"The truth is, then, that the poor lad has been so an fortunate as to fall in love. "Pana!"

"Now you know all. That is why he wants to go away."

Amoret sank down at her father's side,

looking up at him with eager eyes. "But," she said quickly, "he told me only the other day that he had never

been in love." "Hedid not know it himself, it appears;

he declares that it came upon him unawares."

"But I don't understand, papa," the girl went on. "He has spent all his time with us, and -She paused. Her father did not speak;

and suddenly an exquisite blush began to spread over her pale face. "Papa," she said, almost in a whisper, "do you mean that he is in love with

me?" She read her answer in her father's face, and the blush spread over her throat ears were crimson. She did not speak

again for several minutes. "She takes it very quietly," thought made a greater impression on her; but so much the better for us all!"

"Papa," Amoret said at last, without looking up, "I don't think it is fair that should go away, because of that."

"My dear child, I think you had better not interfere. If Askam has made up his mind that it is for the best-"

"But I think he is mistaken," persisted the girl softly. "It is a foolish and useless step to take. Where can he go? He has no home, and he is very happy here with us. I think, papa, that you should ask him to stay." "My darling child!"

"Yes, papa; I want him to finish that portrait. I have set my heart upon it. and there is really no reason why he should run away."

"But since he wishes it?"

"He ought to finish his work first, tel, him so. You need not say that I know anvthing, dad," with a sage little nod. "Just tell him that I have set my heart upon his finishing the portrait before instead of after my marriage, and that unless he wants to make me very uncomfortable and to make me suspect something, he had better make up his mind to remain."

"In fact," returned Mr. Dobson, with a sigh of resignation, "you want to have your own way 'for once,' and I am to help you to carry your point."

"Please, papa," very meekly. course Mr. Askam will understand that nothing is changed because of-of his confession. I am still engaged to Tom. I am very sorry that he has been so-so foolish as to fall in love with me, but I don't think he should allow such a-a trifle as that to interfere with the performance of a task he has undertaken. Mr. Dobson permitted himself to be

kissed. He had yielded; there was nothing further to be said.

"Are you sure you can keep the secret?" he saked dismally. "Do you think that Askam will not suspect that

"I will try, papa, " said Miss Amoret. "And now there is a train to Geneva in an hour and three-quarters," looking at the little watch that Roland had given backen to her. "Don't you think that you might go over at once to the Bean Site and speak to him? Otherwise it may be too late." "Anything else?" demanded her father.

shrugging his bent shoulders as he stood up and prepared to obey his little ty-"Only that he had better come to din-

ner with Mr. Cadogan-don't you tunk 80, papa?" with a shower of kisses.

A few minutes later, Roland, as he was thrusting his linen and hair brushes into his bag, was interrupted by a visit from Mr. Dobson, who declared that Amoret had besieged him with questions, that she had set her heart upon the portrait's being finished before her marriage, and that therefore Askam must stay, at any rate until the picture is completed.

"If you don't," he summed up, "she will suspect something. Be a man, Roland, and go through with it!" "Of course, sir, I will do as you wish,"

Roland answered quietly.

"That's right. I was half afraid you would refuse. You understand," hesitating, "that nothing is changed. Am--oret is engaged, as you have known all along, and---

"Don't be afraid, sir." said Roland firmly. "I think I may promise you to hide my luckless secret from Miss Dobson during the short time that will be necessary to complete the portrait. You have laid a sacred responsibility upon me to do so, indeed, for you have doubly trusted me. Knowing what you do, I should be the-the very vilest of cads if I could betray such a confidence as that."

"Come over to dinner," returned the father, giving him his hand, with a deep sigh of relief. "Let there be no difference in any way. "

And so Roland went across with Cadogan to the villa, where they were received by Amoret with a careless nod and smile, in which even Roland, anxiously watching her, could not detect the faint-

est trace of consciousness. "She does not suspect," he said to him-

Chapter VII.

While they were still in the dining room that evening Tom Churchill was summoned home by an urgent telegram from his brother Ned. There was no train that night, but be started early the next morning by the express to Geneva. His last words to Mr. Dobson were to assure him that Amoret's happiness would always be dearer to kim than his own. They were all rather dull for a day or Amoret vas

The state of the s

tainly prettier and sweeter than ever, as Roland found to his cost. He looked forward to his daily visit to the studio with mingled dread and delight. For now Amoret was always present during the sitting, her cousin being no longer there to almorb her time. Indeed, they had fallen back quite naturally into all their old ways. There were the same long, lazy mornings on the lake as formerly, the same afternoons on the terrace, the same happy little dinners, with music afterward in the salon, since the evenings were now growing sufficiently chilly to make it pleasant to gather round the wood fire, which Mr. Dobson liked to see flowing on the brass dogs.

The only change apparent in Amoret's manner to Roland was that she seemed gentler, kinder, more winning than before she had learned his secret. The little impertinences in which she used to indulge had given place to a hundred pretty, womanly ways, which had the effect of rendering Roland's state all the more desperate. In spite of all his good resolutions, in soite of the fact that he was pledged in honor not to betray himself, he could not help feeling has dangerously sweet was this renewed and closer intimacy.

If the child had known, he told level self, she would not have been so cru lly kind; but of course she suspected notleing. His only hope of escape from to: ture lay to avoiding being left alone with and forehead until the very tips of her her. He could not bear to listen to her little confidences, sometimes even to see the tears again in her great brown eves

The portrait would soon be fine ed Mr. Dobson. "I thought it would have now. Roland, with mingled relief and dread, was beginning to count the days that must elapse before the hour of his delicerance arrived.

"It is getting on very fast," said Am Mr. Askam should be sent away, or cret one day, coming to look over his shoulder, as Ro'and prepared to put away his brushes, and Mr. Dobson, release t, went off to join Cadogan

"Yes; a day or two now will be all that I shall need," Rolard answered cheerfully; "so, if you have any commissions for England---

"You have made up your mind to go, then?" interposed the girl in a low '-u-"I thought the business you shoke of

could be arranged without you. "No," gently, "it was only deferre! you know. And it is more than ever necessary that I should go away."

A brief silence ensued. Amores still stood before the easel with her eyes tixed upon the picture.

"It was good of you to stay because ! asked you," she said presently. "And you don't know how much more I shall value the picture, dear as it is to me for its own sake, because of the sacrifice you made to finish it."

"Oh, you must not think too much of that," said Roland, smiling at her, "a few days more or less could not make so very much difference, after all!"

A sudden pain seemed to pierce the girl's heart. How strong he was-how true and loyal! Never by so much as a word or a look had he allowed her to ner ceive what he had confessed to her father. A few days ago he had seemed to her little more than a playfellow-a boy to be teased and petted with sisterly tyranny; but now he compelled her respect. She was conscious of a will of iron under his pleasant fraternal manner. She knew that when the time came he would go away, silent to

"And in two days the portrait will be finished," she reflected, unconsciously clasting her hands as shapped before the

Roland was making here to be gone: but he paused, impressed by something in the girl's attitude

"What is that little head by sy about now?" he said gently; and si flushed. and started, and turned round to him as

She looked very pretty, in her soft pink gown, with a lace handkerchief tied in a large knot under her chin; but there were shadows beneath her eyes, and her lips quivered as she smiled. Roland was again puzzled by a strange air of delicacy which seemed to have come to her lately, and which he had remarked uneasily more than once. His eyes met hers now for a moment and his gaze was full of impotent misery. He could bear his own pain, flerce as it was; but how was he to bear hers? He turned abruptly away, and crossed the room to one of the windows.

"I was thinking about you," said Amoret, simply, "and wishing that—that

you need not go away." He started and bit his lip as he stood with his hands thrust into his pockets, looking out of the window. It was a day of shower and wind, with heavy mists blotting out the mountains, and with white surges defining the edges of

the lake, the blue green waters of which were troubled, breaking here and there into fitful white caps.

"I must go," he answered curtly. "Yes, I know; but I am very sorry indeed, Roland. It will be harder than ever for me now to do what is right. As long as I see you every day, and know how steadily you are working, and how

faithfully you are performing your duty. it gives me courage to imitate you. But when you are gone-----"When I am gone," Roland interposed steadily, and facing her, pale but cheerful, "you will try even harder to please me

than if I were here. And you know that it will please me to be sure that my sister is doing what she believed to he right, no matter at what cost to herself." "Yes," she said softly, and put out a trembling little hand, "Roland, I will

"I know you will, dear," he replied: and then he pressed her hand quietly, and

the next moment was gone. His torture was nearly over: two days later the portrait was finished, and that evening Roland was to dine at Beau Sejour and to say good by to his friends there; having decided to start for England on the following morning. He clung to Cadogan's elbow all the afternoon, and would have had his friend go across with him from the hotel at 5 o'clock, at which hour he had promised Amoret to arrive: but Cadogan declared that he had a letter to finish and that he would follow him in a quarter of an hour and so Roland found himself

obliged to go alone.

Amoret was alone in the salon, where the fire was already lighted and filling the pretty flower scented room with flickering lights and shadows. She was sitting, half hidden in an arm chair before the hearth, and did not look round as he opened the door.

"Well, papa," she said in a cheerful tone, "what news from Tom?" "It is not papa; it is only I," replied Roland, as he threaded his way among the chairs and tables to her side.

She sat up then, smiling and blushing. "Only you!" she returned, holding out her hand. "Oh, poor you-how cold you are! Come to the fire! Has it not turned out a miserable evening?" Roland hesitated, looking round the

dusky room. "Papa will be here presently." said Amoret, in answer to Roland's look. He has gone off to read his letters in peace; he has had one from my coustn.

'Ah,"-in a constrained tone, as he stood with his elbow on the mantlepiece at a little distance from her chair-"I hope Mr. Churchill --- "

"I don't know what news therais from Tom," the girl intersupted hurre diy: " have not seen papa since the post arrived. Well, and what have you been doing with yourself ail the afternoon -packing,

I suppose?" "I have been reading letters too," said Roland, "and I have come acress early to give you a scolding

"A scolding!" the girl echoed, startled "Not a real one? Thave not vexed you many way, have I?"

"But, indeed you have" returned Roland, stea fily cheerful "Oh," with a little catching of the breath. "I am sorry! I did not mean!

do it, whatever it is I I want d your

1 at day with us to be the happiest of i know, dear-I know, but I have st had a rapturous serawl from thin "Oh," with a sigh of relief "is tha - II

Roland, how you startled me?" "What do you think you deserve for sending a schoolboy such a hamper of delights, such a box of presents as he has

never dreamed of in all his life before?" "I only sent a few things for his birth day," Amoret declared, laughing and blushing. "Tom took them for me, it was such a good opportunity; and you are not to scold me. If you are my bigbrother, Clin is my little one, isn't he?"

Roland did not speak How sweet she was as she stood up and drew near to him on the hearthrug, her eyes shining, her delicate cheeks flushing! His heart was faint with the delight of those few moments stolen from his misery

"They are the last the very last," he told himself "I shall never be alone with Amoret Doleson again."

"I have had a letter from Clin. too the girl went on, "a dear little letter would let you read it only that it is all 'Reland, Roland, Roland,' from beginming to end and I know you can't bear

to have your kindness talked about " "Oh-kindness!" said Roland, laughing and shrugging his broad shoulders. "Not very much kindness in looking after one's

"Or in scolding one's only sister," added Amoret. "I wonder," the raised her eyes to his, "if you will scold your wife as much as you have always soolded me. Roland?"

He winced. "I shall never have a wife to scold," he anid, trying to smile, "so we need not

discuss that point." "But I should like to know," still persisted the girl, two bright red spots beginning to burn in her delicate cheeks. "Tell me how you will behave to your wife. Of course you will marry some day, Roland," her fingers stealing up to the buttom of his coat and playing with

"I think you would be a very, very nice hustand. If you were mine I should like you so scold mealittle. It is very funny. but when you call me to account and lecture me I don't mind it at all; and I am sure if any one else-Mr Cadogan for instance, or Tom-were to say the same

things, I should rebel." Where is Cadogan, by the way?" said Roland abruptly, trying to draw back from his dangerous proximity to the girl's bright cheeks and parted lips. He said he would follow me in a quar-

ter of an hour." "But you have hardly been here five minutes," returned Aromet reproachfully, "and it is our very last evening

together. Roland, does it bore you much to talk to me?" "You foolish child!" he said gently,

resigning himself to his fate. "I have often thought lately," she went on relentlessly, "of how different things would have been if-if papa had not written that letter to Tom, the day I

went to the Gorge de Chanderon, and if only you had fallen in love with me, even a little." "You see how devoid of taste I must be," said Roland steadily.

"Yes," she assented, with a tremulcus little laugh, "I really think you are; because it would have been such a happy life for us all. You know you like living abroad, and you could have painted as well here as in England, and we could have always stayed with dear papa;

whereas now----"Now there is Cousin Tom to think of," said Roland, struggling victoriously for self control.

His eyes were fixed upon the little slim white hand as it traveled up and down the buttons of his coat, on the bent head and its soft, brown curls, which the firelight was turning to ruddiest gold.

"Yes, I know," she rejoined, her breath coming faster; "but I said 'if.' Roland-if there had been no Tom, and if you had only cared for me,and if I had cared for you, how happy we might all have been! I would have been such a good little wife. Wouldn't it have been nicer now for you to come home to this little parlor in the evening and find me waiting for you, and the fire and the tea all ready, and Francine laying the dinner table for three, than to go to that big dreary hotel all by yourself, and have no one to run to meet you when she heard your key in the lock, or to put her arms around your neck for joy because you

had come home?" "Amoret!" exclaimed Roland, half dis-

Well, wouldn't it?" she persisted, raising her rosy red face to his. Oh Roland, if you had only cared for me and if I had cared for you, all that might have been! We should not be thinking of saying goodby to each other to-morrow: you would be here always-alwavs ---- "

Roland took the trembling white hand from his breast and laid it firmly aside, He drew back from the firelight and the touch of the girl's warm breath on his

"All that is what might have been." he said, with wonderful composure; "but you see I am going to England to-morrow to live and die an old bachelor, probably, and when I see you again you wall be married to your cousin.

Amoret turned and looked at him as he held himself about from her, and there was a curious expression in her di lated eyes.

"Roland," she began breathlessly, but before she could finish her sentence she heard-they both heard-a sound as of something falling heavily in an adjoining room.

"What was that?" exclaimed Amoret. in a startled whisper, and then, putting her hand up to her head, she cried, 'Papa!" Oh, Roland, it was in his bedroom! He is there!" She groped her way blindly across the

firelit room-Roland was already gone. She met him coming back to her as she reached the door. "Dear," he said gently, "don't be

frightened. He had fainted, but he is better already. The girl felt as though she were about to faint herself, and she would have fallen if Roland had not caught her in

his strong arms. "Courage, dear!" he said. "I will take you to him; you must not let him know

that you are frightened " "No," she replied, for ing her pallid lips into a smile.

"I will go for Doctor Grimshawe, continued Roland, as they reached the litrary door; "and you may be sure of one thing -that I will not leave Montreux as long as I can be of any service to you."

Chapter VIII.

"Oh, Mr. Cadogan!" Amoret looked toward her friend with her lovely eyes full of consternation

"Yes, child," he answered composedly. "Is he going away to-day, without so much as saying goodby:"

"He is even now, I believe, packing that bag of his for the second, or is it the third time, and this evening he is off by the express to Pans."

Amoret looked at the speaker piteously, but she said nothing. They were sitting together at one of the windows of the salon, where at a table near the fire Doctor Grimshawe and Mr. Dobson were playing a game of bezique in the light of rose shaded lamp.

It was some days now since Mr. Dobson had come downstairs, after a month's illness. He was surely regaining his strength, and with his improving health the color was coming back to his daughter's cheeks and the soft luster to her eves. And she had another reason too for the smiles that came so readily to her his, for the pretty Laughter and gay chatter that were heard once again in the pleasant chambers of Beau Sejour. Some times she blamed herself for being so happy when others were in trouble, but, in spite of these secret reproaches, her youth her joy her awakening heart. would assert themselves, and, close her eyes as she might to the future, it still shone brightly, and seemed to fill all her

little world with reseate light. She still looked at Cadogan piteously, but did not speak, and the artist continued imperturbably:

"Roland warned me not to breathe a word of his intentions to you, Miss Dobson, and that is why I have hastened to ted you. I thought it just possible that, | her beloved little face; he could feast having been such good triends, you two. his eves upon her once more before he you might have something to say to him | went away from her forever before he goes."

Amoret turned pale and her breath came fast.

"Of course, if I have been mistaken, Cadogan went on, "there is no harm done. If you have nothing to say, Ro land will leave Montreaux in an hour

"But I have!" exclaimed the girl breathlessly. "So I supposed."

"But how can I say it if he is going

away ?" Her companion made no answer. "Mr. Cadogan" - hesitating - "don't you think you might ask Mr. Askam to

come over for five minutes?" "He would murder me if I suggested such a thing," said Mr Cadogan gravely. "I am sorry, Miss Dobson, but I am

afraid that it is quite out of the ques-Amoret looked across the room at her father's tranquil and absorbed countenance, then at the clock-there was an hour yet before dinner-and then at Cadogan again, who was watching her

closelv. "Then," she said slowly, and turning

paler still, "I must go to him!" "So be it," returned Cadogan, with an air of the frankest approval. "You are a brave child! Of course you must go to him. I assure you that his mind is quite made up; if you let him go now you will never see him again."

She caught her breath with a low sob bing sound, and put out her hand-"You will take me to him?" she whispered, her pale cheeks beginning to glow like a rose.

"I would go to the end of the world with you," said Cadogan, taking the little hand and giving it quite a fatherly kiss; and it is not nearly so far to the Beau Site. *

She laughed, though there were tears in her eyes.

"Let us make haste," she urged feverishly. I can put on my hat in the hall Pana"-crossing over to her father, and kissing the top of his head as she stood behind his chair-"Mr. Cadogan and I are going to-to take a little walk before dinner. Dector Grimshawe will keep you in order till I come back."

"Don't let her stay out too late. Cadogan," said her father, smiling up at her. And be sure you bring Roland back with you to dinner. "

Cadogan and Amoret exchanged glances; and then, blushing more brightly still, the girl ran from the room followed by her friend.

They passed out together through the silent gardens to the high road, deserted now as the evening closed quietly in. A little crescent moon was rising beyond the vast sweeps of purple vineyard overhead, a star or two palpitating in the clear and dusky ether. At their feet the lake lay sleeping in the solemn shadows of its encircling mountains, the slender sickle of the moon reflected in trembling silver lines upon the water.

"If he should be gone," Amoret whispered nervously as they drew near to the gates of the hotel-oh, Mr. Cadogan, if he should be gone!"

Cadogan looked at his watch.

"You have still three-quarters of an hour," he said kindly-"time enough to make or ruin a man's life, my child." The girl turned to him with a look of sweet comprehension.

"You are so good to me " she returned gratefully; but Cadegan put his fin or to his lips with a good humore'ly had perative air.

"I am going to take you straight to him," he said. "There is always som one hovering about the salons until the last moment. Our sitting room is rather redolent of pipes, I am afraid, but you will not mind that. Roland is responsible for at least half the smoke."

They met no one on the staircases. It was dressing time, and every one was busy. Amoret, her well tied closely over her face, followed Cadogan swiftly up flight after flight until they reached the highest landing of all when he opened a deer and ushered her into a large airy room, the open windows of which overlooked the lake. There was, as the artist had said, an unmistakable orior of tobacco, but there were flowering plants growing in the windows, and an agreeable litter of books and photographs, and of sketches finished and unfinished, that redeemed the place from the bare commonplaceness of the ordinary hotel sitting room.

"You are out of breath," said ('adogan gently, seeing Amoret's agitation. "Sit down here for a moment"- pulling forward an easy chair, "Roland's room is next door. I will call him as soon as you are rested "

"Oh," she exclaimed, panting, "I am rested now, Mr. Cadogan and if he should be gone'"

Cadogan shook his grizzled head, and laughed tenderly "Roland" he called, opening the door, and Amoret's heart beat joyfully as she heard Roland's voice call back from a

distance: "Hallo, old fellow!" "You see," said Codogan, "it was

written that he was not to go And then as the girl stand blushing and trembling, they heard a neighboring door open and shut, and Roland came into the room, in an old shooting jacket, and with a pipe in his mouth. He fluing the pipe down aghast as he became aware of Cadogan's visitor

"Miss Dobson'" he stammered. "What is there anything wrong? Cadogan. why in the world have you-

"Miss Dobson will neo doubt explain." returned his friend. "I have a letter to write, so perhaps"-with a smile at Amoret-"you will excuse me if I do it before the post gues out." He sat down in a big chair at a little

table in one of the windows, calmiy turning his back upon them both. For some seconds the two young peo ple stood and looked at each other in silence. It seemed as though neither was in a hurry to speak. He was there, Amoret thought, and she had so very nearly lost him! And she was there, Ro land thought, with her sweet eyes and lips and the blushes corning and going in

Amoret was the first to recover hersel

and to speak. "Roland," she began, in a faint tone, is it true that you were going away

without even wishing us goodby?" "Yes," he said, "you know that I should have gone before now, dear, but for the trouble that befel us all. That is all over, happily, at last, and—and I thought it far cetter to take myself quietly off. It is useless to run any risk of distressing Mr. Dobson, and "-suppressing a sigh-

goodby is not so easily said at times. "No"-breathlessly, and looking down at her ungloved hands, which she was w inging unconsciously in her distress. 'And, now that you have no longer any need of me, "Roland went on with resolute cheerfulness, "you remember

our talk together on that miserable evening when your father---Yes, " breathlessly. "You remember how we agreed that

it was my duty to go, as it was yours to let me go----' "No," interrupted the girl desperately, "I-I remember that you said so. But" -her voice becoming almost inaudible-"I did not agree with you at all. I-I

agree with you less than ever now." "Amoret!" "I can't help it if you are shocked," she went on, with soft vehemence. "You were going away from me without a word, and I-I was compelled to come and speak to you. It is dreadful, I know,

but it isn't my fault." "Amoret," stammered the young man again miserably, "I-I don't underetand!"

"No," she said, half laughing, half crying, "you never do-you never would! Hints are quite wasted upon you. But I am not going to let you throw away your happiness, and—and papa's, for the want

"Amoret," urged Roland, "pray do not say any more; it is worse than uselessit is very cruel!"

"I don't think it is I who am cruel," returned the girl hurriedly, her face like a rose. "Mr. Askam"—with a tremulous laugh-"since you can not take a hintsince you will not understand what I came for, I shall be obliged to tell you in plain words. Oh, Mr. Cadogan"-she appealed to the artist, still hidden in his great chair, with a piteous cry-"please come and help me to do it-I really don't !

know how! I never proposed to anyone before!"

"Amoret!" cried Roland once more, the dark blood rushing to his face.

Cadogan made no sign. "Yes, you may well say 'Amoret!" and look scandalized," the girl went on; but it was to propose to you that I camel Roland-"her voice sank to a whisper-"don't go! Stay with us stay with us always. See what a dreadful thing I have done to keep you!"

Her courage suddenly giving way, she sank down into a chair, hiding her face in her hands.

Roland stood and looked down at the sobbing girl. He was bewildered by the sight of her tears, by his own emotions. "Amoret." he urged abruptly, "I can

speakable happiness you offer me; I have promised." She sat up, pushing the ruffled curls from her eyes, and hastily drying her

not answer you-can not take the un-

tears. "Yes, I know," she said, sobbing still; you promised papa. But that is all

over now. "Over!" Roland echoed. "But what of your consin ?"

"Tom has written to say he is going to Australia: we are not engaged any more. And papa knows---

"Ah!" Roland's eyes began to glow

with a passionate light. And he, your father, has released me from my promise?" "He will, if—if you ask him," replied Amoret, smiling at lin again, and blush-

ing. "But if you would rather go away ----"Amoret!" cried the young man, and, sinking down upon his knees at her side. he covered her little hands with passion-

ate kisses. "And now, young people," said Cadogan, from the depths of his distant arm chair, "you have just ten minutes in which to explain yourselves, if Miss Amoret is to get to Beau Sejour in time to dress for dinner."

Amoret sprang up, drawing her hands from Roland's eager clasp, and went over to Cadogan, kneeling down beside him, and touching his hands with her pretty

"Ihank you," she said simply; it was you who gave him back to me; but for you I should have lost him. And I will he very good to him always-always." Roland followed her jealously, and then, sitting with her hand in her lover's,

Amoret explained to both men how her

release had come about. It was Tom's letter undoubtedly that had brought about Mr Dobson's attack. She had found it in his clenched hand on the evening of his seizure; but she had not read it for many days after. Then she saw that her cousin had done his best to break his news gently, poor fellow; but in spite of his precautions, it had been too much for her father, who saw all his plans for her happiness and safety

scattered to the winds. Tears rose to the girl's eyes as she described the disaster that had befallen the three kindly brothers in Manchester. The difficulties that had, unknown to her father, been threatening their house for some time culminated during the few days of Tom's absence, in consequence of the failure of another firm, and they found themselves, in middle age, penniless, with their honor saved from the wreck, but compelled to begin life over again. Their intention was to go to Australia, where a fourth brother had long since established himself, and was prospering so well that he had often

urged them to join him. See, I have Tom's letter here-dear old fellow!" said Amoret, taking it from her pocket. "There is one pessage that perhaps," demurely, "Mr. Askam mills

like to hear " She read aloud:

"My first thought was for Amoret, but, tinless I am greatly mistaken, sir, there is sou one not very far away who will take very good care of her for you, and who is no poorer now than I am-not so poor, indeed, since he has wouth and all the world before him. I saw plainly enough while I was at Montreux what his feelings were toward Amoret, and as for her Heaven bless her! she does not know yet what it is to love any one but her fathers but in time---

"Hm! The rest is of no consequence." declared Miss Amoret, hastily folding up the letter, in spite of Roland's efforts to secure it. "But perhaps it is well to explain that by 'some one' I believe Tom meant Mr. Askman, who certainly would never suspect it if I did not point to but, and----

"I am going to ask if there are any

letters," said Cadogan, rising at this

point. "You can follow me down stairs, Miss Dobson." "Oh, we are coming with you!" Amoret returned hurriedly, but she felt herself held back by a strong arm, and, as Cadoran closed the door behind him. Roland drew her to him, and then, framing the sweet face with his hands.

looked down at her as if he could never satisfy his eyes. But now all Amoret's audacity had ersaken her, and she could not meet his

"Mr. Cadogan wall be waiting," she said very faintly. "Let him wait-old trump that he is!" hastily returned Roland. "Oh, you need not try to escape! I have you at last-

at last! Do you think that I can let you go so soon ?" "Rolandi" "There is a question or two I want you to answer," said the young man remorselessly, "and then, if you are good, and when you have given me six kisses,I

will take you home. "Roland!" the girl exclaimed again. hiding her face against his breast. He held it there fondly, pressing the pretty head to him with his strong.

tender hands. "Tell me." le whispered, with lis cheek on the soft brown curls-"is it true, what Churchill says, that you do not know yet what it is to love any one but your father?"

She did not answer in words, but a little trembling hand stole up to his neck and she nestled closer to him.

"My darling!" Roland whispered: and then there was a brief silence, that even he did not care to disturb for some momenta

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