

The BANNER of BLUE

by S. R. Crockett

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CHAPTER XV.

Fairlie Takes Up the Tale.

(Manuscript written by Fairlie Glendonwyn, additional to the first MS. of John Glendonwyn.)

Sorely against my will I write down these things. But one in whose judgment I trust may I say to my task. Properly I ought to begin with the first coming among us of Mr. Rupert Glendonwyn. But that I need not do, for it has been told already by a more practiced pen than mine.

Nevertheless it dwells in my memory strangely, for I seem to have grown up from that night.

For the rest all that follows came out of Mr. Rupert Glendonwyn's meeting with me that night, following me home, because (as he said afterward) he "thought me innocent and pretty—too good for John"—which eventuated in the love he professed (and which I had had for Kate—I mean for my sister).

It began, as I say, from that very first night. Yes, I can see it all now, and wonder how I can have been so blind. But the truth is I was thinking of other things—selfish things. For the school and my work there were especially interesting about that time.

I could see, however, even that first night that Kate thought a great deal too much about Mr. Rupert Glendonwyn. She looked at him, she said, and that in itself was a sign. Before she went out she whispered to me not to leave her alone. Yet for all that she went to the stable door and held the lantern for him while he got his horse ready. I think now that she was afraid of him, and yet, never having felt afraid of any one before in her life, she wanted to find out what it meant and so played with the fire till it burnt her.

Well, when at last they were gone, my father and I stood looking after them.

"There goes a Glendonwyn like to none I ever set eye upon," he said, "but my father used to tell me tales of one such."

"Oh, tell me about him, father!" I cried, clapping my hands. For anything that concerned the Glendonwyns pleased me at that time—because we were really of the same family, that is.

"It would little conduce to edifying!" he said, sternly. "Get thee to thy bed, lass, and give God thanks for thy ignorance! Where is that besom Kate—already dressed, I warrant, the slug-a-bed!"

It was my ordinary way of showing his love for us, which, indeed, we never doubted.

Then, when I went upstairs I began prattling like a foolish child about the brothers while I was letting down my hair.

Kate was crossing, saying from her pillow, "It was my ordinary way of showing his love for us, which, indeed, we never doubted."

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Kate was crossing, saying from her pillow, "It was my ordinary way of showing his love for us, which, indeed, we never doubted."

"Why, Fairlie!" she kissed me into good humor again.

My poor, poor darling Kate—often, often in the weary days that were coming have I thought over these things and wondered if you yourself would not have preferred the lack of romance and mystery to all the romantic and mysterious things which happened to us. But I will own that she never said so, and even when far away was never tired of joking me about my "plate of porridge," as she was pleased to call the trust and most loyal of friends.

I did not notice much that went on between Mr. Rupert and my sister till John went away back to college on the morning of the 15th of January. I remember the date because I had worn all my pretty things during the first fortnight of the year (we were preparing for the examination) and Kate lent me a pink bodice of hers that she had only worn twice. I said that I might be robbing her. And she answered, "Oh, you are welcome to it, Rupert does not like!"

And then stopped short in confusion. I looked at her in amazement, but did not say anything then. For I wanted to be down at the school early that morning—before the coach started, indeed, when John would come into the school to say goodbye to the rector. I had promised him and I knew that he would be dreadfully disappointed if I were not in the infant department.

So I put on Kate's bodice with the sash John liked, and went off, but in my heart I heard her words concerning Rupert, and meant to speak to her about it at night. For, though it was very well for John to be fond of me, it was not at all the same thing for his brother to make love to Kate. And afterward I found out that John had said just the same things to Mr. Rupert Glendonwyn that I meant to say to Kate—which is a strange thing, and shows how the mind of two such friends as we were may run upon the same lines.

John did come into the infants' department. I was getting down the maps, which were always rolled up from Friday night to Monday morning. I always liked well enough to roll them up at the week-ends, but the days never seemed so long as when I was taking them down on Monday morning.

I observed in John's old diary the entry for the 15th of January runs thus: "Found F. in the school room. Helped her unroll maps!"

I did speak to my sister that night, and though she was at first inclined to be haughty with me, I found that Mr. Rupert Glendonwyn had been at the Flower cot three times—each time, curiously enough, choosing (or by accident happening upon) a time when my father was absent. Then I remembered that on two of these days a messenger came from the new English doctor at Kilgour, saying that he had wanted some improvements made on his study and greenhouse. And once my father had walked into town with me to see about these. Dr. Warner made up to us on the way, a tall, dark, spare young man, with eyes too close together, piercing like gimlets and with a slight cast in them. He stood gazing fixedly at me, trying to make me look at him all the time he was holding my father in talk—which, indeed, it is not difficult to do at any time.

Such a thing would have driven Kate crazy. She was all on pins and needles if any one did a thing like that to her. Only by working all the time could she get rid of the feeling that any one was looking steadily at her.

But with me it is different. I am more of the plate-of-porridge type, who, I dare say, get through the world easier and with much less trouble, both to themselves and to other folk. So I did not mind a bit about Dr. Warner's eyes. He might stare me through and through, but it would not affect me at all, my father called "Goodbye, old dear," and trotted me to school with the gimlet eyes following my back half up the street till I turned the corner. But it was little I cared. I was going to buy some brandy balls for my little favorite, Johnny Colston.

He had met me the night before, somewhat ostentatiously wiping the tears from his eyes.

"All mine brandy balls is done! Mist Dron 'Don't give me love notes, I've often sorry he's gone—isn't you, teacher?"

Dear little man, so full of feeling!

And so he did, and was asked home to discuss all about the Trinity and the doctrine of transubstantiation, concerning which it appeared he could give my father many new points, being intimately acquainted with the doctrine and practice of the Roman church abroad. Or at least so he said.

As he came in through the door he nodded and said laughingly: "You see, I have done your bidding, Miss Fairlie." And that night he bode till nearly midnight, keeping us all laughing on his words, with his adventures and experiences in many lands abroad. Also he did not look nearly so much at Kate as usual, so much

sisters—I was quite proud that I knew why.

Then, after ten minutes or so, she came back, bright and brisk as if she had been for a sea bath, carrying a dainty little piece of chicken breast on a plate with creamy potatoes and salad—just what I liked.

Then old Vera (she was not old really) sat down on the bedside and petted me and said pretty things about me. It is so nice when women love one another like that. It does not always last, but it is nice at the time. And that day when I needed it Vera was certainly just as nice as she could be, till after a while my headache went altogether away. So I kissed her and thanked her for being so good to me.

"No—no," she said, "it's you who have been good—very good to me."

And I did not know at the time that she was thinking of what had slipped out about Mr. Rupert, or I should have thought of some way of making her understand without telling about Kate. But I did not know, and so things got all sort of tangled up between us somehow.

At any rate, I did feel very much better when I left the manse of Kilgour and walked back to the school. My headache was quite gone and I felt quieted and at peace with the world. I do not know whether it was the good cry I had had or Veronica's sympathy, or the breast of the

eyes—something so hunted and desperate in them that I shivered. Yet there was a certain strange pride and pleasure in them as well. I thought she was not going to speak to me, so I cried again, holding her by the arm.

"Kate—tell me—speak to me! What are you doing dressed like this? Where are you going?"

She answered me in one sentence, still fixing me with that fascinated, half-unconscious gaze.

"I am going away to be married to Rupert Glendonwyn!"

"Married!" I cried. "Kate—and you never told me! Oh, Kate!"

"He would not let me," she answered. "I was coming back tonight. No one is to know!"

"And our father," I said. For he never could abide either of us long out of his sight."

"My father is gone to Drumfern on business," she said. "He will not be back tonight. I have left a note with Will telling him I had gone out to see a friend, and that the tea was in the teapot and everything ready for you and the boys. Why could you not have stayed till your usual time? I could have got back without anyone knowing. Rupert will be so angry."

All this she said without a touch of her old defiant self, speaking almost like one



"THANK GOD, I WAS NOT TOO LATE. THERE WAS KATE, STANDING IN HER CLOAK AND HAT, A LITTLE BANDBOX AT HER SIDE."

in a dream, with a difference very obvious to me, yet somehow difficult to express.

Instantly I took my resolution. In some things John was a much more determined than either Kate or myself. And from that hour of my asserting myself I took a new place with her.

"Kate," I said, "if you go, I am going with you, understand that. What is right for you to do is right for me to do. I will insist upon it. I will go off with the man who is my husband before all the world."

Kate—our independent Kate—so proud and disdainful, lifted up her hands in a frightened fashion and cried: "Oh, Fairlie, Fairlie—what will Rupert say?"

We had not long to wait for what Rupert said. A carriage came along with the windows up and stopped a hundred yards opposite the clump of great, neglected trees which had grown up about the neglected burying ground of the Glendonwyns.

"That is the signal," she said. "I am to go to meet him now." And she lifted her handbox, and turning toward me she opened her lips as if to make a last appeal.

"I wish you would go home, Fairlie," she cried. "I am afraid that Rupert will be so disappointed."

"Let him," I answered, hoping to stir her out of her strange and morbid sharpness. "If he is ashamed of getting you for his wife, he is not worth having for a husband."

"Ah, you do not know—you do not know!" she said earnestly, laying her hand on my breast. "He is all that is noble and good. And I love him!"

"Well," I said, "it is high time for him to show his goodness and nobility now. My sister is not going to be married without having me for a bridesmaid! So much is very clear to me."

All the while we had been walking toward the old mausoleum, the white walls of which gleamed above the trees. Kate stepped aside, turned sharply round the trunk of a tree which in the course of years had pushed its way through the wall and then moldered partly away, leaving a narrow passage, by which it was easy enough to enter the enclosure. I followed her toward the little chapel by a trodden path, and, lo! there on a stone seat in the deep embrasure of the porch sat Mr. Rupert Glendonwyn, smoking a cigarette and apparently dreaming.

At our approach, however, he threw down a little bit of lighted paper and sprang to his feet. I think he was just going to clasp Kate in his arms with a rapturous cry or he caught sight of me on the path a step or two behind. His arms dropped promptly to his side, and he turned upon my sister with a look half savage, half inquiring: "I know it—I know it," she cried, knitting her hands piteously. "I told Fairlie so. I could not help Fairlie coming. Do not be angry, Rupert! She will go back if you say so!"

She laid her hand on his arm as she spoke. He touched her cheek lightly with his lips, and then looked over her shoulder at me.

"Your company does us an unexpected honor, mademoiselle," he said.

"But I would not be put down, least of all by Mr. Rupert Glendonwyn."

"Not more unexpected than the honor you have done me, sir!" I said.

"What do you mean?" he asked, a frown gathering between his handsome brows.

"I mean the honor of taking away my sister from her family to cheat her with a clandestine marriage!" I said, boldly. "The honor of meeting her here, when you have reason to know that my father and I have been bookwinded and got rid of."

I think that as I said these words to him Mr. Rupert Glendonwyn blushed for the first and only time in his life. He looked at me and I stared back at him.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "you do me wrong. I will tell you in a word how matters stand with us. I have your sister—let us say as I never thought to love a woman (she drew near to him as she spoke and he put a protecting arm about her waist). But I dare not—cannot marry her openly at present. Yet to marry we are resolved. We will not chance losing one another. My father wishes me to marry for money. My careless folly before I had this to live for (he patted Kate's cheek) has crippled the family estate. My father has sacrificed a large sum (and it may be more than that) to save me from ruin. I cannot in justice make his efforts vain. In a year or so the need for concealment will pass away—indeed, things will be better soon as my good friend is settled in his parish. Kate will then be my wife before all the world as today I am going to make her in law and in fact."

And as he bent down to kiss her she looked up at him with the same great, adoring eyes. I also saw wonderment in this fascinated, love-sick girl I could not see our swift, nervous, free-spoken Kate.

PERIODS OF PAIN.

Miss Gertrude Williams, Chaplain of Woman's Christian Association of Detroit, and Two Other Women,

Tell How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Cures Periodic Suffering.

While no woman is entirely free from periodical suffering, it does not seem to have been the plan of nature that woman should suffer so severely. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the most thorough female regulator known to medical science. It relieves the condition which produces so much discomfort and robs menstruation of its terrors.



MISS GERTRUDE WILLIAMS.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—and dear friend, for such your medicine has proved to me; a friend in need is a friend indeed." For several years I suffered from Menorrhagia, or profuse and painful menstruation, until my vitality was well nigh gone, and as a last resort I took six bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and was restored to health, to the surprise of my friends, and I now sing its praises. Gratefully yours, MISS GERTRUDE WILLIAMS, 75 Columbia St., West Detroit, Mich."

Two More Sufferers Relieved.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I had been a sufferer of suppression of the menses from girlhood, always appearing after time and causing great pain compelling me to keep my bed. I tried a number of doctors but without relief. Having read so many testimonials about the good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done, I decided to try it. After using only one bottle I felt much better. I continued its use and the health and strength that I have to-day I feel I owe to you."—MRS. CHAS. B. GILL, 1019 Winter St., Philadelphia, Pa.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I write to let you know how thankful I feel toward you and your remedies. Words cannot express the benefit I have received from Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I had been troubled with my periods being very irregular and painful, also suffered with my back and kidneys, but now I feel like a new woman. I cheerfully recommend your remedies to any one suffering as I was."—MRS. JAMES COX, 628 Washington St., Camden, N.J.

Women who are troubled with painful or irregular menstruation, backache, bloating (or flatulence), leucorrhoea, falling, inflammation or ulceration of the uterus, ovarian troubles, that "bearing-down" feeling, dizziness, faintness, indigestion, nervous prostration or the blues, should take immediate action to ward off the serious consequences, and be restored to perfect health and strength by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and then write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for further free advice. Thousands have been cured by so doing.

\$5000 REWARD.—We have deposited with the National City Bank of Lynn, Mass., which will be paid to any person who can find that the above testimonials letters are genuine, or were published before the writer's death, and who will furnish the name of the depositor.

Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

But some know till the thing is tried how love will take any woman when it comes to her once for all.

Of course, when I heard these things I had nothing more to say, save that I would go with them to be Kate's witness and bridesmaid, as we had always promised each other should be the case. To my surprise, Mr. Rupert Glendonwyn made no objections. He only said: "I brought Warner with us to drive. I think you have met him. You will find in that case have no objections to a little of his society. It is true, we need a couple of witnesses."

"Where is the marriage to take place?" I asked, and at the question Mr. Rupert, who was walking in front, with Kate on his arm, half turned his head and smiled quizzically over at me.

"Trust me," he said, "see how Kate trusts me! Take a little lesson, I pray you, mademoiselle, from your elder sister."

"Nay," I answered sharply, "that is just the very reason why I can not trust you at all—not one inch farther than I can see you!"

"In that case I can only ask mademoiselle to do me the honor to wait and be convinced!" he replied, and in another moment he had passed out of the private pathway leading from what had evidently been their lover's trysting place into the open roadway. The brougham was a small one, seated for two inside. It had been hired by Dr. Warner from a coach builder in Kilgour.

Mr. Rupert handed Kate in with the air of a great and courtly gentleman, who he was. Then he turned to offer me the vacant place by her side.

"Since you are resolved to honor us, mademoiselle!" he said, "volla."

"But I had another spirit."

"No, indeed, I thank you," I answered. "I am coming as an uninvited guest and I will sit by—the coachman!"

DON'T WAIT

When the back begins to ache, don't delay—
Don't wait till backache becomes chronic—
Till serious kidney troubles develop—
Till urinary troubles annoy you day and night—
Till the cure is costly and uncertain.

Doan's Kidney Pills

Cure the aching back.
Cure all kidney ills.
Cure bladder disorders.
Here is Omaha evidence to prove it

Mrs. Alex Long of 1913 Oak street, says: "I had kidney for many years, suffered severely, was annoyed a great deal from too frequent action of the kidney secretions and had of course often little understood, but which are caused by diseased kidneys. I saw Doan's Kidney Pills advertised and had my doctor get them for me at Kuhn & Co's drug store. They did me good that I continued the treatment and after finishing two felt like a different woman, even at my advanced age. I feel Doan's Kidney Pills to every one at every opportunity, for a reliable kidney remedy."

All druggists—50c. Foster-Milburn Co., Bu

RATS EAT

Stearns' Electric Rat and Roach Paste

and die out of the house. One ingredient dies up their bodies, leaving no odor.

It is a safe and sure exterminator also of Mice, Water Bugs, Croton Bugs, Cockroaches and all other vermin. It has been in general use in houses, stores, hotels, factories, offices, public buildings, etc., for twenty-five years. Absolutely guaranteed.

CAUTION: Substitutes and imitations are worthless. Beware of cheap imitations and get the real Stearns' Electric Paste at all druggists.

STEARNS' ELECTRIC PASTE CO., Chicago, Ill.

CHAPTER XVI.
THE HEARTS OF WOMEN.

After John went away I saw Mr. Rupert twice or thrice at my father's house and once when Kate was out when I arrived sooner than I had been expected. I went round and came upon them standing close together on the wood edge, talking very earnestly.

I walked straight up to him and asked if Mr. Rupert had come to see father about anything. For, if he had, he would find him on the Kilgour road talking to his friend, Mr. Warner. For that I had passed them a hundred yards on this side of the brig end.

And at this Kate was very angry and bade me go indoors to my own business. But Mr. Rupert, who was always exceedingly polite (though he knew that I did not like him) only laughed his rippling laugh (which was like a hand running lightly over the upper keys of a piano) and said that my idea was a good one. He would go and see my father.

And so he did, and was asked home to discuss all about the Trinity and the doctrine of transubstantiation, concerning which it appeared he could give my father many new points, being intimately acquainted with the doctrine and practice of the Roman church abroad. Or at least so he said.

As he came in through the door he nodded and said laughingly: "You see, I have done your bidding, Miss Fairlie." And that night he bode till nearly midnight, keeping us all laughing on his words, with his adventures and experiences in many lands abroad. Also he did not look nearly so much at Kate as usual, so much

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CHAPTER XVII.
CLAUDESTINE.

But when I got near the school a new, and at the moment, pleasant surprise awaited me.

I found the children, big and little, cheering and shouting, living in uproarious throngs about the rector and immediately scattering and reuniting as soon as he sent them away. It appeared a perfect miracle to me, who had never seen such conduct since I first went to the academy. For the rector was a man apart to us—teachers and taught—and even that priggish Martin Fraser, the little boy dressed up in the long coat with the ridiculous tails, was cheering along with the others. The poor lad at that time did me the compliment to imagine himself very much in love and, though he hardly ever spoke to me, was accustomed to stand apart and glare at those who were less haughty. But now he came running, as hard as he could, shouting that Mr. Colston had got a degree from his own university—of Aberdeen for a book he had written—all about Roman history and proving it wasn't history at all, but something made up by the Germans. Martin also told me that we would have to say "Doctor" Colston now, just as we did to Dr. Caesar, but that the rector was another kind of doctor and wore a different hood.

So, of course, there was to be a half-holiday at the academy. Indeed, the children were taking it already. It was a warning to me to see how quickly strictest discipline may be overturned. For the whole of the children, without any dismissal or leave given, ran off out of the playground, waving their schoolbags and shouting, to tell their parents that the master was going to be a doctor now and keep the nastiest kind of phrase in his desk instead of law. I stayed a little while waiting for a chance to speak to Mr. Colston, to kiss her and tell her how happy I was. And at last I got an opportunity. But she only smiled and said: "Ah, my dear, it won't make the least difference. He will just be as tiresome as ever! Men are like that. Only getting hardened to them makes them endurable."

But secretly I could see that she was both pleased and proud—especially when Dr. Caesar arrived with his fine coat and tall hat and made a little speech about the honor it was to the academy and to the town. His wife looked across at Mr. Colston then with something that glittered very brightly in her eyes.

"I went slowly back then through the pleasant winter's afternoon. It was still early, and when I got home—lo! there was no one to be seen! I called Kate as I came through the gate to tell her the news, and wondered that she did not answer. I ran upstairs. She was not there. I looked about and found her work-a-day dress on a chair, and the hanging cupboard open where she kept her Sunday frock.

Then a wild fear came over me. I held to the mantelpiece and steadied myself, praying for strength to withstand, for knowledge to judge what I must do. Something told me to go down to the woodside, where in a field a hundred yards from the high road was the old walled cemetery of the Glendonwyns.

Without removing my hat or waiting a moment I ran down the side of the hedge, crossed over at the stepping stones and took through the wood like a hare. Thank God, I was not too late. There was Kate standing in her cloak and hat, a little handbag in a field, but she did not hear me till I was quite close upon her. And then she started and turned, dropping the box and thrusting out one hand as if to prevent me from taking hold of her.

"Where are you going, Kate?" I gasped, breathless with my fright, though, indeed, I knew at the time that my resolution was counting upon me. "I could not see our swift, nervous, free-spoken Kate.

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