

sis of Previous Chapters.

A SISTER'S SECRET.

"Tell me, Miss Walker. You know how things should be. What would you say was a good profession for a young man of 26 who has had no education worth averaging heart of the worth and the second secret was a second s man of 26 who has had no education worth speaking about and who is not very quick by nature?" The speaker was Charles Westmacott, and the time this same summer evening in the tennis ground, though the shadows had fallen now and the game been abandoned.

The girl glanced up at him, amused and surprised.

now and the game been abandoned. The girl glanced up at him, amused and surprised.

"Do you mean yourself?"

"Precisely."

"But how could I tell?

"I have no one to advise me. I believe that you could do it better than any one. I feel confidence in your opinion."

"It is very flattering." She glanced up again at his carnest, questioning face, with its Saxon eyes and drooping flaxen mustache, in some doubt as to whether he might be joking. On the contrary, all his attention seemed to be concentrated upon her answer.

"It depends so much upon what you can do, you know. I do not know you sufficiently to be able to say what natural gifts you have." They were walking slowly across the lawn in the direction of the house.

"I have none—that is to say, none worth mentioning. I have no memory, and I am very slow."

"But you are very strong?"

"Oh, if that goes for anything. I can put up a hundred-pound bar till further orders, but what sort of a calling is that?" Some little joke about being called to the bar flickered up in Miss Walker's mind, but her companion was in such obvious earnest that she stifled down her inclination to laugh.

""Can do a mile on the cinder track in

CZYMINE.

a ? ? 6

'Have you anything to tell me, dear?'

Ida gave a little pout and shrug to her houlders. "The solicitor general then pened the case for the prosecution," said houlders. "The solicitor pened the case for the pros

opened the case or the prosecution, said she. "You are going to cross examine me, Clara, so don't deny it. I do wish you would have that gray satin foulard of yours done up. With a little trim-ming and a new white vest it would look as good as new, and it is really very dowdy."

laugh.
"I was chatting with Mr. Westma-

"And I was chatting with Mr. Denver

distant door.

But Clara Walker still sat in the dim
lit room with her chin upon her hands
and her dreamy eyes looking out into
the gathering gloom. It was the duty

inclination to laugh.
"I can do a mile on the cinder track in
0 and across comments in the cinder track in At an do a line of the clinder track in the dark across country in 5:20, but how is that to help me? I might be a cricket professional, but it is not a very dignified position. Not that I care a straw about dignity, you know, but I should not like to hurt the old lady's feelings."
"Your away: "S"

to hurt the old lady's feelings."
"Your aunt's?"
"Yes, my aunt's. My parents were killed in the mutiny, you know, when I was a baby, and she has looked after me ever since. She has been very good to me. I'm sorry to leave her."
"But why should you leave her?"
They had reached the garden gate, and the girl leaned her racket upon the top of it, looking up with grave interest at her big, white flanneled companion, "It's Browning," said he.
"What!"

"What!"
"Don't tell my aunt that I saidit"—he sank his voice to a whisper—"I hate

Browning."

Clara Walker rippled off into such a me y peal of laughter that he forgot the evil things which he had suffered from the poet and burst out laughing

"I can't make him out," said he. "I try, but he is one too many. No doubt it is very stupid of me. I don't deny it. But as long as I cannot there is no use pretending that I can. And then of course she feels hurt, for she is very fond of him and likes to read him aloud in the evenings. She is reading a piece now, Pippa Passes, and I assure you, Miss Walker, that I don't even know

what the title means. You must think me a dreadful fool."
"But surely he is not so incomprehen-sible as all that?" she said as an attempt

sible as all that?" she said as an attempt at encouragement.

"He is very bad. There are some things you know which are fine. That ride of the three Dutchmen, and 'Herve Riel' and others, they are all right. But there was a piece we read last week. The first line stumped my aunt, and it takes a good deal to do that, for she rides very straight. 'Setebos and Setebos and Setebos.' That was the line."

"If sounds like a charm,"
"No, it is a gentleman's name. Three

"No, it is a gentleman's name. Three gentlemen, I thought at first, but my aunt says one. Then he goes on, 'Thinketh he dwelleth in the light of the moon.'

eth ne dwelleth in the light visual to the lin

aunt," she said. "Think how lonely she would be without you."
"Well, yes, I had thought of that. But you must remember that my aunt is to all intents hardly middle aged and a very eligible person. I don't think that her dislike to mankind extends to individuals. She might form new ties, and then I should be a third wheel in the coach. It was all very well as long as I was only a boy, when her first husband was alive."

was alive."
"But, good gracious, you don't mean that Mrs. Westmacott is going to marry again?" gasped Clara.
Tha young man glanced down at her with a question in his eyes. "Oh, it is only a remote possibility, you know," said he. "Still, of course, it might happen, and I should like to know what I ought to turn my hand to."

and her sister.

In her own eyes she was herself very plain, and she knew that her manner was often ungracious when she would most wish to be gracious. She saw her face as the glass reflected it, but she did

was often ungracious when she would most wish to be gracious. She saw her face as the glass reflected it, but she did not see the changing play of expression which gave it its charm—the infinite pity, the sympathy, the sweet womaniness which drew toward her all who were in doubt and in trouble, even as poor, slow moving Charles Westmacott had been drawn to her that night. She was herself, she thought, outside the pale of love. But it was very different with Ida, merry, little, quick witted, bright faced Ida. She was born for love. It was her inheritance. But she was young and innocent. She must not be allowed to venture too far without help in those dangerous waters.

Some understanding there was between her and Harold Denver. In her heart of hearts Clara, like every good woman, was a matchmaker, and already she had chosen Denver of all men as the one to whom she could most safely confide Ida. He had talked to her more than once on the serious topics of life, on his aspirations, on what a man could do to leave the world better for his presence. She knew that he was a man of a noble nature, high minded and carnest. And yet she did not like this secrecy, this disinclination upon the part of one so frank and honest as Ida to tell her what was passing. She would wait, and if she got the opportunity next day she would lead Harold Denver himself on to this topic. It was possible that she might learn from him what her sister had refused to tell her.

CHAPTER V -

A NAVAL CONQUEST.

It was the habit of the doctor and th

admiral to accompany each other upon a morning ramble between breakfast and lunch. The dwellers in those quiet tree lined roads were accustomed to see the two figures—the long, thin, austers eseman and the short, bustling, tweed clad physician—pass and repass with such regularity that a stopped clock has been reset by them. The admiral took two steps to his companion's three, but the younger man was the quicker, and both were equal to a good 44 miles an hour.

It was a lovely summer day which followed the events which have been described. The sky was of the deepest blue, with a few white fleecy clouds drifting lazily across it, and the air was filled with the low drone of insects or with a sudden sharper note as bee or blue fly shot past with its quivering long drawn hum, like an insect tuning fork. As the friends topped each rise which leads up to the Crystal palace they could see the dun clouds of London stretching clong the northern sky line, with spire or dome breaking through the low lying haze. The admiral was in high spirits, for the morning post had brought good news of his son.

"It is wonderful, Walker," he was saying, "positively wonderful, the way that boy of mine has gone ahead during the last three years. We heard from Pearson today. Pearson is the senior partner, you know, and my boy the junior—Pearson & Denver the firm. Cunning old dog is Pearson, as cute and as greedy as a Rio shark. Yet he goes off for a fortnight's leave and puts my boy in full charge, with all that immense business in his hands, and a free hand to do what his hands, and a free hand to do what his hands, and a free hand to do what him when the hister with all that immense business in his hands, and a free hand to do what him. "You know my weak side. Still it's truth all the same. I've been blessed with a good wife and a good son, and maybe I relish them the more for having been cut off from them so long. I have much to be thankful for." "And so have I. The best two girls that ever stepped. There's Clara, who has learned as mu

dowdy."
"You were quite late upon the lawn,"
said the inexorable Clara.
"Yes I was, rather. So were you.
Have you anything to tell me?" She
broke away into her merry, musical along"
"All drawing and the wind astern!"
cried the admiral. "Fourteen knots if
it's one. Why, by George, it is that
wennen!"

There is no hope, no outlook, for these struggling thousands. Life is a dull, and from the heart of it had emerged a high tandem tricycle flying along: at a breakneck pace. In front sat Mrs. Westmacott clad in a heather tweed pea jacket, a skirt which just passed her knees and a pair of thick gaiters of the same material. She had a great bundle of red papers under her arm, while Charles, who sat behind her clad in Norfolk jacket and kniekerbockers, bore a similar role protruding from either pocket. Even as they watched, the pair eased up, the bady sprang off, impaled one of her bills upon the garden railing of an empty house, and then jumping on to her sent again was about to hurry onward when her nephew called her attention to the wogentlemen upon the footpath.

"Is it not a beautiful morning?"
"I am very busy." She pointed to the colored paper which still fluttered from the railing. "We have been pushing our propaganda, you see. Charles and I have been used it since 7 o'clock. It is about our meeting. I wish it to be a great success." See!" She smoothed out one of the bills, and the doctor read his own as mane in great black letters across the bottom.

"We don't forget our chairman, you see. Everybody is coming. Those two A rolling cloud of yellow dust had "I was chatting with Mr. Westmasott."

"And I was chatting with Mr. Denver.
By the way, Clara, now tell me truly,
what do you think of Mr. Denver? Do
you like him? Honestly now!"

"I like him very much indeed. I think
that he is one of, the most gentlemanly,
modest, manly young men that I have
ever known. So now, dear, have you
nothing to tell me?" Clara smoothed
down her sister's golden hair with a
motherly gesture and stooped her face to
eatch the expected confidence. She could
wish nothing better than that Ida should
be the wife of Harold Denver, and from
the words which she had overheard as
they left the lawn that evening she could
not doubt that there was some understanding between them.

But there came no confession from
Ida, only the same mischievous smile
and amused gleam in her deep blue eyes.

"That gray foulard dress"—she began.

"Oh, you little tease! Come now, I
will ask you what you have just asked
me. Do you like Harold Denver?"

"Ida!"

"Well, you asked me. That's what I
think of him. And now, you dear old
inquisitive, you will get nothing more
out of me, so you must just wait and
not be too curious. I'm going off to see
what papa is doing." She sprang to her
feet, threw her arms round her sister's
neck, gave her a final squeeze and was
gone. A chorus from 'Olivette,' sung
in her clear contralto, grew fainter and
fainter until it ended in the slam of a
distant door.

But Clara Walker still sat in the dim
lit room with her chin upon her hands

of her, a maiden, to play the part of a mother—to guide another in paths which mother—to guide another in paths which her own steps had not yet trodden. Since her mother died not a thought had been given to herself; all was for her father "To our meeting, then?"
"No, ma'am. I don't go out after din-

"Oh, yes, you will come. I will call in if I may and chat it over with you

"No, ma'am. I don't go out after dinner."

"Oh, yes, you will come. I will call
in if I may and chat it over with you
when you come home. We have not
breakfasted yet. Goodby!" There was
a whir of wheels, and the yellow cloud
rolled away down the road again. By
some legerdemain the admiral found that
he was clutching in his right hand one
of the obnoxious bills. He crumpled it
up and threw it into the roadway.

"I'll be hanged if I go, Walker," said
he as he resumed his walk. "I've never
been hustled into doing a thing yet,
whether by woman or man."

"I'm not a betting man," answered the
doctor, "but I rather think that the odds
are in favor of your going."

The admiral had hardly got home and
had just seated himself in his dining
room when the attack upon him was renewed. He was slowly and lovingly unfolding The Times preparatory to the
long read which led up to luncheon, and
had even got so far as to fasten his golden pince-nez on to his thin, high bridged
nose, when he heard a scrunching of
gravel, and locking over the top of his
paper saw Mrs. Westmacott coming up
the garden walk. She was still dressed
in the singular costume which offended
the sailor's old fashioned notions of propriety, but he could not deny as he
looked at her that she was a very fine
woman. In many climes he had looked
upon women of all shades and ages,
but never upon a more clear cut, handsome face, nor a more creet, supple
and womanly figure. He ceased to
glower as-he gazed upon her, and the
frown was smoothed away from his
rugged brow.

"May I come in?" said she, framing
herself in the open window, with a background of greensward and blue sky. "I
feel like an invader deep in an enemy's
country."

"It is a very welcome invasion, ma'am,"
said he, clearing his throat and pulling at

country."

"It is a very welcome invasion, ma'am," said he, clearing his throat and pulling at his collar. "Try this garden chair. What is there that I can do for you? Shall I ring and let Mrs. Denver know that you are here?"

"Pray do."

"Pray do not trouble, admiral. I only looked in with reference to our little chat this morning. I wish that you would give us your powerful support at our coming meeting for the improvement of the condition of woman."

"No, ma'am. I can't do that." He pursed up his lips and shook his grizzled head.

"And why not?"

"And why not?"
"Against my principles, ma'am."
"But why?"
"Because woman has her duties, and
man has his. I may be old fashioned,
but that is my view. Why, what is the
world coming to? I was saying to Dr.
Walker only last night that we shall
have a woman wanting to command the

wanter only ast night that we shall have a woman wanting to command the Channel fleet next."

"That is one of the few professions which cannot be improved," said Mrs. Westmacott, with her sweetest smile. "Poor woman must still look to man for protection."

protection."
"I don't like those new fangled ideas

protection."

"I don't like those new fangled ideas, ma'am. I tell you honestly that I don't. I like discipline, and I think every one is the better for it. Women have got a great deal which they had not in the days of our fathers. They have universities all for themselves, I am told, and there are women doctors, I hear. Surely they should rest contented. What more an they want?"

"You are a sailor, and sailors are always chivalrous. If you could see how things really, are you would change your opinion. What are the poor things to do? There are so many of them and so few things to which they can turn their hands. Governesses? But there are hardly any situations. Music and drawing? There is not one in fifty who has any special talent in that direction. Medicine? It is still surrounded with difficulties for women, and it takes many years and a small fortune to qualify. Nursing? It is hard work ill paid, and none but the strongest can stand it. What would you have them do then, admiral? Sit down and starve?"

"Tut, tut! It is not so bad as that."

"The pressure is terrible. Advertise for a lady companion at 10 shillings week, which is less than a cook's ware.

"The pressure is terrible. Advertise for a lady companion at 10 shillings week, which is less than a cook's wage, and see how many answers you get. There is no hope, no outlook, for these strugding thousands. Life is a dull, sordid struggle, leading down to a cheer-less old age. Yet when we try to bring some little ray of hope, some chance, however distant, of something better we are told by chivairous gentlemen that it is against their principles to help."

The admiral moved uneasily in his chair. "Yours is an exceptional case," said he.

I call it, and the franchise to all women who pay queen's taxes above a certain sum. Surely there is nothing unreasonable in that—nothing which could offend your principles. We shall have medicine, law and the church, all rallying that night for the protection of woman. Is the navy to be the one profession absent?

The admiral jumped out of his chair with an evil word in his threat. "There with an evil word in his threat."

"I'll be -. 'No, I don't think I can do it. But let it stand at that. I will think



"But, hullo, what is this coming along?"
"Certainly, admiral. We would not hurry you in your decision. But we still hope to see you on our platform." She rose and moved about in her lounging masculine fashion from one picture to another, for the walls were thickly covered with reminiscences of the admiral's voyages.

"Hullo!" said she. "Surely this ship would have furled all her lower canvas and reefed her topsails if she found herself on a lee shore with the wind on her quarter."

"Of course she would. The artist was

quarter."

"Of course she would. The artist was never past Gravesend, I swear. It's the Penelope as she was on the 14th of June, 1857, in the throat of the straits of Banca, with the island of Banca on the starboard bow and Sumatra on the port. He painted from description, but of course, as you very sensibly say, all was snug below, and she carried stormsails and double reefed topsails, for it was blowing a cyclone from the sou'east. I compliment you, ma'am, I do indeed!"

"Oh, I have done a little sailoring myself—as much as a woman can aspire to, you know. This is the bay of Funchal. What a lovely rate;"

"Lovely, you say! Ah, she was lovely! That is the Andromeda. I was a mate aboard of herr—sublicutenant they call it now, though I like the old name best."

"What a lovely rake her masts have, and what a curve to her bows! She must have been a clipper."

The old sailor rubbed his hands, and his eyes glistened. His old ships bordered close upon his wife and his son in his affection.

"I know Funchal," said the lady care-

his affection.
"I know Funchal," said the lady care-

his affection.

"I know Funchal," said the lady carelessly. "A couple of years ago I had a. 7-ton cutter rigged yacht, the Banshee, and we ran over to Madeira from Falmouth."

"You, ma'am, in a 7-tonner?"

"With a couple of Cornish lads for a crew. Oh, it was glorious! A fortnight right out in the open, with no worries, no letters, no callers, no petty thoughts, nothing but the grand works of God, the tossing sea and the great silent sky. They talk of riding—indeed I am fond of horses, too—but what is there to compare with the swoop of a little craft as the pitches down the long, steep side of a wave, and then the quiver and spring as she is tossed upward again? Oh, if our souls could transmigrate I'd be a seamew above all birds that fly! But I keep you, admiral. Adieu!"

"You may put me down for the platform," he cried and vanished abashed behind the curtain of his Times, where

behind the curtain of his Times, where

nis wife found him at funchtime.
"I hear that you have had quite a long chat with Mrs. Westmacott," said she.
"Yes, and I think that she is one of the most sensible women that I ever

"Except on the woman's rights ques-

"Except on the woman's rights from of course."

"Oh, I don't know. She has a good deal to say for herself on that also. In fact, mother, I have taken a platform ticket for her meeting."

CHAPTER VI.

CHAPTER VI.

AN OLD STORY.

But this was not to be the only eventful conversation which Mrs. Westmacott
held that day, nor was the admiral the
only person in The Wilderness who was
destined to find his opinions considerably
changed. Two neighboring families, the
Winslows from Anerley and the Cumberbatches from Gypsy Hill, had been
invited to tennis by Mrs. Westmacott,
and the lawn was gay in the evening
with the blazers of the young men and
the bright dresses of the girls. To the
older people sitting round in their wicker
work garden chairs the darting, stooping, springing white figures, the sweep
of skirts and twinkle of canvas shoes,
the click of the rackets and sharp whiz
of the balls, with the continual "fifteen
love, fifteen all!" of the marker, made up
a merry and exhilarating scene. To see
their sons and daughters so flushed and
healthy and happy gave them also a refleeted glow, and it was hard to say who
had most pleasure from the game, those
who played or those who watched.

Mrs. Westmacott had just finished a
set when she caught a glimpse of Clara
Walker sitting alone at the farther end
of the ground. She ran down the court,
cleared the net to the amazement of the
visitors and seated herself beside her.
Clara's reserved and refined nature
shrank somewhat from the boisterous
frankness and strange manners of the
widow, and, yet her feminine instinct

snrank somewhat from the boisterous frankness and strange manners of the widow, and yet her feminine instinct told her that beneath all her peculiari-ties there lay much that was good and noble. She smiled up at her, therefore, and nodded a greeting.

'Why aren't you playing then? Don't, "Why aren't you playing then? Don't, for goodness' sake, begin to be languid and young ladyish! When you give up active sports, you give up youth." "I have played a set, Mrs. Westma-cott."

bottom.

"We don't forget our chairman, you see. Everybody is coming. Those two dear little old maids opposite, the Williamses, held out some time, but I have their promise now. Admiral, I am sure that you wish us well."

"Hum! I wish you no harm, ma'am."

"You will come on the platform?"

"I wand the church, an value that night for the protection of woman that night

had rather too much or it on our side and should like to see a little on the other. What do you think of my nephew

The question was so sudden and unex-The question was so studen and unexpected that Clara gave quite a jump in her chair. "I—I—I hardly ever have thought of your nephew Charles."
"No? Oh, you must think him well over, for I want to speak to you about bits."

"To me? But why?"
"It seemed to me most delicate.

"And no one who has not lived with her and known her intimately can tell how see, Clara, the matter stands in this way. It is quite possible that I may soon find myself in a completely new sphere of life, which will involve fresh duties and make it impossible for me to keep up a household which Charles can share."

Clara stared. Did this mean that she was about to marry again? What else could it point to?

"Therefore Charles must have a household of his own. That is obvious. Now, I don't approve of bachelor establishments. Do you?"

"Really, Mrs. Westmacott, I have never thought of the matter."

"Oh, you little sly puss! Was there ever a girl who never thought of the matter? I think that a young man of six and twenty ought to be married."

"Clara felt very uncomfortable. The awful thought had come upon her that this embassadress had come to her as a proxy with a proposal of marriage. But how could that be? She had nof spoken more than three or four times with her nephew and knew nothing more of him than he had told her on the evening be fore. It was impossible then. And yet what could his aunt mean by this discussion of his private affairs?

"Do you not think yourself," she persisted, "that a young man of six and twenty is better married?"

"I should think that he is old enough to decide for himself,"
"I's should think that he is old enough to decide for himself,"
"Yes, yes. He has done so. But Charles is just a little shy, just a little show in expressing himself. I thought that the contract of the markers of the contract o

twenty is better married?"
"I should think that he is old enough
to decide for himself."
"Yes, yes. He has done so, But
Charles is just a little shy, just a little
slow in expressing himself. I thought
that I would pave the way for him. Two
women can arrange these things as made

that I would pave the way for him. Two women can arrange these things so much better. Men sometimes have a difficulty in making themselves clear."

"I really hardly follow you, Mrs. Westmacott," cried Clara in despair.

"He has no profession, but he has nice tastes. He reads Browning every night. And he is most amazingly strong. When he was younger, we used to put on the gloves together, but I cannot persuade him to now, for he says he cannot play light enough. I should allow him £500, which should be enough at first."

"My dear Mrs. Westmacott," cried Clara, "I assure you that I have not the least idea what it is that you are talking of."

"Do you think your sister Ida would

"Do you think your sister Ida would

ing of."

"Do you think your sister Ida would bave my nephew Charles?"
Her sister Ida! Quite a little thrill of relief and of pleasure ran through her at the thought. Ida and Charles Westmacott! She had never thought of it. And yet they had been a good deal together. They had been a good deal together. They had played tennis. They had shared the tandem tricycle. Again came the thrill of joy, and close at its heels the cold questionings of conscience. Why this joy? What was the real source of it? Was it that deep down, somewhere pushed back in the black recesses of the soul, there was the thought lurking that if Charles prospered in his wooing then Harold Denver would still be free? How mean, how unmaidenly, how unsisterly the thought! She crushed it down and thrust it aside, but still it would push up its wicked little head. She crimsoned with shame at her own baseness as she turned once more to her companion.
"I really do not know," she said.

"I really do not know," she said.

baseness as she turned once more to her companion.

"Ir eally do not know," she said.
"She is not engaged?"

"Not that I know of."

"You speak hesitatingly."

"Because I am not sure. But he may ask. She cannot but be flattered."

"Quite so. I tell him that it is the most practical compliment which a man can pay to a woman. He is a little shy, but when he sets himself to do it he will do it. He is very much in love with her, I assure you. These little lively people always do attract the slow and heavy ones, which is nature's device for the neutralizing of bores. But they are all going is I think if you will allow me that I will just take the opportunity to tell him that, as far as you know, there is no positive obstacle in the way."

"As far as I know," Clara repeated as the widow moved away to where the players were grouped round the net or sauntering slowly toward the house. She rose to follow her, but her head was in a whirl with new thoughts, and she sat down again. Which would be best for Ida—Harold or Churles? She thought it over with as much solicitude as a mother who plans for her only child. Harold had seemed to her to be in many ways the noblest and best young man whom she had known. If ever she was to love a man, it would be such a man as that. But she must not think of herself. She had reason to believe that both of these men loved her sister. Which would be the best for her? But perhaps the matter was already decided. She could not forget the scrap of conversation which she had heard the night before, nor the secret which her sister Much would he, smiling. "I hope that they were pleasant ones."

"Oh, I was planning," said she, rising. "It seems rather a waste of time, as a rule, for things have a way of working themselves out just as you least expect."

"What were you planning, then?"

"The future."

"Whose?"

"Oh, my own and Ida's."

"And was I included in your joint future."

"And was I included in your joint fu-tures?"

"I hope all our friends were included."
"Don't go in," said he as she began to move slowly toward the house, "I want to have a word. Let-us stroll up and down the lawn. Perhaps you are cold. If you are, I could bring you out a shaw!."

a shawl."
"Oh, no. I am not cold."

"I was speaking to your sister Ida last night." She noticed that there was a slight quiver in his voice, and glancing up at his dark, clear cut face she saw that he was very grave. She felt that it was settled—that he had come to ask her for her sister's hand. "She is a charming sir!" said he after.

"She is a charming girl," said he after

a pause.
"Indeed she is," cried Clara warmly.
"And no one who has not lived with her

"And no one who has not lived with her and known her intimately can tell how charming and good she is. She is like a sunbeam in the house."
"No one who was not good could be absolutely happy, as she seems to be. Heaven's last gift, I think, is a mind so pure and a spirit so high that it is upra able even to see what is impure and evil in the world around us. For as long as we can see it, how can we be truly happy?"
"She has a deeper side also. She does not turn it to the world, and it is not

vanished away, the sloping gardens, the brick villas, the darkening sky, with half a pale moon beginning to show over the chimney pots. All was gone, and she was only conscious of a dark earnest pleading face, and of a voice far away, disconnected from herself, the voice of a man telling a woman how he loved her. He was unhappy, said the voice, his life was a void; there was but one thing that could save him; he had come to the parting of the ways; here lay happiness and honor and all that was high and noble; there lay the soul killing round, the lonely life, the base pursuit of money, the sordid, selfish aims. He needed but the hand of the woman that he loved to lead him into the better path.

And how he loved her his life would show. He loved her for her sweetness, for her strength. He had need of her. Would she not come to him? And then of a sudden as she listened it came home to her that the man was Harold Denver, and that she was the woman, and that all God's work was very beautiful—the greensward beneath her feet, the rustling leaves, the long orange slashes in the western sky. She spoke. She scarce knew what the

neath her feet, the rustling leaves, the long orange slashes in the western sky. She spoke. She scarce knew what the broken words were, but is she saw the light of joy shine out on his face, and her hand was still in his as they wandered amid the twilight. 'They said no more now, but only wandered and felt each other's presence. All was fresh around them, familiar and yet new, tinged with the beauty of their own new found happiness.

found happiness.
"Did you not know it before?" he

assed.
"I did not dare to think it."
"What a mask of ice I must wear!
How could a man feel as I have done
without showing it? Your sister at least

without showing it? Your sister at least knew."

"Ida"
"It was last night. She began to praise you, I said what I felt, and then in an instant it was all out."

"But what could you—what could you see in me? Oh, I do pray that you may not repent it!" The gentle heart was ruflled amid its joy by the thought of its own unworthiness.

"Repent it. I feel that I am a saved man. You do not know how degrading this city life is, how debasing, and yet how absorbing. Money forever clinks in your ear. You can think of nothing else. From the bottom of my heart I hate it, and yet how can I draw back without bringing grief to my dear old father? There was but one way in which I could defy the taint, and that was by having a home influence so pure and so high that it may brace me up against all that draws me down. I have felt that influence already. I know that when I am talking to you I am a better man. It is you who must go with me through life, or I must walk forever alone."

"Oh, Harold, I am so happy!" Still they wandered amid the darkening shadows, while one by one the stars peeped out in the blue-black sky above them. At last a chill night wind blew up from the east and brought them back to the realities of life.
"You must go in. You will be contained." "If you like, my darling. Or I will in "If you like, my darling. Or I will in."

Shall I say anything to him?"
"If you like, my darling. Or I will in the morning. I must tell my mother tonight. I know how delighted she will

be."

"I do hope so."

"Let me take you up the garden path. It is so dark. Your lamp is not lit yet. There is the window. Till tomorrow, then, dearest,"

en, dearest."
"Till tomorrow, Harold."
"My own darling!" He s

"Till tomorrow, Harold."
"My own darling!" He stooped, and
their lips met for the first time. Then
as she pushed open the folding windows
she heard his quick firm step as it passed
down the graveled path. A lamp was lit
as she entered the room, and there was
Ida, dancing about like a mischievous
little fairy, in front of her.
"And have you anything to tell me?"
she asked, with a solemn face. Then suddenly throwing her arms round her sis-

"Whose?"

"Oh, my own and Ida's."

"And was I included in your joint futress?"

"An was I included in your joint futress?"

I am so pleased. I am so pleased."

Charles Wilson took rat poison and killed himself on account of a disappoint-ment in love. That was an awfully ratty way of dying, Charles, especially for love.