to her father's

> Horace and Herbert had urged it earnestly Not, as they kindly and truthfully told her, that they wished to lose her for even a day but it was well that the world should think that the Clausons were a united family. It is curious what a simpleton most people think the world, and how easily they fancy it can

> Beatrice consented to be guided by her uncles' advice. So on the day after Christ-mas she left Oakbury. Sir Maingay and his family were wintering in London. It is sur Sir Maingay met her at Paddington. The barenet looked a little rounder and a little

him. He greeted his daughter affectionately but told her she looked ill and careworn. Then he inquired for Horace and Herbert. As from the very first day they had kept Sir Maingay in his proper place, he looked upon them with the greatest respect. "Is it true they have adopted a child?" he asked. Some garbled version of the affair had reached him.

"No," said Beatrice. "I have."
"You, my dear! Adopt a child! Why, it is time you thought of the possibility of having children of your own. I have for months been hoping to hear you were engaged to be

"I shall never marry," said Beatrice, rather coldly. "Depend upon it, it is the best state," said

little half-brothers displayed. How the elder said this yesterday and the younger did that But just before they reached his house Sir Maingay made a more notable remark. "I relative of your poor mother's-a Mr. Carruthers, who was staying with you some time

ago. I told him you were coming up, and he It was growing dusk, so the flush that leaped to Miss Clauson's check was unseen. She was silent for half a minute, then she

"I shall be very glad to see Mr. Carrnthers." Lady Clauson was gracious and condescending. She had gained some sort of suc-cess in town last season, so could afford to awestruck way, as if such a thing was too fearful to contemplate.

"Tell me why you trouble yourself about my affairs," asked Frank.

"Why do I trouble."

"The mentional incidents, was brought in with his shaving water. It ran so: "Please go away.—B. C." Then she added in a postscript: "Don't think me unkind. It is better for your sake."

"Why do I trouble."

"The little boys were brought down to see her dressed in their company clothes and research in their company clothes." company clothes and manners. They were good, ordinary, uninteresting little fellows, and no doubt Miss Clauson contrasted them with a golden-baired pet of hers at Oakbury. Although the ladies were civil to each other they did not sympathize. Like many others, Lady Clauson was utterly unable to under-

stand Beatrice. "Never, if you can help it, marry widower," she said to a bosom friend. "N one can tell the anxiety a first wife's child is -no one who has not experienced it." "It must be," said the friend with great

"If she did not alway, dress so carefully," continued Lady Clauson sorrowfully, "should believe she had made up her mind to be an old maid, and might then do something for the boys. She has more money than any young girl should have."

Carruthers called; Carruthers dined at Sir Maingay's, and moreover, presuming on his distant relationship, Carruthers had the audacity and, after all that had happened, we may say humility, to escort Miss Clauson to an

afternoon classical concert. Since last Octomeeting with Beatrice and a thousand times settled how he would deport himself. The result was that he forgot all his self-training invalid in body," he said to himself; "I go and bore himself simply as nature prompted away with a chronic mental disease. The ex hange is a sorry one."

Postrice " asked him. He was earnest, tender, respectful. More than ever he felt the charm which the girl exercised over him, yet he dared not speak again of love. In his inner heart he knew that for well or ill he must some day resay those passionate words—but not yet. The second cast of the die must, should be, the last. His nearest verbal approach to love-making was this:

He told Bentrice he had received a letter from Horace begging him to spend a few days at Oakbury before the Lent term began, "It is a great compliment," he said. "Yes," answered Beatrice, "very great.

Are you going?" "That is for you to decide, not for me." She dropped her eyes and was silent. Frank writed. "Do you forbid it?" he asked in that au-

theritative voice which women love to hear with a man. Still she was silent. He re-peated the question. "I have no right to forbid it," she said,

"You have every right. We do not allude to the past, but we do not forget it. Look up and answer me. Shall I go to

Strange to say, he spoke in a comma uding way, such as he had never before displayed when addressing her. Perhaps she liked how none the less for it. With an effort she

raised her eyes to his,
"It is most unwise," she whispered.
"Unwise you mean for me, of course," he said, quickly. "That part is for me to decide,

She held out her hand impulsively. "We can be friends, Frank," she said.
"Always," answered Carrothers, "And new we may as well settle to go down to-To this she made no objection, and Frank's

love-making ended for the time. His dreams that night may have been pleasant ones, but as for Beatrice she sat for hours in her room gazing, into the fire with a pained, hopeless look on heaface. The little line which Frank had once noticed between her brows seemed to have grown deeper and more distinct.

If Carruthers had hoped for a great deal from that Journey to Blacktown he was doomed to be disappointed. Events occurred at Hazlewood: House which took Bentrice back in hot haste and alone.

One morning Horace and Herbert were h earnest discussion respecting a hip-bath, the paint of which showed signs of wear. The question was whether it should be sent to the anctioneer's and sold for the best price, or should be rejapanued. Herbert, who was given to temporising, favored the reparation. Horace, who was more thorough in his ideas, thoug' it should goat once to the saleroom The matter was so important and interestin that neither of the brothers heard the sound

of carriage wheels outside the house. The wheels were those belonging to a gig gennine, unmistakable gig. Whittaker who saw it come up the drive and stop at the front, not the side door, was much disgusted. He did not know the traditional respectability enjoyed by the driver of a gig. He drew the line at dogcarts. Sylvanus' tricycle was only borne with because it carried a clergy-

[TO BE CONTINUED ]

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