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ICONTINUED. I

CHAPTER IX. "Now, my good creature, whatever you have to say to me, out with it at once! I don't want to hurry you needlessly; but these are business hours, and I have other people's

affairs to attend to besides yours." Addressing Ferrari's wife, with his usual blunt good humor, in these terms, Mr. Troy registered the lapse of time by a glance at the watch on his desk, and then waited to hear what his client had to say to him. "It's something more, sir, about the letter began. "I have found out who sent it to me." reposed as quietly, she held the screen as chair. She could do this, and, for the time, Mr. Troy started. "This is news indeed!"

he said. "Who sent you the letter?" "Lord Montbarry sent it, sir." It was not easy to take Mr. Troy by surprise. But Mrs. Ferrari threw him completely off his balance. For awhile he could economical than the ordinary kinds, and can

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"There is no mistake," Mrs. Ferrari rejoined, in her most positive manner. "Two gentlemen from the insurance offices called on me this morning, to see the letter. They were completely puzzled-especially when they heard of the bank note inside. But they know who sent the letter. His lordship's doctor in Venice posted it at his lordship's request. Go to the gentlemen yourself, sir, if you don't believe me. They were polite enough to ask if I could account for Lord money. I gave them my opinion—I said it answered her: "I am no more drunk or mad self," she said, faintly. Her head sunk on her was like his lordship's kindness." "Like his lordship's kindness!" Mr. Troy re-

peated, in blank amazement. "Yes, sir! Lord Montbarry knew me, like all the other members of the family, when I was at school on the estate in Ireland. If he could have done it, he would have protected my poor dear husband. But he was helpless nself in the hands of my lady and the baron-and the only kind thing he could do was to provide for me in my widowhood, like the true nobleman he was!"

"A very pretty explanation!" said Mr. Troy. "What did your visitors from the insurance offices think of it?" "They asked if I had any proof of my husband's death." "And what did you say!"

"I said, 'I give you better than proon gentlemen; I give you my positive opinion." "That satisfied them, of course?" "They didn't say so in words, sir. They looked at each other-and wished me good

"Well. Mrs. Ferrari, unless you have some more extraordinary news for me, I think I shall wish you good morning, too. I can take a note of your information (very startling information, I own); and, in the absence of proof, I can do no more." "I can provide you with proof, sir-if that

Location Healthy and Pleasant. dienity. "I only want to know, first, Course of Instruction Thorough whether the law justifies me in doing it. You Good Boarding Accommodations may have seen in the fashionable intelligence of the newspapers, that Lady Montbarry has arrived in London, at Newbury's hotel. I Pupils prepared for College or Business. propose to go and see her." FALL SESSION-Sept 5 to Dec. 23, 1887. The deuce you do! May I ask for what SPRING SESSION-Jan. 2 to June-, 1888.

Mrs. Ferrari answered in a mysterious whisper: "For the purpose of catching her in For Circulars or other information, apply a trap! I shan't send in my name-I shall announce myself as a person on business, and the first words I say to her will be these: 'I Lock Box No. 49. come, my lady, to acknowledge the receipt of the money sent to Ferrari's widow.' Ah! you may well start, Mr. Troy! It almost takes you off your guard, doesn't it! Make your mind easy, sir; I shall find the proof that everybody asks me for in her guilty face. Let her only change color by the shadow of a shade-let her eves only drop for half an instant-I shall discover her! The one thing I want to know is, does the law

permit it?" "The law permits it," Mr. Troy answered, gravely; "but whether her ladyship will permit it, is quite another question. Have you really courage enough, Mrs. Ferrari, to carry out this notable scheme of yours? You have been described to me, by Miss Lockwood, as rather a nervous, timid sort of person-and. if I may trust my own observation, I should say you justify the description."

"If you had lived in the cornery, sir, instead of living in London," Mrs. Ferrari replied, "you would sometimes have seen even a sheep turn on a dog. fam tar from saving that I am a bold woman-quite the reverse. But when I stand in that wretch's presence and think of my murdered husband, the one of us two who is likely to be frightened is not me. I am going there now, sir. You shall hear how it ends. I wish you good morning." gathered her mantle about her and walked Lady Montbarry lifted her hands threaten With those brave words the courier's wife out of the room.

Mr. Troy smiled-not satirically, but compassionately. "The little simpleton!" he thought to himself. "If half of what they say of Lady Montbarry is true, Mrs. Ferrari and her trap have but a poor prospect before them. I wonder how it will end?" warn him of how it did end.

CHAPTER X.

In the meantime Mrs. Ferrari held to her Trov's office to Newbury's hotel. Lady Montbarry was at home, and alone

But the authorities of the hotel hesitated to 200 00 disturb her when they found that the visitor declined to mention her name. Her ladyship's new maid happened to cross the hall while the matter was still in debate. She was Carriage and two Saws, for 100 00 settled the question in the swift, easy, ration- Ferrari. The above is at BARGAIN PRICES and al French way. "Madame's appearance was could not be replaced new for twice the reasons for not mentioning her name which | "Give me your arm." miladi might approve. In any case there be ing no orders forbidding the introduction of room. "You have nothing to fear, so long as a strange lady, the matter clearly rested be vou obey." she whispered, on the way down

> antersom, and knocked at a door opening in- | The landlady accompanied them to the door. to a room beyond. But it is remarkable that The cab was waiting. "Get in first, good are the very persons who are capable of forc- | now where to go." ing themselves (apparently by the exercise of They were driven away. Lady Monta spasmodic effort of will) into the perform- | barry's variable humor changed again. With ance of acts of the most audicious courage, a low groun of misery, she threw herself A low, grave voice from the inner room said, back in the cab. Lost in her own dark "Come in." The maid, opening the door, an- thoughts, as careless of the woman whom she nounced, "A person to see you, miladi, on had bent to her iron will as if no such person business," and immediately retired. In the sat by her side, she preserved a sinister one instant, while these events passed, timid silence, until they reached the house where little Mrs. Ferrari mastered her own throb- Miss Lockwood lodged. In an instant, ske bing heart; stepped over the threshold, con- roused berself to action. She opened the

Lord Montbarry's widow, to all outward ap- box. light in the room was dim. The blinds were | door, "Is Mes Lockwood at home?"

drawn down. Lady Montbarry sat with her back to the windows, as if even the subdued daylight were disagreeable to her. She had cleed on her. "Which way, ma'am?" asked the driver of altered sadly for the worse in her personal appearance, since the memorable day when the cab. suppleness of attitude on a little green sofa-CHOICE APPLES. PEARS, LEMONS, PO- she looked at the stranger who had intruded he asked. on her, with a moment's languid curiosity, It was Henry Westwick. Mrs. Ferrari

do you want with me?"

burst of courage had already worn itself out. | "What woman?" Henry asked. The bold words she had determined to speak ! died on her lips.

Montbarry looked round again at the speech- see to it," was all he said. He knocked at the less stranger. "Are you deaf?" she asked. house door; and he, too, in his turn, was let There was another pause. Lady Montbarry in. quicely looked back again at the screen, and put another question. "Do you want money?" "Money?" That one word roused the sinking spirit of the courier's wife. She recovered her courage; she found her voice. "Look at | vant astonished her by announcing the visime, my lady, if you please," she said, with a tor's name. Her first impulse was to refuse sudden outbreak of audacity.

Lady Montbarry looked round for the third But Lady Montbarry had taken care to foltime. The fatal words passed Mrs. Ferrari's low close on the servant's heels. Before

"I come, my lady, to acknowledge the receipt of the money sent to Ferrari's widow." Lockwood. I have a question to ask you, in who had addressed her in those terms. Not tating tones, with her glittering black eyes not even a momentary flutter of interest | barry opened the interview in those words. stirred the deadly stillness of her face. She Without answering Agnes pointed to a composedly as ever. The test had been tried, she could do no more. All that she had read

and had irretrievably, utterly failed.

chair," she said. "No," she said to herself quietly, "the woman Stung by the insult, Mrs. Ferrari instantly than you are!"



"I am no more drunk or mad than you are.

"No?" said Lady Montbarry. "Then you are only insolent? The ignorant English. mind (I have observed) is apt to be insolent is all you want," said Mrs. Ferrari, with great in the exercise of unrestrained English This is very noticeable to us foreigners among you people in the streets. Of course I can't ber. I wonder who you are? You mentioned the name of a courier who left us very posed herself again. "Did you permit Ferstrangely. Was he married, by any chance! rari," she resumed, "to make sure of being Are you his wife? And do you know where chosen for our courier by using your name?"

through all restraints. She advanced to the sofa; she feared nothing, in the fervor and all others, confused and agitated her. rage of her reply. wicked woman! Ah! it was an evil hour

"I am his widow-and you know it, you when Miss Lockwood recommended my husband to be his fordship's courier"-Before Mrs. Ferrari could add another

word Lady Montbarry sprung from the sofa with the stealthy suddenness of a cat-seized her by both soldiers-and shook her with the lie! you lie! you lie!" She dropped her hold at the third repetition of the accusation and threw up her hands wildly with a gesture of despair. "Oh, Jesus Maria! is it possible?" she cried. "Can the courier have come to me tion my name." through that woman?" She turned like you fool-stay here and answer me! If you cry out, as sure as the heavens are above you, to Agnes. I'll strangle you with my own hands, Sit down again-and fear nothing. Wretch! It is I who am frightened-frightened out of my senses. Confess that you lied when you For God's sake, answer me-Yes or No?" used Miss Lockwood's name just now! No I don't believe you on your oath! I will be lieve nobody but Miss Lockwood herself. Where does she live? Tell me that, you not ious, stinging little insect-and you may go." Terrified as she was, Mrs. Ferrari hesitated. ingly, with the long, lean, yellow-white

fingers outspread and crooked at the tips. Mrs. Ferrari shrunk at the sight of them, and gave the address. Lady Montbarry pointed contemptuously to the door -then changed her mind. "No! not yet! swer." you will tell Miss Lockwood what has hap-All Mr. Troy's experience failed to fore pened, and she may refuse to see me. I will go there at once, and you shall go with me. As far as the house-not inside of it. Sit down again. I am going to ring for my maid. Turn your back to the door; your cowardly face is not fit to be seen!" She rang the bell. The maid appeared.

"My cloak and bonnet-instantly!" The maid produced the cloak and bonnet from the bedroom. "A cab at the door-before I can count

The maid vanished. Lady Montbarry surveyed herself in the glass, and wheeled round a Frenchwoman, and, on being appealed to, again, with her cat like suddenness, to Mrs.

"I look more than half dead already, don't perfectly respectable. Madame might have I?" she said, with a grim burst of irony. She took Mrs. Ferrari's arm and left the

tween madame and miladi. Would madame, stairs. "You leave me at Miss Lockwood's therefore, be good enough to follow miladi't | door and never see me again." In the hall they were met by the landlady In the hall they were met by the landlady
In spite of her resolution, Mrs. Ferrant's of the hotel. Lady Montbarry graciously heart heat as if it would burst out of her presented her companion. "My good friend, bosom, when her conductress led her into an Mrs. Ferrari; I am so glad to have seen her.

persons of sensitively nervous organization | Mrs. Ferrari," said her ladyship, "and tell the

scious of her clammy hands, dry lips, and door of the cab, and closed it again on Mrs. burning head; and stood in the presence of Ferrari before the driver could get off his pearance as supremely seif possessed as her "Take that lady a mile further on her way home! she said, as she paid the man his fare. It was still early in the afternoon, but the Tonnext instant she had knocked at the house

"Ves ma am. She stepped over the threshold; the door

Dr. Wybrow had seen her in his consulting | Mrs. Ferrari put her hand to her head, and room. Her beauty was gone-her face had tried to collect her thoughts. Could she tallen away to mere skin and bone; the con- leave her friend and benefactress helpless at trast between her ghastly complexion and Lady Montharry's mercy? She was still her steely glittering black eyes was more vainly endeavoring to decide on the course startling than ever. Robed in dismal black, that she ought to follow, when a gentleman, Are receiving by steamer and rail from the relieved only by the brilliant whiteness of her stopping at Miss Lockwood's door, happened widow's cap-reclining in a panther like to look toward the cab window, and saw her. "Are you going to call on Miss Agnes too?"

then dropped her eyes again to the hand clasped her hands in gratitude as she recogscreen which she held between her face and nized him. the fire. "I don't know you," she said. "What | "Go in, sir!" she cried. "Go in, directly. That dreadful woman is with Miss Agnes. Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising sept. 21.

Sept. 21.

The largest and most complete stablishment South Mrs. Ferrari tried to answer. Her first Go and protect her:"

The answer literally struck him speechless. were living words still in her mind, but they | With amazement and indignation in his face, he looked at Mrs. Ferrari as she pronounced There was a moment of silence. Lady the hated name of "Lady Montbarry." "I'll

CHAPTER XI.

"Lady Montbarry, miss." Agnes was writing a letter, when the scrto see the woman who had intruded on her.

"I beg to apologize for my intrusion, Miss Lady Montbarry's glittering black eyes which I am very much interested. No one rested with steady attention on the woman can answer me but yourself." In low, hesithe faintest expression of confusion or alarm, bent modestly on the ground, Lady Mont-

of the hidden and sinister life in the palace at There was another silence. Lady Mont- Venice; all that she had heard of Montbarry's barry considered with herself. The smile melancholy death and burial in a foreign exclaimed. "You are too good to her; she is that came slowly and went away suddenly- land; all that she knew of the mystery of the smile at once so sad and so cruel-showed Ferrari's disappearance, rushed into her itself on her thin lips. She lifted her screen, mind when the black robed figure confronted sense!" he said, as soon as he had recovered and pointed with it to a seat at the further her, standing just inside the door. The himself. "There is some mistake—it can't end of the room. "Be so good as to take that strange conduct of Lady Montbarry added a new perplexity to the doubts and misgivings Helpless under her first bewildering sense that troubled her. There stood the adventurof failure-not knowing what to say or what ess whose character had left its mark on soto do next-Mrs. Ferrari mechanically ciety all over Europe-the Fury who had obeyed. Lady Montbarry, rising on the sofa terrified Mrs. Ferrari at the hotel-inconfor the first time, watched her with undisceivably transformed into a timid, shrinking guised scrutiny as she crossed the room-then | woman! Lady Montharry had not once vensunk back into a reclining position once more. | tured to look at Agnes since she had made her way into the room. Advancing to take walks steadily: she is not intoxicated-the the chair that had been pointed out to her, only other possibility is that she may be mad.* she hesitated, put her hand on the rail to sup-She had spoken loud enough to be heard. port herself, and still remained standing. "Please give me a moment to compose my-

> bosom; she stood before Agnes like a conscious culprit before a merciless judge. The silence that followed was, literally, the silence of fear on both sides. In the midst of it the door was opened once more, and Henry Westwick appeared. He looked at Lady Montharry with a mo-

ment's steady attention, bowed to her with formal politeness and passed on in silence. At the sight of her husband's brother the sinking spirit of the woman sprung to life again. Her drooping figure became erect. Her eyes met Westwick's look, brightly defiant. She returned his bow with an icy smile of contempt. Henry crossed the room to Agnes.

"Is Lady Montbarry here by your invitation? he asked quietly.

"Do you-wish to see herf" "It is very painful to me to see her." He turned and looked at his sister-in-law. "Do you hear that?" he asked, coldly. "I hear it," she answered, more coldly still. "Your visit is, to say the least of it, ill

timed." "Your interference is, to say the least of it. out of place." With that retort, Lady Montbarry ap-

Westwick seemed at once to relieve and embolden her. "Permit me to ask my question, Miss Lockwood," she said, with graceful be insolent to you, in return. I hardly know When the Courier Ferrari applied to my late what to say to you. My maid is imprudent | husband for employment, did you"- Her in admitting you so easily to my room. I resolution failed her before she could say suppose your respectable appearance misled more. She sunk trembling i. . the nearest chair, and, after a moment's cruggle, com-

Agnes did not reply with her customary di Mrs. Ferrari's indignation burst its way rectness. Trifling as it was, the reference to Montbarry, proceeding from that woman, of "I have known Ferrari's wife for many years," she began. "And I take an interest"-Lady Montbarry abruptly lifted her hands

with a gesture of entreaty. "Ah, Miss Lockwood, don't waste time by talking of his wife! Answer my plain question plainly." "Let me answer her," Henry whispered. "I will undertake to speak plainly enough." Ames refused by a gesture. Lady Montstrength and frenzy of a mad woman. "You | barry's interruption had roused her sense of

what was due to herself. She resumed her reply in plainer terms. "When Ferrari wrote to the late Lord Montbarry," she said, "he did certainly men-

Even now, she had innocently failed to see lightning on Mrs. Ferrari, and stopped her as the object which her visitor had in view. Lady she was escaping from the room. "Stay here, Montbarry's impatience became ungovernable. She started to her feet and advanced "Was it with your knowledge and permis-

sion that Ferrari used your name?" she asked. "The whole soul of my question is in that. "Yes." That one word struck Lady Montbarry as a blow might have struck her. The fierce life that had animated her face the instant before

faded out of it suddenly and left her like a woman turned to stone. She stood, mechanically confronting Agnes with a stillness so rapt and perfect that not even the breath she to enjoy the luxury of frightening you." drew was perceptible to the two persons who were looking at her.

Henry spoke to her roughly. "Rouse yourself," he said. "You have received your an-She looked at him. "I have received my

sentence," she rejoined, and turned slowly to leave the room. To Henry's astonishment, Agnes stopped her. "Wait a moment, Lady Mon. barry; 1 have something to ask on my side."

Lady Montbarry paused on the instantsilently submissive as if she had heard a word of command. Henry drew Agnes away to the other end of the room and remonstrated | you have your old nurse. She is too old; she | title. with her. "You do wrong to call that person back,"

he said. "No," Agnes whispered, "I have had time "To remember what?"

"To remember Ferrari's wife: Lady Montbarry may have heard something of the lost "Lady Montbarry may have heard, but she won't tell."

"It may be so, Henry, but for Emily's sake I must try." Henry yielded. "Your kindness is inexhaustible," he said, with his admiration of her kindling in his eyes. "Always thinking of others; never of

Meanwhile Lady Montharry waited with a resignation that could endure any delay. Agnes returned to her, leaving Henry by himself. "Pardon me for keeping you waiting," she said, in her gentle, courteous way. "You have spoken of Ferrari. I wish to speak of him, too." Lady Montbarry bent her head in silence.

Her hand trembled as she took out her hand-

kerchief and passed it over her forehead. Agnes detected the trembling and shrunk back a step. "Is the subject painful to you?" she asked, timidly. Still silent, Lady Montbarry invited her by a wave of the hand to go on. Henry approached attentively watching his sister-inlaw. Agnes went on:

"No trace of Ferrari has been discovered in England," she said. "Have you any news of him? And will you tell me (if you have heard anything), in mercy to his wife!" Lady Montbarry's thin lips suddenly relaxed into their sad and cruel smile. "Why do you ask me about the lost courier?" she said. "You will know what has become of him, Miss Lockwood, when the time is ripe for it."

Agnes started. "I don't understand you," she said. "How shall I know? Will some one tell me?" "Some one will tell von." Henry could keep silence no longer. "Perhaps your ladyship may be the person," he | tion, Agnes!" interrupted, with ironical politeness. She answered him with contemptuous case:

"You may be right, Mr. Westwick. One day

"If what?" Henry asked. "If Miss Lockwood forces me to it." Agnes listened in astonishment, "Force showed itself in her face.

that? Do you mean to say my will is stronger

ing because you told me to wait; and the fear riosity or your pity! Follow the example of Mr. Westwick. Be hard and brutal and un-Agnes could speak she had entered the room. | forgiving, like him. Grant me my release;

tell me to go." could discover but one intelligible meaning in this strange outbreak. "You- are mistaken in thinking me your

enemy," she said. "The wrong you did me when you gave your hand to Lord Montbarry was not intentionally done. I forgave you to know the handwriting-but I dare say you my sufferings in his lifetime. I forgive you | don't." even more now that he has gone." Henry heard her with mingled emotions of

admiration and distress. "Say no more!" he He opened the letter instantly: not worthy of it." The interruption passed unheeded by Ladv

Montbarry. The simple words in which Agnes had replied seemed to have absorbed the whole attention of this strangely changeable woman. As she listened, her face settled slowly into an expression of hard and tearless sorrow. There was a marked change in her voice when she spoke next. It expressed that last, worst resignation which has done with hope.

"You good, innocent creature," she said; "what does your amiable forgiveness matter? What are your poor little wrongs in the reckoning for greater wrongs which is demanded of me? I am not trying to frighten you; I companions-they are the most charming am only miserable about myself. Do you children I know. It is quite true that know what it is to have a firm presentiment offered to be their governess, if they ever of calamity that is coming to you, and yet to hope that your own positive conviction will not prove true? When I first met you, be it to their mother just before you came. fore my marriage, and first felt your influence over me, I had that hope. It was a starveling sort of hope that lived a lingering life in me until today. You struck it dead when you answered my question about Fer-

"How have I destroyed your hopes?" Agnes asked. "What connection is there between my permitting Ferrari to use my name to Lord Montbarry and the strange and dreadful things you are saying to me now?" "The time is near, Miss Lockwood, when

you will discover that for yourself. In the meanwhile, you shall know what my fear of me with the charge of their children." you is in the plainest words I can find. On | "But you are their equal; you are not tribution that my sins of many years-had deproached Agres. The presence of Henry there in Venice, where my husband died, and meet for the last time."

In spite of her better sense, in spite of her natural superiority to superstitions of all courtesy. "It is nothing to embarrass you. kinds, Agnes was impressed by the terrible earnestness with which those words were spoken. She turned pale as she looked at "Do you understand her?" she



"We shall meet again-here in England or there in Venice." "Nothing is easier than to understand her," he replied, contemptuously; "she knows what has become of Ferrari, and she is confusing you in a cloud of nonsense because she daren't own the truth. Let her go!"

CHAPTER XII. "Do you think she is mad?" Agnes asted.

"I think she is simply wicked. False, superstitious, inveterately cruel-but not mad. I believe her main motive in coming here was "She has frightened me. I am ashamed to own it-but so it is." Henry looked at her, hesitated for a mo-

ment, and seated himself on the sofa by her "I am very anxious about you, Agnes," he

said. "But for the fortunate chance which that vile woman might not have said or done, are leading a sailly unprotected, solitary life. I don't like to think of it; I want to see it changed especially after what has happened today. No! no! it is useless to tell me that is not in your rank of life-there is no sufficient protection in the companionship of such a person for a lady in your position. Don't mistake me, Agnes; what I say, I say in the sincerity of my devotion to you." He paused and took her hand. She made a feeble effort to withdraw it-and yielded. "Will the day never come," he pleaded, "when the privilege of protecting you may be mine? when you company." will be the pride and joy of my life, as long as my life lasts?" He pressed her hand gently. She made no reply. The color came and went on her face; her eyes were turned away from him. "Have I been so unhappy

as to offend you?" he asked. She answered that—she said, almost in a

that are gone." She said no more; she only

She sighed as he put the question. "Spare me, Henry," she answered sadly. "Say no

The color rose again in her cheeks; her hand trembled in his. She looked lovely, with her eyes east down and her bosom heaving gently. At that moment be would have given everything he had in the world to take her in his arms and kiss her. Some mysterious sympathy, passing from his hand to hers, seemed to tell her what was in his mind. She snatched her hand away and suddenly looked up at him. The tears were in her eyes. She said nothing; she let her eyes speak for her. They warned him-without anger, without unkindness-but still they warned him to press her no further that day. "Only tell me that I am forgiven," he said, as he rose from the sefa.

"Yes," she answered, quietly, "you are for- | please? "I have not lowered myself in your estima-"Oh, no! "Do you wish me to leave you?"

She rose in her turn from the sofa, and walked to the writing table before she reor another I may be the person who tells ! Miss Lockwood what has become of Ferrari, plied. The unfluished letter which she had She stopped, with her eyes fixed on Agnes. runted her lay open on the blotting book. As class it is especially rare. Her opinion of the she looked at the letter, and then looked at man who had deceived and deserted her mis-Henry, that smile that charmed everybody

you to it?" she repeated. "How can I do | "You must not go just yet," she said; "I | stance of the legacy. .. have something to tell you. I hardly know how to express it. The shortest way, per-"Do you mean to say that the candle doesn't haps, will be to let you find it out for yourburn the moth when the moth files into it?" | self. You have been speaking of my lonely, Lady Montbarry rejoined. "Have you ever unprotected life here. It is not a very happy heard of such a thing as the fascination of life, Henry-I own that." She paused, obterror? I am drawn to you by a fascination | serving the growing anxiety of his expression of terror. I have no right to visit you. I as he looked at her with a shy satisfaction have no wish to visit you; you are my enemy. | that perplexed bim. "Do you know that I For the first time in my life, against my own | have anticipated your idea?" she went on. "I will, I submit to my enemy. See! I am wait- am going to make a great change in my life -if your brother Stephen and his wife will fance. of you (I swear it) creeps through me while I only consent to it." She opened the desk of

ter out and handed it to Henry. He received it from her mechanically Vague doubts, which he hardly understood himself, kept him silent. It was impossible The frank and simple nature of Agnes | that the "change in her life," of which she had spoken, could mean that she was about to be married-and yet he was conscious of a perfectly unreasonable reluctance to open the letter. Their eyes met; she smiled again. "Look at the address," she said. "You ought

He looked at the address. It was in the large, irregular, uncertain writing of a child.

"DEAR AUNT AGNES: Our governess is going away. She has had money left to her and a house of her own. We have had cake and wine to drink her health. You promised to be our governess if we wanted another. We want you. Mamma knows nothing about this. Please come before mamma can get mother governess. Your loving Lucy who writes this. Clara and Blanche have tried to write, too, but they are too young to do it.

They blot the paper." "Your eldest niece," Agnes explained, as Henry looked at her in amazement. "The children used to call me aunt when I was staving with their mother in Ireland, in the autumn. The three girls were my inseparable wanted one, on the day when I left them to return to London. I was writing to propose

"Not seriously?" Henry exclaimed. Agnos placed her unfinished letter in his hand. Enough of it had been written to show that she did seriously propose to enter the household of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Westwick as governess to their children. Henry's bewilderment was not to be expressed in words. "They won't believe you are in earnest," he said.

"Why not?" Agnes asked, quietly. "You are my brother Stephen's cousin; you are his wife's old friend." "All the more reason, Henry, for trusting

the day when I took your hero from you and obliged to gain your living by teaching. blighted your life-I am firmly persuaded of | There is something absurd in your entering ment of the re- | their service as a governess." served. Oh, such things have happened be- love me; the mother loves me; the father has fore today. One person has before now been | shown me innumerable instances of his true the means of innocently ripening the growth | friendship and regard. I am the very woman of evil in another. You have done that al- for the place, and as to my education, I must ready-and you have more to do yet. You have completely forgotten it, indeed, if I have still to bring me to the day of discov- am not fit to teach three children, the eldest ery, and to the punishment that is my doom. of whom is only 11 years old. You say you go, for Heaven's sake recommend the We shall meet again-here in England of I am their equal. Are there no other women who serve as governess, and who are the equals of the persous whom they serve? Besides, I don't know that I am their equal Have I not heard that your brother Stephen was the next heir to the title? Will he not be the new

lord? Never mind answering me. We won't dispute whether I are right or wrong in turning governess; we will wait the event. I am weary of my lonely, useless existence here, and eager to make my life more happy and more useful in the household of all others in which I should most like to have a place. If you will look again you will see that I have fore I finish my letter. You don't know your

doubt their answer. I believe they have courage enough and heart enough to say yes." Henry submitted without being convinced. He was a man who disliked all eccentric departures from custom and routine, and he felt especially suspicious of the change proposed in the life of Agnes. With new interests to occupy her mind she might be less favorably disposed to listen to him on the next occasion when he urged his suit. The influence of the "lonely, useless existence" of which she complained was distinctly an infinence in his favor. While her heart was empty, her heart was accessible. But with his nieces in full possession of it, the clouds of doubt overshadowed his prospects. He knew the sex well enough to keep these purely selfish perplexities to himself. The waiting policy was especially the policy to pursue with a woman as sensitive as Agnes. If he cince offended ber delicacy he was lost. For the

moment he wisely controlled himself and changed the subject. "My little niece's letter has had an effect." he said, "which the child never contemplated in writing it. She has just reminded me of one of the objects that I had in | V rice.

calling on you today." Agnes looked at the child's letter. "How does Lucy do that?" she asked. "Lucy's governess is not the only lucky person who has had money left her," Henry answered. "Is your old nurse in the house?" "You don't mean to say that nurse has got

a legacy?" "She has got a hundred pounds. Send for her, Agnes, while I show you the letter." He took a handful of letters from his pocket and looked through them, while Agnes rang the bell. Returning to him, she noticed led me to call here today-who knows what a printed letter among the rest which lay upon the table. It was a "prospectus," and if she had found you alone? My dear, you the title of it was "Palace Hotel Company of Venice (Limited)." The two words, "Palace" and "Venice." instantly recalled her mind to the unwelcome visit of Lady Montburry. "What is that?" she asked, pointing to the

> Henry suspended his search and glanced at the prospectus. "A really promising speculation," he said. "Large hotels always pay well if they are well managed. I know the man who is appointed to be manager of this hotel when it is opened to the public, and I have such entire confidence in him that I have become one of the shareholders of the

> "Why is the hotel called the 'Palace hotel?" she inquired. Henry looked at her, and at once pene trated her motive for asking the question. "Yes," he said, "it is the palace that Montbarry bired at Venice, and it has been pur-

The reply did not appear to satisfy Agnes.

chased by the company to be changed into Agnes furned away in silence and took a "You have made me think of the sad days chair at the further end of the room. Henry tried to withdraw ber hand from his for the had disappointed her. His income as a second time. 'He still held it; he lifted it to Jounger son stood in need, as she well knew, of all the ad litions he could make to it by "Can I never make you think of other days successful speculation. But she was unreathan these-of happier days to come? Or, it sonable enough, nevertheless, to disapprove of you must think of the time that is passed, bis attempting to make money already out of can you not look back to the time when I first the house in which his brother had died. Incapable of understanding this purely sentimental view of a plain matter of business, Henry returned to his papers, in some perplexity at the sudden change in the manner of Agnes toward him. Just as he found the letter of which he was in search the nurse made her appearance. He glanced at Agnes, expecting that she should speak first. She never even looked up when the nurse came in. It was left to Henry to tell the old woman why the bell had summoned her to the draw-

> "Well, nurse," he said, "you have had a windfall of luck. You have had a legacy left you of £100."

The nurse showed no outward signs of exultation. She waited a little to get the announcement of the teracy settled in her mind-and then she said, quietly: "Master Henry, who gives me that money, if you to you." (Agnes instantly looked up, inter-

ested in the matter for the first time. Henry went on.) "His will leaves legacies to the surviving old servants of the family. There is a letter from his lawyers, authorizing you to apply to them for the money." In every class of society gratitude is the been writing when Lady Montbarry inter- rarest of all human virtues. In the nurse's

tress remained the same opinion still, per-

feetly undisturbed by the passing circum-

"I wonder who reminded my lord of the old servants?" she said. "He would never have

had heart enough to remember them him-Agnes suddenly interposed. Nature, always abhorring monotony, institutes reserves of temper as elements in the composition of the gentlest woman living. Even Agnes could, on rare occasions, be angry.

The nurse's view of Montbarry's character

seemed to have provoked her boyond endu-

"If you have any sense of shame in you." stand here. Oh, don't let me excite your cu- her writing table while she spoke, took a let- she broke out, "you ought to be ashamed of what you have just said! Your ingratitude discusts me. I leave you to speak with her, Henry-you won't mind it?" With this insignificant intimation that he too had dropped out of his customary place in her good opin-

ion, she left the room. The nurse received the smart reproof administered to her with every appearance of feeling rather amused at it than not. When the door had closed, this female philosopher winked at Henry.

"There's a power of obstinacy in young women," she remarked. "Miss Agues wouldn's give my lord up as a bad one, even when he filted her. And now she's sweet on him after he's dead. Say a word against him and she fires up, as you see. All obstinacy! It will. wear out with time. Sick to her, Master Henry-stick to her!" "She doesn't seem to have offended you,",

said Henry. "She?" the nurse repeated, in amazement-"she offend me? I like her in her tantrums: it reminds me of her when she was a baby. Lord bless you! when I go to bid her good night, she'll give me a big kiss, poor dearand say, 'Nurse, I' didn't mean it?' About this money, Master Henry? If I was younger,

I'm too old for that. What shall I do with my legacy when I have got it?" "Put it out at interest," Henry suggested. "Get so much a year for it, you know." "How much shall I get?" the nurse asked.

I should spend it in dress and jewelry. But

"If you put your £100 into the funds, you will get between £3 and £4 a year." The nurse shook her head. "Three or four pounds a year? That won't do! I want more than that. Look here, Master Henry, I don't care about this bit of money-I never did like the man who has left it to me, though be was your brother. If I lost it all to-morrow I shouldn't break my heart; I'm well enough', off, as it is, for the rest of my days. They say you're a speculator. Put me in for a good thing, there's a dear! Neck-or-nothing -and that for the funds!" She snapped her fingers to express her contempt for security

of investment at 3 per cent. Henry produced the prospectus of the Venetian Hotel company. "You're a funny old woman," he said. "There, you dashing specnlater-there is neck-or-nothing for you! You must keep it a secret from Miss Agnes, mind. I'm not at all sure that she would ap-The nurse took out her spectacles. "Six per cent. guaranteed,' she read, 'and the directors have every reason to believe that 10 per cent. or more will be ultimately realized to the shareholders by the hotel.' Put me into that, Master Henry! And, wherever hotel to your friends!"

So the nurse, following Henry's mercenary example, had her pecuniary interest, too, in the house in which Lord Montbarry had died. Three days passed before Henry was able to visit Agnes again. In that time the little cloud between them had entirely passed away. Agnes received him with even more than her customary kindness. She was in better spirits than usual. Her letter to Mrs. Stephen Westwick had been answered by return of post, and her proposal had been joyfully accepted, with one modification. She was to visit the Westwicks for a month-and, if she really these personal considerations still to urge be- liked teaching the children, she was then to be governess, aunt and consin, all in onebrother and his wife as well as I do if you | and was only to go away in an event which

her friends in Ireland persisted in contemplating, the event of her marriage. "You see I was right," she said to Henry. He was still incredulous. "Are you really

going?" he asked. "I am going next week." "When shall I see you again?" "You know you are always welcome at your brother's house. You can see me when von like." She held out her hand. "Pardon me for leaving you-I am beginning to pack

up already." Henry tried to kiss her at parting. She drew back directly. "Why not? I am your cousin," he said. "I don't like it," she answered.

Henry looked at her and submitted. Her refusal to grant him his privilege as a cousin. was a good sign-it was indirectly an act of encouragement to him in the character of ber On the first day in the week Agnes left' London on her way to Ireland. As the event

proved, this was not destined to be the end of her journey. The way to Ireland was only be first stage on her way to the palace at THE THIRD PART.

CHAPTER XIII

In the spring of the year 1881 Agnes was established at the country seat of her good friends-now promoted (on the death of the first lord, without off pring) to be the new. Lord and Lady Montbarry. The old nurse was not separated from her mistress. A place suited to her time of life had been found for her in the pleasant Irish household. She was perfectly happy in her new sphere; and she spent her first half year's dividend from the Venice Hotel company, with characteristic prodigality, in presents for the children. · Early in the year, also, the directors of the

life insurance offices submitted to circumstances and paid the £10,000. Immediately afterward the widow of the first Lord Montbarry (otherwise the dowager Lady Montbarry) left England with Baron Rivar for the United States. The baron's object was announced in the scientific columns of the newspapers to be investigation into the present state of experimental chemistry in the great American republic. His sister informed inquiring friends that she accompanied him in the hope of finding consolation in change of scene after the bereavement that had fallen on her. Hearing this news from Henry Westwick (then paying a visit at his brother's house), Agnes was conscious of a certain sense of reilef. "With the Atlantic between us," she said, "surely I have done with that"

terrible woman now!" Barely a week passed after those words had been spoken before an event happened which

reminded Agues of the "terrible woman" once more. On that day Henry's engagements had obliged him to return to London. He had ventured on the morning of his departure to press his suit once more on Agnes; and the children, as he had anticipated, proved to be the innocent obstacles in the way of his success. On the other hand, he had privately secured a firm ally in his sister-in-law. "Have a little patience," the new Lady Montbarry had said, "and leave me to turn the influence of the children in the right direction; they can persuade her to listen to you,

and they shall! The two ladies had accompanied Henry and some other guests who went away at the same time to the railway station, and had just driven back to the house when the servant announced that "a person of the name of Rolland was waiting to see her ladyship."

"Is it a woman?" "Yes, my lady." Young Lady Montberry turned to Acnes. "This is the very person," she said, "whom your lawyer thought likely to help when he

was trying to trace the lost courier." "You don't mean the English maid who was with Lady Montbarry at Venice?" "My dear! don't speak of Montbarry's horrid widow by the name which is my name now. Stephen and I have arranged to call "My late brother, Lord Montbarry, gives it her by her foreign title before she was married. I am 'Lady Montbarry,' and she is the 'countess.' In that way there will be no confusion. Yes, Mrs. Rolland was in my service before she became the countess' makl. She was a perfectly trustworth y person, with one defect that obliged me + send her away -a sullen temper which le to perpetual com plaints of her in the tervents' hall . Would yor

> Agnes accepted the proposal in the faint hope of getting some information for the WETINDED ON FOURTH PACK ----

like to see her?"

counties.