By MRS. HUMPHREY WARD. AUTHOR OF "ROBERT ELSMERE

"I can choose whom I like," she said abruptly; "I am not bound to Mr. Hawea."

"Besides," be said, cautiously, changing his ground a little, "I should have said—only, of course, you must know much better—that it is a little risky to give the British public such very serious fare as this, and immediately after the 'White Lady.' The English theater-goer never seems to me to take kindly to medisevalism—kings and knights and nobles and the Fifteenth century are very likely to bore him. Not that I mean to imply for a moment that the play would be a failure in point of popularity. You have got such a hold that you could carry anything through; but I am inclined to think that in 'Elvirn' you would be rather fighting against wind and tide, and that, as I said before, it would be a great strain upon you."

wind and tide, and that, as I said before, it would be a great strain upon you."

"The public makes no objection to Mme. Desforets in Victor Hugo," she answered quickly, even sharply. "Her parts, so far as I know anything about them, are just these romantic parts, and she has made her enormantic parts, and she has

mous reputation out of them."

Kendal hesitated. "The French have a great tradition of them," he said. "Racine, after all, was a preparation for Victor

'No, no!" she exclaimed, with sudden bitterness and a change of voice which startled him, "it is not that. It is that I am I, and see! I see very well that your mind is against it. And Mr. Wallace—there were two or it. And Mr. wained the which have pur-three things in his manner which have pur-zled me. He has never said yes to my proposal formally. I understand perfectly what it means; you think that I shall do the play an injury by acting it; that it is too good

Kendal knelt as if a thunderbolt had fallen; the somber passion of her manner af-fected him indescribably.

Miss Bretherton!" he cried. "Yes, yes!" she said, almost flercely, stopping in the path, "It's that, I know. I have felt it almost since your first word. What power have I if not tragic power! If does suit me? Of course that is what you mean. If I cannot act Elvira I am good for nothing-I am worse than good for nothing I am an impostor, a sham!"

She sat down on the raised edge of the bank, for she was trembling, and clasped her quivering hands on her knees. Kendal was



Clasped her quivering hands. side himself with distress. How had he blundered so, and what had brought this about? It was so unexpected, it was incred-

Do-do believe me!" he exclaimed, bending over her. "I never meant anything the least disrespectful to you; I never dreamed of it. You asked me to give you my tru opinion, and my criticism applied much more to the play than to yourself. Think nothing of it, if you yourself are persuaded. You must know much better than I can what will suit you. And as for Wallaceproud to let you do what you

will with his play."

It seemed to him that he would have said anything in the world to soothe her. It was so piteous, so intolerable to him to watch that quivering lip.

"Ah, yes," she said, looking up, a dreary smile flitting over her face, "I know you didn't mean to wound me, but it was there, your feeling; I saw it at once. I might have seen it, if I hadn't been a fool, in Mr. Wallace's manner. I did see it. It's only what every one whose opinion is worth hav-ing is beginning to say. My acting has been a nightmare to me lately. I believe it has been a great, great mistake."

Kendal never felt a keener hatred of the conventionalities which rule the relations between men and women. Could he only have simply expressed his own feeling he would have knelt beside her on the path, have taken the trembling bands in his own, and com forted her as a woman would have done. But as it was, he could only stand stiff and awkward before her, and yet it seemed to him as if the whole world had resolved itself into his own individuality and hers, and as if the gay river party and the bright, friendly relations of an hour before were separate from the present by an impassable gulf.

And, worst of all, there seemed to be a

strange perversity in his speech—a fate which drove him into betraying every here and there his own real standpoint whether he

"You must not say such things," he said, as calmly as he could. "You have charmed the English public as no one else has ever charmed it. Is that not a great thing to have done? And if I, who am very fastid ious and very captious and over-critical in a hundred ways-if I am inclined to think that n part is rather more than you, with your short dramatic experience, can compass quite successfully, why, what does it matter! may be quite wrong. Don't take any notice of my opinion; forget it, and let me help you, if I can, by talking over the play."

She shook her head with a bitter little "No, no; I shall never forget it Your attitude only brought home to me, al ost more strongly than I could bear, what I have suspected a long, long time-the con

tempt which people like you and Mr. Wal-la. feel for me!" "Contempt!" cried Kendal, beside himself and feeling as if all the criticisms he had allowed himself to make of her were recoil ing in one avenging mass upon his head nevec felt anything but the warmest admiration for your courage, your work, your

womanly goodness and sweetness." she said, rising and holding out her hand half unconsciously for her cloak, which she put round her as though the wood had suddenly grown cold; "admiration for me as a woman, contempt for me as an artist! There's the whole bare truth. Does it hold my future in it, I wonder? Is there nothing n me but this beauty that people talk of, and which I sometimes hate?

She swept her hair back from her forehead with a fierce dramatic gesture. It was as though the self in her was rising up and asserting itself against the judgment which had been passed upon it, as if some hidden force, hardly suspected even by herself, were beating against its bars. Kendal watched her in helpless silence. "Tell me," she said, fixing her deep hazel eyes upon him, "you owe it to me-you have given me so much pain. No. no; you did not mean it. But tell me, and tell me from the bottom of your heart-that is, if you are interested enough in me-what it I want? What is it that seems to be threatening me with failure as an artist? I work all day long; my work is never out of my head, it seems to pursue me all night. But the more I struggle with it the less suc cessful I seem even to myself."

Her look was haunting; there was despair and there was hope in it. It implied that she had set him up in her impulsive way as a sort of an oracle who alone could help her out of her difficulty. In presence of that look his own conventionality fell away from him, and he spoke the plain, direct truth to her.

"What you want," he said slowly, as if the words were forced from him, "is knowledge! endon has taught you much, and that is why you are dissatisfied with your work-it is the beginning of all real success. But you want positive knowledge-the knowledge you could get from books, and the knowl edge other people could teach you. You want a true sense of what has been done and

wast an insight into the world of ideas lying round it and about it. Tou are very young, and you have had to train yourself. But every human art nowadays is so complicated that none of us can get on without using the great stores of experience others have laid up for us."

It was all out now. He had spoken his immost mind. They had stopped again, and she was looking at him intently; it struck him that he could not possibly have said what he had been saying unless be had been led on by an instinctive dependence upon a great magnanimity of nature in her. And then the matter held in it fiashed across him. He saw the crowded theatre, the white figure on the stage; his car seemed to be full of the clamor of praise with which London had been overwhelming its favorite. It was to this apolited child of fortune that he had been playing the schoolmaster—he, one captious man of letters, against the world.

this specified child of fortune that he had been playing the schoolmaster—he, one captious man of letters, against the world.

But she had not a thought of the kind, or rather the situation presented itself to her in exactly the contrary light. To her Kendal's words, instead of being those of a single critic, were the voice and the embodiment of a hundred converging impressions and sensations, and she felt a relief in having analyzed to the full the vacuations which which which stone, and so tell a refer in naving analyzed to the full the vague trouble which had been settling upon her by this unraveling of her own feelings and his.

"I am very grateful to you," she said steadily. "years It is strange but almost

"I am very grateful to you," she said steadily; "very. It is strange, but almost when I first saw you I felt that there was something ominous in you to me. My dream in which I have been living has never been so perfect since, and now I think it has gone. Don't look so grieved," she cried, inexpressibly touched by his face. "I am glad you told me all you thought. It will be a help to me. And as for poor Elvira," she added, trying to smile, for all her extreme paleness, "tell Mr. Wallace I give her up. I am not vexed. I am not angry. Don't you think vexed. I am not angry. Don't you think now we had better go back to Mrs. Stuart! I should like a rest with her before we all

meet again."
She moved forward as she spoke, and it seemed to Kendal that her step was unsteady and that she was deadly white. He planted himself before her in the descending path and held out a hand to help her. She gave him her own, and he carried it impetuously to his live.

You are nobleness itself!" he cried, from the depths of his heart. "I feel as if I had been the merest pedant blunderer—the most incapable, clumsy idiot." She smiled, but she could not answer. And

in a few more moments voices and steps could be heard approaching, and the scene

was over.

CHAPTER VI. The Sunday party separated at Padding ton on the night of the Nuneham expedition and Wallace and Eustace Kendal walked eastward together. The journey home had been very quiet. Miss Bretherton had been forced to declare herself "extremely tired," and Mrs. Stuart's anxiety and sense of r

sponsibility about her had communicated themselves to the rest of the party.

"It is the effect of my long day yesterday," she said apologetically to Forbes, who hovered about her with those affectionate attentions which a man on the verge of old age
pays with freedom to a young girl. "It
won't do to let the public see so much of me
in future. But I don't want to spoil our

Sunday. Talk to me and I shall forget it."
Wallace, who had had his eyes about him when she and Eustace Kendal emerged from the wood in view of the rest of the party, was restless and iil at ease, but there was no getting any information, even by gesture, from Kendal, who sat in his corner diligently watching the moonlight on the flying fields, or making every now and then some disjointed attempts at conversation with At the station Miss Bretherton's carriage

was waiting; the party of gentlemen sav her and Mrs. Stuart, who insisted on taking her home, into it; the pale, smiling face ber forward; she waved her hand in response t the lifted hats and she was gone.
"Well," said Wallace, with a world of in-quiry in his voice, as he and Kendal turned

"It has been an unfortunate business," said Kendal abruptly. "I never did a thin

worse, I think, or spent a more painful hal Wallace's face fell. "I wish I hadn't bored you with my confounded affairs," he ex-claimed. "It was too bad!"

Kendal was inclined to agree inwardly, for ne was in a state of irritable reaction; but he had the justice to add aloud: "It was I who was the fool to undertake it. And I think, indeed, it could have been done, but that cir cumstances, which neither you nor I ha weighed sufficiently, were against it. She is in a nervous, shaken state, mentally an physically, and before I had had time to dis cuss the point at all she had carried it on to the personal ground, and the thing was up.

She is deeply offended, then!" "Not at all, in the ordinary sense; she i too fine a creature; but she talked of the 'con tempt' that you and I feel for her!"

"Good heavens!" cried Wallace, feeling nost unjustly persuaded that his friend ha bungled the matter horribly. 'Yes," said Kendal deliberately; "'con

tempt,' that was it. I don't know how it came about. All I know is, that what I said which seemed to me very harmless, was like a match to a mine. But she told me to tell you that she made no further claim or Elvira.' So the play is safe."

- the play!" cried Wallace vigorously. a sentiment to which perhaps Kendal's silence gave consent. "But I cannot let it rest there. I must write to her."

"I don't think I would, if I were you," said Kendal. "I should let it alone. She looks upon the matter as finished. She told me particularly to tell you that she was not vexed, and you may be quite sure that she isn't, in any vulgar sense. Perhaps that makes it all the worse. However, you've a right to know what happened, so I'll tell you as far as I remember.

He gave an abridged account of the conversation, which made matters a little clearer though by no means less uncomforta-ble, to Wallace. When it was over they were nearing Vigo street, the point at which their routes diverged, Wallace having rooms in the Albany, and Kendal hailed a hansom "If I were you," he said, as it came up, "should, as I said before, let the thing alone as much as possible. She will probably speak to you about it, and you will, of course, say what you like, but I'm pretty sure she won take up the play again, and if she feels ess towards anybody it won't be toward

"There's small consolation in that!" ex claimed Wallace.

"Anyhow, make the best of it, my dear fel low," said Kendal, as though determined to strike a lighter key. 'Don't be so dismal things will look differently to-morrow morn ing-they generally do-there's no tremend ous harm done. I'm sorry I didn't do your bidding better. Honestly, when I come to think over it, I don't see how I could have done otherwise. But I don't expect you to think so."

Wallace laughed, protested and they

A few moments later Kendal let himself

into his rooms, where lights were burning, and threw himself into his reading chair, b side which his books and papers stood ready to his hand. Generally nothing gave him a greater sense of bien-etre than this nightly return, after a day spent in society, to these silent and faithful companions of his life. He was accustomed to feel the atmosphere of his room when he came back to it charged with welcome. It was as though the thoughts and schemes he had left warm and safe in shelter there started to life again after a day's terper, and thronged to meet him. His books smiled at him with friendly faces, the open page called to him to resume the work of the morninghe was in every sense at home. To-night however, the familiar spell seemed to have lest its force. After a hasty supper he took up some proofs, pen in hand. But the first page was hardly turned before they had dropped on to his knee. It seemed to him as if he still felt on his arm the folds of a green, fur edged cloak, as if the touch of a soft, cold hand were still lingering in his. Presently he fell to recalling every detail of the afternoon scene—the arching beech trees, the rich red and brown of the earth beneath, tinged with the winter sheddings of the trees the little raised bank, her eyes as she looked up at him, the soft wisps of her golden brown hair under her hat. What superb, unap-

proachable beauty it was! How living, how rich in content and expression! "Am I in love with Isabel Bretherton!" he

with his eyes on the portrait of his sister.

"Forhaps Marie could tell me—I don't understand myself. I don't think so. And if I were, I am not a youngster, and my life is a tolerably full one. I could hold myself in and trample it down if it were best to do so. I can hardly imagine myself absorbed in a great passion. My bachelor life is a good many years old—my habits won't break up easily. And, supposing I felt the beginnings of it, I could stop it if reason were against it."

He left his chair and began to pace up and down the room, thinking. "And there is absolutely no sort of reason in my letting myself fall in love with Isabel Bretherton! She has never given me the smallest right to think that she takes any more interest in me than she does in hundreds of people whom she meets on friendly terms, unless it may be an intellectual interest, as Wallace imagines, and that's a poor sort of stepping stone to love! And if it were ever possible that she should, this afternoon has taken away the possibility. For, however magnanimous a woman may be, a thing like that rankles; it can't help it. She will feel the sting of it worse to-morrow than teday, and though she will tell herself that she bears no grudge, it worse to-morrow than today, and though she will tell berself that she bears no grudge, it will leave a gulf between us. For, of course, she must go on acting, and whatever depres sions she may have, she must believe in her-self; no one can go on working without it, and I shall always recall to her something harsh and humiliating!

"Supposing, by any chance, it were not so
supposing I were able to gather up my relation with her again and make it a really
friendly one—I should take, I think, a very
definite line; I should make up my mind to be of use to her. After all, it is true what she says there are many things in me that might be helpful to her, and everything there was she should have the benefit of. I

would make a serious purpose of it. She should find me a friend worth having."

His thoughts wandered on a while in this direction. It was pleasant to see himself in the future as Miss Bretherton's philosopher and friend, but in the end the sense of reality mined more his decrease. gained upon his dreams. "I am a fool," he said to himself resolutely at last, "and I may as well go to bed and put her out of my mind. The chance is over—gone—done with, if it ever existed."

The next morning, on coming down to breekfast, he saw among his letters a hand-writing which startled him. Where had he seen it before? In Wallace's hand three days ago? He opened it and found the following

My Dean Mr. Kendal.—You know, I think, that I am off next week—on Monday, if all goes well. We go to Switzerland for a while, and then to Vetice, which people tell me is often very pleasant in August. We shall be there by the lat of August, and Mr. Wallace tells me he hears from you that your sister, Madame de Chateauvieux, will be there about the same time. I forgot to ask you yeaterday, but if you think she would not object

to it, would you give me a little note introducing me to her? All that I have heard of her makes me very anxious to know her, and she would not find me a troublesome person! We shall hardly, I suppose, meet again before I start. If not, please remember that my friends can always find me on Sunday afternoon. Yours very truly, I SABEL BRETHERTON.

Kendal's hand closed tightly over the note Then he put it carefully back into its enve-lope, and walked away with his hands behind him and the note in them, to stare out of window at the red roofs opposite.

"That is like her," be murmured to himself "I wound and hurt her; she guesses I shall suffer for it, and, by way of setting up the friendly bond again, next day, without a word, she asks me to do her a kindness could anything be more delicate, more gra-

Kendal never had greater difficulty in fix-ing his thoughts to his work than that morn ing, and at last, in despair, he pushed his book aside, and wrote an answer to Miss Breth-erton, and, when that was accomplished, a long letter to his sister. The first dook him longer than its brevity seemed to justify. It contained no reference to anything but her request. He felt a compulsion upon him to treat the situation exactly as she had done, but, given this limitation, how much cordi-ality and respect could two sides of letter paper be made to carry with due regard to orum and grammar?

When he next met Wallace, that hopeful bright tempered person had entirely recovered his cheerfulness. Miss Bretherton, he reported, had attacked the subject of Elvira with him, but so lightly that he had no opportunity for saying any of the skillful things he had prepared.

"She evidently did not want the question seriously opened," he said, "so I followed your advice and let it alone, and since then

she has been charming both to Agnes and me. I feel myself as much of a brute as ever, but I see that the only thing I can do is to hold my tongue about it." To which Kendal heartily agreed.

A few days afterwards the newspaper

gave a prominent place to reports of Miss Bretherton's farewell performance. It had been a great social event. Half the distin-guished people in London were present, led London, in fact, could hardly bear to part with its favorite, and compli ments, flowers and farewells showered upon her. Kendal, who had not meant to go at the time when tickets were to be had, tried about the middle of the week after the Ox ford Sunday to get a seat, but found it ut terly impossible. He might have managed it by applying to her through Edward Wal-lace, but that he was unwilling to do for various reasons. He told himself that, after all it was better to let her little note and hi answer close his relations with her for the present. Everywhere else but in the theatre she might still regard him as Fer friend; but there they could not but be antagonistic in some degree one to another, and not even in tellectually did Kendal wish just now to meet her on a footing of antagonism.

So, when Saturday night came, he passed the hours of Miss Bretherton's triumph at ministerial evening party, where it seeme to him that the air was full of her name, and that half the guests were there as a pis-aller because the Calliope could not receive them And yet he thought he noticed in the com mon talk about her that criticism of her as an actress was a good deal more general than it had been at the beginning of the season The little knot of persons with an opinion and reasons for it had gradually influence the larger public. Nevertheless there was no abatement whatever of the popular desire to see her, whether on the stage or in society The engouement for her personally, for her beauty, and her fresh, pure womanliness showed no signs of yielding, and would hole out, Kendal thought, for some time, agains a much stronger current of depreciation of the intellectual side than had as yet set in. He laid down the Monday paper with

smile of self scorn and muttered: "I should like to know how much she remembers by the time of the prig who lectured to her in Nuncham woods a week ago!" In the even-ing his Pall Mall Gazette told him that Miss Bretherton had crossed the channel that morning, en route for Paris and Venice. He fell to calculating the weeks which must clapse before his sister would be in Venice, and before he could hear of any meeting be-tween her and the Bretherton party, and round up his calculations by deciding that London was already hot and would soon be empty, and that, as soon as he could gather together certain books he was in want of, he yould carry them and his proofs down into Surrey, refuse all invitations to country houses, and devote himself to his work.

Before he left he paid a farewell call to Mrs. Stuart, who gave him full and enthusi-astic accounts of Isabel Bretherton's last night, and informed him that her brother talked of following the Brethertons to Venice some time in August.
"Albert," she said, speaking of her hus

band, "declares that he cannot get away for more than three weeks, and that he must have some walking; so that what we propose at present is to pick up Edward at Venice at the end of August, and move up altogether into the mountains afterward. Oh, Mr. Ken dal," she went on, a little nervously, as if not quite knowing whether to attack the subject "it was devoted of you to throw or not. ourself into the breach for Edward as you did at Oxford. I am afraid it must have been very disagreeable, both to you and to her. When Edward told me of it next morning it made me cold to think of it. I made up my mind that our friendship-yours and ours-with her was over. But do you know she came to call on me that very afternoon-how she made time I don't know, but she did Naturally, I was very uncomfortable, but she began to talk of it in the calmest way while we were having tea. 'Mr. Kendal was probably quite right,' she said, 'in thinking the part unsuited to me. Anyhow, I asked him for his opinion, and I should be a poor creature to mind his giving it.' And then she

sugged and said that I thus as: Doward to keep his eyes open for anything that would do better for her in the autumn. And since then she has behaved as if she had forgotten all about it. I never knew any one with less smallness about her."

"No; she is a fine creature," said Kendal "No; she is a fine creature," said Kendal, almost mechanically. How little Mrs. Stuars knew-or, rather, how entirely remote she was from feeling-what had happened! It seemed to him that the emotion of that scene was still thrilling through all his pulses, yet to what ordinary little proportions had it been reduced in Mrs. Stuart's mind! He alone had seen the veil lifted, had come close to the had seen the veil lifted, nan come energetic reality of the girl's nature. That Isabella Bretherton could feel so, could look the basen only to him—the thought had so, was known only to him—the thought had pain in it, but the keenest pleasure also.

"Do you know," said Mrs. Stuart presently, with a tone of reproach in her voice, "that she asked for you on the last night!"

"Did she?"

"Yes. We had just gone on the stage to see her after the curtain had failen. It was such a pretty sight, you ought not to have missed it. The prince had come to say goodby to her, and, as we came in, she was just turning away in her long phantom dress with the white bood failing round her head, like that Romney picture—don't you remem-"Did shef" like that Romney picture—don't you rement ber —of Lady Hamilton—Mr. Forbes ha drawn her in it two or three times. The stage was full of people. Mr. Forbes was

there, of course, and Edward, and ourselves, and presently I heard her say to Edward, 'Is Mr. Kendal here? I did not see him in the house.' Edward said something about your not having been able to get a seat, which I thought clumsy of him, for, of



She was just turning away. course, we could have got some sort of a place for you at the last moment. She didn't say anything, but I thought—if you won't mind my saying so, Mr. Kendal—that, con-

sidering all things, it would have been better if you had been there."
"It seems to me," said Kendal, with vexa-tion in his voice, "that there is a fate against my doing anything as I cught to do it. I thought, on the whole, it would be better not to make a fuss about it when it came to the last. You see she must look upon me to some extent as a critical, if not a hostile, in-fluence, and I did not wish to remind her of

my existence."
"Oh, well, said Mrs. Stuart, in her cheery common sense way, "that evening was such an overwhelming experience that I don't suppose she could have felt any screnes towards anybody. And, do you know, she is improved? I don't quite know what it is, but certainly one or two of those long scenes she does more intelligently, and even the death scene is better—less monotonous. I sometimes think she will surprise us all yet "Very likely," said Kendal, absently, not in reality believing a word it, but it was impossible to dissent.

"I hope so," exclaimed Mrs. Stuart, "with all my heart. She has been very depressed often these last weeks, and certainly, on the whole, people have been harder upon her than they were at first. I am so glad that she and your sister will meet in Venice. Mme. de Chateauvieux is just the frieud she

Kendal walked home feeling the rankling of a fresh pin point. She had asked for him and he had not been there! What must sh think, apparently, but that, from a sour, morose consistency, he had refused to be a witness of her triumph! Oh, hostile fates!

A week later Eustace was settled in the Surrey farm house which had sheltered the Sunday league on its first expedition. The ntry was in its full glory; the purple heather was fully out and the distant hills rose blue and vaporous across stretches of vivid crimson, broken here and there by the dim gray greens of the furze or the sharper color of the bracken. The chorus of birds had died away, but the nests wer not yet tenantless. The great sand pit near th farm house was still vocal with innumerable broods of sand martins, still enlivened by th constant skimming to and fro of the parent birds And under Kendal's sitting room window a pair of tomtits, which the party had watched that May Sunday, were just launching their young family on the world. One of his first walks was to that spot beyond the pond where they had made their afternoon camping ground. The nut batches had fled-fled, Kendal hoped, some time before, for the hand of the spoiler had been near their dwelling, and its fragments lay scattered on the ground. He presently learned to notice that he never heard the sharp sound

of the bird's tapping beak among the wood without a little start of recollection. Outside his walks, his days were spent in continuous literary effort. His book was in a condition which called for all his energies, and he threw himself vigorously into it. Th first weeks were taken up with a long review of Victor Hugo's prose and poetry, with a view to a final critical result. It seemed to him that there was stuff in the great French-man to suit all weathers and all skies. There were somber, wind swept days when the stretches of brown ling not yet in flower, the hurrying clouds and the bending trees were in harmony with all the flerce tempestuous side of the great romantic. There were others when the homely, tender, domestic aspect of the country formed a sort of frame work and accompaniment to the simple patriarchal elements in the books which Ken dai had about him. Then, when the pages or Victor Hugo were written, those already printed on Chateaubriand began to dissat isfy him, and he steeped himself once more in the rolling artificial barmonies, the mingled beauty and falsity of one of the most wonderful of styles, that he might draw from it it secrets and say a last just word about it.

He knew a few families in the neighbo hood, but he kept away from them, and al most his only connection with the outer world during his first month in the country was his correspondence with Mme. Chateauvieux, who was at Etretat with her husband. She wrote her bother very lively characteristic accounts of the life there, fil ing her letters with amusing sketches of the colitical or artistic celebrities with whom th little Norman town swarms in the season.

After the third or fourth letter, however Kendal began to look restlessly at th Etretat postmark, to reflect that Marie had been there a long time, and to wonder she was not already tired of such a public sort of existence as the Etretat life. The bathin scenes, and the fire eating, deputy, and th literary woman with a mission for the spread of naturalism, became very flat to him. was astonished that his sister was not a anxious to start for Italy as he was to hear that she had done so.

This temper of his was connected with the

act that after the first of August he began to develop a curious impatience on the sub ject of the daily post. At Old House farm the post was taken as leisurely as everything else; there was no regular delivery, and Ken dal generally was content to trust to the casual mercies of the butcher or baker for his letters. But after the date mentioned it oc curred to him that his letters reached him with an abominable irregularity, and that it would do his work no harm, but, on the contrary, much good, if he took a daily constit tional in the direction of the postoffice, which gave a touch of official dignity to the was filled precincts of a grocer's shop in the vil-

lage, some two miles off.

For some considerable number of days, nowever, his walks only furnished him with food for reflection on the common disproportion of means to ends in this life. His sister's persistence in sticking to the soil of Franc began to seem to him extraordinary! How

over, at last the menotosy of the Etretat postmarks was broken by a post card from Lyons. "We are here for the night on some business of Paul's; to-morrow we hope to be at Turin, and two or three days later at Venice. By the way, where will the Brethertons be! I must trust to my native wits, I suppose, when I get there. She is not the sort of light to be hidden under a bushel."

This post card disturbed Kendal not a little, and he felt irritably that somebody had mismanaged matters. He had supposed, and indeed suggested, that Miss Bretherton should inclose his note in one of her own to his sister's Paris address, giving, at the same

his sister's Paris address, giving, at the same time, some indication of a place of meeting in Venice. But if she had not done this, it was very possible that the two women might miss each other after all. Sometimes, when he had been contemplating this possibility with disgust, he would, with a great effort, make himself reflect why it was that be make himself reflect why it was that be cared about the matter so disproportionately. Why was he so deeply interested in Isabel Bretherton's movements abroad and in the meeting which would bring her, so to speak, once more into his own world! Why! because it was impossible, he would answer himself indignantly, not to feel a prefound interest in any woman who had ever shared as much emetion with you as she had with him in those moments at Nuncham, who had received a wound at your hands, had winced under it and still had remained gracious and kind and womanly! "I should be a hard hearted brute," he said to himself, "if I did not feel a very deep and peculiar interes: in not feel a very deep and peculiar interest in her—if I did not desire that Marie's friend-ship should abundantly make up to her for

blundering!" Did he ever really deceive himself into im-Did he ever really deceive himself into imagining that this was all? It is difficult to say. The mind of a man no longer young, and trained in all the subtleties of thought, does not deal with an invading sentiment exactly as a youth would do with all his experience to come. It steads upon him more slowly, he is capable of disguising it to himself longer, of escaping from it into other interests. Passion is in its ultimate essence the same, wherever, it appears and under whatteresta. Passion is in its ultimate essence the same, wherever it appears and under whatever conditions, but it possesses itself of human life in different ways. Slowly and certainly the old primeval fire, the commonest, fatalest, divinest force of life, was making its way into Kendal's nature. But it was making its way against antagonistic forces of habit, tradition, self restraint—it found a handred other interests in possession; it had a strange impersonality and timidity of nature to fight with. Kendal had been accommunity to the contract of th customed to live in other men's lives. Was he only just beginning to live his own? But, however it was, he was at least con-

but, nowere it was, no was at reast con-scious during this waiting time that life was full of some hidden savor; that his thoughts were never idle, never vacant; that, as he lay flat among the fern in his moments of rest, fellowing the march of the clouds as they sailed divinely over the rich breadth and sailed divinely over the rich breadth and color of the commons, a whole broad of images nestled at his heart, or seemed to hover in the sunny air before him—visions of a slender form fashioned with Greek suppleness and majesty, of a soft and radiant presence, of looks all womanliness, and gestures all grace, of a smile like no other he had ever seen for charm, of a quick, impulsive gait! He followed that figure through scene after scene; he saw primroses in its hand, and the pale spring blue above it; he recalled it standing tense and still with blanched check and fixed appealing eye, while all round the June woods murmured in the breeze; he surrounded it in imagination with the pomp and circumstance of the stage, and realized it as a center of emotion to thousands. And then from memories he would pass on to then from memories he would pass on to speculations, from the scenes he knew to those he could only guess at, from the life of which he had seen a little to the larger and unexplored life beyond.

And so the days went on, and though b was impatient and restless, yet indoors his work was congenial to him, and out of doors the sun was bright and all the while a certain little god lay hidden, speaking no articulate word, but waiting with a mischievous pa-tience for the final overthrow of one more

oor mortal.

At last the old postmistress, whom he had At last the old postmistress, whom he had almost come to regard as cherishing a per-sonal grudge against him, ceased to repuise him, and after his seven years of famine the years of abundance set in. For the space of three weeks letters from Venice lay waiting for him almost every alternate morning, and the heathery slopes between the farm and the village grew familiar with the spectacle of a tall, thin man in a rough tweed suit strug-gling as he walked with sheets of foreign paper which the wind was doing its best to filch

away from him. The following extracts from these letters contain such portions of them as are neces-

sary to our object: "CASA MINGHETTI. "My DEAR EUSTACE—I can only write you a very scrappy letter today, for we are just settling into our apartment, and the rooms are strewn in the most distracting way with boxes, books and garments; while my maid, Felicie, and the old Italian woman Caterina, who is to cook and manage for us, seem to be able to do nothing—not even to put chair starving-without consulting me. Paul, tak-ing advantage of a busband's prerogative, has gone off to flaner on the piazza, while his women folk make life tolerable at home which is a very unfair and spiteful version of his proceedings, for he has really gone as much on my business as on his own. I sent him—feeling his look of misery, as he sat on a packing case in the middle of this chaos terribly on my mind—to see if he could find the English consul (whom he knows a little), and discover from him, if possible, where friends are. It is strange, as you say, that Miss Bretherton should not have written to me; but I incline to put it down to our old Jacques at home, who is getting more and re imbecile with the weight of infirmities, and is quite capable of forward ing to us all the letters which are not worth posting, and leaving all the important ones piled up in the hall to await our return. It is provoking, for, if the Bretherton party are not going to stay long in Venice, we may easily spend all our time in looking for each other; which will, indeed, be a lame and im-

potent conclusion. However, I have hope of Paul's cleverness. "And now, 4 o'clock! There is no help for it, my dear Eustace. I must go and instruct Caterina how not to poison us in our dinner to-night. She looks a dear old soul but totally innocent of anything but Italian barbarities in the way of cooking. And Felici also is well meaning but ignorant, so unless I wish to have Paul on my hands for a week I must be off. This rough picnicking life, in Venice of all places, is a curious little ex-Venice, of all places, is a curious little er perience, but I made up my mind lest tim we were here that we would venture our precious selves in no more hotels. The heat the musquitoes, the horrors of the food were too much. Here we have a garden, a kitchen, a cool sitting room, and if I choose to feed Paul on lisane and milk puddings, who is to prevent me!

"Paul had just come in with victory written on his brow. The English consu was of no use; but, as he was strolling home, he went into St. Mark's, and there, of course found them! In the church were apparently all the English people who have as tured to Venice, and these, or most of them seemed to be following in the wake of a little party of four persons—two ladies, a gentle man and a lame girl walking with a crutch An excited English tourist condescended to inform Paul that it was 'the great English actress, Miss Bretherton,' who was creating all the commotion. Then, of course, he wen up to her-he was provoked that he could hardly see her in the dim light of St. Mark' -introduced himself and described our per plexities. Of course, she had written. I'expected as much. Jacques must certainly b ensioned off! Paul thought the other thre very inferior to her, though the uncle was civil and talked condescendingly of Venice, as though it were even good enough to be admired by a Worrall. It is arranged that the beauty is to come and see me to-morrow if, after Caterina has operated upon us during two meals, we are still alive. Good night and good-by."

"VENICE, Aug. 7. "Well, I have seen her! It has been blazing day. I was sitting in the little gar-den which separates one half of our room from the other, while Caterina was arrang-ing the dejeuner under the little acacia arbor in the center of it. Suddenly Felicie came out from the house, and behind her a tall fig ure in a large hat and a white dress. Th figure held out both hands to me in a cordial un-English way, and said a number of pleas ant things rapidly in a delicious voice, while I, with the dazzle of the sun in my eyes, so that I could hardly make out the feature

stood feeling a little thrilled by the advent of so famous a person. In a few moments, how-ever, as it seemed to me, we were sitting under the acacias, she was helping me to cut up the melon and arrange the figs, as if we had known one another for months, and I was experiencing one of those sudden rushes of liking which, as you know, are a weakness of mins. She stayed and took her meal with us. Paul, of course, was fascinated and for us. Paul, of course, was fascinated, and for once has not set her down as a reputation

Italian—Venetian, actually, was it not That accounts for it; she is the Venetian type spiritualized. At the foundation of her face, as it were, lies the face of the Burano lace maker; only the original type has been so re-fined, so chiseled and smoothed away, that, to speak fancifully, only a beautiful ghost of it remains. That large stateliness of her movement, too, is Italian. You may see it in any Venetian street, and Veronese fixed it in art." While we were sitting in the garden who

should be announced but Edward Wallace, I knew, of course, from you that he might be

here about this time, but in the hurry

snew, of course, from you that he might be here about this time, but in the hurry of our settling in I had quite forgotten his existence, so that the sight of his trim person bearing down upon us was a surprise. He and the Bretherton party, however, had been going about together for several days, so that he and she had plenty of gossip in common. Mrs. Bretherton's enthusiasm about Venice is of a very naive, hot, outspoken kind. It seems to me that she is a very susceptible creature. She lives her life fast and crowds into it a greater number of sensations than most people. All this zest and pleasure must consume a vast amount of nervous force, but it makes her very refreshing to people as blase as Paul and I are. My first feeling about her is very much what yours was. Personally, there seems to be all the stuff in her of which an actress is made. Will she some day stumble upon the discovery of how to bring her own individual flame and force to bear upon her art! I should think it force to bear upon her art! I should think it not unlikely, and, altogether, I feel as though I should take a more hopeful view of ber intellectually than you do. You see, my dear Eustace, you men never realize how clever we women are, how fast we learn and how quickly we catch up hints from all quar-ters under heaven and improve upon them. An actress so young and so sympathetic as Isabel Bretherton must still be very much of an unknown quantity dramatically. I know you think that the want of training is fatal, and that popularity will stereotype her faults. It may be so; but I am inclined to think, from my first sight of her, that she is a nature that will gather from life rather what stimulates it than what dulls and vulwhat stimulates it than what dulls and vul-garizes it. Altogether, when I compare my first impressions of her with the image of her left by your letters, I feel that I have been pleasantly surprised. Only in the matter of intelligence. Otherwise it has, of course, been your descriptions of her that have planted and nurtured in me that strong sense of attraction which blossomed into lik-

ing at the moment of personal contact."

"August 10.

"This afternoon we have been out in the gondole belonging to this modest establishment, with our magnificent gondolier, Piero, and his boy, to convey us to the Lido. I got Miss Bretherton to talk to me about her Jamaica career. She made us all laugh with her accounts of the blood and thunder pieces in which the andiences of the Kingston theatre reveled. She seems generally to have played the 'Bandit's Daughter,' the 'Smuggler's Wife,' or 'The European Damsel Carried Off by Indians,' or some other thrilling elemental personage of the kind. The 'White Lady' was, apparently, her first introduction to a more complicated order of play. It is extraordinary, when one comes to think of it, how little positive dramatic knowledge she must have! She knows some Shakespeare, I think—at least she mentions two or three plays—and I gather from something she said that she is now making the inevitable study of Juliet that every actress makes sooner or later; but Sheridan, Goldsmith, and, of course, all the French people are mere names to her. When I think of the minute exhaustive training our Paris actor; or through and compare, it with such a state ing at the moment of personal contact." minute exhaustive training our Paris actors go through and compare it with such a state of nature as hers, I am amazed at what she has done! For, after all, you know, she must be able to act to some extent; she must know a great deal more of her business than you and I suspect, or she could not get on at all.'

"It is almost a week, I see, since I wrote to you last. During that time we have seen a great deal more of Miss Bretherton, sometimes without them, and my impressions of her have riponed very fast. Oh, my dear Eustace, you have been hasty—all the world has beed hasty. Isabel Bretherton's real self is only now coming to the front, and it is a self which, as I say to myself with astonishment, not even your keen eyes have ever seen—hardly suspected even. Should I,

woman's capabilities, I wonder! Very likely!
These sudden rich developments of youth
are often beyond all calculation.

"Mr. Wallace's attitude makes me realize
more than I otherwise could the past and
present condition of things. He comes and nt condition of things. He com talks to me with amazement of the change n her tone and outlook, of the girl's sharpening intellect and growing sensitiveness and as he recalls incidents and traits of the London season—confessions or judgments or blunders of, hers, and puts them beside the impression which he sees her to be making on Paul and myself—I begin to understand from his talk and his bewilderment something of the real nature of the case. Intellectually, it has been 'the ugly duckling' over again. Under all the crude, unfledged imperfection of her young performance, you people who eyes seem to me never to have suspected the coming wings, the strange nascent power, rhich is only now asserting itself in the light

"What has Eustace been about? said Paul o me last night, after we had all returned rom rambling round and round the moonlit plazza, and he had been describing to me his alk with her. 'He ought to have seen fur-her ahead. That creature is only just beginning to live, and it will be a life worth havng. He has kindled it, too, as much as anybody. Of course, we have not seen her act yet, and ignorant-yes, she is certainly gnorant-though not so much as I imagined But as for natural power and delicacy of mind, there can be no question at all about

them!'
"'I don't know that Eustace did question them,' I said. 'He thought simply that she had no conception of what her art really re-quired of her, and never would have because of her popularity.' "To which Paul replied that, as far as he

ould make out, nobody thought more meanly of her popularity than she did, and he has seen talking a great deal to her about her

"I never saw a woman at a more critical or interesting point of development, he ex-claimed at last, striding up and down, and so absorbed in the subject that I rould have almost laughed at his eagerness. 'Something or other, luckily for her, set her on the right track three months ago, and it is apparently a nature on which nothing is lost. One car One car see it in the way in which she takes Veni there isn't a scrap of her, little as she knows about it, that isn't keen and interested and wide awake!

'Well, after all,' I reminded him as he was settling down to his books, 'we know nothing about her as an actress.' "'We shall see,' he said; I will find out mething about that too before long.

"And so he has!"

"Paul has been devoting himself more and more to the beauty, Mr. Wallace and I lock-ing on with considerable amusement and in-terest; and this afternoon, finding it in-tolerable that Miss Bretherton has not even a bowing acquaintance with any of his favorto plays, Augier, Dumas, Victor Hugo or anything else, he has been reading aloud to us in the garden, running on from scene to cene and speech to speech, translating as he went-she in rapt attention, and he gesticuhating and spouting, and, except for an occa-sional queer rendering that made us laugh, getting on capitally with his English. She was enchanted; the novelty and the excitement of it absorbed her; and every now and then she would stop Paul with a perious wave of her hand, and repeat the substance of a speech after him with an impetnous clan, an energy of comprehension, which drew little nods of satisfaction out of him, and sometimes produced a strong and startling effect upon myself and Mr. Wallace. However, Mr. Wallace might stare as he liked: the two people concerned were totally

shoonscions of the rest of us, used to life after the great death scene is the life Blanche, Paul threw down the book side with a sob, and she, rising with a sob, and she, rising with a sob, and she, rising with a sob a feeling, held out her white arms to work the heroine's last speeches:

"'Achille, beloved! my eyes are dimensists of death are gathering. O Achille! the white cottage by the river—the nest is the reeds—your face and mine in the water—blue heaven below us in the stream—O of quick! those hands, those lips! But listen! it is the cruel wind rising, rising; chills me to the bone; it chokes, it stifes as I cannot see the river, and the cottage is gone and the sun. O Achille, it is dark, so dark Gather me close, beloved!—closer! closer! Geath is kind—tender, like your touch! have no fears—none!"

"She sank back into her chair. Anythin more pathetic, more noble than her intouction of these words each

"She sank back into her chair. Anything more pathetic, more noble than her intensition of these words could not have been imagined. Desforets herself could not have spoken them with a more simple, a more simple, a multitude of conflicting feelings—my own impressions and yours, the realities of the future—that I forgot to applaud her. It was the first time I had had any glimpse at all their dramatic power, and, rough and imperfect as the test was, it seemed to me second. I have not been so devoted to the Francis, and to some of the people connected with it for ten years for nothing! One gets a hist of insight from long habit, which, I think, one may trust. Oh, you blind Eustace, how could you forget that for a creature so full of primitive energy, so rich in the stuff of life, nothing is irreparable! Education has passed her by. Well, she will go to find her education. She will make a teacher out of every friend, out of every sensation. Incident and feeling, praise and dispraise will all alike tend to mold the sensitive, plastic material into mold the sensitive, plastic material into mold the sensitive, plastic material is an any have remained outside her art; the art, no doubt, has been a conventional appendage, and little more. Training would have given her good conventions, whereas she has only picked up had and imperfect ones. But no training could have given her what she will evidently soon develop for herself, that force and fiams of imagination which fuses together instrument and idea in one great artistic whole. She has that imagination. You can see it in her responsive ways, her quick, sensitive emotion. Only let it be roused and guided to a certain height, and it will overleap the barriers which have hemmed it in, and pour itself into the channels made ready for it by her art.

"Thore, at least, you have my strong im-

"There, at least, you have my strong "There, at least, you have my strong impression. It is, in many ways, at variance with some of my most cherished principles; for both you and I are perhaps inclined to overrate the value of education, whether technical or general, in its effect on the individuality. And, of course, a better technical preparation would have saved Isabel Brotherton an immense amount of time; would have prevented her from contracting a host of had habits—all of which she will have to unlearn. But the root of the matter is in her; of that I am sure: and whatever weight of hostile

But the root of the matter is in her; of that I am sure; and whatever weight of hostile circumstence may be against her, she will, if she keeps her health—as to which I am sometimes, like you, a little anxious—break through it all and triumph.

"But if you did not understand her quits, you have enormously helped her; so much I will tell you for your comfort. She said to me yesterday abruptly—we were alone in our gondola, far out on the lagoon—'Did your brother ever tell you of a conversation he and I had in the woods at Nuncham about Mr. Wallace's play!" Mr. Wallace's play?

""Yes,' I answered with outward boldness but a little inward trepidation; 'I have no known anything distress him so much for a long time. He thought you had misunder

stood him.'
"'No,' she said, quietly, but as it see "'No,' she said, quietly, but as it seemed to me with an undercurrent of emotion in her voice; 'I did not misunderstand him. He means what he said, and I would have forced the truth from him, whatever happened. I was determined to make him show me what he felt. That London season was sometimes terrible to me. I seemed to mysometimes terrible to me. I seemed to self to be living in two worlds—one a wo which there was always a see of faces site to me, or crowds about me, and a p ringing in my cars which was eaough to anybody's head, but which after a while pelled me as if there was something by lating in it; and then on the other sic

little inner world of people I cared for and respected, who looked at me kindly, and thought for me but to whom as an arm I was just of no account at all! It was you brother who first roused that sense in me; i was so strange and painful, for how could help at first believing in all the hubbub as

applause! 'Poor child!' I said, reaching out my



"Poor child!" I said. hand for one of hers. 'Did Eustace make himself disagreeable to you?
"'It was more, I think,' she answered, as

if reflecting, 'the standard he always see to carry about with him than anyth nected with my own work. At least, of course, I mean before that Nuneham day. Ah, that Nuneham day! It cut deep.' "She turned away from me and lea

the side of the boat, so that I could not see 'You forced it out of Eustace, you know,' I said, trying to laugh at her, 'you uncom-promising young person! Of course, he flat-tered himself that you forgot all about his preaching the moment you got home. Men always make themselves believe what they

want to believe.' "Why should be want to believe so? she replied quickly. 'I had half foreseen it, I had forced it from him, and yet leftelt it like a blow! It cost me a sleepless night, and some—well, some very bitter tears. Not that the tears were a new experience. How often, after all that noise at the theatre, have I gone home and cried myself to sleep over the impossibility of doing what I wanted to do, of moving those hundreds of people, of makof moving those hundreds of people, of making them feel and of putting my own feeling into shape! But that night, and with my sense of illness just then, I saw myself—it seemed to me quite in the near future—grown old and ugly, a forgotten failure, without any of those memories which console people who have been great when they must give up. I felt myself struggling against such a weight of ignorance, of bad habits, of unfavorable surroundings. How was I ever to get free and to reverse that judgment of Mr. Kendal's! My very success stood in my way. How was "Miss Bretherton" to put berself to school?"

(Continued next Saturday.)

(Continued next Saturday.)

Britishers Buying Brewerie It is reported that three Chicago brewerles have been sold to a British syndicate.
The consideration named is \$1,800,000
McAvoy's Brewing company, Wacker &
Birks and the Michael Brand company are
the establishments said to have been pur-

chased.

The three leading breweries of Roches
N. Y., were on Wednesday purchased
an English syndicate. The prices p
were as follows: Bartholomay brews
\$2,500,000; Genesse brewery, \$600,00.
Rochester brewery, \$600,000. Five
cent is paid down.

A Big Hog. Martin Miller killed for Issac Mowery, o Leacock township, a hog weighing pounds dressed. It was of the Ch