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KITTY COSTELLO. BY MRS. ALEXANDER.

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KITTY COSTELLO



BY

MRS. ALEXANDER

AUTHOR OF

"A SECOND LIFE," "BROWN, V.C.," "STRONGER THAN LOVE,"
ETC. ETC.

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IN MEMORIAM.

A PECULIAR and pathetic interest attaches to this posthumous work, which was barely completed at the time of the author's death. This, her last novel, written when she had passed by seven years the allotted span of three-score years and ten, yet showing all the spontaneity and freshness which gave such charm to her earlier works, is curiously enough the first story in which she made use of her early reminiscences of Irish life and character.

Although she had re-visited her native land but once—and that some fifty years ago—since her girlhood, which had been spent there, those youthful days had left a vivid and lasting impression on her mind, and it was always delightful to listen to her memories of Irish life in the forties, which she was wont to describe with graphic touches and sparkles of genial humour. Keenly alive as she was to the radical differences and the respective qualities of the Saxon and Celtic races, she had often spoken of writing "some day" a story treating of the experiences of a young Irish girl on her first introduction to English life. This idea, recently recalled to her mind by the chance remark of an acquaintance, she embodied at last in the novel now presented to the

reader—a story which, although to a great extent the outcome of her own reminiscences, must not be considered autobiographical, and which, in spite of her advanced years, was written with an ease, with a zest and pleasure indeed, greater than usual even with her whose work was always a labour of love.

Perhaps one reason why popular favour, sometimes fickle, remained faithful to her, was her perennial freshness. The secret of her work never palling on the public was that it never palled upon herself.

Life to her was to the last fresh and full, her interest in public matters alert and eager, her personal sympathies prompt and warm, as in the days of youth. Her conversation conveyed the same impression as her writings, an influence buoyant and bracing, brimful of the milk of human kindness. Probably quite unconsciously, she generally endowed her heroines with the qualities of her own healthy and sanguine temperament; the pluck and vitality, hope and courage, the cheery spirit rising dauntless against difficulties, as ready to face the pains as to enjoy the pleasures of life.

Even when hampered by bodily weakness and suffering, when practically chained to her chair indeed, as was the case for all the last years of her life, she was still the centre of a little world, diffusing around her the sunshine of her sympathy, the invigorating influence of her broad intellectual interest in the topics of the day. She had said more than once that the day when she took up her pen as a burthen and sat down to her work as one driven reluctantly to a weary task, should be the last of her literary career.

But that day never came. It was as one truly in-

spired by the joy of her work that she portrayed her last creation. Kitty Costello—bright, winsome, wayward Kitty, with all her faults and all her charms—was no mere creature of pen and ink. Kitty lived, moved and breathed to the writer who told her story, and who was able at seventy-seven to show a remarkable comprehension of a young girl's mind.

She laid down her busy pen, as it were, but for an hour, with plans and ideas for another novel already stirring in her active and unwearied brain, not knowing that even then her work was done.

The following verses found among her papers so exactly express their writer's outlook towards life that, although from some notes on the manuscript they would seem to have been already printed, I venture to give them here.

IZA DUFFUS HARDY.

FAILURE.

FEAR not to fail, if thou hast striven
Bravely, with purpose firmly set,
No effort stinted, and no doubt allow'd
The steady motion of thy will to fret.
From out thy failure some stray spark
May kindle light where none has been,
And scattered grain by waysides fall'n
May bring forth harvests unforeseen!

Fear not to fail! The yawning trench
Which guards some battlemented wrong
By unknown martyrs may be filled,
And o'er them march a conquering throng.
The dimness of our earthly ken
Can scarce the diff'rence rightly guess,
Nor justly strike the balance yet
'Twixt seeming failure and success.

Trust then, and work, tho' shadowed by
The gloom of doubt and gathering fear:
With fuller light thy toil, thy faith
Will find the niche provided here.
Nor praise nor blame can make or mar
The worth of what is nobly wrought,
For time and truth alone can test
Each off'ring to Life's store-house brought.

MRS. ALEXANDER.

KITTY COSTELLO.

CHAPTER I.

“To Mrs. Costello, Cool-a-vin, Ireland.

“5 EVERSLEY STREET, WESTPOOL,
ENGLAND, 15th April 184—.

“MY DARLING MOTHER,—I had only time to tell you I was safe and sound when I wrote on Wednesday.

“We had a very bad passage, but, thank goodness, I did not disgrace myself by being ill. What miserable creatures my companions were I really can't describe!

“Instead of arriving at ten o'clock we did not get in till after twelve, and it was nearly two by the time I reached this house, for Westpool is a big place, larger than Dublin, and much more crowded.

“Now I must try and tell you everything.

“As soon as we were in fairly smooth water I got up and dressed. As no one else was fit to stir I had the place to myself, and was quite ready before we came alongside the landing-stage. When those horrid paddle wheels ceased banging the water, the stewardess told me there was a gentleman asking for me, and

handed me a card with 'Mr. John Lane' on it, so I gave her a little present, and went away out of that dreadful cabin. (I had better mention that I saw one of the ladies who had been woefully sick give the poor woman five shillings, and I did not like to offer her less.)

"I do not think Uncle Lane, as I suppose I must call him, was very glad to see me. He said, 'Are you Miss Costello? You are very late. I have been waiting more than an hour! Had a rough crossing, I am afraid. What luggage have you?'

"Would you believe it, not a word of welcome, not an expression of pride or pleasure at seeing me. But I took no notice, and only said, 'I am sorry you were kept waiting! You must blame the winds and the waves, not me. I have a large black box, a hair trunk, a portmanteau and a hamper.'

"'Bless my soul, what a lot!' he exclaimed. 'I hope your name is on them all. Here, Robbins!'—he called to a rough-looking, sailor-like man—'see to this lady's luggage—tell him, please, what you have, and your name—then secure a fly' (flies here are remarkable insects, they have four wheels). 'Come along, my dear, your aunt will be in no end of a fidget till she sees you. You must excuse my leaving you to Robbins here. He is in my service, and a steady, careful fellow, and will take you up to our place all right, for I am a very busy man, and have lost a good deal of time already' (of course he meant waiting for me).

"'Uncle Lane' is scarcely as tall as I am, but he is very stout, and, like Falstaff, 'scant o' breath.' He is not handsome, yet there is a determined look in his fat

face that interests me, but he does not give one the idea of a gentleman.

“Well, Robbins scrambled my things together, and ‘Uncle Lane’ gave me his arm and took care of me across the landing-stage, which was crowded with rough, disagreeable people. Then he pushed me into a horrid, covered-in, narrow carriage, smelling of hay and straw and stables, quite different from the open outside cars that are so easy to jump up on. ‘I’m sorry I cannot go with you,’ he said, turning back to shake hands with me again, ‘but you’ll find we are all very glad to have you, and will do our best to make you enjoy yourself.’ This comforted me, and I was inclined to offer him a kiss, but he might not have liked it, so I smiled and thanked him, and he disappeared in the crowd.

“I am ashamed to say I was in a fright all the way up here; the streets were thronged with huge carts and omnibuses (horrid things), and long teams of huge, fat horses, so well groomed and glossy. I thought we should be smashed to bits every minute, and the noise was frightful.

“It was uphill every step of the way, and as we got further from the river (which looks as big as a sea, and the docks are like overgrown plantations of masts) the streets got wider, and the shops are quite lovely.

“At last we arrived.

“This is a very handsome street of tall houses; at the beginning there is a large ornamental building of reddish stone, I never saw anything quite like it before; and then come very nice public gardens, over which this house looks.

“They were at luncheon when I arrived, and my

aunt came out at once to meet me. Ah, then I was at home! Not that I see much likeness to you; she is smaller and darker, but oh! her voice is just like yours, my darling. She has too faithful a heart to catch the stranger's accent. I am such a fool that I could not help hugging her and bursting into tears when I felt how far away you were. Then a girl of my own age, called Janet, and a boy of ten, perhaps—Joseph—(what a name to give an unfortunate child), and a nice little roly-poly girl of eight, crowded round and wanted to know if I was ill.

“My aunt ‘shoed’ them all away, and took me up to her own room and helped me off with my cloak. Oh, there was no mistake about her being glad to see me; so I hugged her again and began to feel quite comfortable. As soon as I could bathe my eyes and twist up my hair (I don't think anyone's hair was ever such a nuisance as mine) I was taken down to the dining-room, which I was glad of, for I was positively starving.

“There was a great big leg of mutton—very good, or it seemed so—and a long, round, white-looking pudding—it must have been a yard long—to begin with. A glass dish stood at each side, one held treacle and the other raspberry jam—two such dead sweets! Only fancy, the pudding was made of flour and suet, nothing else! I did not feel inclined to touch it, but it looked light and flaky, so I tried. It was not at all bad.

“My aunt was most kind and hospitable. The boy went away somewhere, and Janet disappeared too; only the roly-poly child remained, and she stared at me, with her fingers in her mouth, till I asked her if it was very sweet, and advised her to try the raspberry jam instead. Then she ran away laughing.

"Aunt Lane tried to stuff me with heaps of fruit and cheese, and filled my glass with ale before I could stop her. She seemed to think it too bad that I would only drink water, but I could not ask for claret when there was none on the table, and I cannot touch beer or ale.

"Then we went into a nice sort of general room at the back, where there is a small piano and a huge basket overflowing with pieces of work, a tall book-case full of books, and two funny, but comfortable, chairs that rocked to and fro—American things, I believe. Then we had such a talk. Oh! the questions she asked me, chiefly about you. Though you have been strangers for so long she loves you dearly. She says I have your eyes, but I am afraid I must not believe such flattery. I think I see them now, the sweet, soft, blue-grey beauties, with the long black lashes, that can speak nearly as well as your lips!

"How is it my aunt has neither your step nor your carriage? I don't think she cared very much for my father. She says he did not do justice to her husband, who was one of the finest fellows in the world. Well, perhaps so, but he does not look like it. I suppose women all think their husbands 'fine fellows,' and yet they see them pretty near too!

"What a volume I am writing, but I know you will love every word of it, and I must finish my first day among the 'Sassenachs,' as poor old Bidy Regan calls our English neighbours. It seems Aunt Lane's eldest daughter is married to a Mr. Dixon. He was in the same 'place of business' as Mr. Lane—I do not know exactly what that means—a big shop, I suppose. Of

course, he was younger than Mr. Lane. Now he has a shop of his own—I mean a ‘place of business.’ They live a little way out in the country, and Aunt Lane seems wonderfully proud of the two babies they have—as if everyone hasn’t a baby—or two (too) many!

“Well, we talked and we talked! Then Janet came in with a roll of music in her hand, and told me she had a singing lesson every Thursday or she would not have left me. But Aunt Lane said she wanted me all to herself. Janet smiled, and exclaimed that she thought me very like her mother; she seems very friendly, but rather stiff, and careful how she speaks.

“Presently Aunt Lizzie asked if I should prefer not to change my dress, as she expected I was tired and done up. So I said, ‘Thank you, dear aunt, but I would not sit down to dine with you in this old frock, it is only fit to travel in.’

“‘We have dined, my dear,’ she returned, ‘but we partake of a nondescript tea-supper when Mr. Lane and Dan come home at seven.’ So the leg of mutton and the suet pudding meant dinner, not luncheon! It seems rather funny having no late dinner in a gentleman’s house. However, I insisted on dressing for—let us say food! Janet changed her garment, and put on what looked like a last year’s summer frock of pale blue muslin—very neat and well-fitting. She is nice looking without being absolutely pretty.

“Little Roly-poly went to bed, but the rest of us assembled in the dining-room.

“Dan is a tall, lathy boy, and the best looking of them all; but so shy, one is afraid to look at him. He is nineteen or twenty, and works with his father; he is

to be in partnership, I believe. As for 'Uncle Lane,' he came in quite brisked up, and, from its resplendent aspect, must have been washing his face with yellow soap! He had replaced his solemn-looking frock coat with a sort of short jacket that made him look broader than ever, and on his feet were large dark-green Berlin-wool slippers, each toe partly covered with a tiger's head embroidered in yellow and black! They are quite awful!

"My things were not yet unpacked, and the only change of raiment I could get at was that sweet old lilac-striped silk of yours which Madame cut up for me so cleverly.

"It was growing dusk, so they could not see that it was by no means new, and Aunt Lizzie said, 'You must not wear out your smart, handsome dresses here, Kitty; we are very plain people, and do not like to spend much on dress.'

"I felt quite thankful I had not fished out one of the real short-sleeved dinner frocks you got for me when I went to stay at the Kilmorans.

"Uncle Lane was rather nice and pleasant. He repeated that he was sorry to have been obliged to leave me before he had seen me to his door, so I assured him I had got on all right, and was sorry to have kept him waiting.

"'Never mind, my dear, it wasn't your fault,' he returned. Aunt Lizzie, who is very silent and quiet, seemed too busy pouring out endless cups of tea—they drank nothing but tea—to care about speaking, but when she had drained the last drop from a big motherly-looking silver teapot, she looked at me fixedly, then at

her husband, and asked, 'Do you think Kitty like her mother, John?'

"He gazed as if he had never seen me before, and exclaimed emphatically, 'She is her living h'image! Never saw a stronger resemblance! Trouble you for another slice of cold beef, Dan, my boy!'

"Dan blushed celestial, rosy red, and I asked, 'Why didn't you come and meet me, and save Mr. Lane that trouble? I suppose you were afraid of finding a wild Irish girl, and having to lead me along by a string?' I was quite sorry I had spoken, he looked so confused and uncomfortable, and a crumb at that moment going the wrong way, he coughed and struggled, and was going to choke, till his sister Janet thumped him on the back, and my aunt handed him a glass of water. Then he grew more composed. And they talked together, father and son, of ships and freights, and something they called brokerage, and cargoes. It was all Greek to me, and I hate being left out of what is going on, so I said I was tired and sleepy, which was true enough. My aunt told Janet to see me to my room, and take care I had all I wanted. She said, 'We have prayers at eight o'clock, for "papa" has to be away at a quarter to nine every morning. The bell rings at seven to give us time; but don't you mind, Kitty, dear. I'll send you up your breakfast. You'll want a good sleep after your journey.'

"I assured her I should be up and doing, as I was always first at Cool-a-vin. And so I got to bed, but I did miss you, my dearest, and wanted you sorely to steal in as you so often do to give me a sweet kiss, and put out the candle.

"What a long, long letter! And I must put in a

little word for Madame. How strange it is here; but they all mean to be kind, so I will not be a baby, but remember I am a woman, and ought to be a stay and a comfort to you!

“God bless and keep you, my own dear mother.—
Ever your loving
KITTY.

“P.S.—Uncle Lane did say ‘h’image!’”

Enclosed was a note addressed:—

“MADAME DUBOIS.

“MA BIEN AIMÉE,—I have been miserable since I left you all. The loneliness is terrible. My great consolation is that you are near dearest mother to comfort and sustain her. I will try to be wise and strong like you. Where the wisdom is to come from I’m sure I don’t know, nor indeed the strength either. I am very weak, and cannot keep hold of my poor little bit of money. I am afraid, from things I heard in Dublin, that we have very, very little left. I wonder if I ever could make any? That, I fear, is quite impossible. Send me a report of everything; and you needn’t show all I write to mother. These new relatives are very strange to me, but I am sure they intend to be kind. Any letters from India? Ah! *bonne amie*, no relation has ever been to us what you are! My aunt is a dear, but not so clever as yourself. Does Callaghan think it would cost a great deal to prop up the little old greenhouse! I can’t bear to see the old place going to rack and ruin. My love and a kiss to nurse, and tell Byrne to look after Bran, but

Kitty Costello.



not to let him have too much meat. Oh, I must stop; my hand aches.—Your loving friend and pupil,

“KITTY.”

The writer of this effusion was the only daughter of Hugh Costello of Cool-a-vin, a country squire, well known as one of the finest riders, the best shot, the most popular member of the Kildare Street Club, in all the wild west.

The Costellos came of an ancient race, and possessed wide-spreading lands along the sea-board of a south-western county, but by the time Hugh succeeded to his father's place and property the crop of encumbrance generally cultivated by the lords of the soil in “the Isle of Saints,” had increased to a somewhat alarming degree of luxuriance. Instead, however, of going across the Channel and picking up a rich heiress in London or Bristol—or even Manchester—and setting the estate free with the help of her dowry, the handsome, agreeable cavalier, which is a term well suited to Hugh Costello, went and threw himself at the feet of the lovely Aileen O'Donoghue, second daughter of O'Donoghue of O'Donoghue Castle, a beautiful “darlint” who had already refused many brilliant suitors.

As to Costello, he “came, and saw, and conquered.” Many happy days ensued; but at last financial clouds began to crowd the horizon, and, to the bewildered annoyance of its gay and gallant lord, it became rather an effort to keep “open house” after the former fashion of Cool-a-vin.

Still, by some occult process, the stables were well filled, the larder abundantly replenished, and foreign

schooners did not fail to deposit hogsheads of claret and other wines on the rugged little quay in Cool-a-vin's harbour, which precious importations were conveyed on low-backed cars, drawn by bony garrons (half-starved cart-horses) uphill to the cellars of the "great house."

Then came the terrible famine, throughout which the Cool-a-vin tenantry suffered perhaps less than many others, for their landlord helped them to the utmost of his power, even selling his rare old family plate to buy them food. But these cruel days opened his eyes to the sad realities of his position, and, having caught a severe cold in one of his expeditions to visit some sufferers on a distant quarter of the estate, he seemed to lose his old spirit, the vitality which would have helped him to keep the "last enemy" at bay, so he laid down his arms before the first gleam of returning hope had dawned upon the "distressful" country he loved so well.

The eldest son, Fitzgerald Costello, generally called Fitz, was given a commission in a cavalry regiment under orders for India. Those were the comfortable days when competitive examinations were unknown, and a friendly relative in the ranks of the peerage could launch a young man on a military career with very little effort on his own part.

"It's little I can do for you, mother dear," said the young master of Cool-a-vin, as they sat talking together over their gloomy outlook. "But the old house is yours so long as it stands. Hal Dwyer will do the best he can for you, and I'll try to live on my pay. They say you can in India. What with the sheep and poultry, the game and the grass land, you'll be able to get along

and keep two or three horses, besides sending Hyacinth to college when he is ready."

Hyacinth was the younger son, and had always declared his intention of going into the Church.

"Cheer up, mother darling, there is no knowing what luck may turn up. If I know you are fairly comfortable in the old place, and not wandering about among strangers, it will give me strength and courage."

Mrs. Costello, though grey and aged with grief and anxiety, was still beautiful in her sorrowful decline. She was not intellectual, but possessed that wisdom of the heart which fits a woman better than the harder intelligence of the head.

Her young daughter Kitty dominated and doted upon her. Indeed, between her and Madame Dubois, Mrs. Costello was carefully shielded and guided in the way she should go.

Madame Dubois, a clever, shrewd, managing Frenchwoman, had come to Ireland many years before as governess to the fair Aileen O'Donoghue and her sisters, and, later, followed the latter to Cool-a-vin, where she proved a "guide, philosopher and friend" to its charming mistress, who had no particular gift of governing.

Few races are more readily influenced by mental power, keenness or decision than the Irish. Madame Dubois therefore soon became a universal referee. Even old Mr. Byrne, the butler, who was second in authority only to the "masher" himself, declared with conviction that the little, resolute, black-eyed, polite Frenchwoman was "a great general entoirely!"

Such were the surroundings amid which Kitty Costello was brought up. She was the spoiled darling

of the family, happy in the secluded home, where she could enjoy the complete freedom of mountain and sea, spending as little time as possible indoors, and saved from growing up in total ignorance by her own love of reading and some help from Madame Dubois, who was a well-educated woman.

Occasional breaks, few and far between, occurred when Kitty paid a visit to the family of a relative, St. George Costello, in Dublin, or the country seat of her mother's aunt, Lady Kilmoran, where she met many fine and fashionable people, before whom Kitty was in no way abashed, for though she could not keep pace with the jewels and fine toilettes of the other visitors, was she not Kitty Costello of Cool-a-vin? And who were the Kilmorans themselves, for all they were peers of the realm? Wasn't the present lord's grandfather just a bit of a lawyer from England, so ready to do any work for Government that they made him Crown solicitor for all Ireland in the cruel times of Edward Fitzgerald's folly and self-sacrifice. Then when the Crown solicitor of that day had gilded himself enough, nothing would do but that he must be made "Viscount Kilmoran." Could a title make "Costello of Cool-a-vin" higher or nobler than he was by birth?"

These high claims, however, did not fill the Costello pockets, and when Kitty had just seen her nineteenth birthday Mrs. Costello, by Madame's advice, accepted an invitation from her sister, Mrs. Lane, for Kitty to spend a few months with them and learn to know her English cousins.

This sister had demeaned herself by marrying a young Englishman who had since made a pot of money.

He had, it was whispered, come over to Dublin to seek custom for a firm of general merchants, and brought with him samples of wine and even groceries.

Now Elizabeth O'Donoghue, who, though the plainest of her family and much overlooked, was a sweet, dark-eyed girl, accidentally falling in with the young "counter-jumper," as he was irreverently called by the O'Donoghues, she made a deep impression on him, and he in his usual fashion set to work to get what he wanted.

He was a bold and persevering wooer, and did not care how many defunct O'Donoghues had preceded his lady-love in this wicked world—none of them seemed at any rate to have left her the wherewithal to support her existence.

Lane was determined and Lizzie yielded, and after some fruitless attempts at reconciliation had seen no more of Mrs. Costello.

But when the Lord of Cool-a-vin died, and rumour told Lizzie the family was far from well off, she wrote a loving, sympathetic letter to her bereaved sister. So communications were renewed two or three years after, the invitation followed, and Kitty was launched into the unknown region of English commercial life.

CHAPTER II.

MEANTIME the impression made upon the well-disciplined, carefully-schooled Lane family by their "wild Irish cousin" was considerably different from what they expected.

True, their mother was Irish, and she was sweet and

graceful; but then she had not been in her own country for more than twenty years, and, no doubt, had imbibed much that was English. Then, though fond of her, and ready to fly to her in time of pain or trouble, her opinion had not much weight with them, and they had no dread of disobeying her as they had of their father, who, though kind and just, could be extremely stern. They were all more or less afraid of him, but especially the eldest boy—Dan—who was weak, pleasure-loving, given to run risks, and not quite plucky enough to carry them through. At present he was in the lathy stage, but promised to be much the best-looking of the family. His brother and sisters declared him to be his mother's favourite, which he stoutly denied. His father always said he had a dash of the Irishman in him.

Kitty Costello had been nearly a week her aunt's guest before that notable housewife found time to pay a visit to her married daughter and make her young visitor known to Mrs. Dixon, whose new home was situated in what was at that date still a pretty rural village about three miles out of the thickly-built streets—a few meadows and cornfields intervening between town and townlet.

It was a lovely afternoon midway in April, and Mrs. Lane having completed the rearrangement of her household gods, great and small, after the upheaval of "spring cleaning," felt for a short time free to indulge herself. She therefore proposed taking Kitty to pay a late visit to Lizzie and staying to supper, when father would join them and escort them home in the dark.

Kitty, who loved change, readily agreed, and put on her smartest outdoor array. Thus it came about that

Janet presided over the domestic tea-supper, and the quartet greatly enjoyed an unrestrained talk respecting people and things, their father's presence frequently acting as a damper on any exuberance of speech.

"I wonder what Cousin Kitty will think of the 'bus going out to Riversdale? Do you know she never saw an omnibus in her life, not even in Dublin!"

"What a queer, uncivilised place it must be," said Joseph, a chubby, plump schoolboy, to whom Kitty was an object of curiosity and observation. "She is not a bit like what I expected. Is she, Dolly?"

"Why, what did you expect, Joe?"

"Oh, a great tall creature with red hair, all uncombed and unbrushed, and a big laughing mouth, and oh, I don't know what else."

"Why, you little duffer, you are thinking of the women we used to see on the Irish emigrant vessels last year. Kitty Costello is a regular beauty, and no mistake, only she has no beauty airs; and see her walk! She walks like a queen."

"I never saw a queen," returned Janet, adding water to the teapot with caution, "but she certainly gets over the ground very quickly, yet never seems in a hurry. At all events, she is very bright and obliging, only she seems hardly able to tell you all she thinks about everything fast enough. I don't fancy she could keep a secret to save her life."

"Don't be too sure, Janet. Her head is set straight enough on her shoulders. If she tells all she thinks, it's because she can speak so clear and easily. She's very clever, I'm sure."

"Perhaps, but she is very ignorant," remarked Janet, solemnly.

"How do you know?" asked Dan.

"I do," said Dolly, mysteriously. "She doesn't know the multiplication table. She was counting up something on a bit of paper, and seemed troubled, for she pushed her fingers into her hair till it all came down (such a lot!), and said, 'Oh, dear, there's no use bothering my brains, I can't do it. I wish you could tell me, Dolly dear.'

"'What is it?' said I.

"'There is no use in telling a bit of a girleen like you, but how much are seven sixes?'

"'Forty-two,' said I, right off, and felt a little proud at knowing so much more than a great big girl like her."

"You are inclined to be conceited, Dolly," put in her elder sister.

"Kitty looked at me with a puzzled little frown," continued Dolly, unheeding, "as if she couldn't quite believe me."

"'Are you sure?' she said.

"'Yes, quite. I'll show it to you in the book,' and so I did."

"Never mind what she is ignorant about, no book-learning would give her the style and carriage she has. She'll marry a duke some day."

"Where will she find him? Among the bogs?" asked Janet.

"I don't care what she doesn't know," cried Dolly. "She dresses a doll—oh, beautifully! and took no end of trouble over mine. And she can play such funny

tunes on the piano. I couldn't keep from laughing this morning (when Miss Dobbs went away)."

"Yes, I know. You can hardly call such uncouth things tunes!" put in Janet. "Kitty says they are jigs, and people dance to them. Strange dancing it must be; irregular, I fancy, like Kitty's own good looks. Why, you cannot compare her nose to Sissy Larkin's. Sissy's is quite straight and classic, while—"

"Oh, classic noses be blowed!" interrupted Dan, energetically. "Who cares about noses? Show me a pair of eyes like Kitty's—real dark blue, with long, black eyelashes. Why, there's nothing they can't say, sometimes lighting up like wildfire, and sometimes so sad and soft. Then where would you see a girl like her looking as if she fed on cream and roses?"

"You are a silly boy, Dan. Wouldn't papa call you a noodle if he heard you talk like that? None but hobble-de-hoys talk such exaggerated nonsense."

"I'll take good care not to talk in that fashion before the governor; but as to hobble-de-hoys, tell me, didn't you meet Grierson yesterday in Duke Street?"

Janet nodded. "I don't think he knew me at first," she said.

"Well, he did after; anyhow, he asked me who was the young lady walking with you, and when I said it was probably a cousin who was staying with us, he exclaimed, 'By Jove! she's a clipper. What a pair of eyes,' and this and that. He's as great a noodle as I am, and there's a man as hard as nails for you."

"Well, certainly papa would not laugh at him, but then the man who got the contract for the new Canadian dock has a right to talk nonsense," rejoined Janet,

laughing good-humouredly. "My poor Dan, don't go and break your heart for nothing."

"No, I sha'n't. I know I am too much of a nobody to have a chance; but Kitty's a lovely creature for all that; it's a treat to be in the house with her."

"She is very nice and obliging, I must say, but mamma is a little too much taken up with her."

"These Costellos must have been a fine family and up to everything in the way of sport and amusement. Kitty says she would like to take me back with her to Cool-a-vin, and teach me to ride and to row, but I think she'd find I can handle an oar as well as any of her Cool-a-vin boys. No, thank you, no more tea, no more anything. I'll go in next door and have a game of billiards with Tom Cox."

"Can't you come out with me for a walk? You know papa does not like you to be so much with Tom Cox."

"Why? Can't a fellow choose his own friends, eh?"

"Not if he doesn't make a good choice!"

"Well, Janet, you are a disagreeable setting-up minx! Good evening to you." And Dan swung out of the room, slamming the door after him.

Soon after Dolly was sent to bed by her elder sister, who, feeling somewhat lonely and deserted, put on her bonnet—young ladies did not wear hats at that date—and went to revive herself by a stroll in the gardens before their house with her admired friend, Sissy Larkin. All Eversley Street was on visiting terms, and a frequent exchange of heavy dinners took place between the members of this extremely respectable society.

"MY DEAREST MOTHER," began the letter which reached Mrs. Costello a few days later, "I am so sorry I missed writing to you on Monday, but you shall have a good long yarn this time. I do not know how it is, but it seems only necessary to fix a day for writing to you to make sure of my missing it. Something always happens to interrupt me or take me away. Uncle Lane (who can be rather disagreeable sometimes), when I mentioned how curious it was, explained the mystery by saying it was because of the national inclination to say 'Yes' when 'No' would be better. Really English people are very prejudiced and unreasonable, and all the time they think no one has any sense but themselves. I was thankful to have your letter on Wednesday. It is such a pleasure to hear of all you are doing. It is nice, too, to think you have had a spell of dry, fine weather at last, and hear that Murphy is getting the garden into order. I wish I were there to help him. Best of all is that you took a drive. Did Punch go gently? He is a wicked little pony sometimes, and wants me there to thrash him.

"Things are going on as usual here; they never go any other way! In perfect good order and complete monotony with a touch of slave-driving.

"At seven o'clock a horrid bell wakes you up, and at eight another rings for prayers. And there is Uncle Lane, brushed up and polished to the nines, with a big Bible and prayer book—the places marked all ready—between the carving knife and fork, and the servants in a row, as near the door as they can get. Even the boot-boy is tidied up, and an extra touch of grease on his head. Then Uncle Lane snaps out, 'Let's pray,'

and down we all go. As my place is near the window, I have a full view of eight pairs of boot soles turned up, all in a row. It is odd, but the sight of those pairs of soles seem appallingly laughable to me! It is a mercy I haven't Madame or even yourself, darling, to exchange glances with, or I couldn't keep down the laugh. I must say I like our plan best, quiet and comfortable after breakfast is cleared away, and one can enjoy some of the beautiful psalms, or the poetry of the prophecies. That's the advantage of having servants of a different persuasion from one's own. They can go off to their work, and you can pray your own prayers without knowing that the poor ignorant creatures are scorning your devotions. Then dear Aunt Lizzie bustles out and puts on Mr. Lane's coat, brushes his hat, and, I believe, gives him a surreptitious kiss, and away he goes to the worship of Mammon! Englishmen seem to expect a good deal of waiting on from their womenkind, but I do think Mr. Lane is a good fellow. I believe, if you spoke straight out about anything to him, he'd give you his full attention, and help you if he could. The eldest boy Dan (I think he was called after my grandfather O'Donoghue) is a nice boy, tall and thin, and looks almost like a gentleman. He has fallen in love with me of course. I am the newest thing he has seen in girls, so I'll do my best to cultivate him.

"He's very much afraid of 'papa!' I hate to see a boy afraid, but fathers are harder than mothers. You couldn't be hard if you tried!

"There has been a great excitement the last few days, for Mr. Lane's younger brother (generally called

Uncle Dick) is expected. He is considered a great judge of everything and rather a man of fashion!

"I wonder what I shall think of him! He has been away and travelling for I do not know how long. At the same time Joe, who is such a queer, silent, fat little boy, is going to a big boarding school a long way off. I see Aunt Lane is rather melancholy about it. I wish I might take Dan back with me, and teach him to ride. By the way, it is just as well I did not bring my old riding habit, for the girls I have seen riding here (not many) are so perfectly turned out, I could not hold a candle to them except in the riding. Ah! I could manage that.

"Well, I have at last been taken to see my eldest cousin, Mrs. Dixon. For a long time Aunt Lizzie was too busy to take an 'evening out.' She is, you must know, head house and parlour-maid, and at this time of year there is a sort of feast of purification called the spring cleaning, during which my aunt never leaves the house; and Mrs. Dixon, it seems, was busy with her own feast or fast, but the day before yesterday we started about four o'clock, not in a carriage, but in a queer conveyance called an omnibus. First we walked to a sort of meeting of four streets where we caught this concern. It holds ten people inside and a good many on the top. It is drawn by three fearful screws. An old, red-nosed driver flourishes a long whip as if he would leave all the world behind, and a stout, puggy little man, with a red waistcoat and a funny white hat, blows a horn to give notice they were about to start. Aunt scrambled in and I came tumbling after.

"Old women with baskets, a couple of girls with

smart bonnets, all flowers and feathers, and some men with umbrellas and newspapers, filled up the conveyance, and we rumbled away over the stones. No one even looked at his or her neighbour, but they could not help touching them.

“It seemed rather a long drive, for they took a round to set down passengers and pick them up, but at last we got clear of the town and stopped at a pretty little inn, with ivy growing over it and a bit of flower garden in front. The ‘bus,’ as it is generally called, stopped here, everyone scrambled out and ran away from each other as fast as they could. We walked on a little further to a nice, tidy, stiff sort of villa with bow windows at each side of the door, and high steps so beautifully clean, and dumpy windows over the bows screened by muslin blinds and curtains as white as snow. There is a front garden full of plants with labels on them, and as for the brass handles and knocker, they look as if every soul in the place spent every hour of their lives rubbing them up.

“Mrs. Dixon came to open the door herself. She seemed very glad to see us.

“She is a serious-looking young person, with a snubby style of face and rather like her father, but she is evidently very fond of her mother, though she tries to hide it with true English dignity. Before we got into the drawing-room a nice, rosy-cheeked, noisy little boy of three came tramping upstairs and stopped to gaze at us. His mother said,—

“‘Oh, Georgie, where have you been? In the kitchen, I am afraid. You know that is forbidden! Anna does

not like little boys in her kitchen. You only give trouble and put things out of place."

"'Baby sleeping,' explained the little man. 'Susy said I might draw my horse and cart in de garden.'

"'Isn't it odd how fond children are of being in the kitchen,' said Mrs. Dixon to us; 'and servants can't bear them there.'

"'Not Irish servants,' said I. 'They love to have the "darlin' childre" (as they say) downstairs, and do not mind what they take.'

"'Their kitchens must be in a sad muddle, then,' she replied; 'but come and sit down for a few minutes before you take off your bonnets. I daresay you are tired. It is quite warm and summer-like.'

"Yes, aunt said, she was. So we sat down.

"The little drawing-room was beautifully neat, and had vases full of wax flowers on the chimney-piece, and an unsteady little table in the window, and great knitted things like lace shawls over the sofas and chairs—of course they are antimacassars—but we have them in colours, and they are generally on the floor at home. The dogs cannot have patience with them.

"I again felt out of everything, for they talked of nothing but house cleaning and the disobligingness of 'Anna.' So, to show I took an interest, I asked,—

"'Why don't you send her away?'

"'Because it is not so easy to replace her.'

"'I have always heard English servants are so good and clever.'

"'Not all of them, and they have a very strong sense of their own rights.'

"'Oh, that must be intolerable.'

“‘I am not so sure,’ said Aunt Lizzie. ‘If a girl does not value her own rights, neither will she yours.’

“I found the time go very slowly for we had nothing to talk about. The little boy who would not look at me at first came over and stood at my knee, gazing in my face as if he would like to make friends. He has the O’Donoghue eyes, so I took him up and told him about dear old ‘Bran.’ He was so interested that I was amused myself, but said he would be afraid of a wolf-hound. Children are dear things, but horribly troublesome. I am afraid I am very inconsistent and a little selfish.

“At last our gentlemen arrived. They came in the omnibus too, and we had high tea, pigeon pie and cold ham, everything very nice; but tea tastes so queer with meat, though one does not think so at breakfast.

“Mr. Dixon is very tall, with sloping shoulders and a long neck. He has not a ‘big bow-wow’ manner like dear Uncle Lane, but he gets his own way pretty well I can see. He stared at me surreptitiously, as if I were something he didn’t see every day. However, I made myself as pleasant as I could; my aunt and Mrs. Dixon hardly spoke at all. The men here seem to prefer talking to each other, and women have a little bit the air of being their servants, which I don’t like. I shall always talk and make the men talk to me. I asked him what the guns I heard sometimes early and sometimes late were fired for. He said to give notice that the American steamer was in.

“‘I suppose you thought Westpool was a garrison town,’ he added, with a little contemptuous laugh. ‘I suppose, like most young ladies, you are fond of red-coats.’

“‘I prefer blue ones,’ said I, thinking of the hussars I saw in Dublin last year.

“‘Blue,’ he repeated. ‘Do you mean bluejackets?’

“‘What! sailors? Oh, no! Hussars and light dragoons. I never see any sailors.’

“‘I was going to congratulate you on your good sense. Sailors are useful fellows.’

“‘So are soldiers, I suppose. We should soon have rather too many foreign visitors if we disbanded our troops.’

“‘If we had a few sensible business men to manage matters, instead of a monopoly of aristocrats, we’d get rid of these costly, showy jackanapes.’

“‘I could not help laughing. ‘I would not give much for their sense if they laid down their arms and opened their gates to the neighbours who are ready to devour us,’ I said.

“‘Oh! Are you a politician? A rare accomplishment for a young lady.’

“‘No. Are you?’

“‘Won’t you take some more tart, Kitty?’ put in Uncle Lane, who seemed anxious to change the conversation—so I let him—and told Mrs. Dixon how nice it was, and she looked pleased.

“‘Then Mr. Dixon said that a number of bachelors on the Stock Exchange were going to give a grand ball, and that if his wife wanted to go she had better settle to go with her mother, ‘for I have no fancy for such capers,’ he ended.

“‘Then Mrs. Dixon said she did not think she could leave the baby, for it was getting its teeth. I thought it was rather stupid to stay at home for that, so I ex-

claimed, 'Oh! do come. Can't your nurse take care of the baby? She must know more about it than you do!'

"I don't suppose my wife will thank you for such a compliment, Miss Costello; and I'd be sorry to see her leave her little one to an ignorant girl.'

"Must you always stay with her?' Then I felt I was making mistakes, so I stopped and tried to hold my tongue.

"Uncle Lane asked me how I should like to go to a ball. I said it would be quite heavenly. That I had never been to more than three or four, and one of them in Dublin was too delightful and I had nearly danced my shoes off.

"Then Uncle Lane talked of giving a dinner-party, and asked Mr. Dixon if he wouldn't come. He answered that he hated parties of every kind; that they were all fantastic follies; and he hoped, as commonsense increased, these absurdities would die out.

"My dear boy, you are too clever by half,' said uncle; 'and, as I am tired and thirsty, I'll ask Liz for a bottle of beer.'

"I am beginning to like Uncle Lane. There is something straight and sincere about him. But Mr. Dixon is quite detestable! I never met anyone at all like him. He is sour and conceited, and hasn't a bit of sympathy with anyone. He gives me the idea of a Radical workman, who hates and envies everyone in the least above him. I long to order him out of the room. And poor dear Aunt Lane thinks him the cleverest creature in the world. Before we came away he asked me how I was going to manage about my church; that, if I liked, he would take me to hear Father Dwyer, who was

the most eloquent preacher in Westpool. 'Of course,' he said, 'I don't care what place of worship I go to, so long as I hear a fine discourse.'

"'And why should I go to hear a Catholic priest?'" said I, holding up my head.

"'Why, ain't you a Catholic?'"

"'Is that all you know, Mr. Dixon? Are you not aware that the gentry in Ireland are all Protestants?'"

"'I know they are all bigots, and, if the Protestants have the best of it, they will give themselves the most airs.'"

"'If you were there, Mr. Dixon, you would see the difference between us.' Then I turned to Uncle Lane, for I didn't like to seem unfriendly to my countrypeople when I was in the land of the stranger, and said, 'I can't help thinking that the Catholics have been cruelly ill-treated; but then devout people are always cruel if they can't agree as to how many angels, or devils, can dance on the point of a needle!'"

"'As soon as I had said it I was sorry, for poor dear Aunt Lane looked so shocked, and so did my uncle. Worst of all, that horrid Mr. Dixon rubbed his hands and chuckled as if he had found a chum.

"'Then we went into the drawing-room, and Mrs. Dixon played some pretty waltzes and airs, and sang a ballad about bidding farewell that brought the tears to my eyes; and I sang, but I don't think the men heard anything of the music, they were talking of some failure of a firm that had 'smashed up' they said.

"'Then Dan appeared. His sister seemed very glad to see him, and presently he asked me if I would not like to walk home, it was such a fine night, and barely

three miles by the direct road, though the 'bus' took a long round.

"Of course I liked it, and said I could manage ten miles easily. Mr. Dixon, who was smoking a detestable pipe, sneered, and asked a sort of conundrum, 'Given ten miles without a young spark, how many with one?'

"I just turned to Uncle Lane and asked what a 'spark' meant?

"'Oh! a young fellow who begins to fancy himself a man.'

"'Of course I would rather have Dan's company—'

"'I suppose you would be afraid to walk by yourself in Ireland?' said Cousin Lizzie.

"'What! at Cool-a-vin? What could happen to me there? I'd go across the hills alone in the dead of the night. There's not a man or boy or gossoon that would hurt a hair of my head. Afraid!'

"I think they did not believe me. Anyway, I walked back with Dan—and he was happy, poor fellow!"

CHAPTER III.

"I HAVE a letter from Dick," said Mrs. Lane to her husband next morning, as soon as prayers were over and the servants left the room. "He arrived the day before yesterday, and wants to have a long talk with you before he decides what he will do. He has lots to tell us, he says. The reason he left us so long without letters is that he has been wandering about the Rocky Mountains, where there is no post.

"I hope he has not learned wandering ways—"

"Good morning, Kitty," interrupted her aunt, as that

young lady entered the dining-room. "You are late, my dear. I hope you are quite well."

"Oh, perfectly well. So sorry to be late. Last night I had horrid dreams about my brother Fitz. I woke up, and then dreamed, oh! fifty times and more."

"Come, Kitty, not so often as that, my dear. Pray keep within reasonable limits—"

"Well, I did dream, uncle, at least a hundred times. I thought Fitz was trying to shoot a huge tiger, and it sprang upon him, but I drove it off. It always came back. So, when I fell asleep, I paid attention to it, and did not wake till all hours. I am so sorry." A short silence, then Kitty resumed as if to herself, "It is very bad to dream of wild beasts; they always mean trouble."

"You don't believe such nonsense as that, do you, Kitty?" asked Joe, with a contemptuous laugh.

"I am not sure. When you hear of these things being lucky or unlucky, you laugh, and get used to them, and custom does so much—"

"You ought to reason yourself out of such stupid superstition," said Uncle Lane, solemnly.

"Oh, that would be like taking up a blunderbus to shoot a humming-bird," said Kitty, laughing.

"All this time there is a letter here for you, Kitty," said Dan, pausing as he passed the sideboard, where the letters were always placed. "A queer, scratchy little hand," he continued, handing it to her.

"It is from dear Madame Dubois!" cried Kitty, her lustrous eyes lighting up with joy. "Excuse me, auntie, I must look into it." Then, breaking it open, she cried, "Ah! it is from Fitz! I mean there is one inside. Now, Uncle Lane, you cannot deny that is very curious, isn't it?"

"I see nothing curious about it. Mamma," he added, "I want to speak to you."

Mrs. Lane obediently followed him, to receive, as she expected, many directions respecting the preparations to be made for the arrival of Uncle Dick.

Uncle Dick was Mr. Lane's half-brother. The latter had been almost a second father to him, for Dick had been unfortunate enough to lose both his parents when he was ten and his elder brother twenty-two. Both had to work hard, and live on little; but they were sincerely attached, and when Lizzie O'Donoghue married beneath her, she brought a true motherly heart to help her husband in his kindly care of his young orphaned brother.

Dick Lane came of a more refined and intellectual stock on his mother's side, and his elder brother was infinitely proud of the boy's more attractive looks and grave, decided manners.

Dick soon became useful to his brother in their business, and an opportune legacy from a maternal aunt enabled him to enlarge the borders of their business, and indulge his own taste for travel in out-of-the-way places.

For many reasons, then, Dick Lane was an important personage in his brother's house, nor did his frequent absences diminish his influence. His last had been his longest absence, and now everyone was on the alert to welcome him back.

His coming was of little importance to Kitty, who was absorbed by her brother's letter, in which he gave a lively account of the occasion when he first smelt powder—a skirmish with a border tribe in a mountain district of the north-west.

Kitty's vivid imagination depicted the whole scene, and she felt convinced that her beloved and admired brother would soon develop into a brilliant cavalry officer, and marry the daughter and heiress of some renowned general. Then, to be sure, the dear mother must give up the old home at Cool-a-vin to the young couple; but she could settle herself in the old dower house, or at Castlecraggs, or somewhere.

So Kitty sat and built air castles till, returning to her brother's epistle, she read the end of it with renewed interest,—

"I hear that pretty fellow, Neville Routlege, has returned to England to join his regiment again. They are quartered at Manchester, only a short distance from Westpool, so I daresay you may meet him. Don't you give him any attention. He is rather a conceited, selfish puppy, not worthy of a girl like my Kitty. Send me a long yarn, telling how you get on with the money-making Saxons. The young Englishmen I meet out here are capital fellows—well bred, well groomed, and straight as a die. Don't know how I should like Uncle Lane's sort. The dear mother misses you very much; do not stay away too long—"

Someone seemed to have broken in on Fitzgerald Costello's lucubrations, for he stopped abruptly and bade his sister a loving farewell.

"Kitty!" said her cousin Janet, "will you come into the town with me? Mother wants us to do some commissions for her, and she is busy writing invitations. Is it not lucky that Uncle Dick will be just in time for our dinner-party?"

"Is he very agreeable and amusing?"

"I am not sure. He used to be rather serious and silent, and oh! very particular. He was always telling Liz, before she was married, how to sit and stand, and walk and speak."

"Why, he must be a prig! Couldn't Mrs. Dixon learn more from her mother than from a bachelor man of business?"

"Oh, Dick has been a great deal in London society. I think he will be a good deal surprised at you. You do not seem to care what you say."

"No, I do not, so long as I am not rude. I am not at all sure that Uncle Dick is qualified to give me lessons. Is he like your father, Janet?"

"He is much younger, and much better looking."

"But not so likeable, I am sure."

"I didn't know you had taken such a fancy to papa?"

"I don't know that I have exactly taken a fancy to him, but I do like him, though I suspect he thinks me a goose. His greatest drawback is that he doesn't understand a joke."

"And yours, that one never knows when you are in earnest."

"If you once saw me angry, or sorry, you would never make any mistake again. But, Janet dear, I am afraid I am a spoilt creature. They all praise and pet me at home till I think far too much of myself, all except Madame Dubois; she is so clever and keen, she tells me the truth, and I am often annoyed with her, but oh, she is right."

"And what right has she to say disagreeable things to you when she lives—"

"The right of superior knowledge and experience,"

interrupted Kitty. "Oh, I always fight it out with her, and we have great battles sometimes, but I value a word of praise from her more than from anyone else, and she does love me."

"Look, Kitty, what beautiful strawberries!" exclaimed Janet, as they passed a gorgeous fruit shop in one of the most expensive quarters of the wealthy town.

"Yes, lovely. Let us buy them. Aunt Lane wants some dessert, you know."

"She would not thank us to bring her such expensive goods as that. Do you see they are marked two shillings, and I don't think there are more than a dozen and a half in that little basket?"

"Great powers!" cried Kitty in wild astonishment. "It's too cruel to have to pay that for a few bits of strawberries. Why, in May we could pick them by the hundred for nothing in Cool-a-vin gardens. We have the loveliest strawberry beds—acres of them."

"Yes, but you don't pick them for nothing. What wages do you pay your gardener and the man or boy who helps?"

"Oh, I'm sure I don't know. I never thought of that. Why, Janet, life is not worth living if you must keep the price of every trifle before your eyes."

"Things will cost you terribly dear if you don't."

"Well, don't let us make ourselves miserable just now. We mustn't disappoint my aunt."

"Nor my mar," returned Jane, laughing.

"Oh, Jane, don't put an 'r' to it."

"But I don't!" cried Janet, indignantly. "What nonsense you talk about 'r's' and 'h's' and 'mar.'"

“As an English girl you ought to like truth, even if it is disagreeable.”

“Oh, yes, if it is truth; but come along, you’ll see how much cheaper things are in the Riverside streets.”

Janet was right. Here they made the purchases, much to Janet’s satisfaction. Returning to the higher part of the town, they crossed a fine wide street, looking down which Kitty observed that it opened on the quays, and gave a view of the river and one of the landing-stages.

“Is that the place I landed at?” asked Kitty.

“Yes, it must be. Papa’s office is quite near the end there, looking out over the landing-stage.”

Here a gentleman crossed from the opposite side of the street and took off his hat deferentially to Janet, who blushed, bowed and hurried on.

“Who is your friend?” asked Kitty. “What a great, huge, red creature! Like a navy in his master’s clothes.”

“I believe he could buy and sell us all,” said her cousin; “but I do not want to speak to him. I don’t like his assurance. He always seems doing you a favour when he recognises you.”

“Oh, God help him!” exclaimed Kitty, with infinite contempt.

“What a strange girl you are, Kitty.”

“Why? One may well ask God to look after him when he thinks so much of himself.”

Having executed Mrs. Lane’s commissions the two girls returned home, where they found the house-mother evidently in some tribulation which she hastened to unfold.

Dolly had come home from school at an unusually early hour in a tearful agitated condition.

"Why, what has happened?" asked the elder sister.

"It seems poor Dolly has been in disgrace off and on about her French for some time. To-day she says she took special trouble, yet broke down altogether, so the master, who seems rather hasty, rebuked her very severely, and poor Doll nearly went into hysterics and was sent home."

"Aunt," cried Kitty, flushing up with ardent sympathy, "may I help Dolly to learn her lessons? It is very hard to make sure of them in a strange language, and she really cannot pronounce it. I have always spoken French with my mother and Madame. Even Fitz and Hyacinth can make themselves understood. I will help Dolly all I can. When she has had her dinner and a walk round the gardens we will have a good hour's work. You'll see she will get on. Those tiresome, unreasonable people shall not worry and browbeat her any more if I can help it."

"You are very kind, Kitty, my dear. It is too much to ask from you. Dolly really does want some help in preparing her tasks, but I think we pay Miss Dobbs quite enough without half a guinea a week more for preparation."

"And I will be too pleased to do it for your sake and Dolly's," cried Kitty.

Poor Dolly brightened up, and that very day Kitty and her young cousin sallied forth into the garden opposite, and worked hard for a solid hour, till Dolly began to think that she might perhaps rise above the difficulties of the terrible language which had hitherto taken her such agonising and fruitless pains to master.

This new departure made Kitty feel more completely

one of the family than she had done before, and she became more than ever her aunt's favourite.

Meantime, "Uncle Dick" did not seem in any hurry to return to his brother. A few brief notes informed the expectant family that he was detained by unforeseen business—by curious encounters with acquaintances whom he thought were at the other side of the world, till Mrs. Lane declared herself quite disappointed with Dick.

One morning, however—the day before Mrs. Lane's dinner-party—a loud, imperative ring at the front-door bell called Susan, the parlour-maid, from the extra cleaning she was bestowing on the plate in anticipation of that event.

"Oh, drat it!" she exclaimed to cook. "Of all mornings to have visitors before dinner, to-day is too vexatious. Couldn't you go, cook? Missis will be out quite an hour and a half longer, and I could get the whole of this finished in that time.

"I've more than I can get through myself," began cook, when a second imperious summons made Susan turn down her cuffs, whip off her apron and pitch it into the plate basket, previous to running upstairs and throwing open the hall door with a resentful air.

A gentleman was standing on the doorstep, who turned to face her, a man above middle height, with remarkably broad shoulders. He was dark and weather-beaten in complexion, with steely grey, stern-looking eyes, which gleamed angrily from under thick black eyebrows. He wore something of a sportsman's get-up, which at that date often consisted of a black velveteen jacket and a shot belt—the latter was not included in the visitor's

costume, but he had high gamekeeper's gaiters and a soft grey felt hat. He wore thick black moustaches, but no whiskers, and a strap over his right shoulder supported a sort of courier's bag.

"Are you dead or plague-stricken in this house, that you keep the door shut?" he asked, in deep authoritative tone.

Susan at first guessed him to be a murderer at least, but the sauciness of a respectable and rather petted servant nerved her to reply, "No, sir; but we ain't accustomed to visitors before early dinner-time."

"Oh, indeed!" And the stranger stepped coolly into the hall. "I suppose your master's at his office, hey? Mrs. Lane at home?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I'll sit down and wait for her—"

"But, sir—"

"Don't you be afraid, my girl; I am not a burglar. Give me to-day's paper, and let me sit down."

Something about this unusual stranger—it would have puzzled her to explain what—reassured Susan, and she ushered him into the morning-room, which overlooked the back garden. The visitor glanced round him, then threw himself into a rocking-chair and his grey hat on the table. Susan disappeared for a moment and returned with the morning paper, which she handed him, saying, "Missis won't be long, sir," and left the room.

The stranger rose, after a moment's quiet, and glanced round.

On a sofa behind the door lay a grey chip bonnet, beneath the brim of which was a ruching of soft white

tulle, as was worn in those bygone days, a tuft of primroses nestled among the filmy tulle on the left side, while a long, straight, black silk scarf, edged with black lace, hung over the end of the couch.

"Hum!" muttered the intruder, pacing slowly across the room. "Untidy hussies! I wonder which of them that smart rig out belongs to? Liz used to be—"

He stopped short, for a sound of singing caught his ear; it was at some distance, but approached as he listened. A soft, melodious, clear voice, lilting forth a sweet wild ballad—something the listener had never heard before. He drew back behind the door as he heard a swift step run downstairs and pause an instant, still singing. He made out the words, "For he tore its chords asunder!" then the singer came with a burst into the room, and, turning towards the sofa, met the stranger's keen, almost cruel, glance fixed upon her as though he would read her thoughts. She started, and stood still.

"Now for some airs and graces," said the new-comer to himself, noting the steadiness with which the lustrous dark blue eyes of the tall willowy girl, who had entered so impulsively, met his.

He was mistaken. She did not colour, or lower her full white eyelids, but a faint, lovely colour began to rise in her cheek and a smile to dimple round her mouth.

"Why!" she exclaimed, "are you Uncle Dick?"

"Yes, I suppose I am. And which of my nieces are you?" He had risen and approached her.

"I am afraid I cannot claim you as a relation. Mrs. Lane is really my aunt, and your brother, Mr. John Lane, is my uncle by adoption and grace! Perhaps you have heard my name? I am Kitty Costello."

"Costello sounds familiar; but are you going out?" For Kitty had lifted the grey bonnet, and, going across the room to avail herself of the glass over the mantelpiece, proceeded to put it on with deliberate care. "I hoped you would keep me company and tell me the family news."

"I would do so, only my aunt gave me some commissions and I must do them before dinner—there is only an hour and a half left to me. Have you a newspaper?" While she spoke she threw her silk scarf round her shoulders and looked hastily round for her gloves.

"How tiresome! I must have left them at the top of the house; but it doesn't matter, I can go without them."

"What! an elegant young lady go out ungloved? I am shocked."

Kitty sparkled all over with a swift bright smile. "I should not say that gloves always seemed indispensable to yourself."

"By Jove! you are right. My natural savagery betrays itself!"

"We will discuss that later. I must run away now." A slightly patronising wave of the hand and she was gone.

"That's a novel sort of a specimen. An uncommonly cool hand. Not much resemblance between her and her aunt, who is softness and modesty itself. If I don't meet a girl built on my sister-in-law's lines, I'll never tie myself to any brazen piece of goods, however handsome she may be; and Miss Kitty Costello is a beauty and no mistake."

For awhile Uncle Dick applied himself to his news-

paper, and then examined the prints and mezzo-tints with which the walls were decorated, many of which he recognised, till the sound of the door bell and voices in the hall announced the return of the lady of the house.

The smile with which Dick Lane advanced to greet his sister-in-law transformed his countenance. The hard, contemptuous look melted into an expression of cordial kindness, and the smile which lit up his eyes parted his lips also.

"Hallo, Liz! It is good to see you again!" he exclaimed, and catching her in his arms bestowed a hearty kiss on her still fair, smooth cheek. "What wonderful women you are in these parts. Why, the eight years and a bit that have slipped away since I said good-bye to you have not traced a line on your brow—not a wrinkle round your eyes. Not a bad kind of reward for the merits of a sound heart and a good conscience. Why a woman of your years—and I know how many they are—is often old and withered and out of everything."

"I am glad to see you too, Dick, though you look older and sterner than you ought, but our nice, moist, healthy climate will bring back your youth!"

Dick Lane laughed mockingly. "Thank you," he said, "I prefer early middle age. Tell me, which of my nieces is this?" and he held out his hand to a young lady who had followed her mother.

"This is Janet, who has been my right hand since Lizzie left us."

"Very glad to renew our acquaintance, my dear," said Uncle Dick, bestowing a cool kiss on her brow.

"I will fetch you your cap, ma," said the young lady, "and you can have a nice chat with uncle till dinner is ready."

"Thank you, my dear."

Janet vanished, and Mrs. Lane at once plunged into questions and reminiscences profoundly interesting to her guest and herself.

CHAPTER IV.

"EVERSLEY STREET,

"April 20, 18—.

"MY SWEETEST MOTHER,—I ought to have written to you on Sunday, but that is the result of fixing a particular day for writing, you are sure to miss it, so in future never expect a letter till you get it.

"Time goes here with the most extraordinary rapidity, yet it is monotonous to a degree. I thought at first I should be bored to death, but I am not.

"Aunt Lizzie is a dear. Her thought for everyone is wonderful. I am often rather cross with her children. They think too much of themselves and not half enough of their dear mother, though they are not fit to tie her shoe-strings! Uncle Lane is fond of her, but he gives her no end of trouble.

"I do not think I should like to marry an Englishman, they are a tyrannical crew. Yet, when they are gentlemen, there's a style about them I admire.

"This is a perfect palace of punctuality. Do you know, there is a particular day for each room?—I mean to be cleaned and polished and shaken and turned out of the windows generally.

“Keziah, the housemaid, is not like me, she never passes it over. She always has to tell me which day it is that I may put my things away out of the dust. Keziah (don't you hate those queer Old Testament names?) is rather a nice-looking girl, and is some kind of a dissenter—a Baptist or a Plymouth Brother—and very serious; that they all are. It does seem funny to have Protestant servants. I much prefer Catholics. It is more convenient, too, for they can get a trifle of low mass or vespers any time on Sunday, and it does not interfere with dinner if you want to give a party. While here they would let you starve before they would alter their go-to-meeting services by half a second.

“Some will not go into a place where they have cooking on the Sabbath. Indeed, the amount of things they demand as rights are perfectly appalling, and the more religious they are the harder and more remorseless. They never open their lips to you, and if I were to utter a word of the funny things that came into my head, I really believe they would report me to the police. Yet the work they get through in a day is amazing, and, as I said, everything looks quite new. The whole life here is rather chilly. Yet I do like Uncle Lane, and I think he likes me. I am gradually ‘insensing’ him into the comprehension of a joke. I did not think he was capable of taking it in. Dan does quite naturally.

“Now I have found some work to do.

“Dolly is a dear little dumpling, and I find she got into great trouble over her French (she has gone to a French class lately), so I offered to help her in preparing her lessons (If dear Madame could hear her try to read!), so I have her to myself for an hour and a half every

afternoon. It is odd we never hear of afternoon in Ireland. It is not easy to make Dolly learn, but she is improving.

"I do not think Uncle Lane is really rich. They have never had a man-servant. The girls have no idea of riding, they do not even wish for a horse; nor the boys either, I think. This is quite between us, for though he does wear 'tiger heads' on his toes, Uncle Lane has most of the ingredients that go to make a gentleman, only they are not mixed up quite the right way. Another thing bothers me. They have lots of nice silver, but there is no crest on it, only J. L. twisted up together. Had the Lanes never any crest? Now, darling mother, I want to know if you could let me have a new dress for a big ball we are invited to; it is nearly a month off. I can do with white muslin quite simple and cheap, but oh! it must be fresh.

"I was called away from my letter yesterday and only managed to come back to it this morning.

"Aunt Lane wanted everyone's help, for an important person had failed her at the last moment.

"It seems that at dinner-parties here the part of butler is played generally by a greengrocer (man who sells vegetables. I'll have to add a glossary to my letters soon).

"This is an incomparable performer, who looks like an old family servant. Now everyone is in despair because he has sent to say he is too ill to come. I do not know what is the matter; nothing short of gout, I suppose.

"At all events Aunt and Janet went off in a great

hurry to work a miracle or find a substitute, and I promised to order more flowers and things.

“A little while after I went downstairs to find my bonnet, and walking into the morning-room I found myself face to face with an odd-looking man—at least I never saw anyone quite like him before. Not as tall as Fitz, but bigger, with a kind of bony bigness, very brown and weather-beaten, with thick, dark moustache and eyebrows, but light, steely, cruel grey eyes. He might have been handsome if he had been less forbidding. He wore a black velvet shooting-jacket and high leather gaiters, and looked something of a gentleman with a dash of the ruffian. Some girls might have been afraid of him. Of course I wasn't. He rose up—he didn't hold himself badly—and stared at me, and I stared at him, right into his disagreeable eyes, till a sudden revelation flashed upon me and I exclaimed,—

“‘I believe you are Uncle Dick.’

“‘Pray which of my nieces are you?’ he asked. He has one of those strong, deep, commanding voices that I confess I like in Englishmen, though they are not kindly.

“I explained that I had not the honour of being related to him, and said who I was. Then I began to put on my bonnet, for time was going fast, when he had the coolness to ask me to sit down and talk to him, and ‘keep him company!’ (That man must be taught his place!) I told him my aunt would be at home before dinner, and that I must do the commissions she had given me. Then I asked if he had a newspaper, and left him to it.

“They were all deep in mutton and rice-pudding when I came back, and I will say Uncle Dick stood up

and brought me a chair, handed me potatoes, and was quite civilised. He had finished his dinner, so amused himself studying me.

“‘I fancy you must have often heard me speak of my dear sister, Mrs. Costello, this child’s mother,’ remarked Aunt Lane.

“‘Yes,’ said Bluebeard (as I feel disposed to call Uncle Dick); ‘but I don’t think you and your dear sister spoke to each other in those days.’

“Wasn’t it horrid of him? I couldn’t sit silent, so I smiled a saucy smile, I think, and said, ‘Alas! how light a cause may move dissension between hearts that love!’

“‘*Carambo!* that’s true,’ cried Uncle Dick.

“So aunt exclaimed, ‘Is that a Spanish oath? I hope you haven’t learnt to swear, Dick.’

“‘Hum! I’ll not commit myself. *Carambo*, however, sounds bigger than it is; it’s equal to “By Jingo,” or, to try an Irish illustration nearer still, “Thunder and Turf.”’

“‘Have you ever been in Ireland?’ I asked.

“‘No, my sweet niece; but I have met a good many of your compatriots in California and elsewhere, regular dare-devils, though there’s a streak of the woman in almost all of them.’

“Did you ever hear such nonsense, mother dear? I think this horrid Uncle Dick would like to rile me for his amusement. If that’s the diet he wants, he will find short commons. So I nodded and smiled over to him, and said, ‘Thanks for the compliment. A dare-devil of a man, with a kindly heart, is a first-rate mixture.’

“‘Very glad to have pleased you. I say, Lizzie, I

suppose you don't permit smoking in this sacred apartment?'

"Well, dear, I don't think John would like it indoors.' And poor aunt coloured up, for she hates to say 'No.' Then little roly-poly Dolly said,—

"Oh, Uncle Dick! you can smoke in the garden, and there is a nice seat there. I'll show you the way.'

"Thanks, my pet; you must be Uncle Dick's ally.'

"Then he got up and went off. Fancy Uncle Lane's brother, and a sort of pattern man, who wanted to set an example of deportment, turning out like this!

"Now I must stop, for I am going to put a finishing touch to my white satin dress. The deep lace berthe is very becoming, and I have added large puffed sleeves, which makes it quite in the fashion. It might be newer; but there, it has more style than you can find here. I am so glad, my own dear, you are going to stay with the St. George Costellos. Do get some new caps, and go out to dinner.—Always your loving

KITTY."

The entertainment which cost Mrs. Lane so many anxious thoughts was partly given in honour of a newly-married couple. The bride was renowned for her beauty and her fortune. They had taken a fine house in a neighbouring square, and Mrs. Lane, who had known the bridegroom's people, was the first to call upon and invite the happy pair. She had selected some of her most distinguished acquaintances to meet them, amongst them the wealthy next-door neighbours, Mr. and Mrs. Cox. The latter being absent, her place was filled by

her mother-in-law, a rich, lively old lady of humble origin and high pretensions.

Most of the guests had arrived when Kitty slipped into the room. She had in fact spent a good deal of time dressing Janet's hair, in the treatment of which that young lady had little skill. John Lane noticed her unobtrusive entrance. In truth, he had grown very proud of his wife's niece, who had many delightful ways of showing that she liked him, and was by nature much more caressing than his own daughters. As he looked at Kitty for the first time in evening dress, and noted her lovely, creamy shoulders, her graceful throat, on which her small head, with its wealth of chestnut hair, was so proudly posed, her smooth, easy movements suggestive of high-bred length of limb, solid and unimaginative as John Lane was, he felt that near relationship to such a creature was like a patent of nobility! He would, of course, have sooner died than confessed such weakness.

Meantime, noticing that her Cousin Dan was sulking near the door, she turned aside to ask what was the matter with him.

"Not much," he returned, colouring with pleasure at her approach; "but I don't like being made a tool of. That jackanapes, the curate, has a sore throat or a finger, and sent an excuse. So I am made to dress up and come in his place, and I had promised to spend the evening elsewhere."

"Oh, never mind, Dan; you can sit next me. Won't you like that better?"

"Do you think they will let me have the place next you? Not a bit of it—"

"Mr. and Mrs. Sanders," said the acting butler in stentorian tones, throwing the door open to its fullest extent.

Everyone stopped talking to gaze at the handsome bride.

"They say she is a regular beauty," whispered Dan to Kitty. "What do you think?"

"Women are not good judges of each other, Dan. She looks happy and good-humoured, and has a fine colour. There's a good deal of her too."

"You are right. She'll be twenty stone before she is five-and-thirty."

"Oh, Dan, no; that is too much."

"Kitty, my dear," said her uncle, coming across the room, followed by a very tall, big man, with red hair and whiskers and skin, and round, impudent eyes, "let me introduce Mr. Grierson to you—Mr. Grierson, Miss Costello. He will take you down to dinner, Kitty."

Dan stood back, and Kitty made a slight polite approach to a curtsy, smiling on her uncle a smile so sweet, so brilliant, that Grierson was quite dazzled.

"Dan," continued his father, "Alderman Drinkwater will sit next your cousin, and you must take Miss Evans. Put her at the other side of Drinkwater."

"Yes, sir." Then aside to Kitty, "I told you so."

"That young fellow seems a little put out," said Grierson, thankful to find anything to speak of. It was positively humiliating, this sense of helplessness.

"Boys of his age do not care for dinner-parties, I think, and he wanted to sit beside me."

"Set him up! I should think he did indeed!"

"Oh, it is very natural; he is quite at home with me."

"Dinner is on the table," said the archiepiscopal greengrocer, and Kitty placed the tips of her fingers on Grierson's arm. Once seated, she attended to her dinner.

"By Jove!" exclaimed her neighbour, when he had swallowed a couple of bumpers of strong brown sherry, "it's a comfort to see a young lady eating her food as if she liked it. I wonder you don't all know that we men have more sense than to believe you can live on air."

"Why, what has that to do with it?" asked Kitty, carelessly, for at that moment she caught Dick Lane's objectionable eyes fixed upon her at the opposite side of the somewhat narrow table, where he was seated next an elderly lady in a large red turban, with a bird of paradise perched on one side of it. Kitty could hardly keep from audible laughter. "Do ladies like our opposite neighbour often wear such things on their heads here?" she asked.

"I suspect, though you laugh at it, that concern cost a round sum of money."

"I am sure I would give a square one to have it taken off."

"Even that would look well on you!" exclaimed Grierson.

"A very doubtful compliment," returned Kitty.

"May I ask if you are English?" he said, feeling dizzy with delighted admiration.

"No, I am a stranger," said Kitty, shaking her head.

"I thought so; there's something so sweet in your voice."

"I am an Irishwoman," added Kitty.

"Irish?" he repeated in blank astonishment. "I can't believe it. I've had plenty to do with Irish navvies—

most troublesome devils in creation—but I never met an Irish gentleman in my life.”

Kitty turned and looked steadily at him, a slightly mocking smile curving her ripe red lips, then she said very distinctly, “I quite believe you. Now you have met an Irish lady.”

Dan, who sat a little below her, heard the stinging rebuke, and burst into an applauding laugh, exclaiming, “Bravo, Kitty!”

Kitty sat silent and demure till the “ancient retainer” handed her a dish of asparagus, to which she helped herself carefully, and Grierson, feeling most terribly snubbed, rallied his forces and set to work to smoothe down this fascinating, formidable creature.

“I suppose you have been a long time in England or somewhere?”

“It is exactly three weeks and two days since I left Ireland for the first time.”

“Oh—ah—indeed. Well, I can truly say I had no idea such charming girls grew there,” and he laughed uneasily.

“I must be a delightful discovery.”

“That you are, and no mistake. I never met any girl like you before.”

“Your experience seems rather limited.”

“Oh, I can tell you I know my way about; but somehow I feel I have offended you, and, believe me, I’d rather lose my new dock contract than offend you. On my soul I would. Do tell me; put me right.”

“Offend me?” echoed Kitty, looking critically at him, her haughty little head slightly on one side. “That is what very few people could do. There are sins of

ignorance and sins of intention; for the latter, of course, there is no forgiveness. Now tell me what is a contractor? They say you are a great contractor. My cousin showed me what he calls 'your works' down by the river, and from the widespread river we saw there I should say you were an 'expandor,' not a contractor."

"Ah, ha! that's good, very good. One must mind one's p's and q's with a young lady like you. If you really want to know what a contractor's business is like, no man could tell you better than myself. You see a lot of fellows with heaps of cash get together and think they could make a lot more out of it than they do if they could build a bridge here, or a dock there, or a railway somewhere else, so they put down their cash, and then they are done. But then they have to find a man who knows all about brickwork and masonry and iron, also all about strength and capacity, roughly, and how much these things cost. Now he knows all this well enough to be able to tell the moneyed men what it will all cost, and able on his own account to say what he will build the bridge or the dock or the railway for, and know for himself what he'll be able to get out of it. Then he must find the best engineers, architects, mechanics, labourers, navvies."

"Stop! stop!" cried Kitty, really interested, "you take my breath away. Do you mean to say you can manage all that? Why, how old are you? Pray do not think me rude, but you don't seem to me old enough to have had time to learn all that; besides, a man would not care about being thought old."

"I'm not so sure, Miss Costello. Youth and a long stretch of strong middle age are grand ingredients in

success. If you care to know, I shall have reached forty before next New Year's Day. I am about the youngest man of my standing in the calling, and I have well twenty years' good work before me."

"In a good hour!" ejaculated Kitty, touching her brow, her heart, her right and left shoulders, swiftly and gently.

"What's that for?" asked Grierson, his red face blazing with gratified vanity.

"To avert ill luck. The peasants and servants do that in Ireland when they hear people building castles in the air."

"My castles are stone and mortar," said Grierson, with a touch of pride which Kitty understood.

"Well, in twenty years," she resumed, "you may pile up a mountain of gold or—"

"Don't say it!" he exclaimed, with a restraining gesture of his right hand.

"No, I will not. But I repeated the first words of an Irishman's formula, 'In a good hour be it spoken,' and signed the cross to avert ill fortune."

"If I have your good wishes, I'll go far!" said Grierson, exultingly.

Kitty shook her head and smiled a pensive little smile. "I am afraid we Costellos are not lucky people, though we may bring luck to others."

"Look here, Miss Costello, I'll ask Mrs. Lane to come down with yourself and her daughter to a bit of lunch at the works, and show you more about contracting and all belonging to it in an hour than I could explain in days. I'll take you up into where the river narrows in my steam launch after. You are not afraid to go on the water, are you?"

"Afraid of a boat?" cried Kitty, opening her dark-blue eyes. "Why, I often sail out alone, except for a bit of a fisher boy, and that on the Atlantic; but my aunt is moving."

"You are the most remarkable girl I ever met!" exclaimed Grierson, with intense conviction, but Kitty was away.

The rest of the evening was rather trying to our young stranger. Grierson would not leave her side, and Uncle Dick seemed to take a perverse pleasure in interrupting their conversation and turning it into other channels.

The bride, who had been at a costly London school and learned singing from a genuine "signor," favoured the company with some arias and cavatinas. Then Mrs. Lane begged her niece to give them an Irish air.

"I don't think they would care for it," said Kitty, "and you know I am quite untaught."

"Never mind," put in Uncle Dick, "what was that you came into the room singing yesterday about 'Tearing its chords asunder?' I haven't a doubt you'd do it if it were a heart."

"Very well. I'll sing it at any rate."

Kitty swept away to the piano, and had her gloves off in a twinkling. As she said, she was untaught, but she had a most correct ear, and a full, rich mezzo-soprano voice. Nor did she need any music on the stand before her. She was soon thrilling forth with infinite spirit and pathos, "The Minstrel Boy." It was one of her favourite ballads. She quickly forgot all about her listeners, and sang with all her heart.

"By Jove! she can sing," said the subdued Grier-

son. "I never cared a rap for singing before. In fact, I never met her match. Did you?" addressing Dick Lane.

"I'm not sure."

"Then she is your cousin or your niece, hey? Which perhaps—"

"No," interrupted Lane, "there's no relationship between us. Miss Costello would not thank you for the suggestion. She is as proud as Lucifer, with a queer, irrational sort of pride," and Dick laughed a somewhat scornful laugh.

"And no wonder!" exclaimed Grierson.

Meantime, the bride addressed the songstress. "I'm sure you have given us a treat. You have a delightful voice. If you wanted such a thing, you might make a heap of money with your voice. Did you study in Paris or in London?"

"Oh, thank you! I am very pleased you like my singing. But as to study—I never studied at all. My governess understands music, and did her best for me, but I am very ignorant."

"It is a great pity you hadn't a first-rate master. I hope you will come and see me, and we will try a duet together. I will ask Mrs. Lane to let you come."

The guests began to disperse, all expressing their enjoyment of a delightful evening. Mr. Grierson talked for some minutes in an eager way to his hostess, and then crossed the room to say good night to the adorable Kitty.

"I have asked Mrs. Lane to fix a day for our party, Miss Costello. She says she will, when she can settle it with Lane. He is a capital fellow. I've a great respect

for Lane, he's a first-rate man of business. Well, good night!" taking her hand, and almost crushing it in a huge grip. "Eh! I'll think it long till I see you again."

Kitty flushed, drew away her hand, and held up her head with resentful hauteur, which did not seem to affect the bold contractor. The host accompanied his favoured guest to the door, where he met his brother, who had escorted the bride to her carriage. Dick noticed Kitty standing in a stately fashion by the piano, her dainty chin in the air, her eyes alight and her cheeks glowing, while she was busy rubbing her long slender fingers with her lace-edged pocket-handkerchief.

"Just look at Kitty, mother!" cried Dan. "She is quite indignant because poor Grierson presumed to shake hands with her. Now I think he is rather a fine fellow."

"Perhaps; but he doesn't know his place," said Kitty decidedly.

"Well, you gave him a pretty sharp lesson at dinner, eh, Uncle Dick? You heard, didn't you?"

"Yes. A brilliant rebuke. But these witty sallies are more likely to make a girl bitter enemies than useful friends, Miss Costello."

Kitty's speaking face changed to a mocking smile, showing her pearly teeth. "My dear Mr. Lane," she replied, "what possible importance can Mr. Grierson's enmity or friendship have for me?"

She snatched up her gloves, waved a careless good-night to Dick Lane, conveying the idea that he was of small account himself, bestowed a kiss upon her aunt, and slipping her arm through her uncle's, pressed her charming head against his shoulder saying, "Get away

to bed, nunky, dear, or you'll never be in time for prayers at eight o'clock to-morrow. And you must put up a few extra for your naughty niece!" Then she vanished.

"She is a little devil, and no mistake," said Dick Lane, looking after her. "If ever a wild cat wanted taming, she does!"

"Pooh, nonsense!" returned the master of the house. "She's just full of harmless fun and good nature."

Dick looked at him and shook his head.

CHAPTER V.

THE return of Dick Lane to his brother's home did not add much sociability to the domestic circle.

Dick soon established himself in a quiet but well-known hotel situated in the business part of the town, and when he looked in of an evening, which he often did, he generally detained his brother in the dining-room, where they smoked pipes and talked business till late, quite absorbed in their own affairs, and showing little or no interest in the ordinary topics which occupied the ladies and boys of the family.

"It is not like Dick," said Mrs. Lane. "He used to be so friendly and kind, especially to me. Rather exacting, and most particular. Naturally, a fine gentleman, and steady. Oh, steady as a rock! old of his years indeed. He was engaged to a very nice girl, whom we all thought the pink of perfection. Very religious. Taught in the St. John's Sunday Schools, and helped in the parish. She had him in great order, and was too spiritually minded to allow Dick many privileges

in right of their engagement. He looked up to her as if she were an angel from heaven, something too pure and holy for the life of every day."

"And did he really like a refrigerated creature of that kind?" said Kitty, who was sitting with her aunt, diligently mending some fine lace for that lady. "I am sure there is nothing very saintly about Mr. Richard Lane himself."

"Well, no," and Mrs. Lane sighed. "I must say he is sadly changed. Before he went away he was most particular, not to say severe, but after the cruel disappointment he had he seemed to grow quite careless, if not reckless."

"Oh! he had a disappointment, had he?" There was a mild degree of interest in Kitty's tone.

"Yes, indeed! I was so fond of Dick. When I was first married—that was more than twenty-three years ago—Dick was quite a schoolboy, and I can't say how good and kind he was to me. I was very happy with the two brothers. Then my dear John found a good opening down here, so we came, and I am sure we never regretted it. Then Dick fell in with Miss ——, I needn't mention her name; that estranged him rather, for she looked on me as a little common and irreligious, partly because I was Irish."

"Irish!" cried Kitty, with a ringing, scornful laugh. "If Mr. Grierson is considered an elegant, distinguished individual here, I can quite understand that the Westpool people find you and the Costellos below par. What an extraordinary experience for me this visit of mine is."

"Well, Kitty, my darling," said her aunt, persuasively, "you know we are all fond of you and think you

a beauty, but don't think too much of yourself. Mr. Grierson is a very rising man."

"What is he rising on, aunty, my dear? Not on the wings of fame, eh? or that specimen from Murray's Grammar, the only thing I ever learnt from it, 'On Eagles' Wings,' 'The Drapers' Company.' There's no connection, you know, only a specimen of the possessive case; but it is quite suitable to Mr. Grierson. The only things to raise him are 'companies' and 'bricks' and 'feet of clay.'"

"Ah, Kitty, you are a bright girl, but I wish you had a trifle more commonsense. Grierson is a little conceited, but he bears a high character; and, my dear child—and I do love you, Kitty—you must forgive me if I tell you some uncomfortable bits of truth—things look uncommonly bad in Ireland. My good husband had a letter from your brother's lawyer a few days ago, to ask him if there was a chance of finding a purchaser for Cool-a-vin, for there's a talk of a new Act of Parliament by which the people, whose interest has not been paid sharp to time, can be sold up, house and land, river and coast, and the owner ruined entirely. Now, Grierson is just the man to buy the whole thing, stock, lock and barrel, and set you as queen to rule over it, and keep your own dear mother like a queen dowager—"

"Stop!" cried Kitty, turning very white and starting to her feet. "Would you have me help a—a navy to take my father's place, my brother's birthright?"

"Oh, my dear, my love! many a bright Irish girl has sacrificed herself to give the mother that bore her a home, and not repented it, Kitty, but come to love the husband that brought peace and plenty to their

An Irish girl belongs to her people before
—before her fancies and tastes for a hand-
—toy or a fine figure. Sure, you should leave these
selfish whims to the men."

"Hush, hush!" whispered Kitty, with a catch in her throat. "Do you mean to say that my sweet mother could ever need the aid of that contracting brute—I mean, that very rising gentleman, Mr. Grierson? There, don't speak any more. Now, let me go. Why should I take fright in this stupid way? I'll come back before dinner is ready."

She threw down the long lace founce on which she had been at work, and swept, with sobs and flying feet, to the door.

Opening it wide, she ran into Dick Lane's arms as he was about to enter.

"Why—what—" he began in great surprise, but Kitty unceremoniously pushed him aside with no gentle hand, and ran away upstairs.

"What is up, Lizzie?" he exclaimed. "Why, the lovely Kitty is drowned in tears! Have you offended 'the ould ancient blood of the Costellos' and behaved like an ill-bred Saxon?"

"Do not ask me, Dick. God knows! I wouldn't bring a tear to her eyes to buy the wealth of worlds."

"That I am pretty sure of. But I fancy she is a bit of a fury—has a touch of the national temper! It's uncommonly becoming though. Come, I am very prudent, tell me what's the row?"

"No, Dick; you are curiously unsympathetic to Kitty. You don't know what a sweet angel she is."

"No, I do not; and, if I like her at all, it is because

she does not pretend to be sweet or angelic, but just a natural, saucy, pleasure-loving girl, with a first-class opinion of herself."

"She is better than that, Dick. She is a true-hearted woman; just devoted to her people and—"

"My dear sister-in-law, the only self-forgetful woman I ever knew is yourself. I am glad to think Jack found you and you found Jack, and, above all, I thank God I was lucky enough to have my eyes opened in time, before I was indissolubly tied to a 'sweet angel,' whose heavenly qualities would have made life a trifle too much for me."

"Ah, Dick, I do not like to hear you speak so bitterly. I hope you will find some nice, simple, truthful English girl who will make a happy home for you, and—"

"Are you sure I should deserve such a paradise? I am rather afraid I should be disposed to feel thoroughly sick of the simplicity and truthfulness about which I talk, and wish for something more piquant. We are unreasonable brutes, we lords of creation. Let me impress one thing upon you, my dear Lizzie; for God's sake do not try to make a match between Grierson and our charming niece! She doesn't think him fit to dust her shoes. He takes her at her own valuation. She would break his heart and drive him to drink; it's the resource of men of his stamp. She would become a hard, cruel, maddening devil!"

"Mercy, Dick! How you can even think such things I cannot imagine. Between you and me, I'm afraid there are hard times before my poor Kitty. They are on the brink of ruin. The property is loaded with

debt, and will be one of the first sold up under the new Encumbered Estates Act. What will become of my poor sister, God only knows; and Kitty must marry somebody."

"I suppose so. I don't believe in these new-fangled farragos about women earning their own bread. They will only get into dangers and difficulties, and give their friends no end of trouble. Really, the *mariage de convenance* is the only sensible system going."

"Don't recommend such heartless, worldly, ungodly hardness! It would break my heart to see one of my own girls sacrificed in that fashion."

"The girl herself wouldn't care a rap! I've seen a lot of such marriages in South America."

"If you please, 'm," said the prim and proper Keziah, coming into the room, a salver in her hand and on it a card, "will you see the gentleman, 'm?"

"Why!" exclaimed Mrs. Lane, with a frightened air, "it is Mr. Grierson himself. What shall I do?"

"See him, of course," returned her brother-in-law, laughing. "This is growing serious."

The next moment Mr. Grierson was shown in. He wore a vast frock-coat and a bunch of fiery red geraniums in its buttonhole. A gorgeous waistcoat (such things were worn at that date by the unenlightened), and he held a glossy, brand new hat in his hand.

"I believe I ought not to call on you at so early an hour, Mrs. Lane," he said; "but I am anxious to settle this little matter of the luncheon, of which you were so good as to say you would partake in my workshop or yard. Now you'll excuse a busy man if I ask you to fix an early day. How would next Wednesday suit

you? I have an appointment at the Board of Works up in town on Thursday, and don't expect to get back before Saturday."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Grierson. If Mr. Lane can fix a day, any one will suit us."

"Well, I met your good man early this morning. He says he will try and come, but I am not to count on him. He is tremendously busy. Indeed, I don't suppose a 'corrobbery' of that kind would please him, but I am not a Bluebeard, and, besides, would look after you as carefully as if I was your grandfather. I hope this young fellow," slapping Dick on the shoulder, "will honour me. He looks as if he wanted a little rousing up. You used not to be such a glum-looking chap when I knew you in London. How long ago? Ten years?"

Dick laughed good-humouredly. "I am ten years older, which accounts," he said.

"Not when a fellow has been so deuced lucky as they say you have been? Well, Mrs. Lane, is it to be 'yes' or 'no'?"

"Let it be 'yes,' Liz," said her brother-in-law, "and we'll make Jack come along whether he likes it or not."

"I'm sure it will be a great treat to us all, Mr. Grierson, and what time shall we—?"

"Oh, one-forty-five, for we'll take a cruise up the river after. Miss Costello said she'd like to go. How is she—all right, I hope? Is she at home?"

"I am not sure," hesitated Mrs. Lane. "She often goes out with Dolly at this hour," and Mrs. Lane rang the bell. "Go and see if Miss Costello is at home, and ask her to come down."

During Keziah's absence on this quest, Grierson could not keep quiet. He rose, and walked to and fro, asking many questions respecting the state of things in Brazil and Paraguay. "I met a Brazilian last week at old Cox's, an uncommon wealthy man, I am told, who wants to get a bridge or two built on his property. He seems to know you, and told me of your ride across the Pampas and through the old Spanish priestly settlements. What sort of fellows are those South American chaps to deal with, eh?"

"As individuals they are far from bad, but have nothing to do with the governments, they are always bursting up and repudiating their debts. I would not—"

Here Keziah returned. "If you please 'm, Miss Costello and Dolly have just gone out for a walk."

"Gad, I am deucedly unlucky. You'll excuse my running away, Mrs. Lane; I just live in a hurry. Wednesday next, then—one-forty-five! Hope we'll have fine weather. By the way, you have another daughter, haven't you—married—Mrs. Dixon?"

"Yes, she lives out Riversdale way."

"Then you be sure to bring her. It's an out-of-the-way sort of a party. She might like to come."

Mrs. Lane accepted for her daughter, and Grierson, considerably clouded over, took leave.

"What a pitiable object a practical, clear-headed, capable man is when he has such a fit of temporary insanity as that unfortunate Grierson, and all for a pair of laughing blue or blue-black eyes and a sweet red mouth. Grierson will give you some trouble unless you are prepared to give him his head, Liz."

"I'm sure, Dick, I do not know what to say. It

might turn out a very fortunate marriage, but—but you yourself, Dick, would you like to see our sweet Kitty (and you do not know how kind and thoughtful she is, and generous, and—)”

“The fact is, you are all demented about this delightful Irish girl. She can be a delightful creature, though she is scornful, till she makes one long to punish her with a storm of kisses.”

“My dear Dick, you astonish and shock me.”

“Never mind. I’ve been out of the latitudes of prunes, prisms and proprieties, but I can behave myself. To return. No, I don’t think I should mind seeing ‘Kitty of Cool-a-vin’ linked in holy wedlock to our friend Grierson. She would make his shiners fly, and be the most ornamental investment he ever made. What a life she would lead him!”

“And what sort of a life would he lead her, Dick?”

“He would be her slave; for mark me, my dear sister-in-law, your Kitty is a very formidable young person. Very few men have her pluck, and, as you say, she has flashes of kindness and generosity that dazzle and blind even a hard, determined bachelor like myself. She is just the sort of girl I’d pray to be delivered from. No, I want a woman like yourself, Lizzie—kind and sensible, loving home and family; neither witty nor dull, and capable of understanding me when I talk of my plans and hopes.”

“Yes, I see, Dick, able to follow, but never presuming to originate—quite a man’s ideal.”

“Why, I really believe that wicked young niece of yours has been stirring up the original sin of revolt in your true, simple heart.”

Mrs. Lane laughed good-humouredly. "Do not be too sure I required stirring up. But I hope Kitty will not get herself or me into trouble."

"There's nothing more likely," returned Dick, consolingly.

"I sent you an invitation from our neighbour, Mrs. Cox," resumed Mrs. Lane. "The young people next door are giving a party in honour of the eldest boy's birthday to-morrow. They are to have charades and games, and I don't know what. And they want you to come, but I don't fancy you would care for such things."

"Oh, if John goes, I'll go too. Don't fancy I am a crabbed old square-toes. I sometimes feel a vague sense of renewed youth. I wish John would join me in London. We might develop a big business there."

"Don't be too ambitious, Dick. Big things of all kinds frighten me."

Dolly and her helpful kinswoman had beat a rapid retreat when Keziah presented herself, with a request that Miss Costello would come downstairs as there was company in the morning-room. She had cautiously slipped out of the schoolroom and peeped over the banisters when she heard wheels and horses' feet pausing at the front door, so caught an enlightening glimpse of a fiery red head in the hall.

"Come, Dolly, let us run downstairs and out of the garden door before we are caught." And so both girls effected a masterly retreat.

Before they returned the enemy had vanished, and Kitty was amused by the prospect of lunching in one of the extensive sheds at which she had looked from

a distance when Cousin Dan had taken her to see the wonderful works of Grierson, contractor and builder.

As soon as dinner was over Kitty betook herself to her room, where she had established her writing materials and seldom let many days pass without giving a report of herself and her doings. Here she sat down and opened her blotting-book, sitting for several minutes before it in deep thought, her sweet, fair face hushed into an expression of stillness and sadness, yet firm and composed withal.

The letter she then began was not addressed to Mrs. Costello.

“MY DEAR GOOD FRIEND,—whom I love and trust,” were the opening words, “I ought to have written you sooner, for you will be dreadfully lonely when my mother is away. Yet, no—you will be so fiercely busy, so bent on rubbing and scrubbing and brightening every possible and impossible place, that your thought for others will heal and strengthen you. Don’t you want me to bully the boys and make the girls hurry their work, and see what dawdlers they are? Yet sometimes how quickly they take up an idea, and how heartily they sympathise. But you manage them very well, and are rather like an Irishwoman yourself, dear Madame Dubois.

“This is going to be a short letter, chiefly questions, and you are not to say one word about it to the precious mother.

“I am rather startled, *chérie*, and a little unhappy, chiefly because I am in darkness. Darkness is horrid! Somehow my kind Aunt Lizzie and I drifted into a sort

of business talk this morning. Business is very disagreeable—it is a dragon that devours one up, and to it there is *point de réplique!*

“Aunt Lizzie says that some dreadful new Act of Parliament or law has been invented by which unfortunate people who cannot pay the interest on their land, and you know it is always charged a great deal too much, are dragged into court and everything belonging to them is sold. Something may be saved out of it for the owner, but generally nothing. Now my aunt says that something of this kind is going to happen to Fitz. Do you know anything of it? I do hope no one will frighten my mother with such stories! You know she is not intended by nature to face rough weather! It would be cruel to ask her; and I am helpless from training, or rather the want of it. You are the only creature amongst us all who is capable of earning your bread, and that is the truest sort of fortune. You have always been a tower of strength to us—and to me especially. Tell me what you have heard? Is real mean, squalid poverty striding to meet us? Counsel me, dear old friend! If it is, what can I do? I met a lady here a few days ago. She has a fairly good voice and, better still, has studied in London under a good master. She thinks my voice rather beyond the general run. Could I do anything with it? I don't want to teach; that must be—well, like going down below. *Aux enfers* does not sound pretty in English. But I should not mind singing at concerts and places. Then the whole business bristles with difficulties. Write and tell me all you know. If things are really going wrong I will come home at once. We will not let our dearest Lady of Cool-a-vin return

there to tear her heart by leaving it, knowingly, for ever. What an awful word that is! She seems quite pleased with her visit to Dublin. What news from Fitz? Hyacinth does not often write to me, and is not very flattering when he does. He looks on me as a child of wrath. What a pity he takes such gloomy views. At present he is full of going away somewhere—China, I think—as a missionary. He might as well go to a nice place when he is about it. But anything is better than trying to be a missionary at home. It is so uncivil to one's countrypeople to play at converting them, when they were good Christians long before you were born. Oh! I must stop, there's the bell for tea, it is early to-night. Do write to me. Do! do! do!—Your loving, rebellious
KITTY."

CHAPTER VI.

"YOUR uncle is not coming home to supper," said Mrs. Lane to Kitty, looking up from a note just handed to her when dinner was half over, a couple of days after. "Give the boy something to eat and a glass of beer; there is no answer, Keziah."

At the date of this story people had not got into the habit, for they had not got the means, of sending a "wire" when they wished to suggest "chops and tomato sauce" to their wives or landladies, or other important communications.

"He is going to dine with Uncle Dick."

"Then Uncle Dick is very ill-natured to ask him," cried Dolly. "I wanted him to see me as little Bo-peep

in the tableau. I have a beautiful woolly lamb that Mr. Cox gave me."

"Well, I thought Uncle Dick was coming with us to Mrs. Cox's party himself," remarked her mother.

"I do not think Uncle Lane or his brother care to speak to anyone but each other," said Kitty.

"It seems like it," added Janet; "always business, business from morning till night. No wonder they don't care to speak to us; we know nothing whatever about such things, and our men-folk know nothing else."

"It would do them a great deal of good if they tried to learn," suggested Kitty. "There's your Uncle Dick—I fancy he has seen a great deal in his travels. He might tell us about them sometimes."

"Oh, he can, if he likes!" cried Dolly, eagerly. "Out in the garden, when he was smoking, last Sunday, he told me about a long ride he took. Oh, miles and miles, across great grassy plains, galloping as hard as he could, and a lot of horses following, so that when he had tired one he could jump on another, and wild kind of men with big knives in their belts going along with him—rather wicked men, I think."

"Yes," put in Joe, "that was in South America, before he went up to California; but he did not see any gold in South America, only great big, immense mountains, so high that—"

"Joe, dear boy, you know you have your Latin to do this afternoon. Go, wash your hands, dear, and your mouth is all over raspberry jam; and it's about your last lesson at home."

Grumbling indistinctly, Joe rose and precipitated himself into the hall.

"How fond you all are of sweet things in England," said Kitty, meditatively. "I never cared for them myself. I prefer macaroni cheese or vegetables, sea-kale and asparagus and green peas and salsify to pies or puddings for second course. An Irish boy of Joe's age wouldn't touch raspberry jam—mushrooms done on the bars of the kitchen grate or snipe cooked with the trail, that's the sort of thing he'd like, or eggs roasted in the turf ashes. Oh, they are good!"

"One would think you were an epicure, Kitty," said her aunt, laughing.

"I think I am, rather. Did you ever teach your cook to make potato cake, aunt?"

"No, my dear, I never had the courage to attempt it. It's bad enough to interfere with one's cook about a dish that's above her head, but about so humble a concern as a potato cake—it's out of the question."

"May I try?"

"Yes, dear; you have a daring spirit."

"Very well," said Kitty, rising. "Consider it done! Come along, Dolly, and say over your lines to me again, and make sure of them. I want you to be quite perfect in your words."

The entertainment at their next-door neighbour's was of the unpretending juvenile order, but it was amply provided with good things, and from the time the guests arrived till they took leave they "refreshed" at intervals. It was a larger house than Mr. Lane's, and a schoolroom at the back which had two doors was given up to the charade players. They highly enjoyed themselves, being sufficiently familiar with the spectators and each other to be at ease.

This performance over, they adjourned to the dining-room till the next apartment was cleared for dancing.

The hero of the evening, Sam Cox, was ordered to take Miss Costello in to have a cup of tea, and obeyed not too readily, as Kitty had unconsciously offended him. For, passing through the hall one day where the hope of the Cox family was waiting for his chum Dan, Kitty took him for an extra spruce errand boy, and imagining he had been left there and forgotten, thought she would do him a kindness.

"I am afraid Susan has not told Miss Janet you are here. I am going upstairs and will let her know. You are from Madame Martin's, are you not?"

Kitty knew her cousin expected patterns of lace or trimmings for a ball dress from the modiste who was furnishing it. Now young Cox was perfectly well aware who Madame Martin was, and deep was his indignation at what he chose to consider a premeditated insult. His mode of resenting it was to drop down upon one of the hall chairs, slap his knee boisterously, and burst into an uproarious peal of laughter. Kitty gazed at him, amazed and shocked, and Dan coming downstairs at the moment, his chum called to him,—

"I say, Dan, this is the best joke you ever heard. This young, let us say, lady took me for Madame What-you-call-'em the dressmaking woman's errand boy. Flattering, eh?"

"I am dreadfully shocked!" exclaimed Kitty, truly penitent. "I cannot think how I could have been so stupid. Of course Janet was very anxious about her dress, and so was I, in fact. I had better say no more and trust to your generosity to forgive and pity such a

blunder. You must intercede for me, Dan," and Kitty smiled a sweet and gracious smile on the cub—a smile which, in her innocent vanity, she supposed ought to have atoned for a far deeper offence.

"I certainly cannot congratulate you on your observation, Miss—eh, don't know your name."

"Oh, never mind," said Dan, a good deal annoyed with both of them. "It's a sort of mistake anyone is likely to make. Miss Costello," with emphasis, "probably scarcely saw you. Come along, Sam, we shall be late."

"All I can do is to run away out of sight!" cried Kitty, and she flew off upstairs.

She had, however, made an implacable enemy, as she afterwards discovered.

Knowing that the young fellow was an unwilling "cavalier" she took the first seat that offered. It was behind the dining-room door, and beside a stout, elderly lady who completely filled a large armchair and wore a huge cap, wildly decorated with rose-coloured velvet, gold fringe beads and spangled lace. Gazing at this gorgeous edifice, Kitty recognised the wearer of the turban who sat opposite her at Mrs. Lane's dinner-party. Yes! She was the important grand-maternal parent of the Cox family, a warmly wealthy woman, whose possible bequests entitled her to careful consideration. Presently the observant eyes of the venerable dame lit up with a glance of recognition. She pulled off her glasses and stretched out the hand which held them as if to attract someone's attention, dropping them as she did so.

"Oh, dear, dear! they'll be just crushed to bits!"

she exclaimed in tones of serious annoyance, and she strove to rise from her chair.

"Pray allow me!" exclaimed Kitty, who by nature and training was ready to show all attention to the old; and she started up in time to rescue the gold spectacles and restore them to their owner with a slight respectful curtsy.

"Thank you, my dear. I'm sure that was cleverly done. I am much obliged. Let me see"—looking keenly at the slight, graceful girl in finely-embroidered Indian muslin over pale pink—"ain't you our neighbour Lane's niece from Ireland?"

"Yes, I am."

"Then I am sure you are a nice, civil-spoken young creature," as if it was a surprise to find her so.

"Oh, I hope I am!" said Kitty, smiling.

"Why didn't they make you do some of the play-acting? I think you'd do it well."

"I'm afraid not, I never attempted any."

"Never mind— Eh! who is that gentleman just come in? He don't look quite like an Englishman."

Nor did he. A dark, stern-looking man, strangely built, with eyes curiously light contrasted with their almost black brows and lashes, he held himself well, and without having the conventional air of an ordinary gentleman, looked distinguished in his well-appointed evening dress.

"No, indeed, he does not look English," echoed Kitty, smiling as if much amused. "He looks like a converted pirate."

"You've just hit it, my dear. Ah, to be sure! I know now—it's Richard Lane. I well remember him years ago, before he went wrong. He was a good-

lookin' chap, and now, what eyes he 'ave, and 'ow he does use 'em!"

Here Dick Lane came across—Kitty thought to speak to her, but first he made himself very pleasant to Mrs. Cox until, indeed, Kitty began to feel herself rather neglected, and commanded Dan to come to her with a glance.

"What is it, Kitty?" said Dan, coming up.

"I heard one of the girls say the music man had not arrived. If I can be any use in playing for them I shall be very pleased. I am not much of a musician, but I can play for dancing."

"I guess you can, and all the others make a fearful hash of it; but you must dance with me, you know."

"Oh, yes, if we can get anyone to play in time."

"Well, come with me to mother, she will tell Mrs. Cox, junior."

Kitty rose, and as she did so Dick Lane made a sudden movement towards her, then checked himself. Kitty did not seem to see it and walked off with Dan.

Kitty's offer was most thankfully received, and she was soon diligently at work. Dan placed himself at her side, but finding there were no leaves to "turn over," remained to talk till Kitty ordered him away.

"I cannot listen to you and keep time!" she exclaimed. "But come back presently for I cannot go on for ever."

"I should think not, indeed!"

Kitty, not needing notes, for she had an acute ear to help good memory, found her observant eyes free to watch the humours of the party. The dancing was continuous and energetic, but scarcely graceful, and she

was frequently asked if she could not "make it a little faster," till her fingers began to ache.

"Come," said a voice she knew behind her, when for the sixth or seventh time the quest for increased speed was preferred, "do you think Miss Costello's fingers are of cast-iron? You had better cry halt for half an hour. No one could keep up that speed."

"Besides," added Kitty, looking into the crimson face of the petitioner, "it is much more graceful and agreeable to take the time slower. It is not becoming to dance so fast."

"It is all the go now, though. I am told that at the best balls in London—"

"What best balls in London do is no reason why we should make ourselves ugly and uncomfortable."

"Can no one play for dancing but you?" asked Dick Lane, the first speaker, impatiently.

"Oh, yes, lots of them can play, but we cannot dance to the playing."

"Hurrah!" said Dan, coming quickly across from the door, "the musician has arrived."

"And now I'll have a turn with you, I hope," put in Dick Lane, quickly.

"No, no. You promised me a dance this afternoon, Kitty!" cried Dan.

"Yes, I think I did," she returned, rising and beginning to put on her gloves.

"Oh, give him the next."

"Won't the next do for you?" she asked.

"But I don't think I shall stay long enough."

"Can you dance, Mr. Lane? I did not think you were accustomed to balls."

"Nowhere can you learn to dance better than in South America. The Spanish donnas are capital teachers."

"Indeed! I am sorry they left your education unfinished."

"How do you mean?"

"They omitted 'manners' from the course."

Dick pulled his long moustaches and looked at the speaker as if puzzled.

"What have I left undone?"

"Is it the Spanish style to tell the girl you are asking to dance, that if she does not take the splendid offer then you do not think you can wait long enough to give her another chance?"

"I didn't say that!" exclaimed Dick, almost catching her hand, which she swiftly withdrew.

"You said, 'I don't think I shall stay long enough.'"

"By Jove! I did. I am a dullard, a rugged fellow. You must be generous and forgive."

"Ah, Mr. Lane, you want that dash of the woman in your nature, which you despise in my countrymen, to make you capable of pleasing and understanding us. The wildest boy on the cliffs of Connemara would not have made the mistake you did."

"Thank you," said Dick. "I shall not soon forget your rebuke," and he flashed an admiring yet challenging glance into Kitty's eyes, which to her annoyance called the quick colour to her cheek. "Still I deserved it."

"As you are penitent you shall be forgiven," returned Kitty, with a smile so bright and sweet that Dick Lane felt it thrill through him as nothing had ever affected him before.

"And you will give me that dance?"

"Yes, after Dan's, if you are so generous as to give me another chance."

"I'll wait till daylight."

"That's a proper spirit, Mr. Lane, at last. Dan, come here, sir. You are keeping your uncle waiting; and that man plays well."

Dan brightened and they started.

"He is a German, the music man, isn't he?" asked Kitty.

"Yes. The best dance player in Westpool. They'll not venture to bully him about playing fast."

"What a keen little devil that Irish girl is," thought Dick Lane, looking after her. "She is nearly as tall as myself, though. I mustn't let her make a fool of me. She is remarkably well calculated to do it. She will never sacrifice much for any man. I fancy she looks on me as a better sort of commercial traveller. For that matter, so I am. She is brimful of pride and ambition, aye, and daring, and were I younger and less experienced she might possibly turn my head, but I am pretty safe. I wonder what her destiny will be. A bright one, I hope, for she is a fine creature and a fair one."

"So you are not yet gone?" said Kitty, pausing beside him some twenty minutes later.

"No. I said I'd wait till daylight," he returned. "Oh, there's a quadrille or a square dance of some kind. —You don't care for these dowager dances, do you?"

"Not a bit, but I shall not mind sitting still for a few minutes. Don't you think Dan is looking very ill and rather miserable?"

"No. I don't see anything different about him. He

is a lucky young fellow, with a capital father behind him and nothing to fret about, unless, indeed, you are cruel."

"That would not trouble him. Why should it?"

"But you know the young rascal is desperately gone upon you."

"That is a curious phrase. I never heard it before. Do you mean he is in love with me?" asked Kitty, calmly.

"Yes, of course," returned Dick Lane, a good deal amused.

"Well, that is only natural. Boys of that age generally are in love with somebody."

"Isn't he as old as you are?"

"No, certainly not. He is about six months younger, really, and he seems to me more like six years."

"Poor fellow!"

"Why should he be unhappy on that account? I am very nice to him, and it only makes things pleasant all round. He will feel a little lonely when I go away until he finds a new *chère amie*, but he really does look ill, and Aunt Lane thinks so too."

"You are delightfully philosophical, Miss Costello. At what age does a man become worthy of a serious thought, in your opinion?" asked Lane, a good-humoured smile brightening his severe eyes.

"I don't know exactly. You see I have been so used to boys, and I like them. I never had a sister, and my boys—my brothers—are always so good to me; then I have cousins, too, who are nice and obliging."

"Good heavens! what an army of martyrs must surround you!"

Kitty laughed joyously. "There are no martyrs at

Cool-a-vin, not since the terrible famine years. But I never like to think of that."

"There!" cried Dick, "thank heaven that solemn processional is over. I'll go across and ask our music man to play a special waltz, if you'll allow me and promise not to run off with Dan or young Cox while I am away."

"I should not be so faithless, and young Mr. Cox hates me. He would try to break my neck!"

"How is that? I cannot believe it."

"Go and ask for the waltz, if it is really good."

"Yes," said Lane, when he returned after a few seconds' absence, "he does know the Spanish waltz I mean. It is a delicious, dreamy kind of thing, with flashes of fire through it."

"That sounds delightful!" cried Kitty. The next moment they were floating round to a curiously intoxicating measure, and she found to her surprise that she had never met so accomplished a cavalier before—so steady, so accurate as to time.

An odd feeling that in this matter of dancing there was a curious electric sympathy between them shivered through her.

While as to Lane. The light, pliant figure, the buoyant step of his delightful partner, forced him again and again to accuse himself of absolute hopeless idiocy.

CHAPTER VII.

KITTY had not enjoyed anything so much for a long time as she did her waltz with Dick Lane, and in her usual candid fashion she hastened to announce it as

soon as the family had assembled at breakfast next morning.

"I never thought he could dance," she continued. "You all represented him as a prig, which was really unkind. I have a horror of prigs!"

"My brother is a good deal changed," said Uncle Lane, rather solemnly. "He used to be quite a pattern young man."

"I am sure he is a much better pattern now," remarked Kitty.

"I was afraid," Mr. Lane went on, "that he had lost something of the solidity and earnestness which made him so valuable as a man of business, but I must say he is much keener and more far-seeing than formerly, though he is considerably fonder of amusing himself."

"He must have been a terrible creature," said Kitty, as she helped herself to buttered toast.

"I think Lizzie and the children came back yesterday," observed Mrs. Lane, breaking the silence which followed.

"They did," returned her husband. "I saw Dixon last evening. He was going to meet them. He says Liz is much the better for a few days of real country air. He himself was at home and alone all the time."

"Dear, dear! Why didn't he come up and stay with us? He must have been very uncomfortable."

"He was enjoying himself, I expect, working might and main against that honest man and sound citizen, Alderman Drinkwater. I really wish Dixon was a less violent Radical. I don't like to see my own son-in-law working against me."

"When he is older and better off, he will think dif-

ferently," said Mrs. Lane, softly. "But I shall be glad to see dear Liz; she did want a little change."

After the usual short private confab in the hall with his wife, Mr. Lane went away to his office, his last words being, "So Dan's off before me again. I'm glad to see he is really taking to business at last."

"Wait for a minute or two, Kitty," said Mrs. Lane, as that young lady was about to follow her cousin Janet upstairs, "I want to speak to you," and she led the way into the back parlour.

"I had a letter from your mother yesterday, my dear, but I've not had a moment to speak to you about it. She commissions me to see that you have a nice ball dress, and we must get something very pretty indeed. She tells me she hadn't time to answer your letter about it before she went to Dublin, but that, of course, you are to have one; and as we are going to Madame Martin's about it, we had better choose a dressy bonnet for the fancy fair."

"Oh, auntie, won't mine do?" cried Kitty, colouring. "I can freshen it up. I do not like to trouble dear mother for a bonnet as well as a dress. It is too much."

"Don't trouble yourself, my love," patting her niece's hand with her own soft, plump one. "That's my affair. I have always looked forward to giving you some little presents."

"You are too, too kind!" exclaimed Kitty, her eyes sparkling with delight as she hugged her kindly kinswoman. "Of all things, I did want a bonnet! Bonnets so soon look shabby."

"Well, go and tell Janet to put on her things. As

soon as I have been down and talked to cook, we will go to Madame's and settle everything. I am going to help Janet with her dress, for it is rather a severe haul on her allowance, and papa is very particular that she should keep within it. But, after all, thirty pounds a year isn't much."

"Oh, Aunt Lizzie, it seems a fortune to me!"

"That's because you never pay for anything yourself. If you did, you would see how short a way thirty pounds would go."

"I wish I had an allowance. But I couldn't possibly ask for one now, auntie dear?"—hesitation. "Have you heard anything more of that horrid estate court?"

"No, dear, nothing. Don't trouble your head about it just now. After this little burst of gaiety is over we'll be very quiet, and in July we generally go to the country to a pretty little place in Creamshire, at the other side of the river."

"If you please, 'm, Mrs. Dixon," announced Susan.

An effusive greeting between mother and daughter, and, after exchanging a few kindly words, Kitty left them together.

She took refuge in the drawing-room, an apartment generally shrouded in brown holland, and unused all the week except by the young ladies, who were privileged to uncover and open the grand piano, which was one of the proudest proofs of Mr. Lane's solid fortune.

"I wonder," thought Kitty, as she tried to pick out the notes of the waltz that had so charmed her the night before; "I wonder if I could buy the music of that delightful thing. I must ask Mr. Lane. Yet I don't like to ask him anything. He is a curious, domineering

creature, and I rather think has a contempt for me as an ignorant, talkative Irish girl, and doesn't look up to me at all. I'll see if I can't dominate him. Why, even Neville Routlege, who was about as scatter-brained a boy as one could find, did not like me to snub him. Then he was of my own sort, my own class."

Here Keziah entered with a letter. "This was left by mistake at No. 9, but the postman thinks it is meant for you, miss."

"Yes, it is indeed. It is a French 5. Thank you, Keziah," cried Kitty, joyfully, recognising Madame Dubois's diminutive handwriting.

A letter from her beloved instructress was a pleasure and an honour too, for Madame rarely wrote one. When she did it was short, but crammed with news, or what she deemed news.

The present missive touched on nearly every topic before she answered the question Kitty had written to ask. Kitty skimmed and skimmed the surface of the pages, and gathered that since the dear lady had left home there had been a tremendous house cleaning and doing up. That "*cher garçon*, Hyacinth," had stayed at Cool-a-vin to keep his old friend company, and had employed himself endeavouring to convert an ancient dame, who sold fish, from the errors of Roman Catholicism to the purer doctrines of the Church of England against Madame Dubois's advice, as it was her opinion that the days when zeal was of any avail were gone never to return, "*et voyez-vous*. He comes home one day greatly annoyed. This disrespectful old soul, just when he thought he was making some impression on her, took the pipe from her lips and asked him, 'Didn't

the holy St. Paul himself write a letter to the Romans? Show me where he ever "pinned" to the Protestants.'

"But here I am just going to end without answering your question, my child. No, I never heard a word of such evil tidings. Who would touch the lands of Coolavin? Then if there were such misfortunes in the air, Madame would be sure to hear of it in Dublin, and tell her devoted friend, for she wrote often. No, no, dear one! Enjoy thyself; do not cloud thy young days by beckoning to the sorrows which may never come. My dear, naughty Kitty is destined to succeed in the battle of life," etc., etc.

And the epistle, penned in the writer's own tongue, ended with some of the loving and graceful *tourneures de phrase* it abounds in.

Only too ready to believe what she wished, Kitty dismissed the doubts and fears suggested by Aunt Lane from her mind, and fixed her thoughts first upon her new bonnet, secondly on the "freshening up" of her present "best" one. For though Mr. Grierson's luncheon party was to be "a family affair," Kitty dreaded to look shabby, though probably not so much as an English girl would. She possessed, in no small degree, that curious self-reliance more akin to self-conceit, which is very characteristic of Irish women and men too.

"Anyway, I'll carry it off. A bow of ribbon and a flower or two will make it like new, and, at all events, it has the stamp of a first-class artist on it, and a touch of style in the wearer; and so they sally forth 'hoping all things and believing all things,' often conquering through faith."

A call from Janet broke in upon Kitty's reflections.

"Kitty, put on your things. We are going down town to shop."

Having bid good-bye to Mrs. Dixon at the parting of the ways where she picked up the omnibus, and accomplished their ornamental shopping, Mrs. Lane had still some purchases to make for Joe, who was to start the following day for school, to his mother's ill-concealed distress.

He himself was by no means downcast. His brother Dan had spent a couple of years there, and gave a good account of it. It was on the sea-coast in Yorkshire, and Mr. Lane thought it would be well for Joe—who, though stout, was not in very good health—to spend the holidays there, as some other boys would remain also for health, and bear him company. This seemed a cruel arrangement to Mrs. Lane, but the joys of boating comforted Joe.

Seeing that Mrs. Lane was weary and depressed, on their return Kitty settled herself to needlework with her aunt, seasoned with a long discussion of Joe's virtues.

They were very happy together. Though the most buoyant of human beings, young Irish girls are singularly sympathetic with the old and elderly—or were fifty years ago—for great is the change in idea, manner, and even feeling everywhere since the last half-century rolled past. Then there was a subtle similarity between them that Mrs. Lane did not feel so strongly in her own daughters.

The day, which had been unusually warm, was closing in, and Mrs. Lane had folded up her work, when Dick Lane made his appearance.

"Well, Miss Costello, too tired after your exertions last night to leave the house?" he asked when greetings had been exchanged.

"No, by no means. We were out all this morning."

"Oh, Kitty often stays with her old auntie," said Mrs. Lane, smiling kindly at her niece.

"I shouldn't fancy you the sort of girl to sit at home at needlework if you could possibly do anything else."

"I am not fond of my needle certainly, unless I use it to darn lace or fine table linen. For long seams I have no patience. But, Mr. Lane, I have been trying to pick out that delightful waltz you made our musician play last night, and I cannot manage it. Do you think you could tell me where I should find it?"

"No, I'm afraid not; but I'm going up to London to-morrow, and I'll have a search there."

"Thank you very much. I get on pretty well till I get to that sudden change in the second part, with the long chords in the bass, then I go all wrong."

"It is not easy to play it by ear. Shall I come and whistle it to you?"

"Oh, yes, do!" cried Kitty, starting up, "I am afraid I shall excruciate you."

"Never mind," said Lane, good-humouredly, and in another minute Kitty was opening the grand piano in the drawing-room. Then she played the first part of the dance, which was simple.

"You have that all right. It's the sudden change that is puzzling," and Dick began to whistle clearly and harmoniously. Kitty tried to follow him, but unsuccessfully. At last she took her hands from the keys.

"Oh, I shall never manage it without notes. How sweetly you whistle. Do you ever sing?"

Dick shook his head.

"I did long ago, but I got out of humour with it. At all events, I shall try and find the music for you in town. I shall meet some Spanish South American friends there who can help me—"

"But stay," she interrupted suddenly; "how long shall you be in London?"

"I am not sure."

"You must come back for the luncheon—Mr. Grierson's luncheon."

"I don't think I can, and you don't want me."

"I want our party to muster strong, for the enemy is formidable."

"Who is the enemy? Poor Grierson? You are too severe, Miss Costello. He is not a bad sort of chap, and is a clever fellow—not very refined, I grant."

"Why, he gives me the idea of a navvy, and is frightfully assured. He doesn't know his place—not in the least."

"What is his place?"

"I can better say what is not his place. It is not his place to associate on terms of equality with my aunt or myself, or—or you."

"Many thanks for that last thought," said Dick, with a searching, mocking look into her eyes. "A man's rightful place is what he can make and keep, so, at least, it seems to me."

"I am afraid you are a dreadful Radical, Mr. Lane, and I have a horror of them."

"To be a 'horror' in your eyes is of course enough

to make me forswear all my convictions, social and political," returned Lane, laughing.

"Don't be so uncivil as to laugh at me," cried Kitty, "even if you do think me an empty-headed goose."

"You have not yet had time to load your brains with knowledge, and I don't think I should like to see you different from what you are for the next ten years."

"Ten years! Great powers, I shall be nearly thirty-three! Pray whistle something sweet and sad to change the current of my thoughts."

"I cannot whistle to order. Will you sing me something Irish? I like those old melodies, they are new to me. Do, Kitty!"

She looked very gravely and steadily at him without speaking.

"I have offended you because I ventured to call you by your first name? It comes to my lips so readily, hearing it as I do every hour of the day. But I humbly crave forgiveness. I did take an unwarrantable liberty. I promise never to offend again, unless you give permission by calling me Dick. Is it agreed?"

"Yes," she returned softly and thoughtfully, "only I do not suppose I shall ever call you 'Dick.' You see we are not at all likely to be great friends."

"Why, Miss Costello?"

"Two of a trade never agree. You think a great deal of yourself, and I think still more of myself."

"That is true, though you mask your batteries well, my princess."

"I do not intend to do so."

"I don't think you do. Now, in token of pardon, sing me something."

After a short pause Kitty began to sing softly, with infinite tenderness, "Has sorrow thy young days shaded?"

Dick listened, with a strange feeling of pity for the bright, young creature whose future he felt was so uncertain, and who seemed so ill-fitted to face the rude shocks of unkind Fate. "How well her pride suits her! but she must be taught commonsense. Poor Grierson! How infinitely miserable he would be if she were ever driven to accept him."

"Thank you," he said, as the last notes died away. "You have given me exquisite pleasure."

"Isn't that rather enthusiastic praise for an Englishman?" said Kitty, rising and closing the piano.

"Why, we are the most truly enthusiastic people in the world. Others make a row, and then forget all about it. Our enthusiasm lasts."

"Does it?" said Kitty, reflectively. "Well, I cannot contradict, for I do not know."

"A prudent reply! At all events the Irish have been faithful to their ideal: they have stuck to Catholicism."

"Yes, and you English have treated them most cruelly."

"Not half so badly as their Protestant compatriots would have done if we English had not held their hands."

"Is that true? I know so little, and that little imperfectly."

"Uncle Dick," said Dolly, coming into the room, "mother wants you in the dining-room. Father has just come in."

"5 EVERSLEY STREET, *April 10th.*

"MY OWN DEAR MOTHER,—My last was quite a shabby screed. This must atone for it, and I have

plenty to tell. I was so glad to see that you are bright and amused. It is nice to meet old friends, and I am sure Lord de Courcy must have been surprised to see you looking so well and like your own old, fair self. The weather has been very fine, and I must say my dear aunt and Mr. Lane have been so good and kind that I feel half converted to the solemnity of the 'Sassenach.'

"On Wednesday we all—that is, Aunt Lizzie, Mrs. Dixon, Janet and myself—went to luncheon with that funny contractor man I told you about. I was so vexed that none of our menkind could or would come. Uncle Lane never leaves his office in midday for any consideration, but I thought his brother, who is just now idle, might have escorted us. I have told you about this Mr. Richard Lane. He is a curious sort of character, but more like a gentleman than anyone else I have met here. He has travelled about in wild places, and has been mining in California. He treats me as if I was an ignorant child, which is not complimentary, but I believe he was very badly treated by some girl he wanted to marry, and has never liked women since. Aunt Lane is very fond of him.

"Well, I asked him if he were coming to Mr. Grierson's luncheon, but he had business in London, and nothing will induce an Englishman to break away from business. You have no notion what a fetish it is. I am rather ashamed to say I absolutely deigned to ask Mr. Richard Lane to stay and come with us. Not a bit of it. He said Dan was going, and that he had business in town. It never seemed to strike him as a compliment that I should wish him to go. Why, my rather

uncouth host has more chivalry about him than 'Uncle Dick,' as they all call him. Of course I let the subject drop.

"It was a very fine day, and I had put some Parma violets in my grey bonnet (violets become me rather. Don't you think so, mother dear?) Janet looked very nice. She wants colour a little, but she is delicate and dainty looking, and blushes so prettily when anyone speaks to her, for she is very shy, and it suits her.

"About one o'clock a very smart barouche, and a pair of good bays, drove up. The coachman (there was no footman) sent in word that he had called to take the ladies down to the 'works.' So we all packed in. I must say a carriage quite full of women and no footman in attendance hasn't much style about it.

"When we reached the abomination of desolation which they call the 'works,' I saw Mr. Grierson standing at the gate—in such new clothes—light grey. He is a great big creature of every shade of sandy red, with a vast waistcoat, a washing thing that is all the fashion now. I remember Colonel Wodehouse had one something of the same kind at the Kilmorans last autumn—how well it fitted him, and how nice he looked. But the great Grierson evidently has an eye for colour, for he had a sky-blue satin tie with long ends that fluttered in the breeze, for the morning was fresh. He said he was delighted to see us and show us his bit of a place. 'The bit' was a great open space, containing acres and acres—a wilderness of stones and waggons running on rails, and engines and great machines high up in the air and worked by steam, that turned in all directions and picked up huge fragments of granite; and crowds

of navvies and stone-cutters and all kinds of dust-coloured workmen. I really felt frightened.

“Let me introduce my chief engineer to you, Mrs. Lane,” said our host, waving his hand to a very nice, well-dressed, gentleman-like man who looked like a little boy beside him. ‘Mr. Willoughby—Mrs. Lane, Miss Lane, Miss Costello, Mrs. Dixon.’ Mr. Willoughby made several elegant bows, holding his hat high over his head all the time; and then, to my great surprise, who do you think stepped forward from behind a string of trucks?—Mr. Richard Lane!

“Here is a friend of yours who needs no introducing,” said Mr. Grierson, grinning widely. ‘I was rather surprised to see him about half an hour ago, after his writing me that he could not possibly leave town, and that it was high time he gave up idling.’

“I said that his sudden appearance did not look like renouncing his idle ways.’

“Then we all walked off to a long shed at some little distance nearer the water and looking up the river, where there was spread out quite a gorgeous luncheon. The shed was carpeted with red cloth and converted into a tent with red and white calico. Such fruit and flowers and beautiful things to eat loaded the table, and champagne bottles in silver coolers. Oh! it would take volumes to describe it all.

“The bride who had dined at Uncle Lane’s was there, and a cousin of hers. I sat next the host, and the nice engineer at my other side, and I found he had been in Ireland helping to plan one of the new railways they are going to cut up the country with, and he was quite charmed with it, and only wished he had known

it before the famine. We got on admirably—everyone ate and drank quantities, and after six or seven glasses of champagne Mr. Grierson stood up and made a speech. But I can hardly tell you what it was about. He said half a dozen times how glad he was to see us, and how he hoped we should often meet in this ‘simple, friendly fashion.’

“I hardly think he would give such a party as this every day, or, indeed, every week. All this time Uncle Dick scarcely spoke to me. Indeed, he was put far off, beside Miss Betty, the bride’s cousin. She is rather alarming, with violent red hair” (in the forties and fifties this coloured *chevelure* was not considered desirable). “She is a good deal freckled, and has green-grey eyes and a big mouth. Her clothes must have cost a small fortune, and were of all the colours in the rainbow. She had selected a very ‘full rose,’ tastefully interspersed with pea-green. At all events Dick Lane made himself very agreeable to her, and she giggled all the time, uttering, ‘Oh, Law’s!’ and ‘How can you’s?’ at intervals.

“Then Mr. Grierson informed the company that he had given this simple little entertainment in order to show me something of a contractor’s work. I was annoyed, for I felt I was being made a show of; for everyone grinned and cackled and looked knowing. I was not going to seem in the least annoyed by it, but I did catch Uncle Dick’s eyes, and they said, ‘Yes, it’s a bore,’ quite plainly. So when Mr. Grierson and the other men had had a little more champagne we all got up from table and started to see ‘the works.’ Oh! the dust, the noise, the clanging of chains and things. Mr. Willoughby kept beside me and began to explain one of the machines

up in the air when Mr. Grierson gave him a great slap on the shoulder and exclaimed,—

“‘Willoughby, my boy, there’s room enough here for two lecturers. You had better take the other ladies in hand.’

“‘Oh, very well,’ said Mr. Willoughby, good-humouredly; ‘I suppose you want to keep Miss Costello in your own.’

“‘By ——,’ something or other, a queer oath, ‘I do, and never want to let her go.’

“I suppose it was very silly, but I felt so frightened and offended, and pushed down out of my place by the audacity of this great bear of a man, that I could have cried. Indeed, I think the tears were in my eyes. I fancy he saw I was vexed, for he began at once to talk about the things lying round, showed me a diving-bell, and some curious contrivances for keeping out the water till they had laid a certain number of courses of granite, and a lot more (and he did not do it badly), that I could not help listening till I got quite interested. Had I been a man I should have liked to have been an engineer. Then came another awful moment. For Mr. Grierson looked at his watch (a monstrous thing), and ‘Now I am going to take you up the river.’ I thought he meant all of us, but fancy my feelings when he added, ‘I find almost all my guests are afraid of the water except you, Miss Costello, so they’ll drive to a village some few miles up, where the river makes a bend, to meet us and have tea in a little inn there.’ I couldn’t help looking round to see if there was any help near, and to my joy Dick was standing behind me with rather an ill-natured grin on his rugged face. I know I put all my

soul into my eyes with an imploring look. He went away to Janet and spoke to her rather earnestly, then walked back to us and said, 'Here's a passenger for you, Grierson; Miss Lane is very fond of a cruise on the river, and you had better take me too.'

"Oh, mother dear, if you had seen the look of brutal anger that came over that horrid man's face you would have been frightened, but you may be sure I did not show it. I longed to slip my arm through Uncle Dick's and cling fast to him. I felt rather than knew that I must smoothe Orson down or things would be uncomfortable, and as Dick Lane was helping me into the launch he squeezed my hand quite kindly, and that comforted me. So after awhile, as we went on at a great pace (I'll tell you all about the steam launch another time), I made room for the monster beside me, for he had been scolding the steersman in such a gruff disagreeable way, I wonder the man did not throw him overboard (if he could). Then I asked him a question or two about the stones and iron and machines we had been looking at, ending up by saying, 'I wish you would come and make a beautiful safe harbour at Cool-a-vin. It would make us all rich, and Nature has done a great deal already.'

"Where's Cool-a—what d'ye call 'em?

"I explained, and said how one could sail on a straight course without an obstacle to America.

"He quite brightened up, and he and Dick talked of all sorts of contracting operations till, thank Heaven! we reached the end of our voyage. The river was extremely pretty as it narrowed, but I cannot write any more now. I think I would like to come home soon.

How long did you say I was to stay with Aunt Lane?

"Dan never came at all, he went off to some races with the errand boy, as Uncle Dick always calls Mr. Cox, junior, when we are alone. Mrs. Saunders and her cousin had gone home, as the latter said the very 'idear' of going on the water made her as sick as a dog. They do pronounce their words oddly here.

"We had rather a pleasant tea-fight, and then we ladies packed into our barouche and the men went back in the launch.

"I do hope I may never have a lesson in contracting again. Good-bye, my own dear mother. You owe me a letter, indeed two when you get this one. Aunt Lane sent a letter to you last Monday; she gave it to me to post. I hope she said I was a good girl. I really am.

"I kiss you in my heart every night when I say my prayers. Is it not very long since you heard from Fitz? —Always your own loving
KITTY."

CHAPTER VIII.

KITTY was not a little ashamed of herself for being so distressed and annoyed by her conflict with the potent Grierson, and also a little surprised by the satisfaction she felt at the unexpected appearance of Dick Lane.

"He is not a bit like the rest of them, though he is not too polite either," was her conclusion.

The day after Grierson's luncheon-party was a soft, grey day, and, as she often did, Kitty took her cousin

Dolly to "do" her French, as Dolly herself termed her lesson, in the garden opposite the house. There was a certain arbour there which commanded the opening of a road that led steeply down to the lower town, and so gave a pleasant peep at the river and its shipping, where they liked to sit with whatever book Dolly was toiling at for the time. The grand difficulty, however, was to persuade the pupil to essay the fearful task of expressing herself in French.

"You understand better than you did," said Kitty, encouragingly.

"So monsieur told me yesterday. He said he could see by my face I did, though I would not speak."

"Now, Doll, why did you not say that in French. You could if you would only think and take trouble."

Here the sound of approaching feet upon the gravel made the speaker pause to listen, and Dolly jumped up to look who was coming.

"Oh, Uncle Dick!" she cried the next moment, "how did you know we were here?"

"Because the amiable Keziah, no doubt seeing how disappointed I looked when she said no one was at home, said she thought Miss Costello and Miss Dolly were in the garden, so I followed your track. Hard at work, eh, Doll?"

"I cannot induce her to speak French," complained Kitty.

"No, I suppose not. The only plan for learning to speak is to be where no one knows a word of one's native language, and you must make a dash at what is spoken before you can get bread to eat or water to drink. That's the way I learned Spanish. Dolly ought

to be plunged into a French school without a single English schoolmate. Eh, Miss Doll?" and he pretended to beat her with a small, neat roll of brown paper he carried in his hand.

"You would not be so unkind, Uncle Dick," said Dolly, slipping her arm through his and hugging it. "Look, Kitty, there are Grace and Polly Cox playing 'Les Graces.' Have I not done enough for this afternoon? Let me go and play with them."

"Yes, dear, but don't stay longer than an hour. Mother likes you to be in by six. I will take in the books."

"Let me carry them for you," said Dick, "and when we get into the house I'll show you what I have brought you."

"This?" touching the roll.

"Yes, this. Can you guess what it is?"

"It looks like a roll of music. Can it be the waltz?"

"I have long been convinced you are a witch. You have guessed or divined rightly."

"Oh, I am glad! Thank you ever so much!" cried Kitty, quickening her steps.

"I must warn you, it is only a loan, not a gift. I went to see some Monte Videan acquaintances of mine who are now living in London, and one of the girls produced the desired music."

This little explanation brought them to the house. Kitty led the way to the morning-room, hastily untied her bonnet, and throwing it on the table, whence it fell to the floor, stretched out her hand for the roll, which she soon opened.

"Come upstairs and try it," suggested Dick Lane.

"Oh, no! I see it is a little difficult. I do not read music well, I learn things quicker by ear. I will try it over a few times first, or you would be disgusted."

"It's a shabby sheet of paper, but I don't fancy it is in print."

"That is of no consequence. I will copy it out, and then you can have it back. Thank you very, very much for taking all that trouble for me." She stood still for a minute studying the music, while her companion studied her. Then she rolled it up again, and he picked up her bonnet. "And, oh, Mr. Lane, I was glad to see you in that horrid place yesterday! Dan would never have managed that terrible giant, who seems to me quite equal to grind anyone's bones to make his bread."

Lane laughed. "He is rather unsophisticated, and slightly uncouth. By the way, I have a message for you from him."

"I do not wish to hear it," said Kitty haughtily, with her most princess-like air. "He absolutely frightened me yesterday, though I despise myself for feeling frightened by anyone, especially a man of the people."

"Yet they are the men to fear. Creatures whose brute force has never been taught to recognise the strength that lies in delicacy, the reverence which spiritual refinement ought to command."

Kitty listened as if struck by his words, her eyes dilating in earnest thought.

"You must let me give you the message, though, Miss Costello. I was strolling along up here when I was hailed by a stentorian voice, and turning, I beheld Grier-son struggling out of a fly. He's too big for anything,

you know. He was hurrying to catch the 4.45 train to London on some special business. 'Going up to your brother's?' he asked. I said I was. 'Then will you tell that beautiful niece of yours that I think she was vexed about something yesterday, and I wanted to come and find out what it was. But maybe thousands depend on this trip of mine. Whatever's wrong, I'll make it right when I come back. Now mind you tell her.' So I have told you."

"You had better have left it alone, Mr. Lane. Mr. Grierson has no right to send me messages, nor to suppose he can improve his acquaintance with me. I am sure I have shown him clearly enough that I don't want to have anything to say to him."

"You are a little intermittent. You snub him one day, and accept his luncheon and the libations of champagne poured out in your honour the next."

"Well, I didn't know what I was doing. My aunt accepted the invitation before I knew anything about it, and never having seen a contractor, nor anything of his works, I was quite ready to go. He ought to have the sense to see that between him and myself there is a great gulf fixed, and what an inferno awaits whichever dares to cross it!"

And the great, dark-blue eyes flashed a fiery glance at the offending Dick, who kept silence for a minute.

"It is a bold man who would dare to force himself upon so formidable a princess as you are," he returned at last, meeting her eyes with a steady, searching look, before which they lowered themselves involuntarily, asking herself dubiously, "Have I spoken like a boastful idiot?"

Then, taking a different tone, she exclaimed, "You really are rather unkind to me. Everything I say or do is wrong, and you are such a democrat or radical, which sounds worse? You don't seem to see any difference between me—"

"And my humble self," said Dick, smiling good-humouredly.

"Oh, no, no!" cried Kitty, the rich soft colour mounting even to her brow. "I never thought of such a thing. Why, you almost belong to my own people—" she broke off.

"Thank you for such a gracious *amende*. I am almost encouraged to look on you as a niece."

"You may if you like," she returned, after a moment's hesitation. "I am very fond of your brother. He may sit on a high stool and write bills and things all day, but he's a man for a' that, and a strong one."

"You have given me a key to the situation," said Dick, looking into her eyes, a certain glow in his own. "In time I may attain to the same proud position as my brother."

"Then you must fulfil the conditions. Uncle Lane is quite fond of me."

"Ah! there's the difficulty."

"Oh, of course I must be a very good girl indeed."

"Then," said Dick, "I shall put you down in my will with the rest of my nephews and nieces."

"My best thanks!" cried Kitty. "Make haste to grow very rich, for I am quite tired of being poor."

"It's not a pleasant experience," he returned, and there was a pause.

"Promise me one thing," Kitty recommenced sud-

denly. "Help me to keep that terrible man away from me. You will think me a goose—probably I am—but I have almost a superstitious dread of your friend, Mr. Grierson."

"I do not deny that I rather like him," said Lane, "yet I can understand how almost revolting he must be to a proud, delicate creature such as you are. Be straightforward and consistent. Make him understand that you are out of the question for him, and I'll back you up. But let's have no cat torturing of a mouse."

"I want nothing of the kind!" cried Kitty. "But you must see how hard it is to make him understand that he is not acceptable to all men and most women."

"Yes I do, poor old boy. However, I'll vow myself to your service on this score. Mrs. Saunders gives a musical party on Friday. I did not intend to go for I hate music at a musical party, but I will go because I think Grierson will come back for it. Have you no compunction for endangering my neck? Grierson could easily twist it."

"Do you think so?" said Kitty, anxiously. "I have an idea that you could take care of yourself, even with 'Fee-fo-fum.'"

"I am flattered," began Dick, when the door opened to admit Aunt Lane and Janet.

"Papa has been looking for you, Dick," began the former. "He expected you to call at the office to-day. A Mr. Monteneiro has been inquiring for you; he says he knew you in Brazil."

"Yes, he did; we were rather chums. Did he say where he was staying?"

"He did, but I forget. Papa has written it down,

though," and they talked together for some minutes. Dick, however, soon said good-bye; he was anxious, he said, to call on his Brazilian acquaintance.

"I think Mrs. Saunders is going to have quite a large party," said Janet; "she has engaged a man to play the accompaniments. She seems quite pleased because, after refusing to go to a music-party, Mr. Grierson wrote to beg he might change his mind. We are not to be later than nine o'clock."

"I'm sure," cried Dolly, who had just come in, "I should not care for a party where there is nothing but music. You will not be able to speak to each other."

"There is something in that, Dolly," said Kitty, laughing, as she gathered up her bonnet, her gloves and her piece of music. "I am going to try over this waltz till supper is ready. Uncle Dick found it for me in London; he is really quite good-natured."

The following day Mrs. Dixon and her two babies came to spend it with her own people, as had been arranged, and Kitty, who had not looked forward to so strictly domestic an entertainment with much pleasure, found the time slipped past quickly enough.

The little boy was a bright, observant little chap, and enjoyed the jigs which Kitty played for him, and even danced to them in fairly good time, but with a certain solemnity that made Kitty laugh.

The baby, too, permitted herself to be played with, and all went smoothly till Mr. Lane returned to supper, bringing his son-in-law with him.

They were later than usual, as it was foreign mail night. Both were tired, and neither in a very amiable mood.

"It is really a tremendous pull up here from the office," said Mr. Lane, with a weary sigh, when he had got on his tiger-head slippers and lay back in his easiest chair.

"You must be quite exhausted, dear," ejaculated his wife, with tender sympathy. "I shall give you each a good tumbler of B. and S. with a lump of ice in it. You will enjoy your tea all the better after it," and she left the room to give the necessary directions.

"You both seem quite cheered up by the suggestion," cried Kitty, smiling. "Had you been Irishmen you would have said, 'Twas an angel spoke!'"

"It must be a very Irish angel that would suggest brandy and soda!" said Mr. Dixon, who looked very hot, dusty and unbrushed, and grinned not too genially.

"No, Mr. Dixon; no real Irish angel would suggest brandy and soda, though she might recommend whiskey and soda!"

"Pah! Filthy stuff!" Fanning himself with his handkerchief.

"Your education has been cruelly neglected," returned Kitty, shaking her head.

"She?" resumed Dixon, in a tone of scornful incredulity. "There is no such thing as a female angel!"

"How do you know, Mr. Dixon! You don't give me the idea of ever having been there to see!"

"Why not! I am as likely as anyone else to have visited heaven!"

"Then you were not the right sort, or they'd have kept you there!" cried Kitty, with a radiant laugh.

"Could you fancy a man angel, Uncle Lane?"

"No, my dear, I never fancied anything."

"Except Aunt Lizzie," put in Kitty archly.

"Ah! well, yes. I can't deny that," kindly.

"Well, I am sure you often called her 'your angel.' Did you doubt as to whether angels were male or female then?"

"You are too logical by half, my dear."

Here Mrs. Lane came rapidly into the room, followed by the parlour-maid carrying soda-water, cognac and tumblers.

"All I can say is that, although our little place is considered full three miles from the Exchange, and Eversley Street isn't half that, I can get home without turning a hair, thanks to the 'bus. It wouldn't pay to run one so short a distance as up here. By the way, we mustn't lose the nine o'clock 'bus this evening; baby may wake and miss you," concluded Mr. Dixon, addressing his wife as they took their places at table.

"Oh, you need not trouble about baby," said his mother-in-law. "Liz had the sense to bring her as well as Tommy, and she has been as good as gold."

"What!" In a tone of decided displeasure. "Do you mean to drag that infant home in the night air? It is most imprudent—most unmotherly. Why didn't you send the little creature home with the 'girl' two hours ago?"

"Chiefly because I thought you would be annoyed if I trusted the child to so young and inexperienced a servant."

"Oh, that's right! Lay it all on me. I am the most unreasonable fellow that ever existed. Only, remember, if that child wakes in the night choking with croup, you may go for the doctor yourself."

"Oh, we can get the doctor without troubling you," said the young wife, colouring deeply, her eyes filling with tears.

Kitty's heart burned within her, but she had the sense to hold her tongue.

"Mr. Dixon," she said in dulcet tones, "this seems a very nice pigeon-pie, quite full of jelly; may I give you some? Dan, I am sure Mr. Dixon would like another glass of soda-water."

"I don't mind if I have a little pie. I know Mrs. Lane's cooking is first rate," said the growler, and a softer expression began to steal over his pasty face as the excellence of the homely fare began to soothe his soul, but his wife kept silence, even from good words. Dixon seemed rather pleased at having so successfully asserted himself, and gave the company the benefit of his opinions on various subjects, especially attacking several of the retiring town councillors who were friends of Mr. Lane.

"There's an uncommon clever countryman of yours, Miss Costello—sub-editor of the *Westpool Mercury*, a fine, honest, outspoken journal—that shows up the doings of these backstair politicians."

"Why is it called the *Mercury*? Mercury was the patron of thieves, I think." Dan laughed applaudingly.

"I know nothing about that, but you must come and meet Mr. Reilly one evening. He comes from the west of Ireland, he says."

"Reilly?" repeated Kitty. "There was a nice old farmer, one of the Cool-a-vin tenants, who had several sons. One went to England."

"Oh, this man is quite a gentleman."

"Indeed!" said Kitty, doubtfully.

"Of course he talks a good deal of rot about his ancestors. They all do that, but he is an honest democrat in spite of his boasting."

"I don't suppose democrats are behind any other 'crats in boasting. They are all fairly human."

"Oh, you are a philosopher, I see."

"Indeed I am not. If a philosopher means a cold-blooded creature, who is indifferent to everything."

"Any way you must come and meet your compatriot. Liz, you settle with your cousin here what day she'll come out to tea and supper with us. Next week (Wednesday) would suit me best, and O'Reilly too."

Having announced this interesting fact, Mr. Dixon asked his father-in-law some questions as to the samples of Assam tea lately offered in the Westpool market, and thereupon they plunged into a commercial disquisition, from which the women and children were quite excluded.

Kitty slipped away early, and found a book which interested her. Presently Mrs. Dixon joined her in the morning-room, her sleeping baby in her arms.

"What a fair, beautiful little creature it is," murmured Kitty. "It seems such a good little thing too."

"Yes, she is quite good when she is well and free from pain. When she is not, of course she cries and worries, as they all do. Now, if you will ring for my little nursemaid, I'll wrap baby up while she is asleep, and have her ready when her papa calls. Tommy has had his sleep, and will walk down to the 'bus like a man."

They continued to talk in a low tone, till a sound of moving and an opening door in the next room aroused

Kitty's attention, then Mr. Dixon came in, his boots creaking angrily.

"Well, not ready yet!" he exclaimed. "Didn't I tell you we must start off home early, and you haven't your bonnet on."

"That will not take many minutes. The children are dressed," interrupted his wife, nodding towards the young nursemaid, who was sitting in solemn silence with the baby in her arms, all "booted and spurred" and ready for the road. Here Dolly appeared, leading her little nephew. Mrs. Dixon hastily adjusted her bonnet and cloak. Her husband looked warningly at his watch, murmured something about missing the 'bus and having to pay half-a-sov. for a carriage home. Kisses and adieux were exchanged, and the guests departed.

"I think I'll go to bed. Sam Dixon is a trifle too argumentative for my taste. I've been dropping asleep for the last half-hour," said the head of the house. "Good night, Kitty, my dear; good night, Doll," kissing her. "Janet not in yet?"

"No, dear, and I don't think she will be just yet. Old Mrs. Cox gave a grand picnic out at Barfield Castle, and that's a good fifteen miles off, so they may not be home for another half-hour."

The family dispersed, leaving Mrs. Lane and Kitty in the dining-room. Kitty sat looking at her book, but not reading it, stealing an occasional glance at her aunt's kind face, the distressed expression of which pained her.

Mrs. Lane had taken up the newspaper and settled herself in a large armchair, and for awhile turned the paper to and fro with much rustling. This subsided, and Kitty began to attend to the page before her, when

the sound of a gentle snore caught her ear. At the same moment Mrs. Lane roused herself, coughed, and rubbed her eyes.

"Auntie, dear," cried Kitty, "you are dead tired. Do go to bed."

"But, my love, I never keep the servants up after ten. They are in bed, and fast asleep. I must wait for Jenny."

"No, you need not. I shall be delighted to wait for her; I want to finish the chapter I am reading. Do go to rest; you look so white and weary." And after a little more persuasion, Mrs. Lane said good night, and ascended to her room.

Kitty then settled to her book, and began to forget the sense of irritation which had disturbed her all the evening. Presently she noticed that the clock of the college at the end of the street chimed three-quarters. "Why, Janet is late indeed," she thought. Then a very firm, deliberate step came past the house, paused half a second, and went on; then stopped, and came back again. "The policeman," I suppose. The next moment the door bell sounded. "That must be Janet," cried Kitty, half aloud. "How did she come back without the carriage?" She ran to the door and threw it open. No Jenny stood there, however, but, to her infinite surprise, Dick Lane, in his wide-brimmed un-English-looking felt hat.

"Have I frightened you?" he asked, stepping into the hall, as Kitty started back.

"Oh, no, not at all; only, what brings you here at such a late hour?"

"And why are you not in your bed?"

Kitty explained.

"Why am I here?" resumed Dick, following her into the dining-room, hat in hand, and ensconcing himself in the chair where Mrs. Lane had dozed. Kitty returned to her book and seat at the foot of the table, which gave Dick an excellent view of her profile and graceful throat. He threw down his hat on the carpet and went on. "I have been dining with my Brazilian friend, and talking over some of our adventures. I felt more inclined to wander on, still living in the past, than to go to my hotel, and my feet somehow carried me here, for my brother's house is my only approach to home. The window is partly open. I saw you, just as far as the chin, reading. Then I wondered where all the others were, and tried to go back into town; but here I am."

Something in his voice, in his eyes, sent a strange thrill through Kitty; and the rich, soft colour left her cheeks. But she quickly rallied, then they wondered what detained Janet. "I will stay with you till she comes," said Dick, "unless you tell me to go."

"Well, I begin to feel a little uneasy, and will be glad if you do stay."

"All right. I am thankful to be of use." A brief silence, during which she felt her companion's eyes in a strange way, for she did not look at him. She must talk to get rid of of a certain embarrassment.

"Mrs. Dixon and her pretty children were here today. Tommy is such a bright little soul."

"Are you fond of children?"

"No, no! I rather like them when they can talk, but I don't care the least for babies. You see, I was

the baby in my own home, so I was never educated up to babies."

"I see. It seems to me an unaccountable but merciful taste." Another pause, and then Kitty began,—

"Are you very fond of your nephew-in-law, Mr. Dixon?"

"Fond of Dixon? No, I don't know him, and he is not my sort, though I daresay he is a very worthy fellow."

"I don't think he is," said Kitty, gravely. "If you will not mind my saying it, I think him the most odious, disagreeable, ill-bred person I ever met in my life. He is ten times worse than that strange contractor man!"

"Great powers! what has Dixon done?"

"He was in a horrid bad temper, and he spoke so unkindly to his wife because she had not sent the baby home earlier, and said—he did, I assure you—that if the poor little soul was taken with—oh, something shocking in the night (I don't know what he called it)—that Lizzie might go for the doctor herself, he would not!"

"I daresay Lizzie didn't mind; married people get used to these amenities."

"She did, I am certain. I saw the tears in her eyes, and they are such nice eyes! Dear Aunt Lane was upset too. He'd have said worse if I had not stopped him with pigeon pie."

"A happy thought!" exclaimed Dick.

"I hope you will not think me rude for speaking in this way, but I have been dying to say it, and more, all the evening."

"I am very glad, indeed, to afford you relief."

"I don't think I ever met an Irishman, high or low,

that would speak to a wife in such a cruel manner. But, of course, they must have some cruel, bad people among them, only I have not met them." Another pause, while Kitty rose and placed her book on a whatnot or small sideboard.

Then returning to her chair she leant her elbows on the table and her chin in her hands. She sat thinking. Then she resumed, "You will not think me ill-bred or uncivil if I speak candidly about a few things?"

"No, I will not turn, even if you trample me under your feet."

"Oh, yes, you would, and you ought. I am afraid—am I right?—that Englishmen are not very kind. Mr. Dixon is—horrid! Mr. Cox is, I see, rather disagreeable. Mr. Saunders—well, he can hardly begin so soon. Uncle Lane is a dear; I could have saved him, oh, yes!"

"The devil you could!" cried Dick, sitting up very straight.

"Irishmen are dear good husbands, so considerate—so—"

"Completely under their wives' thumbs," put in Dick.

"So much the better for them. Irish women are more careful and prudent, I have heard Madame say, than Irish men."

"They might easily be that," murmured Dick. "Then Englishmen haven't much chance with you?"

Kitty did not reply. She walked to the window and stood there listening for a few moments, then she returned to her place, saying, "I begin to feel quite uneasy; something must have gone wrong with the picnic party."

"Listen!" said Dick. "I hear horses' feet and wheels."

"So do I," echoed Kitty.

The sound grew nearer and louder, voices were also heard, then a carriage drew up. Uncle Dick went to the door, followed by Kitty, and the weary pleasure-seekers alighted. A torrent of explanations ensued. "One of the horses stumbled and hurt his leg, so we had to send for another, and they were such ages fetching it." Everyone was weary and anxious to get to bed, and Mrs. Lane had wrapped herself in a dressing-gown and come halfway downstairs to ask what in the world was the matter.

"I will come up and tell you directly," cried Kitty. "Uncle Dick is here."

"Good night, Kitty," said that gentleman, taking and holding her hand for some unnecessary seconds. Then he went out into the dark and heard the "girls he left behind him" locking and bolting the door.

"If I had an ounce of sense I should bid good-bye to Westpool and set seriously to work on my London schemes," thought Dick Lane, as he stepped quickly, impatiently towards his hotel. "I am drifting into a fresh piece of folly, more dangerous than the first. Kitty Costello is a witch. If I could win her heart and touch her senses, or master her wild, free spirit, there might be a chance of happiness with her; otherwise, life would be a constant torture, for she would never give me all I want, and I want full measure, pressed down and running over, in return for all she draws from me. There was a moment to-night when she seemed conscious—deliciously conscious. Shall I risk the attempt

to conquer? It's a tremendous risk! A second failure is not to be lightly affronted."

CHAPTER IX.

NEXT day the weather changed to oppressive heat and a thunderstorm. No one therefore ventured out, and though much interested in Janet's account of her picnic, and the *contretemps* with which it concluded, Kitty found herself frequently living over again her midnight interview with Dick Lane, and wondering if the interest in herself he seemed scarcely able to conceal was real, or merely a passing whim. "He seems so very sure of himself, I should like to carry the war into the enemy's lines; yet there is something rather out of the common in Uncle Dick, though he is a little hard."

Mrs. Lane "wondered occasionally that Dick had not come up to see how Janet was after the fright she had had, for you must have been frightened, my dear."

In the evening Mr. Lane came home with a bad cold, or what threatened to be a bad cold, so he was comforted and cosseted, and his feet put in hot water, for, as his wife said, "a cold is the beginning of everything, and a summer cold is the worst of all."

Next morning he was kept indoors, and his chief or managing clerk summoned to take his master's instructions.

Kitty, who felt an odd restlessness such as she rarely experienced, having completed her weekly letter to her mother, offered to accompany Janet on a visit to Grand-mamma Cox, who was much incensed with the driver, who, she considered, had brought about the accident

which made so unpleasant a finale to the otherwise successful picnic of yesterday.

"Indeed, my dear, the nasty, good-for-nothing chap was drunk—must have been drunk—and if my son had any spirit he would have handed him over to the police for punishment. But the men have no spirit nowadays." For some minutes she regaled Kitty, to whom she was a great source of amusement, with some choice specimens of provincial English. "I was very sorry you could not come, my dear," was her parting speech to Kitty, "though, you see, you lost nothing. But it was nice of you to stay with your auntie. I'm sure I am often left all alone, and if you are ever disposed to make an honest penny for yourself, I wouldn't mind a salary of fifty pounds a year if you'd come and read to me and talk pleasant to me. No, I would not."

"Oh, Mrs. Cox, don't you think I am worth five hundred?" cried Kitty, laughing.

"My word! but that's a price!" and the old lady looked quite blank as they said good-bye.

"It is quite fresh after the thunder," said Janet. "Shall we walk on to where the old road begins? There are some hawthorn-trees there that will be so sweet after the rain."

"Yes, let us go by all means," and the two girls wandered on, Janet describing to her cousin an old farmhouse some twenty miles away in the real country, where they generally went for six weeks or so at the end of summer during Dolly's and Joe's holidays.

"You must stay and see how pretty the country is all round about, Kitty. There is a pony there, too, and we all ride him in turn,"

"I should like to go very much, if my mother does not want me back."

They wandered further than they thought, and tea was quite ready by the time they reached home.

"Papa is much better," said Mrs. Lane, cheerfully. "There is nothing so good as taking an indisposition in time. Uncle Dick was here, but he would not stay. He seemed a little cross, and said he wondered how John allowed himself to be coddled in that fashion."

"I am sorry we missed him," said Janet, regretfully.

"I don't think we missed much," exclaimed Kitty. "When your Uncle Dick is cross he is better at a distance."

"Anyway he promised to take you two girls to Mrs. Saunders's party, for, of course, I cannot leave papa."

"We could go by ourselves or with Dan—Dan is coming, isn't he?"

Mrs. Saunders's musical party was fixed for the next day, and Kitty took advantage of the long evening to dress herself by daylight.

As soon as the hour at which they were supposed to start had struck she descended to the dining-room, which seemed to her empty. Putting her gloves and fan on the table, she occupied herself trying to clasp her bracelet which refused to be fastened, when a voice, from an armchair which stood sideways towards her, said, "You can't do that in the dark. Let us ring for Susan and lights," and he did so energetically.

"I had no idea you were here," exclaimed Kitty.

"Didn't your aunt tell you I was going to sacrifice myself and play chaperon for you and Jenny?"

"She said you were coming with us; but I suppose the idea of self-sacrifice never occurred to her."

Here Susan appeared, taper in hand, and soon lit up the gas.

"I am afraid I am rather a brute," said Dick as Susan closed the door.

"You are very English," returned Kitty, with lofty disapprobation.

"Englishmen are not all so bad." A pause, then Dick said humbly, "Let me fasten that bracelet for you," and immediately proceeded to lay hands on her arm and press the clasp together. In doing so he caught the delicate skin, nipping it sharply. Kitty uttered a keen little cry of pain. Dick, in the sincerity of his penitence, let the bracelet drop, and seeing the mark of blood which the clasp had drawn, kissed the place to make it well with fervour.

"Well!" cried Kitty, cruelly, "you have distinguished yourself this evening. First you make the rudest possible speech, and then you take your pound of flesh out of my poor arm. I don't think I can go to a party after such bad treatment."

"You are merciless!" exclaimed Dick, taking out a soft silk handkerchief and rolling it carefully round the injured arm. "Can't you see how awfully ashamed and sorry I am? You know I would rather have had a real serious wound than—"

"Oh, there, there," said Kitty, dimpling all over with smiles and looking up with kind, forgiving eyes, "it does not hurt me a bit now. You know I like to tease—and so do you. There, you cannot find fault with me."

"Are you quite sure it does not hurt you? Let me see it again?"

"There," she replied, unfolding the handkerchief and returning it to him. He looked so distressed she felt quite sorry. "It does not bleed at all."

"You had better not wear the bracelet till the clasp is mended," said Lane, picking it up and examining it. "These are very good diamonds, but they might be set to greater advantage."

"It is my crown jewel. A great aunt of mine, another Kitty Costello, left it to me when I was a baby. I cannot remember her, but I don't think she was a very happy woman. She did not behave well to a very good man whom she really loved, so he went away and was killed in some battle in Spain."

"I hope it will be a warning to you," said Dick Lane, looking at her with steady, penetrating eyes. "I am afraid you are rather disposed to torture your captives till they give up heart, or——"

"Take care," interrupted Kitty, holding up a warning finger; "have you not said rude things enough this evening?"

He did not reply at once, but walked slowly to the window, looked out, and then exclaimed,—

"Our conveyance waits. I wish Janet would come, it grows late, and I want to be early for a profound reason which I shall tell you later. Had you not better put this away? It is valuable," and he took up the bracelet.

"Yes, I will," and Kitty carried it to her aunt's work-basket and placed it under a large piece of plain work which lay there.

She had hardly accomplished this when Janet appeared, followed by her mother, who told them they need not wait for Dan as he could follow on foot in a few minutes.

The room was half full when Dick Lane and his charges reached Mrs. Saunders's brightly-illuminated residence.

Lane looked somewhat eagerly round, and the hostess having greeted them with *empressement*, observed that perhaps they had better secure places at once as she feared the rooms would be rather full—she had had but few refusals.

The two drawing-rooms were thrown open and the seats ranged across from wall to wall, facing a small platform which occupied the smaller of the two.

"If I may dictate," said Dick, "in a matter which you both understand better than I do, I should advise you, Miss Costello, to sit up there next the wall, and—let me pass, Janet—I'll come next, then you, Jenny."

"But why?" asked the latter, "there will be no place for Dan."

"Oh, never mind, dear, he'll find a place for himself," said Kitty, whose eyes had questioned Dick and had received some kind of mystic assurance which disposed her to obey. So they arranged themselves as suggested.

Meantime the rooms filled rapidly with very elaborately-dressed ladies and numerous young men, who were either shy and silent, or collected in groups and sniggered in corners.

It grew warm, and the windows in the larger of the two drawing-rooms were opened. Mrs. Saunders bustled

about among the performers, who were penned up together behind the platform in a narrow slice of the back drawing-room.

A universal sh—sh enforced silence.

First came a classical duet between the piano and violoncello, which tired poor Kitty very much and made her long to talk. Then came a vocal trio—two ladies and one man—a little out of tune, at which Kitty shivered. Then the lady of the house sang very well a bravura of Rossini's. Thunders of applause. A slight scuffle behind her attracted Kitty's attention.

"Oh, don't you mind," said a voice she thought not unknown, "slip along by the wall and skirt round by the stack of flowers. There's no end of cakes and champagne down below. The flunkeys are sampling them just to pass the time, and you'll have a grand go at them if you start." And Kitty's chair was pushed violently as if something very big had forced itself into too small a space behind it. "I did not think I was so late, Miss Costello," said the voice.

"Sh—sh—sh!" vociferated Dick, loudly.

Kitty started, but checked her tendency to look behind, for an awful conviction came upon her that the dreaded Grierson was leaning on the back of her chair. She raised her eyes with an appealing, questioning look to Dick's. He raised his eyebrows and gave a slight desponding nod, as much as to say, "it's too true." Then the music went on again with redoubled energy, and Dick constituted himself "keeper of the peace," so far as peace meant silence, for every attempt on the part of the offending Grierson to speak to Kitty was put down with a ferocious "sh—sh!" from Dick Lane.

At last a grand march with plenty of noise brought the performance to an end, and everyone began to rise with an air of relief—Grierson especially, for he had been cruelly cramped. The crowd melted rapidly away, for the magic word "supper" had been passed down the ranks. Lane drew Kitty's hand through his arm, and then turned to look behind him.

"Hullo, Grierson, are you there? Capital concert, eh?"

"You seemed to think so anyway. You wouldn't let anyone speak but yourself."

"How do you do, Mr. Grierson," said Kitty, with an amiable smile. "What a lot of trouble Mrs. Saunders must have taken to make everything go so smoothly. How well she sings!"

"It's beastly hot!" returned Grierson, ruefully, "and I'd thank God for some iced champagne."

"If you don't be quick you'll get nothing to eat or drink. Take down my niece, will you? and I'll look after Miss Costello."

Grierson muttered something unintelligible to Jenny, and put out an elbow which nearly touched her ear. They were soon separated in the crowd.

But Lane was an unscrupulous cavalier, and soon contrived to manoeuvre Kitty into a sheltered corner, where he brought her cool goodies and iced lemonade.

"Is the arm really all right?" he asked presently.

"Oh, yes; but I will not take off my glove. Tell me, did you put me up against the wall to keep off Fee-fum?"

"Well, yes."

"And you hushed him down every time he tried to

speak. It was very funny. You could not have done better had you been an Irishman."

"You might have paid me a more gracious compliment."

"I don't think I could."

"Well, I promised to partake of an extra supper with him after the sweets and sugar-candy were finished. I hope he won't stab me with the carving-knife."

"Oh, no one ever used a carving-knife save for a joint—except that famous farmer's wife."

"Just so. Will you take anything more?"

"No, thank you. Well, just two of those chocolates. My dear old friend, Madame Dubois, used to have some from Paris every Christmas, and always gave me the largest share. So I love them."

"There, then," handing her the dish, "won't you put some in your pocket?"

"No. That is a sort of select poaching."

"Perhaps so. Come along, I see Grierson in the distance. He's a sort of lighthouse looming, I should say blooming, over everything. I have something to say about Grierson, if you will not quarrel with me. Let's go upstairs, the rooms are still stifling, but the windows open on a balcony, and I don't fancy you are likely to take cold."

"No, I am not; but I fear you want to scold me. I hate being scolded."

"You are quite mistaken. I hope I am not more cowardly than other men, but I don't think I have pluck enough to find fault with—you."

"My dear Mr. Lane, that is all nonsense. You are constantly finding fault with me."

"Well, not this time, at any rate."

The balcony was partly covered in, and well supplied with seats and flowers; but Kitty preferred the further end, which was open to the sky and "a young May moon," which beautified all it shone upon.

"Yes, it is delightful here if you consider it safe," and Dick pounced on a settee sheltered by the canvas which stretched half-way across the balcony behind it.

"This is quite comfortable," said Kitty, lifting her eyes to the moon. "How strange it is to think that lovely moon is silvering the rocks at dear old Cool-a-vin. Just at this hour I know exactly where its light falls in the Lady's Cove. Ah! it is so beautiful and wild and lonely. Do you know, I should like you to see Cool-a-vin. I think you can admire beauty, though you like to make money, too."

"How do you know I am so fond of making money?"

"All Englishmen are, and I rather think you especially."

"Perhaps you are right. A poor man is rarely a free man, an independent man, or his own master."

"I should like to argue that with you, but I want to get my scolding over and done with."

"It is not a scolding, Miss Costello, only a few words of advice."

"Well, begin."

"You have more than once asked my help to evade poor Grierson's clumsy attempts to improve his acquaintance with you."

"Oh, yes; and you have been very good—"

"Now remember, I like and appreciate Grierson. He is an excellent specimen of a hard-working Englishman,

with plenty of grit. Of course, success had made him lose his balance a little, or, as you would put it, cease 'to know his place.' Nothing can prevent his asking you to marry him."

"But he can't make me, however rich he may be," said Kitty, colouring to her eyes, and then growing white as she made a little unconscious movement, as if to draw nearer to her adviser—a movement which made it uncommonly hard for Dick to resist the inclination to gather her into his arms and hold her against his heart.

"No, of course not, that's all nonsense. What I want to impress on you is that you must not play with him or torture him—"

"Do you think I would do so? That I am capable of such conduct?"

"I know you very little as yet."

"Besides," went on Kitty, "I feel too deeply affronted by this—this navy presuming to think he might marry me, to dream of play or amusement."

"Still I am awfully sorry for him—"

"Why? Has he not heaps of money, which seems the great object with all of you?"

"Aye, but his money cannot buy you."

"That's very nice," said Kitty, graciously. "I don't think you ever paid me a compliment before. I shall put it down in my diary."

"I don't somehow see you keeping a diary."

"It is rather intermittent, I acknowledge."

"Now listen to me," resumed Dick. "Grierson will infallibly manage to ask you some day to be his wife. Let him have his chance soon, then refuse him firmly, kindly. Indeed I believe, in spite of all your pride of

blood and breeding, you could not do it unkindly. Then you will have a right to refuse to meet him, and he will have no right to obtrude himself on you—”

“But look here, Dick,” in tones of profound distress, “am I to sit and listen to him all alone, and then explain that I couldn’t possibly have anything to do with him? I’d die of it.”

“Come now, Kitty, I daresay you have gone through this awful ordeal before.”

“Do you mean I have refused others?”

“Yes. I should say you know the ropes perfectly.”

“But how could I refuse what nobody asked?” cried Kitty.

“By Jove! I can’t believe it,” in a tone of utter incredulity. “I pictured you surrounded by despairing adorers offering—”

“Oh, dear, no,” returned Kitty; “they were all very fond of me, and wished they had crowns and coronets and empires for my sake, but as they hadn’t there was no use talking about it.”

Dick laughed.

“You are quite incomparable. I don’t know whether you are most of a delightful child or a shrewd woman. In any case, be guided by me in dealing with Grierson.”

There was a short pause, then Kitty laid her hand very gently on his coat-sleeve and said low, yet clear,—

“Would you do me a great favour, Dick?”

“Yes, if I could,” and he held his arm very steadily.

“Well, then, you might advise your friend Mr. Grierson to have nothing to do with me. Point out that Irish women are not good housekeepers, and all that. You might say that I don’t want to marry at pre-

sent. I really do not. I suppose I shall like somebody some day. Then you can mention that I would not care to marry an Englishman. The truth is, I should be afraid of one—that is, if I were tied to him. They are cold and stern—even nice ones—and what would Mr. Grierson be?”

“Possibly truer and tenderer than many a fine gentleman.”

“I like fine gentlemen,” sighed Kitty. “Besides, I can fight them with their own weapons.”

“We must not stay here any longer,” he returned. “Now we are sure to meet Grierson prowling about looking for you; be civil to him, and don’t say audacious things. Let him have his head, and then bring round the grand finale.”

Kitty took the arm he offered, saying, “You will not go far away if we do meet Mr. Grierson?”

“No, I promise,” smiling, “but I must look after Janet as well as yourself.”

“Oh, yes, of course.”

Directly Dick and his charge stepped from the dusk of the balcony into the brightly-lit drawing-room they beheld Janet seated opposite the windows in evidently pleasant conversation with a certain smart young man, who was something of a favourite with Miss Janet, while at a little distance stood Grierson gazing desolately round, with a frown on his brow.

Dick Lane directed their steps towards his friend, who came to meet them not too amiably. “What’s been gone with you?” he exclaimed abruptly. “Miss Lane and me, we’ve hunted high and low, out into the balcony and everywhere. Here’s the evening all but

over, and I've not had a chance of a word with you!" This last exclamation was addressed to Kitty.

"You see through the first part of it no one could speak," said Kitty, with a smile.

"Just so; not a very lively way of passing the time," he replied. "As to Lane here," laying a huge hand on his shoulder with returning good humour, "one might think he had a large commission for keeping silence, he was so diligent with his 'sh, sh's.'"

"Of course I was. Nothing enrages the hostess at a musical party so much as interruptions from the unmusical."

"Oh, never mind, the music is over, thank the Lord! Now then, Miss Costello, have you had anything to eat?"

"Oh, yes, quantities."

"And how have you been all this long time I have been away?" asked Grierson, bringing a chair for Kitty, who shrank visibly (at least to Dick) at his familiar tone.

"Quite well, thank you."

"Why, I haven't seen you since you came to see the works. Indeed, I haven't been down here till the day before yesterday, and I have been that busy I've hardly had time to breathe, or you may be sure I would not have neglected to call."

"A man so busily and importantly occupied cannot be expected to waste time in idle civilities," said Kitty, icily.

"Idle civilities! They are nothing of the sort," cried Grierson, "as you must know."

Kitty shot a reproachful glance at Dick, and kept silence, looking exceedingly haughty.

"While I was up in town," resumed Grierson, with a self-satisfied grin, "I walked down Bond Street one day and saw lots of pretty things, just what young ladies fancy, so I brought away one or two, and I'd like to know what you'd think of my taste. Maybe you'd like one or two for yourself—eh, Miss Costello?"

"Oh! no doubt you have excellent taste."

"Anyhow, you oughtn't to doubt it. Well, when may I call and show you—"

"You must ask my aunt, Mrs. Lane. I am her guest."

"Very well, that's all right."

Here Kitty looked at him so imploringly that Dick could no longer refuse the unspoken prayer.

"Come, Janet, the people are dispersing, and your mother will be sure to sit up for you."

"Yes, of course she will!" exclaimed Kitty. "I ought to have thought of it before," and she rose with alacrity.

"I say! this party has been a regular sell." This in a growl from Grierson, who immediately offered his arm to Kitty as they took leave of Mrs. Saunders.

She said, "I'm afraid that a whole musical evening is rather too much for busy men like you, Mr. Grierson; but I hope it had its compensations?" and she looked extremely knowing.

"Ah ha! you're right there," he laughed noisily and triumphantly.

Kitty slipped away her hand from under his huge arm and ran swiftly downstairs to the cloakroom, while Grierson looked after her in positive dismay.

When Janet joined her they soon put on their wraps,

and, issuing forth, found Uncle Dick and the contractor awaiting them.

"I say, Lane, we must see these young ladies home. I'll take Miss Costello in my trap, and you can take care of your niece."

"Oh, pooh, nonsense! The precious young ladies are quite able to take care of themselves," returned Dick. "I am desperately hungry for that supper you promised me; I only took wafers and sugar-candy in order to do justice to your more solid refreshment."

"Faith you shall have it, my boy," cried Grierson, who was thoroughly hospitable; "and then I'll ask your opinion on one or two matters."

Good nights were exchanged, and when Kitty gave Uncle Dick her hand she pressed his and whispered, "Remember what I told you to say."

CHAPTER X.

QUITE two days passed peacefully after the musical evening at Mrs. Saunders's, partly to Kitty's satisfaction—not completely, however.

She told herself that it was unkind and negligent of Uncle Dick not to have brought her a report of his supper with Grierson and the conversation thereat.

It was curious how she was growing to trust that "stern monitor." Never before had she met man or boy who had not flattered and admired her, but, in truth, not one of them had made the smallest impression upon her heart or mind. There was a reserve power and self-control about Dick Lane that impressed her more than she was aware of, and she scarcely knew how much she desired to prove her own power to charm him, though in a graver and higher fashion than she had thought of before.

The episode of the bracelet had given her a delicious glimpse of what might be.

Alone and in the dusk of the summer night, she blushed with a sense of shame at herself when she thought of all the kiss so warmly pressed upon her arm had betrayed, and of the strange emotion, half fear and half delight, which thrilled through her veins as nothing had ever done before at the touch of his lips. "But I think I was quite cool. I don't suppose he has the

faintest idea. Oh! he must never know how weak and silly I am. Could he ever imagine that I would marry such a creature as Mr. Grierson? That any money—oh, he thinks too much of money!”

The end of this musing was a determination not to think any more about Uncle Dick, for he really had a hard, tyrannical temper, and perhaps she had better go away home.

When the day came round for her weekly letter to Mrs. Costello, Kitty refused to join Mrs. Lane and Janet in an expedition to see Mrs. Dixon, as she wanted to write a very long letter, and Dolly having gone to tea with a schoolfellow, she would have the house to herself. Dan had bid them good-bye that morning, as he was going for a brief holiday to stay with young Cox in a village at the other side of the river, where there was some good trout-fishing, and Kitty observed that he looked absent or preoccupied, and not by any means like a lad about to start for a holiday with his special chum. However, she had no opportunity for asking what was the matter with him, as their adieux were made in public.

The morning-room was the pleasantest in the house, and the window, when open, admitted the scents of the garden. So Kitty gathered up her writing materials and descended to write her letter there.

Having set them out, she sat thinking of the mother she loved so tenderly—with a protective affection which Mrs. Costello always called forth—and wondering how she should like the seclusion and stillness of Cool-a-vin

after the life and stir of the busy town in which she was growing to take an interest.

To a vitality so strong and healthy as hers, movement and progress were irresistibly attractive; how men could exist without the excitement of field sports, or competition of some kind, was unaccountable to her. Yet Uncle Lane must have had a terribly dull life, sitting all day, and every day, at his desk writing business letters and studying profit and loss, though, to be sure, there were very important interests involved.

Kitty opened her writing-book and looked for her pen. She had certainly put it in its place. She must have dropped it on her way downstairs. What a nuisance! She must go up to her room again. She had ascended about halfway when, to her surprise, she met her cousin Dan coming down with a parcel—a brown-paper parcel very much tied up—in his hand.

“Why, Dan?”

“You, Kitty!” were their respective exclamations.

“What has brought you back, Dan?”

“Oh! I forgot this,” holding up the parcel.

“Do you know you make me feel very uneasy and unhappy?”

“How so, Kitty?”

“I feel sure you are in some trouble. I remember Fitz always looked as you do, downcast and perplexed, when he was in a scrape. Do come into the morning-room and tell me. There is no one in but myself. I might be the mouse who will gnaw the net for you.”

“You could not help me, Kitty, and I don’t want to tell anyone. Only, Kitty, do not tell a creature that you saw or spoke to me.”

"I will not promise that or anything unless you tell me what is the matter, for I see I am right." Some further persuasion ended in her taking him by the arm and leading him into the back parlour or general sitting-room.

"There is no use in tormenting me, Kitty, and I am not worth troubling about. I'm a regular blackguard," and the unhappy boy covered his face with his hands—his chest heaving and a sound as of dry sobs making itself heard.

Kitty was dreadfully alarmed, and pleaded earnestly for his confidence. At last and by degrees he yielded. It was a not uncommon story of rashness and weakness.

He had yielded to an increasing love of racing, to which he had been introduced by his chum, young Cox, and for which he was by nature disposed. He won and lost, was sometimes in high feather, sometimes in the depths. At last, after a run of ill-luck, he found himself, about a fortnight since, in debt to the amount of twenty-five pounds—without the faintest hope of being able to pay up—"and a debt of honour too," added Dan, despairingly. The day before, just about closing time, Mr. Lane called his son and said he wanted him to run round to Harman's Bank (where he kept his private account), for he had omitted to lodge some cash and did not want to miss another day.

"With that," continued Dan, "he took some notes out of his desk and counted them. Five Bank of England fivers! They seemed sent to me by Providence—but a wrong kind of providence. My father folded them up, put them in an envelope and handed it to me. 'See they make a note of it!' I am pressed for time,

but I have the numbers,' he said. 'Be off.' You may be sure I was, but I didn't go to the bank. I went straight to Tom Greg's. Tom is the man I owed the money to, and for four or five hours I felt as if I trod on air, I was so relieved. And ever since I've gone deeper and deeper down into hell! Nothing can save me, for my father will be sure to find out—"

"Then Dan, dear Dan, don't let him!" cried Kitty, clasping her hands. "Make up your mind to take your punishment. Go and tell what you have done to your father. It will be a bitter blow to him, but it will be the first step to win back his confidence. If you have the courage to do this, he will, in time, trust you again. But don't, oh! don't let him find you out. Others will then get to know of it and you will be disgraced, and that will disgrace him. Think how good he is. Were you going to run away? I feared it. Why, it would kill your mother. I cannot let you do all this mischief. Listen, Dan! Suppose you had the twenty-five pounds to put in the bank, would you tell your father the truth?"

"Oh, that would make a great difference."

"Will you give me your word of honour to tell my uncle the whole truth? For depend upon it, whatever you do, you'll be found out. Will you promise, Dan?"

"Oh, Kitty, how can you help me?"

"Never mind. Will you promise on your word of honour?"

"Well, there, if you can get me the money to replace what I took, I promise, on my word of honour, to confess everything to my father."

"Stay where you are, Dan. Don't stir till I come back."

She flew out of the room and away upstairs, returning in a few minutes.

"Here!" she said, laying a little leather case on the table, and proceeding to open it, she produced her "crown jewel" and handed it to Dan.

"I believe the diamonds are very good. Perhaps you might get twenty-five pounds if you sell it."

"Sell it!" cried Dan, gazing delightedly on the sparkling gems. "I will do better than that. I'll not sell, I'll pawn it, and then by paying a trifle of interest I can get it back again."

"Can you?" asked Kitty. "That would be very nice, but all I ask is that you will keep your word to me."

"Yes, that I will," said Dan, and he quite believed he would.

"Oh, Kitty, you are my good angel—but—I have an idea."

Here he stopped short, and Kitty waited in vain to learn what the idea was. Dan exclaimed that he was dazed and did not know what he was talking about.

This suppressed "idea" troubled her, for she instinctively distrusted Dan.

"But I am losing time," he went on. "I'm afraid I'll be too late to find any places of business open." He placed the bracelet in its case, and the case in an inside pocket.

"Wait a moment, Dan. Had I not better say you came back for a parcel you had left behind? The servants will be sure to know you were here—about what time is it? Four o'clock?"

"Yes, perhaps you had. You know I often forget things."

"One word more. The bracelet will not fasten securely, so I cannot wear it."

"I trust and hope I shall be able to get it back for you before long."

"I do hope so for every reason. Good-bye, Dan. I hope we shall see you soon home again."

"Yes, thanks to you, I will come back the day I said I would. Oh, Kitty, you have saved my life," and, in the excitement of the moment, Dan, who was rather a shy boy, threw his arms round his adorable cousin, kissed her heartily, and was gone.

Kitty, who was greatly upset, dropped into a chair, put her elbows on the table and her head on her hands, and then indulged in a burst of tears.

"What in the world will become of that unfortunate boy?" she thought. "He hasn't a bit of strength. If he had held a pistol at some stranger's head—suppose the contractor's—and took his well-filled purse, I should not mind; but to steal, and to steal shabbily, from his own dear, kind father. It is too disgraceful! Gentlemen do bad things enough, but this is the act of an ingrained thief, a dishonest apprentice, who knows neither the principle of an honest man nor the honour of a gentleman. I wish, oh, how I wish I might tell Uncle Dick. If anyone could put him right Dick would. But he is very severe. Perhaps he would bruise such a broken reed as poor Dan out of all piecing together again. I cannot write to mother to-day—not a real letter. I will just send her a 'screed' to say I am well, and promise a long yarn."

The day, however, was not over for Kitty. She was aware she had been left "in charge," as it was at Mr. Lane's option whether he would return home for supper or go to his daughter's house. So she watched the clock, and went in good time to bathe her eyes and arrange her hair, and generally "sort" herself, as the Scotch say.

Mr. Lane had been kept rather later than usual, and elected to return home, where he found his niece installed.

"It's a lovely evening," said Mr. Lane, when, equipped in his evening jacket and tiger-head slippers, he sat down to table in his pleasant, comfortably-furnished dining-room. "Dan will enjoy his outing if the weather holds like this. We must take you across the water, Kitty, to see some of the old Creamshire villages at the other side."

"Yes, I should like to go with you, Uncle Lane." Looking at him lovingly, her heart went out to the kindly father who worked so intermittently that all his might enjoy.

"I am not a smart enough young man for such a bonny lass as you, my dear. Well, what have you got for my supper? Hey! I am very tired."

"I don't know, uncle; but you may be sure auntie has arranged all that. Tell me, do you never take a holiday?"

"Yes, to be sure. Every year, towards the end of August. I hope you will be here to come with us to a nice old place we always go to. Dick was reared there when he was a motherless little lad, and he loves the place so, that when he came back the other day he left the train at Micklethorpe and walked round a good

twenty miles just to look at the place before he reached this. You know the Lanes are all Daleshire people. There! shouldn't be surprised if that were Dick." This exclamation was elicited by a loud ring at the front-door bell.

For a moment Kitty was very pleased. Then, to her horror, the door was thrown open.

Susan announced, "Mr. Grierson—Mr. Lane," and they entered together.

They were cordially welcomed by the master of the house, and civilly by Miss Costello, whose eyes unconsciously told Dick Lane that she had much to tell him.

"I'm sure I hope I'm not intruding," began Grierson, a wide grin illuminating his face. "But I've been so hindered with one thing or another since we met at Mrs. Saunders's. I thought I could not put off calling any longer, so made bold to come up this evening and arrived just on top of my friend Lane here, in a manner of speaking."

"Sit down, sit down," said the host, cordially. "You'll take a bite, and a cup of tea or a drop of gin and water."

"Thank ye, thank ye! It's a treat to have a nice homely mouthful of supper after dining nigh all the year round at hotels, for I'm a poor, homeless bachelor, with not a soul to look after me, Miss Costello."

Here the parlour-maid entered with a large tray, on which were various comestibles, hot and cold, of a tempting description.

"I'm sure Mrs. Lane is a first-rate provider," said

Grierson, rubbing his hands. "And I daresay you take after your aunt." This to Kitty.

"Oh, I wish I did. But I know nothing whatever of housekeeping, except that dinner appears every day at seven o'clock, and then I eat it."

"Oh, that's just your modesty. I daresay you can cook many a tasty dish."

"Yes, I can cook one, not a dish but a cake—a potato cake. You like my potato cakes, don't you, Uncle Lane?"

"Well, my dear, they are very tasty, but desperately indigestible."

Supper was too engrossing to admit of much conversation, but towards the end of the meal Grierson and his host plunged into an absorbing disquisition respecting a new company which was being started to build a range of docks at the opposite side of the river. Grierson was anxious to persuade Mr. Lane that he might win a fortune in this undertaking, but made no impression upon his host. "No speculations for me," was his reiterated reply. "As much plain trade as you like, open and above board, but no gambling."

"Well, sir, if everyone objected to what you call gambling," returned Grierson, "where would your railways and docks and such-like be, and the trade and money and prosperity you see around you? Why, here's your brother, as shrewd a man of business as ever stepped, has bought quite a handful of shares in the new undertaking."

"He's almost young enough to be my son, and belongs to a new order of things which he understands. I don't, so I'll just stick to the old jog trot."

"Do you like a game of whist, Grierson?" asked Dick Lane, who knew his brother's leaning in that direction.

"Yes, it's a good game; but maybe Miss Costello wouldn't care to take a hand."

"Oh, I don't mind if none of you object to such an inefficient partner. I am too stupid for words at all games."

"Object! By Jingo! I would only be too glad of a partnership with you on any terms, as you must know very well!" cried Grierson, flushing a deep brick-red.

"I'm always Uncle Lane's partner," returned Kitty, coldly. "No one else has patience enough."

"Aye, but I would. I would put up with any amount of mistakes."

Kitty, however, had gone on without heeding him.

"Shall we go upstairs, uncle? It will be cooler there?"

"Yes. Here, Susan, set out the card-table."

"And I will bring the cards. Dolly and I had them yesterday," said Kitty. She was up and away before anyone could reply.

The cards had to be looked for, and when she reached the drawing-room she found Dick was before her, and was drawing up the blinds. He came across the room and took the cards.

"What has gone wrong?" he asked in a low tone, looking into her eyes as if he would read her thoughts. "I noticed how pale you were directly I came in. There are tears in your eyes. Something has distressed you. No bad news from home, I trust?"

"Oh, no, thank God. Why, oh, why did you bring him here?" An expressive nod towards the door.

"I did not," eagerly. "I give you my word I did not. I was coming up here myself when I overtook him, and came along too, hoping to be of some use to you."

"Thank you," said Kitty, softly. "Be sure you stay, and take him away with you when you go. He is quite intolerable. They are coming! I will play over the waltz you gave me for you; but pray do not ask me to sing. I could not; indeed, I could not."

"Very well. But there is something wrong, Kitty?"

She made no reply, but opening the piano hastily, began to play.

"Ho!" exclaimed Grierson, as he entered and found Dick Lane counting the cards. "You are a pretty fellow to steal a march on your chum!"

"How so? There's no stealing in this house!" Dick looked rather truculent as he spoke, and Grierson turned to Kitty.

"That's nice and lively," he said, "but I would rather have a song. You've a sweet pipe of your own."

"Sorry I cannot sing this evening; besides, we must not keep my uncle waiting for his game." She rose with an air of decision and shut the piano.

"You're mighty fond of this uncle," remarked Grierson, a cloud gathering on his brow. "Is the other one as great a favourite?"

"Which other one?" asked Kitty, forcing herself to smile, for she felt curiously uneasy.

"This fellow here that you call 'Uncle Dick?'"

"I do not take such a liberty," she returned seriously. "I am not Mr. Richard Lane's niece, I am this Mr. Lane's niece," slipping her arm through John Lane's, "chiefly because I like him."

"Ah, ha! That's one for you, my boy. She won't be your niece because she does not like you."

"That's my misfortune, not my fault," returned Dick, calmly.

Then the game began. Kitty refused to be anyone's partner except Mr. Lane's, and Grierson made an ass of himself by his futile attempts to attract her attention. Kitty made all sorts of blunders, and even revoked, and Dick detected the error and demanded the usual forfeit of three tricks, at which Kitty expressed much indignation, because she said she had been playing so beautifully.

"Really you Saxons are too hard and matter-of-fact! Do you think an Irishman would have insisted on the forfeit?" she added. "No, he would rather have seen me pleased."

"I should have thought you too proud to be gratified by such childish flattery," said Dick, gathering up his cards. "If I tried that line you would soon ask me if I thought you a fool."

"Well, Miss Costello, I may be a bit rough, but I have more manners than him any day," said Grierson, who was greatly pleased by what he considered such a fatal slip on Dick's part, and he continued to play with high good-humour and occasional bursts of noisy laughter till Kitty, for the first time in her life, began to understand what nervousness meant, and when she dared sent imploring glances to Dick Lane, who began to hate Grierson with a burning hatred. He therefore came to the rescue.

"Half-past ten, by Jove!" he cried, looking at his watch. "We are keeping my brother up far too late.

He'll be making fearful blunders in business to-morrow. Come, Grierson, let's be off."

"Aye, but I wanted a song."

"You can't have it then. Look at Miss Costello's eyes."

"Well, I desire nothing better."

"They are closing with sleep," persisted Dick. Kitty nearly shut them.

"Let me show them something to look at," said Grierson, extracting a couple of small cases from his pocket with a struggle. "Now, I'd like to know what you think of my taste." He opened first one then the other with a flourish and laid them on the table. One contained a most brilliant and heavily-set diamond in a ring of uncommon size, the other a star to be worn in the hair or on a slender chain round the throat.

"Oh, they are beautiful!" cried Kitty, with surprised admiration.

"You like them, really and truly?"

"I do, indeed. That is magnificent," pointing to the ring, "but the star is more attractive."

Grierson, to her great annoyance, handed both over to her. "They are not half good enough for you—so I thought when I bought them—but just take them and make a kirk and a mill of them, if you choose."

Kitty's hitherto pale cheeks flushed deep rose. She closed the cases and laid them down gently. "I hope you will not think me ungracious or unkind. I acknowledge your—your generosity, but you know that it is impossible I could accept such a costly gift from a stranger."

"A few more of the sort wouldn't ruin me," he exclaimed with irrepressible purse pride. "As to being a

stranger, I don't want to remain one, nor do I intend to remain one."

"That does not quite depend on your will," said Kitty, with an air of cold hauteur that surprised Dick. "It is a princely gift, I grant. I thank you for the generous intention, but it is quite impossible I can accept it." Then turning to John Lane, she said low, but very distinctly, "Will you explain to Mr. Grierson, uncle, how impossible it is that I could take anything of the kind from anyone not a very near relative. He will mind you when he may not listen to me, and I will say good-night. I am very tired."

"Stay a bit! My God! don't go off in that way," cried Grierson, despairing and angry.

He seized the hand she had held out with a friendly smile, enveloping it in a huge fist with a painfully tight grip.

"Come, Grierson," said Dick, "you must not trespass on Miss Costello's patience when you see she is, as she says, very tired. Don't crush her hand, I say!" in a sharp, commanding tone.

"Try and learn manners yourself; you want them a deuced sight more than I do," growled Grierson. Nevertheless he did let go and Kitty effaced herself.

There was something of a wrangle between Dick and his friend but quiet, peaceful John Lane poured oil on the troubled waters.

"You want to go too fast by half, Mr. Grierson," he said. "My niece is not a girl to be driven. These Costellos are kittle-cattle. You just give her time. Let her forget this little brush and come up again when the wife's here. Now get off both of you. Much obliged

for your company. Come up and have a cut of roast beef with us on Sunday; we'll all be here and things will go easier."

So at length the brothers succeeded in getting the irate contractor out of the house.

As soon as the hall door had closed with a bang Kitty crept downstairs to her uncle, who was turning off the gas in the drawing-room.

"Is that you, my dear? Ring to have these things taken away, and would you look for the *Mercury*? I hadn't time to read the leading article to-day. In fact, the days grow busier and busier, and how I'll manage when Dick starts in London—"

"Listen to me, uncle," interrupted Kitty. "I hope I did not vex you this evening, but I will not be tormented by that untutored savage. If he persists in coming here I shall go back to Cool-a-vin."

"Just you talk to your aunt about it, Kitty, she's the proper person to manage such matters. But I'm not offended, child, not a bit."

"So glad," stooping over him and kissing a bald patch on the top of his head. "You and I are real good friends, aren't we?"

"Well, yes, but I'd like you to be sensible."

"Ah! I know what that means; and do pray understand I am not going to be anything of the sort. Now I'll get you your paper." She darted away downstairs and quickly returned with it, but he did not succeed in reading it for Kitty's curiosity had been raised.

"Is Uncle Dick going to live in London?"

"Yes; he is going to start a new place of business there, or rather to revive an old one. We here are to

be the Westpool branch. It will be a good thing for the boys."

"I fancied he was going to South America or California. He won't like going back to an office and a high stool again."

"Oh, yes, he will. He has something to work with now."

"Did he dig up a lot of gold in California?"

"He didn't do badly, and risked his life for it; but that wouldn't have made enough for his present plans. When he broke up from here and left me he didn't care much what became of him, so he shipped himself off to Monte Video, the first thing that offered, worked his passage out, would not take a penny from me. There he fell in with a man who was going out with some scheme for colonising away in the interior. He took a fancy to Dick and engaged him as a secretary or companion, and they started off to inspect the land. This man, who was half a Spaniard, had a bad fall, was kicked by his horse and nearly killed. Dick nursed him, saved his life, got him back to Monte Video, and sailed with him to London. Then Mr. Silvestra, Dick's friend, found he could not return, so he appointed Dick his agent. Dick wandered everywhere, but succeeded in persuading his principal not to risk his property in such a wild country. He himself went off to California. Sometimes we did not hear from him for years. Anyhow, the would-be colonist died about eighteen months ago and left nearly all he possessed to my brother. It was some little time before we found his address, and it was eight, indeed nearer nine years since we had seen him, when he walked in the other day. He is greatly

changed. I think the only thing that would console him for the life of adventure he has had is a very big business. Dick is a fellow that will come to the front. Ah! there's the bell! Why"—looking at his watch—"Dick must have been all wrong. It's only a quarter-past ten now, so mamma is not so late after all."



CHAPTER XI.

"5 EVERSLEY STREET,
"WESTPOOL.

"MY OWN DEAR MOTHER,—My last two letters were so scanty and hurried that I must try to make up in this one. I have something to say, too, which is a great help in writing an interesting letter. First, dear, I must say I wish Hyacinth would stay away in the 'black north' and not come up to Dublin and worry you into attending missionary meetings, where you harrow yourself about the sufferings of people in the cause of religion. You have had enough of sorrow. Why can't he be satisfied to make himself restless and unhappy? If he will go and convert the heathen, why can't he try to get a military chaplaincy in India? then he might improve our own heathen in the regiments there, who have a 'ground tier of Christianity,' as an old sea captain who comes here calls it, ready made. It must be very hard to induce people to adopt an entirely new religion. Yet what a good, sincere boy he is. What a first-rate priest he'd have made!

"Many thanks for dear Fitz's letter. Yes, he does seem quite bright and cheerful. He seems to think somehow that there's a good time coming. I wonder it has not cheered you up, for I fancy there is something very sad in your tone. Yet you do not seem in a hurry

to have me back. Aunt Lane asked me yesterday if I thought you would cross the Channel to pay her a visit. I wish you would, though I am not sure how you would like things here. Our own people are nice and most kind, of course; the scent of the roses hangs around them, still they have a strong dash of the old O'Donoghue blood in their veins—and it tells; but really uncle is a lovable old dear, only he cannot unravel the mystery of a joke. His brother is a curious, domineering, tyrannical sort of man. I can fancy him commanding a pirate ship on the Spanish Main. Wouldn't he flog his crew, and shoot some of them now and then if they looked crooked. Still, he has his redeeming points, and I will say his dancing is perfect. Besides, Aunt Lane is very fond of him.

“But I am filling up my paper too soon, for I must tell you all about the grand *fête* at Lord Grantham's. I did enjoy it immensely.

“You must know there is an old church down by the river, the only bit of antiquity they have, and the town has crept up to it; and all the time that the citizens ‘of credit and renown’ were heaping up riches the poor old church was going to pieces. At last they got an Irish curate, a very nice, agreeable, energetic man, quite my idea of a clergyman, only he fusses too much about ceremonies. You see, he was caught young, and sent over to Oxford, where he learned to like all the Roman Catholic dodges they have taken up there.

“Well, he set to work to raise a fund to repair the church. He preached and lectured early and late, and, as old Larry Brannigan used to say, he ‘roused their souls’ to some purpose. Subscriptions began to pour in,

and at last Lord Grantham threw open his beautiful place for a *fête* and fancy fair the day before yesterday.

“Uncle Lane treated us to an open carriage, and came himself; and he rarely has a holiday. What do you think, he sat on the coach-box beside the coachman! and my Aunt, Janet, Dolly, Joe and myself were packed inside. It was quite a *bourgeois* party out for a treat; but we were very happy. We had all prayed hard for sunshine and blue skies, and we had them. It was lovely, and oh, such a beautiful place! The lawns like velvet; the great, glorious trees; the flowers; the exquisite order and perfection of everything! Then a grand old grey castle in the background—a castle that had stood a long siege in the Cavalier and Round-head times. Oh, mother dear, think of Cool-a-vin restored and swept, and garnished with lovely lawns and gardens and paths, without a pebble out of place, and the dear old house looking strong and stately once more; besides, the grand wide sea, and the splendid dark cliffs which no money can bring here. But no! it would not be our sorrow-stained, poverty-stricken Cool-a-vin, where we at least kept the last pangs of hunger at bay from our poor people, and which is more dear to us in its sadness, its gloom, and its showers, ‘than the rest of the world in its sunniest hours.’

“There was an immense number of people there. Some very nice carriages and great omnibuses crowded with people in every colour of the rainbow. Quantities of people on foot, not to go in, for every creature paid a shilling, but to see those who did; and everyone so well—that is, so solidly dressed. Yet I did miss the laughing, shouting, ragamuffin crowd who knew everyone

and made comments—not always flattering—and seemed to enjoy the pleasure they could not share.

“There were several bands in different parts of the grounds, and near the house was the band of the —th Lancers, Neville Routlege’s regiment. It is quartered at Manchester, and I was glad to see the uniforms and gold lace once more, for it is so long since I have seen a soldier. We never wanted them to keep us in order at Cool-a-vin. The dear ‘Capteen Bawn’* had only to ride through the village and say a few words here and there to keep everyone quiet.

“The most of the people were very stiff and gorgeous, and lots of them knew Aunt and Uncle Lane quite well. They stared at me as if I had two heads at least. Lady Grantham was so simply dressed and so elegant-looking, and so were most of the people staying at the Castle. When the Lancers’ band struck up a delightful polka, a whole bevy of visitors came out through some windows that opened on a terrace, and down the steps onto the lawn; and one tall gentleman, who did not seem strange, came up to me, exclaiming, ‘By all that’s delightful, here’s beautiful Kitty of Cool-a-vin!’ and then I was shaking hands with Neville Routlege. He was so pleased to see me, and how nice he looked. His clothes were so well made, and he seemed as if he had the world at his feet, which he has not, you know. He is staying at Morecambe Castle. I took him up to Aunt Jane, and told him she was just the same relation to the Kilmorans as you are. He was a little puzzled, I could see, but quite charming about it,

* Capteen Bawn—“White Captain.”

and said in a low aside to me, 'Ah, yes! I see Mrs. Lane has the same delightful expression as Mrs. Costello.' Then, when I presented him to Janet and Dolly, he exclaimed that he was a lucky fellow to find nice cousins at this side of the water as well as at home.

"All this time I observed a very dignified, white-haired gentleman talking to Uncle Lane. They seemed to have a good deal to say, and then they shook hands, the white-haired man saying very heartily, 'I wish all your fellow-citizens had as sound, sensible political views as you have, Mr. Lane,' and then he came towards us, looking rather sharply at me. Neville, much to my surprise, said, 'Let me present my cousin, Miss Costello of Cool-a-vin, to you, Lord Grantham. I rather imagine that when you were on the Staff in Ireland you knew her late father, Hugh Costello, a brilliant member of Irish society in those days.'

"'Yes, of course!' lifting his hat with courteous grace. 'I had the great pleasure of enjoying the hospitality of Cool-a-vin. Your father and I were young fellows then, Miss Costello, and one rarely meets such a companion.' I tried to make a nice curtsy, and do credit to Madame Dubois, but my eyes were so full of tears I could neither see nor speak. Lord Grantham looked round, and added, 'The Countess is somewhere about. If you meet her, Routlege, pray present your young relative to her,' and he went on.

"Then Uncle Lane came up, and we stood chatting until Neville suggested that he should take me to see an aviary which is a great hobby with Lady Grantham. I begged Aunt Lane to settle where we should meet, for, of course, I could not keep Neville all day with me.

“‘I rather think the refreshment tent is about the best place,’ suggested Uncle Lane; ‘first comers to wait for the rest.’ So we went off, and I saw the Countess at a distance. She is much younger than Lord Grantham—very haughty-looking; but she can smile sweetly, and is very good to the poor. She is not nearly so popular as the Earl; I did not care to be introduced to her—and then we had so much to talk about. His regiment came back nearly two years ago, and he has been quartered in the same station as dear Fitz, who was, he says, a great favourite, and all the women were in love with him; but we don’t believe all that, eh? Neville does say he is told by his correspondents that the General’s daughter is quite serious in her liking for him. Fancy any woman letting all the people about her find that out! It seems the General is so much taken with Fitz that he may consent to a marriage. His father made a quantity of money in a bank or something, and the girl is very nice and accomplished. Then, of course, he declared I was lovelier than ever, and advised me to select one of the rich men I should be sure to meet. He was so funny about it. He said, ‘That in mating with wealthy, heavy-money-making men bright girls like myself fulfilled the intentions of Providence, for the world would grow altogether too stupid if “like to like” were always united.’ I asked him why he hadn’t picked up a rich stupid wife himself. He said he didn’t know; that he ought, for God knew he wanted one. Then he began about himself, his debts and difficulties, and what an unlucky devil he was, till I grew quite sorry for him, and he said it was heavenly to have the sympathy of a sensible woman. Fancy me posing as a sensible woman!

I just told him that, with us Irish, the women had most of the sense, and the strength too! to which he agreed. Then, feeling rather hungry, I said I would go and find Uncle Lane.

“Neville is to be two days longer here, then the party breaks up. He is coming to see us to-morrow—or he says he will. I do like him, but he is terribly extravagant.

“When we found the refreshment tent, all our party had settled down to luncheon, and Mrs. Dixon had joined them. She looked very nice. I catch a curious resemblance in her to our great-grandmother, Lady Elizabeth O’Donoghue—at least to her picture—but she looks careworn. Neville was duly introduced. I think he had had about enough of us by that time, and said he had to take someone in to luncheon in the Castle, so he went off just as that horrid cantankerous Radical, Mr. Dixon, came up. He immediately addressed me—I mean as soon as he had filled his plate.

“‘Well, Miss Costello, I suppose you feel in your element in this grand place?’ I nodded to him and said, ‘Yes; it suits me exactly.’

“‘I thought so. I saw the whole string of you koo-tooing to my lord the Earl just now. Gad! it was a funny sight for a thoroughgoing Englishman to see in his midst.’

“‘Glad you are enjoying yourself,’ said I, with a benign smile. Then we went to see games and archery and all sorts of amusements, and bought rubbish of fancy work and shell-work, and I don’t know what all. Neville came and talked to Aunt Lane and Janet, and to me, and it was altogether most amusing. But I was not

sorry to get home, for we were very weary. Poor Mrs. Dixon looked quite worn out, so I took her Caliban in hand and talked to him and let him hold forth, and poured a little melted butter over him, till he got quite comfortable.

“Would it not be nice if Fitz found a rich, sweet, companionable wife. He would make such a good husband—I mean pleasant. I find that a good husband doesn’t always mean a pleasant one here. What a long letter! My hand is so tired you might send it on to Madame Dubois.

“Good night, my own dear. Do not let your heart grow desponding. I feel there are good days before us yet.—Your loving child,
KITTY.

“*P.S.*—Is it not curious that Uncle Dick never appeared at the *fête*?”

The course of this true tale must now revert to the eventful day when Kitty gave her bracelet to the luckless Dan, some hours before Uncle Dick and his self-constituted chum Grierson made their appearance in Eversley Street.

Dan left the house in an excited mood, partly exultant in the unexpected relief bestowed on him by Kitty, partly ashamed of himself for accepting it. It seemed his fate to sink from one depth of uneasiness to another. But it did not occur to him to build unto himself a raft on which to float free from the deadly network that encompassed him, by confessing all to his father, enduring his punishment, and starting fresh and untrammelled.

Instead of this, he proceeded to walk deliberately towards the abode or office of the man to whom he had paid his father's money, evolving a scheme which would, he calculated, effectually screen his dishonest act from detection.

Instead of making at once for a well-known pawnbroker's, which safe-guarded its customers' reputations by the garb of a curiosity shop, and where "curios" of an interesting description could often be purchased, he turned out of his way to see if his late creditor had yet changed the notes he had handed to him two or three days before. He possibly might not. Then he would beg him to keep them twenty-four hours longer, in the course of which he, Dan, would bring him gold of the same amount, and so lodge the fatal convicting notes to his father's account, as originally intended, and if the difference in the date was noticed, he could say that he mislaid the envelope containing them, having delayed going to the bank, etc.

But on reaching Greg's place of business he found that gentleman in the act of locking up, as he was going to a race meeting at some distance on the following day. The notes had been paid away immediately. "Too bad times, my boy, to lock up cash, I can tell you; and a fellow would need an army of detectives to trace them now."

So Dan went off considerably depressed, for it was late, and the pawnbroker's establishment would certainly be already closed.

He therefore directed his steps to the ferry steamer, which was to take him to his rendezvous with young

Cox at the other side of the river, whence they were to proceed on their fishing expedition.

Next morning, having invented a plausible excuse, and promised his friend to return immediately after luncheon, Dan started for town at an early hour. The distance to Westpool was short, yet by the time he arrived the full tide of busy life was stirring in the streets, and Dan skulked through all the obscure lanes and alleys he knew, fearful of encountering acquaintances or, worse still, relations.

However, he reached the shop in safety. It was empty of customers, and he retired to the back part, where the light was dim.

"It looks pretty good," said a polite, but greasy, shopman. "What may you want for this little bracelet?"

A sudden inspiration suggested to Dan that a five-pound note over and above the exact sum actually needed would be very helpful, so he boldly asked "thirty pounds" in an off-hand manner.

"Ah! I'll just see—won't keep you more than a minute or two," said the man, and vanished through a door behind him.

He seemed much longer away, but when he did return he said,—

"Twenty-eight pounds, sir, is the outside."

"Very well," returned Dan, who began to be uneasy, as some people had come in, but again for a few minutes the place was empty. "All right, sir," and the attendant moved towards the front and laid the bracelet on the counter, more in the light, saying politely, "Pretty old-fashioned thing, sir," and proceeded to rummage in a drawer for the usual ticket. When—

But we must carry on another strand of our story from an hour or two previously.

Dick Lane had been disturbed when perusing the morning paper at his breakfast, which was never late, by a visit from Grierson, who had the air of having done half a day's work already.

"Just looked in to tell you I'm off to Fleetwood in half an hour. They are wanting a pier there, and I have reason to know that Brocklebank Brothers are trying to undersell me. I can't allow that. Now I may want to see a man who has a lot of property and influence there; he is away further north. If I am obliged to go on to him, I cannot dine at Lane's on Sunday. Will you explain to them what takes me off?"

"Hadn't you better write a line yourself?"

"Oh, writing is an infernal business. I don't care who I talk to, but writing is another pair of shoes. I like to employ another man's hand for the pen. My early education was neglected."

"You have learned sundry branches to some purpose—eh, Grierson?"

"Faith you're right there, my boy. But you'll explain. And I say, Lane, how would it do to send my love to Miss Costello?"

"Not at all. It would be as much as my life is worth to give her anyone's love."

"Except your own—eh?" with a sneer and an angry look.

"You can see for yourself there's not much love lost between us."

"Yes, I do think so sometimes, but if I thought—"

"Don't," interrupted Dick; "and excuse my speaking

the honest truth, but put Miss Costello out of your head; she will only marry a countryman of her own, I fancy; she will not marry you."

"Your fancies be damned! I will have her. She doesn't know what she is refusing, and if you play me false—"

"Pooh, bosh! I never played anyone false."

"At all events, my time is up. I'll look sharp after you when I come back."

He turned and left the room, banging the door after him.

"There's a rough bit of road before him," mused Lane, returning to his paper. "I'm sorry for him; he is not a bad fellow. Wonder how long he'll be before he finds another object for his affections. Everyone has not the misfortune to be desperately in earnest about their love affairs."

Dick Lane sat thinking for awhile, having let his paper drop, then rose and brushed his hat reflectively, sallied forth and walked leisurely to his brother's office, where he did not stay, as everyone seemed very busy.

"I really didn't think I should miss Dan so much; he is rather a heedless chap, but I'll make something of him yet. I have given him a holiday to go fishing with young Cox; they went off yesterday," quoth Mr. Lane, and his younger brother went away with the intention of completing the purchase of a present for his sister-in-law, about which he had been bargaining off and on for two or three days in a well-known curiosity shop near one of the older docks. It was a beautifully-carved ivory crucifix, which Dick thought would please Mrs. Lane, who had strong religious tendencies, but Dick was not

disposed to expend his money without getting full value for it. He observed that the crucifix had disappeared from the window, and he entered the shop fearing it might have been sold.

The assistant behind the counter was talking to a tall, slim young man, whose face was turned away; but Dick's eye was immediately caught by a bracelet that lay on the counter. It was the diamond bracelet with which he had hurt Kitty Costello's arm when trying to clasp it, and he would have known it among a thousand.

As he gazed, the customer turned his head, and he recognised Dan.

A sudden stream of surmises poured through Dick's brain. A vague, confused feeling of hidden mischief made him angrily uneasy.

"What can he be doing? I'll wait for him outside."

"You shall be attended to immediately, sir," said the assistant.

Dan, to his horror, recognised Uncle Dick. Desperation lent him presence of mind. He nodded and smiled rather a ghastly grin, but did not speak.

"I'll return in half an hour," Dick said to the shopman, and went outside.

"He'll not go far," thought the luckless Dan. "I must face him. I wonder if he noticed Kitty's bracelet; he has a hawk's eye." And while he thought, he watched the man who was counting out the twenty-eight sovereigns (Dan had asked for gold), then pocketed the cash and the ticket, and went forth to meet his fate. Sure enough Dick was strolling leisurely townwards. "No use in trying to give him the slip. I'll follow him," said Dan to himself.

He had not gone many paces when Uncle Dick turned round sharply, and came to meet him.

"Well, you young rascal, what the deuce are you doing with your cousin's bracelet in old Father Isaac's establishment?"

"Oh, she gave it to me to get it mended—the clasp, I mean."

"But they are not working jewellers there."

"Yes they are. They do a lot of things for Bob Cox and his people."

"Why didn't she give it to your mother or to me?"

"I cannot tell. She seemed to dislike telling my mother. She'd never have thought of you. Fancy she didn't like being called careless or Irish. You know she's very touchy about such things?"

"Perhaps so, but I don't like the notion of a harum-scarum chap like you having charge of the poor girl's crown jewel, as she calls it."

"Well, Uncle Dick, you know I am twice as fond of Kitty Costello as you are. I'd give my life for her; only she looks on me as a stupid boy."

"You might be worse. And there's something about this I don't like. Only I could not suspect your father's son of telling lies. You're not in any trouble, are you, my lad?"

"No, not I. How could I?"

Dick looked keenly with his rather remarkable, steely-grey eyes into his nephew's, and said shortly, "All right." He began to move off, when he stopped short and called, "Halloo, Dan!"

"What is it?" coming up.

"Mind you, when I see Miss Costello, I'll mention that she had better have given that bracelet to me."

Dan coloured deeply. "I understand," he said, "you can do as you like. It's all the same to me; only I know she wants it kept dark from my mother."

"Never knew anyone afraid of your mother before." And Dick Lane walked off briskly in one direction and Dan in another.

"What an awful sell," thought the latter. "I must warn Kitty. She will be trumps, I am sure. Oh, if I could make a hit at the steeplechase next week; but I had better not try it."

So it came about that when the one o'clock post came round, among the three or four epistles dropped in the letter-box was one for Miss Costello which had not gone through the post-office.

Kitty had not gone upstairs to put on her "afternoon" dress—a term quite new to her—for she was finishing a frock for Dolly as that young lady was very anxious for it. So her letter was brought to her in the workroom. It was short:—

"Just fancy, Uncle Dick walked into the place this morning as I was settling about your bracelet. Ain't I unfortunate? I just said you had given it to me to have it mended. He'll be sure to ask you about it, so you will know what to say. I also said you did not like mother to know of it, lest she should think you careless for breaking it.—Your devoted

"DAN.

"P.S.—Burn this."

An injunction which Kitty immediately obeyed.

She was greatly annoyed by this *contretemps*. Dick Lane was not to be trifled with. He had in some directions a high standard, and was of opinion that women were inclined to be *rusée*.

A more transparently truthful girl than Kitty did not exist, yet now she felt that a mesh of falsehood and trickery was gathering round her. And to think that Dick Lane should suspect her of double dealing, and with justice, was unspeakably dreadful.

But she was bound to Dan. Nothing should induce her to be disloyal to him.

What pleasure could she have in talking to Dick Lane, or even in quarrelling with him, when she must be always on guard? Then she began to feel how much pleasure Dick Lane's presence and conversation gave her, and she was also beginning to know that she had a little power over him. He was a curiously earnest, real man—not dull or dismal, indeed, he had a lot of go in him—one of whom she felt—no, not afraid; she was above that—but desirous of his good opinion. Why should she? And echo answered "Why?"

CHAPTER XII.

THAT afternoon and on the day following this *rencontre* with his nephew, Dick Lane had an unusual amount of letter writing to get through, in which he needed his elder brother's counsel and co-operation. They were engaged in arranging the preliminaries of a partnership with a Spanish friend of Dick's, whom he had known intimately in Buenos Ayres, and who had been connected in business with the man whose residuary legatee Dick was. The matter occupied Dick very much, as it promised well.

But though an ambitious man, needing the exhilaration of either an adventurous or a busy life, he found the fact of Dan's evident subterfuge about Kitty's bracelet haunting and annoying him to an extraordinary degree. Isaac & Sons were not working jewellers; he had ascertained that by taking them a pin, from which the head had broken away, and asking the polite young man behind the counter to have it mended, whereupon it was explained to him that Isaac & Sons never undertook such jobs.

Could Kitty be in want of money, and have entrusted the delicate commission of pawning her crown jewel for filthy lucre to Dan? What should a high-bred gentlewoman, as Kitty certainly was, know of such sordid practices? Or, knowing, how was it she did not shrink

from using them? He had always heard that Irish people were not too strictly straight. And if he could not trust a girl absolutely, better break away while he had a shadow of free will left, above all, while he still believed her indifferent to him—for weak people often had kind and tender hearts. He was conscious within himself of a strange, compelling power over this charming, sparkling creature, who might well stir any man's passion and fascinate his imagination. But had he any free will left? In truth, not much; and if he for one moment believed that such a triumph awaited him, as that Kitty Costello of Cool-a-vin, who did not look on him as her equal and had a firm belief in herself as a fit match for a prince, could ever be won to love him, to give herself to him, for better, for worse—why, he would be utterly lost! "It's worth risking a great deal for," he muttered, as he gathered up his letters and sallied forth to post them towards the end of the day. Then having despatched a dinner he did not care for, his hours being much later than those of his people, he strolled up to Eversley Street, increasing his speed as he drew nearer the house.

"Missis isn't at home, sir," said the servant, "but she's only a-visiting next door. I'll let her know you are here if you like."

"No, by no means! Who is at home?"

"The young ladies, sir. They are in the drawing-room."

In summer-time, when fires were put out and the grates filled with the ghastly decorations which were in vogue at that period, the drawing-room was much more used than in cold weather.

Here Dick found Janet profoundly engaged counting the stitches in an elaborate piece of Berlin wool work.

“Good evening, Jenny! Are you all alone?”

“No, Uncle Dick, but I might as well be. Kitty is away by the window there, so absorbed in her book she has not spoken for more than an hour.”

“Yes, I am afraid I am horridly selfish,” said Kitty, remorsefully, coming forward from the nook where she had partly concealed herself.

It was delightful to hold her hand and look into her eyes after an absence of—how long? He could hardly count it.

“What entrancing novel has been absorbing you?” he asked, walking over to the sofa where she had been sitting, whereon lay a large thick book. He took it up and exclaimed in a tone of distinct surprise, “Macaulay’s *History of England!* I should not have imagined a book like this would be in your line.”

“No, nor did I till I tried it. Now I can hardly lay it down. We had no new books at Cool-a-vin, and though some of the old ones are charming—Sir Walter Scott and Moore and Byron—I could not read Hume or Gibbon, they were so dry and stiff. But Macaulay is quite different. He makes me feel that the people lived and moved and breathed like other every-day men and women, and then, instead of telling only of kings and generals and great ministers in court suits, he describes the poor people and the manufacturers and the merchants.”

“I didn’t suppose you would care about such merely useful individuals as the merchants—only for the orna-

mental knights who went prancing about, all decked in feathers and jewels."

"Oh! they could not have had those if the merchants had not brought them from far countries," said Kitty, with her frank, sweet laugh. "I am opening my eyes a little to the new light, but I shall always like knights and cavaliers."

"How far have you got?" asked Lane.

"To the middle of the first volume. It is Dan's book. A godfather of his gave it to him; and, do you know, he hasn't even cut all the leaves of this first volume."

"I daresay!" began Lane, when Dolly came in exclaiming, "Janet!" Then perceiving her uncle, "Ah, Uncle Dick!" ran across the room to jump on his knee and kiss him, "you have not been here for three days. That's very naughty; and we have all had tea, so there's none left for you."

"There's a misfortune," cried Dick.

"Janet," resumed Dolly, "Lucinda Cox is playing 'Les Graces' with the Longtons, and wants you to come and help her side, out in the garden there."

"Oh, very well, I'll come."

"And you, Uncle Dick?"

"Perhaps presently."

Dolly, having begged Uncle Dick not to fail, departed, and Janet, rolling up her piece of work carefully, soon followed her. Meanwhile Kitty and Lane talked with lively interest of Macaulay.

"I am afraid you will not like him so well when you come to the part about Cromwell and Ireland," he

was saying, when he perceived that Janet had left the room.

Dick paused abruptly, determined to make the first attack upon the offending Kitty while he had her to himself, and with his eyes fixed searchingly upon her, he exclaimed, "I don't think you were very wise to trust your 'crown jewel' to such a thoughtless, forgetful fellow as Dan. I protest he is the least English Englishman I ever met."

Kitty coloured deeply, but kept her eyes bravely on his.

"You know that is no fault, in my opinion. I gave him my bracelet to get it mended because he has least to do, and is more ready to do things for me than anyone else."

"That's not fair, Kitty. You know I am quite at your service. You know I would do more than a trifle like that for you."

"Would you? That's very nice of you!" smiling in a fascinating fashion, "but I have no right to trouble you with my fads."

"This is no fad! Has Dan brought it back yet?"

"Oh, no! Dan has not come back himself yet."

"True! But why did you not tell Mrs. Lane about it?"

"My dear Uncle Dick, why do you indulge in so much curiosity on the subject? The bracelet is mine, and concerns no one but myself, so pray leave it alone."

"Well, I think I feel inclined to tell my sister-in-law not to let Dan forget what he undertook. Things get lost at jewellers sometimes."

"I shall be very much annoyed if you do!" cried Kitty, eagerly, again flushing up and then growing pale.

“What in the world is it to you? I shall not want it till—oh, not for some days!—and— It is a lovely evening, come out into the garden and play with Dolly, your ‘stern glances’ are quite alarming.” She laughed as if much amused. “They always remind me of old Mrs. Cox’s description of you.”

“What was it?” asked Lane, perceiving Kitty’s effort to get away from the subject.

“She said, that evening when I first found out how well you waltzed, ‘Wot eyes he ’ave, and ’ow he do use ’em!’”

“If I dared to utter a blasphemy,” said Lane, laughing, “I would say she might apply the same words to yourself.”

“Well, that is audacious!” cried Kitty. “But won’t you come out with me and play with Dolly? You ought never to break a promise to a child.”

“That is nonsense. Why should they be taught to put implicit confidence in grown-up people? I’ll see you across the road, and then ask my sister-in-law to come in here. I have a message for her from Grierson.”

“Ah!” cried Kitty, rising to put away her book, “I hoped I had heard the last of him.”

“I am afraid not,” returned Dick Lane. “He cannot come up to dinner on Sunday, but he hopes they will ask him some other day.”

“I am sure I was cool and unfriendly enough that terrible evening when we played whist to have brought him to his senses.”

“Yes. Any man who was not off his head would have taken the hint. But he is not in his senses, and you must lift off the spell.”

Kitty stood an instant silent in grave thought, then she drew up her fair, stately throat and sent a glance of anger and determination into Dick's eyes, her own deepening almost to black, that startled him.

"It must and shall be lifted," she said, and walked out of the room.

He paced slowly to and fro, thinking that she was a choice spirit and not to be trifled with, until it dawned upon him that she did not intend to return. So he rang and asked Keziah to see if Mrs. Lane had returned yet, and accepting her offer to invite her mistress to return this time.

After some musings on the bracelet mystery, for Lane could not get Kitty Costello nor anything that affected her out of his head, he determined to test his own strength by going up to town and keeping away till some important matter obliged him to return. Lane liked London, and was a member of the —— Club, where he met many acquaintances of his own stamp. He was interested in the Parliamentary debates, to which he often had admissions, and was altogether more suited to metropolitan than provincial life, even in so large a provincial town as Westpool.

So it came about that he did not attend the famous fancy fair at Morecambe Castle. His stay in town was not long, however. He certainly had a tolerable excuse for returning to annoyance and temptation, still he could not deny to himself that, had his will been really set steadfastly on making a perfect cure of his folly—if it was folly—he could have arranged to stay where he was. First, his brother wrote to say that he had had certain

propositions from a well-known business house in Monte Video about which he would like to consult Dick if he could make it convenient to return. Secondly, Grierson wrote him a curious, rambling epistle saying he had been invited to dine the very next Sunday at Mr. Lane's, and would Dick be such a trump as to come down and support him on the trying occasion, for he was determined to bring matters to a head, as he couldn't attend properly to business, or do anything but make a fool of himself, till he knew his fate.

Of course it was impossible to refuse two such appeals, so Dick Lane, who did not much care whether he travelled by night or by day, took the night mail to Westpool, and gratified his brother by appearing in his office a very few minutes after he reached it himself next morning.

After a long and important consultation and coming to a decision on several matters, Dick rose to pay one or two other business visits, one to Grierson among them.

"The fancy fair was a great success," said the elder brother. "Lovely weather. You ought to have come down for it. Kitty picked up a tall cousin in some cavalry regiment—rather a pleasant young fellow, seems uncommonly sweet upon her—but I'd rather she listened to Grierson. He was in here yesterday and made splendid offers in the way of settlements. As I'm afraid that presently the Costellos will not have an acre left, and they are all rather helpless people, I really wish she would listen to Grierson."

"She'll never look at him."

"She might do worse."

"I don't know; she could not possibly." He paused,

and his brows contracted. Then he burst out, "I'd rather send a bullet through her head or her heart than see her sold into the hands of a navvy, even such a well-meaning one as Grierson."

John Lane looked startled and gazed steadily at his brother, then said quietly, "You have got used to strong language over there," nodding towards the west.

"Yes, and you think me a fool, I daresay."

"As long as your brains are clear for business you can afford a little foolery in other directions," returned the elder brother.

"I suppose Dan has come back to duty?"

"He has, but on my word I am sometimes inclined to think he has softening of the brain. He forgets everything and makes no end of mistakes in his figures and work generally."

"Indeed! perhaps Westpool does not agree with him. You had better send him up to me when I settle in London, as I shall within the next two months. I'll take care of him, and I am not a bad disciplinarian."

"It might be a good plan. I'll think of it."

"That boy is going wrong," was the conclusion Dick Lane came to as he walked away from his brother's office. "He is weak and hasty—a bad combination. It's not a characteristic of John or myself; we Lanes are deliberate and dogged, yet the boy is likeable."

Late in the afternoon Dick Lane rang the house bell at No. 5 Eversley Street and was told that Mrs. Lane and the young ladies were in the drawing-room.

Dick was too much of an *habitué* to be formally announced, so he walked rather slowly upstairs, listening

to what sounded like a man's voice, though at that hour it seemed rather astonishing to find a member of the male sex, out of early boyhood, in a Westpool drawing-room. The door was partly open, and when he entered Dick Lane beheld a very unusual group in that exceedingly correct and severely-ordered apartment. Mrs. Lane was sitting in a comfortable armchair and in her hand a newspaper which she was not reading, for she was laughing at something which had just been said. Kitty was busy arranging a quantity of beautiful flowers, which, with a number of vases, bowls and glasses of various shapes, were on a table at the end of the room, with a large jug of water. On a sofa near it sat Janet, a pile of gay-coloured wools and the before-mentioned piece of Berlin wool work beside her, while in front of her knelt a very good-looking young man of distinguished style, one knee resting on a footstool and both hands outstretched to hold a skein of wool which Janet with lively looks and wreathed smiles was rolling into a ball.

Kitty was contemplating them, her head slightly to one side, with a watchful, amused look.

"Ah, Dick!" exclaimed Mrs. Lane, rising to shake hands with him, "I thought you would have made a longer stay in London, but we are very glad to see you back again. Captain Routlege—my brother-in-law, Mr. Richard Lane."

Neville Routlege rose to bow to the new-comer, but did not disentangle his hands from the skein with which they were encumbered. "This is a crucial moment," he said; "we are on the point of success after many agonising struggles to find the right thread, and I dare not let go."

"So I see," returned Dick, good-humouredly, and walking across the room to greet Kitty, who nodded and smiled to him, exclaiming, "I cannot touch you, my hands are all wet. You were wicked not to come back for the fair. It was quite delightful. I enjoyed it so much and lost my heart to Lord Grantham; but you could not tear yourself from London, I suppose."

"No wonder," called out Routlege, "it's the jolliest place in the universe."

"No lack of life or interest there, certainly," echoed Dick Lane.

"I am sure I should not like it," said Kitty. "It is too big and stiff and grand. I am sure I should prefer Dublin."

"Dublin! Horrid, shabby, dirty, provincial little hole," exclaimed Neville.

"For shame, Neville, to speak so basely of your own capital," cried Kitty, reddening. "I blush for you."

"Then you ought to be grateful. Kitty Costello's blushes are among the loveliest beauties of nature."

"And if my back were turned you would say I was an uncouth provincial myself without a touch of civilisation."

"What an abominable slander; you don't believe her, Mrs. Lane?"

"I am not sure, Captain Routlege."

"I appeal to you, Mr. Lane. Dublin is not lively or beautiful or—or—clean?"

"I never was there, but I have known men who liked it very much."

"Well, Uncle Dick, you must come back with me

when I go home and I will show you Dublin, and I am quite sure you will like it."

"I think it highly probable I might," returned Dick.

Kitty had now completed her task and rang for the *débris* to be cleared away, and walked to and fro placing the various flower-vases in position. Dick watched her with silent pleasure; at last he said in a low tone to Kitty while Routlege was amusing Mrs. Lane with some droll stories of the people about whom she inquired,—

"You are the only Englishwoman I ever saw who walked like a Spaniard."

"Well, I believe there is a strain of Spanish blood in the Costellos," she returned. "The story goes that a certain Spanish rover—oh, before Elizabeth's days—was wrecked near Cool-a-vin. It was then a wild, savage, uninhabited sort of place, and he took a fancy to it and fitted up a cave while most of his men were repairing the ship. Then he sailed away to Spain, where was a lovely lady whose cruel parents would not allow her to marry him, so they (the lovers I mean) took French leave and went off, not in the old battered ship, but in a beautiful new caravel that the Spanish don bought at some famous shipbuilding place in the north of Spain, and they sailed away to Cool-a-vin, where they lived happy ever after. The native Irish heard from the sailors that their master was a Castilian, and this was soon corrupted into Costello. Now I hope that accounts for my walk."

"Are you telling Mr. Lane the old story of the coming of the Costellos, Kitty?" asked Captain Routlege, who had let the skein of wool drop on the carpet, where

it lay in a hopeless tangle, as Janet insisted on his leaving it alone for Dolly would like to unravel it.

"Yes, I have told him."

"You do not suppose Mr. Lane believes a word of it? He is much too English to be credulous."

"He need not if he does not like it. I believe it all, though I daresay the real facts of the case are a little different. There are other versions, but mine is the nicest, so I have adopted it," said Kitty.

"I daresay there is some truth in it. They say there is a large intermixture of Spanish blood along the west coast of Ireland," remarked Lane.

"How do you know that?" asked Kitty, with interest, coming to sit beside the speaker, who had settled himself on a settee near one of the windows.

"I cannot give you chapter and verse, but I read it somewhere."

"Then you read sometimes?"

"Yes. Pray, why should I not?"

"Why not, indeed! But I have heard Aunt Lane say that regular business men only care to read the newspaper."

"Then it is evident Mr. Lane is an irregular one," said Captain Routlege.

"I am sure, Neville, you never look at anything printed except *The Times* and *Bell's Life*, or the *Racing Calendar*," cried Kitty.

"I confess I like modern history in that cheap and easy form," replied Neville.

"Have you read Macaulay's new history? It is so interesting that even you would enjoy it!"

"Even me! Thank you, Kitty darling. Am I quite

the lowest specimen of human intelligence you have ever met? Why, Macaulay is a gigantic undertaking, and probably full of lies. There are two immense volumes out now, and he is hatching five or six more."

"Really, Neville, you are very disagreeable to-day; abusing your country and—"

"No, no! not my country, only my native town. I like the country well enough. Capital hunting, and shooting, and fishing, and dancing. Charming women and capital fellows, with other advantages too numerous to mention. Look here, Kitty, I am to have my leave early in June. Won't you wait for me and let me escort you back to Cool-a-vin? We'll have no end of fun *en route*."

"Then you must be much nicer than you have been to-day."

"Is that possible?" said Captain Routlege, elevating his eyebrows. Then, looking at the clock which stood on the mantelpiece, "Five o'clock, by Jove! I ought to be half-way to the station, for I asked a fellow to dine at Mess to-day and I must be there to receive him. The Colonel travels back by the 3.10 train, but the regiment can put up with my absence for a couple of hours later. Shall be in town next week, Mrs. Lane, then I shall have the pleasure of looking you up one day, and do try to get me an invitation for the Bachelors' Ball. Some of our fellows are going, but I don't know any of the givers."

Adieux were exchanged, and the young lancer kissed Kitty's hand with an air of chivalrous devotion, at which she laughed and Lane felt himself fuming.

He, however, escorted his sister-in-law's visitor with politeness to the door, and, returning slowly, reflected on

the charm of style and manner possessed by Kitty's rather formidable cousin.

"He is a mere bubble, but he shows off the prismatic rays. He only reflects attractively. Most girls would be caught by him; why should Kitty be wiser than the rest? Has she any idea how inferior he is to herself?"

Opening the drawing-room door, he found the ladies singing a chorus of praise of the departed visitor. He was so handsome, so agreeable, so clever, so amusing. They hoped he would come again soon, etc.

"Have you no pebble to throw on this cairn of praise?" asked Dick, returning to his seat beside Kitty.

"Oh, yes. I am very fond of Neville. He is very amusing and kind when in the mood. We used to have great fun together at Cool-a-vin in the old days. But somehow it made me sad to see him."

"That is the last effect I should expect him to produce, Kitty!" exclaimed Mrs. Lane. "He transported me back to my youth, when we laughed and sported all day and most of the night."

"La cigale ayant chanté tout l'été

Se trouva fort dépourvue quant la bise fut venue,"

said Kitty, as if to herself.

"Oh, Kitty, dear, don't begin to repeat that horrid fable now," implored Dolly, who had just come in from school. At her sister's request she picked up the dishevelled skein, and Janet followed her out of the room.

Mrs. Lane warned Kitty that supper was to be a little earlier, as papa was not coming home, for to-night was foreign mail night, and then she went away also.

Kitty sat in deep silence, apparently lost in thought; and Dick Lane sat equally silent, absorbed in watching her fair face, thinking what a noble expression it wore when in repose.

"Kitty," he said at last, softly.

"Yes," she returned, coming back to the present slowly, and lifting her eyes to his. He saw that the lovely delicate rose of a blush crept up from her round throat to her brow, and knew what his own eyes had told her.

"Tell me, if I am not too presumptuous to ask it, why did it make you sad to see that young fellow? He is a sunny kind of boy."

"Boy! Why Neville must be nine-and-twenty, and he will never grow old!"

"Lucky man!"

"I do not see the luck of not maturing."

"Indeed! But will you tell me why—?"

"I am not sure I can," she interrupted. "It may seem ill-natured, too, but I am fond of Neville. In many ways he is a good fellow, and bright, but he never does a bit of real work, no more than if he were—a woman."

"Women do very real work often."

"Yes; but it is woman's work. Now, Neville is very bright. He says good things, too, and is sharp, but he never thinks. He is very plucky too. I can fancy him going onto the scaffold in his best clothes, with an epigram on his lips, like the French nobles in the reign of terror. But whatever his abilities, he is incapable of seriousness. He will never do anything, and that annoys me."

"You speak in an English spirit. You are rather a complex character."

"A complex character! What a grand expression to apply to me!" cried Kitty, sparkling all over with a laugh at its incongruity.

"You could be ambitious for a man you loved," persisted Dick.

"Yes, very, or for my brother; and do you know that though I do not love Hyacinth as well as Fitz—and he worries me in some ways—I think he will go further and do more than Fitz. He is so much more in earnest, and believes so much more strongly."

Another long pause. Then Dick said, rather suddenly, "Have you had your bracelet mended yet?"

"No, not yet. Why do you want to know?"

"I will tell you another time."

"What in the world do you want to know for? Do not trouble your head. Come, I will play you that waltz you brought me, and you can correct my mistakes—which is a sort of thing you will enjoy."

And she played on till the bell rang for supper, but the corrections were few.

CHAPTER XIII.

WHEN Kitty found that her Uncle Lane had deliberately given a second invitation to Grierson, and that he was to join them at dinner on the very next Sunday, she was greatly annoyed, and did not hesitate to say so.

"It is so stupid and provoking," she said to her friend Dan. "Does anyone think they can worry me into doing what I do not like or approve! Of course, I cannot dictate to my aunt as to whom she is or is not to invite, but if she repeats these doses of Grierson I cannot stay."

"But, Kitty, just think how rich he is; and you could do what you liked with him. Why, he might buy up Cool-a-vin and give it to you—and—I don't know what all."

"No, he could not, Dan. We could not break the entail."

"I'm afraid the entail wouldn't matter much under the Encumbered Estates Act."

"I do not imagine that horrid Act would touch us," said Kitty, haughtily. Dan did not care to contradict her, so turned the subject to one which he knew she disliked.

"I say, Kitty, I am awfully ashamed not to have brought you back your bracelet yet! I am saving up all I can, but I am afraid it will be some time yet. I

was so tempted to try my luck when I was away, there was a first-rate horse entered for the Gresford Steeplechase, an outsider, and I'd have got long odds."

"Don't speak of such a thing, Dan. I'd rather never see my bracelet again than that you should touch a bet. You would be sure to lose."

"No, this particular horse won."

"Yes, but if you had backed him he would have lost. You are not lucky, Dan. It was terribly bad luck that your Uncle Dick should have met you that morning, with my bracelet lying before you on the counter. His curiosity about it, his conviction that you were assisting me in some nefarious transaction would be amusing, if it were not irritating. I do not care what he thinks, but he must not find you out."

"Oh, good heavens, no! There's the second bell, Kitty. You will not have time to dress."

"I am not going to church, Dan. I am in too bad a temper to go and say my prayers. I will stay at home and sulk."

"No, that you will not, Kitty. You may blow someone up, but you'll never be sulky and silent."

Kitty stuck to her resolution—rather to her aunt's dismay. Not to go to church was in her eyes a very strong measure, and though she accepted the everyday excuse of a headache she guessed the real reason shrewdly enough.

Kitty retired to her own room with Macaulay, for she perused it slowly with deep attention, and had read herself calm before the family returned from church, and did not descend till the dinner-bell sounded,

"Well, dear, how is the head? Did you try a cup of black coffee?"

"Oh, no, auntie! When I was quite quiet with a book, I got much better."

"Have you not been out?" cried Uncle Dick. "Why, I came up here half an hour ago," he added in a complaining tone. "I had no idea you were in the house."

"Or he would have made you come downstairs," said Dolly, who had a great idea of Uncle Dick's power and authority.

"Certainly I should not presume to interfere with your cousin in any way, Dolly," said Dick, in a serious tone.

Kitty gave him a slight smile and condescending bend of her head, like a gracious princess. Then, as she passed him to take Mr. Lane's arm, he said, in a tone, "At least I know my place."

"Better late than never," murmured Kitty.

"Grierson may be a millionaire," said Mr. Lane, "but I'll not wait dinner for him, and—why, here he is!" as they turned the stair and beheld him struggling to get off a light dust-coat so strenuously that his sleeve came out of the armhole. "Ha! Mr. Grierson, we began to be afraid you had lost your way. Very glad to see you," he added hospitably.

"That's a good guess of yours, sir"—"sir" was a token of well-bred respect in Grierson's code of politeness—"though I know the road pretty well; but I got thinking, and let the fellow pass the right turn. How do you do, Miss Costello? Indeed, I needn't ask."

"Never mind compliments, let us take our places,"

said Mr. Lane, to whom Sunday's dinner was a solemnity second only to church.

"Come and sit by me, Mr. Grierson," said Mrs. Lane, kindly. She dared not put him beside Kitty, but he was opposite to her, which was nearly as good.

There was the usual huge sirloin of beef and Yorkshire pudding, a pile of smiling potatoes, and a pyramid of peas, followed by a large gooseberry tart, and custard in glasses. This, with dessert, formed the whole repast.

"How tired Uncle Lane must be cutting all that beef," said Kitty to Dick, who sat beside her. "How many slices? There are—how many?—eight of us. And four will certainly take two apiece—that is twelve slices. You ought to help him."

"I am quite willing. How shall we work—by time or piece work, and in relays? But John would not give up that carving knife and fork to mortal man. They are the sacred insignia of office to the head of the family. You are looking awfully stern, Miss Costello."

"Can you wonder at it? I intend to be at least five-and-thirty the whole of this afternoon. I suppose he will stay to tea?"

"No doubt." Kitty was very suave to everyone, Grierson included; but the suavity was cooled down to freezing point. "I was at worship this morning," began Grierson, beaming upon the company as if quite sure of interesting his hearers.

Mr. Lane, still engrossed with the sirloin of beef, took no heed.

"Don't you go every Sunday?" asked Mrs. Lane, with an indulgent air of rebuke.

"Well, no; not every Sunday. It's the only bit of

a holiday I get, and I think I deserve it. Eh, Miss Costello?"

"I suppose so," indifferently.

"And I suppose you think me rather a heathen because I do not, and still more because I am a Methodist, not a Churchman."

"No, indeed. I do not care so exclusively for the Church of England, though I belong to it and prefer it to any other. I look on all Protestants as my spiritual brothers and sisters."

"Well, that's good. I'm sure you are a very sensible young lady."

"I am afraid we Irish Protestants are a good deal too bitter against our Catholic compatriots;" said Mrs. Lane, "really the poor people in the country are truly religious."

"I should like to travel in Ireland a bit," said Uncle Dick. "Your country people seem a mass of contradictions. I hope you will invite me." This to Kitty.

"I have invited you, Mr. Lane. I should like to take Uncle Lane too."

"I do not feel inclined to cross the water," he replied. "I was in Dublin once, and brought away the best thing I found there."

"Charmingly said, dear uncle," said Kitty. "Why, aunt, I don't think you are aware what a delightful compliment he has paid you."

"Oh, dear me, yes. I was stupid not to take it in at once. My love, to you!" raising her glass to her lips.

"And won't you ask me too, Miss Costello?" put in Grierson, casting an admiring glance at the dignified and serene Kitty.

"Our friends and our friends' friends are always welcome at Cool-a-vin," she said.

"Didn't you say I was to make a dock or a harbour for you there?" urged Grierson.

"Did I? I do not remember."

"Aye, but I do. I remember every word you ever said to me," replied the contractor, helping himself to a bumper of sherry. "You must come and have a bit of lunch again, Mrs. Lane."

"Thank you. I'm sure it was a very nice party."

Then Dan put in his word, and his were few and far between in those uncomfortable days. "I hope, Mr. Grierson, you will ask me too."

"That I will, my boy. I tell you what, Mrs. Lane. I've promised to go and look at a place across the water, where they want to open a short canal, leading into our river here. It's a pretty village, with a fine old church, and woods all about. I'll give you a picnic there. What do you say?"

"That it is a first-rate notion," said Mr. Lane. "I can't stand hot rooms and stiff clothes, but an afternoon in the open air is a treat to me."

"Done," cried Grierson, and from this the conversation became absorbed in picnics in all their branches, everyone having something to say on the subject except Kitty, though Grierson made many attempts to draw her out.

Presently she asked Dan in a low voice if he would walk with her later to see his sister, Mrs. Dixon.

To this Dan agreed readily enough, though it must be confessed that, since he had become her debtor, such an invitation seemed less delightful and fascinating

than formerly. Still it was very good to be alone with Kitty, and a comfort to speak of his woes, though he felt very small occasionally.

"I am sure I'd be very happy to walk with you, Miss Costello," said Grierson, whose sense of hearing was painfully keen.

"I should think you need a real Sabbath day of rest after your six days of continuous work, and mental labour is very fatiguing, I believe," said Kitty in a weary tone.

At last the dinner was over, and Mrs. Lane rose. Kitty threw an appealing, despairing glance at Dick, who responded to it by saying,—

"Suppose we have a cigar in the garden. The sun will not be round there for a couple of hours yet."

"I don't smoke," said the host, "but I'll keep you company. Mamma, just send us out some soda-water and ice with the cognac."

Mrs. Lane called the parlour-maid and gave directions, and as soon as she joined Kitty and her daughters in the drawing-room they began to discuss Grierson's proposition. "It would be very nice indeed if we could ask a few of our own friends," said Janet. "It is not very amusing to spend the whole day looking on while one's host is absorbed in the worship of Kitty."

"No, indeed," answered Mrs. Lane, laughing good-humouredly. "I must see what I can do for you. In the meantime, Janet, my dear, I wish you would take these two numbers of the *Family Herald* in to old Mrs. Cox, she is so eager to know the fate of the hero in that story, 'Love or Honour,' or some such thing."

"May I go too?" asked Dolly.

"Yes, if you like; but don't stay too long."

Janet and her little sister departed, and Mrs. Lane, after looking round as if in search of something, asked, "My dear, did you see the *The Churchwoman's Magazine* anywhere?"

"No, auntie. Where do you think you left it?" and Kitty started up to search for that enlightened periodical. Finally she unearthed it from under a sofa cushion.

"Would you mind reading me this article on 'Apostolic Succession'? My eyes are rather weak to-day."

"Oh, no, certainly not," and Kitty began.

She had not got far when a heavy step approached the door, and Grierson, with a very red face and an expression of desperate determination, entered.

"Were you reading the Holy Scriptures to Mrs. Lane?" he asked, beaming upon her.

"No, only a newspaper."

"Well, then, Mrs. Lane, I needn't mind telling you that your brother Dick wants to speak to you. He is going away down town somewhere."

"Oh, very well, I will go and see him."

Aunt Lane vanished, and poor Kitty was left defenceless, with Grierson between her and the door.

Mrs. Lane, one of the most tender-hearted, sympathetic of women, went downstairs in rather a tremulous condition, and, going into the morning-room, saw from the window which gave upon the garden, Mr. Lane, the picture of comfort, in an American rocking-chair, deep in a Sunday paper, and her brother-in-law walking slowly to and fro, a cigar in his mouth.

As she looked, Dick raised his eyes and saw her. Throwing away his cigar, he sprang up the steps and joined her.

"So you left Kitty Costello under fire?" he said. Then, looking at the clock upon the mantelpiece, he added, "I wonder how long it will take her to dismiss him once and for ever."

"It will take her some time. And oh, Dick, I did feel it rather cruel to leave her alone with him."

"A third person would only hinder matters, and I sometimes think Miss Costello is equal to most situations."

"I am not so sure, Dick; she is very soft-hearted, and if Mr. Grierson is greatly cut up by her rejection of him, she will suffer too. I blame myself for having wished her to marry him, though I am afraid there is a rough road before Kitty, and I have grown so fond of her, Dick."

"You credit her with more feeling than I think she possesses."

"You have never done her justice. She is too Irish and you are too English to understand each other," said Mrs. Lane.

"Oh, you do not think I understand her." He stopped short, and then began to pace the room meditatively for a few minutes, and spoke again. "She is an interesting study—rather a complicated character; but I do not suppose I should have paid much attention to that if she had not been so pretty—pretty is not the word, such a lovely girl. No fellow could be indifferent to her."

"You rather surprise me," said Mrs. Lane. "I thought you were indifferent to women since—" She paused.

"Oh, did you?" returned Dick, drily. "Why, I have

forgotten all about that tragedy. I was an awful prig ten years ago."

"The worst of it is you seem to think more of her beauty than her delightful disposition."

"You see there can be no mistake about the beauty, while the disposition is rather guesswork."

"Not to me."

"You forget, too, that this particular rose is well set round with thorns, of which I get the benefit rather oftener than anyone else."

"You must have offended Kitty. You don't seem such good friends as you were—"

A pause. This conversation had been broken by occasional silence and pacings to and fro. Now Mrs. Lane grew uneasy, and, looking towards the clock, exclaimed, "She surely has had time to refuse or accept him!"

"Accept!" cried Dick Lane, a very black look clouding his steely, light grey eyes, "that is out of the question."

He had hardly uttered the words when the sound of a door banged-to upstairs, then of a heavy foot descending, fell on his ear, and a loud, strident voice called out, "I say, my girl, where's your missus?" and enter Grierson, looking exceedingly hot and angry.

"Well, ma'am!" he exclaimed hoarsely, "I've got the sack, and no mistake. Your niece will have nothing to do with me. Told me so plain enough. I don't consider I've been too well treated. After the encouragement I have received, and as everyone knew my intentions were most honourable, not to say liberal, to be, in a manner of speaking, kicked out."

"Who encouraged you?" asked Dick, shortly. "Not the young lady herself."

"Not so sure of that. She had such a pleasant way of talking, any man might think she liked him. Everyone encouraged me except you, Lane; you spoke out like an honest man."

"I do not deny that I should have been pleased had Kitty accepted you. A man of your excellent character and remarkable ability would be acceptable in any family. You will soon find a partner of higher rank, and in a more suitable position than my niece, who will gladly be your wife."

"Maybe so," groaned Grierson, "but she won't be Kitty. Isn't it cruel that, with all my success, and the pile of property I have scraped together—enough to buy a duke's daughter—that I cannot get the woman I want."

He dropped on a chair, and, leaning his elbows on a table beside him, covered his face with his hands and uttered a low moan.

"I am sure I never thought Kitty could speak unkindly," said Mrs. Lane, greatly distressed.

"Well, no, nor did she, and that's the truth," said Grierson, rousing up; "but she was that composed and determined, she seemed turned to ice, and turned me to ice too."

"Come, Grierson, be a man! There's as good fish in the sea as ever were caught. You just look round and find another nice girl that will help you to forget. Show that you are not inconsolable, and when the news of your wedding is noised abroad it will prove that all women are not of the same way of thinking."

"You're right, my boy," giving him a powerful slap

on the shoulder. "I never gave in yet, and I won't now. Come away down with me to my place, and we'll settle about a trip somewhere. One can't spend all day and every day grubbing up money. Good-bye, Mrs. Lane. You've been uncommon kind, and I think you are my friend. Tell Miss Costello—no, I have nothing to say to her—if she asked me on her bended knee this minute to marry her, I'm damned if I would."

"Well said! I give you three weeks to be as good as new."

"Come along. Say good-bye for me to your husband, Mrs. Lane, and you will know that if I don't come and see you—well—it's—it's—"

"I quite understand, Mr. Grierson, quite!" said Mrs. Lane tremulously, when he hesitated and nearly broke down.

Grierson wrung her hand painfully hard, and calling again on Dick Lane to come along, left the room.

"I'll try and look in late," said the latter in a low voice. "I suspect Kitty is feeling pretty bad, but she has finished him up this time." With a friendly nod Dick disappeared.

Then Mrs. Lane sought the companionship of her husband, and poured her tale of woe into his sympathetic ear.

"She is a great fool," was his comment when Mrs. Lane finished. "Why, Grierson might have bought up Cool-a-vin and settled it on her. You could buy any of these Irish properties for a song once the 'Encumbered Estates Act' comes into play. She'd have done what she liked with him, and polished him up into the bar-

gain. He'd have built up the family fortunes. As it is, I don't very well see what's to become of them."

"Still, dear, as she did not like him, it was better to tell him the truth than . . . In fact, I am not at all sure I should like to see our Janet married to him."

"Wouldn't you? By George, I should! Remember he is a man of excellent character, and—but there! our girl doesn't want a rich husband half as badly as that fine creature Kitty does. Janet has a father that will not leave any of those dependent on him penniless if he died to-morrow, which I have no intention of doing if you do not cosset me too much, mamma."

Mrs. Lane laughed contentedly, and poor Grierson and his woes were forgotten.

When Mrs. Lane went to administer some comfort to Kitty, she met that young lady coming downstairs, in her bonnet and scarf, with suspiciously red eyes.

"Dan and I are going to walk over and see the Dixons," she said. "I don't think I could sit down to read or anything of that kind—and part of the way is across delightful fields."

"Yes, it is the best thing you can do, dear, and it will be very nice coming home in the dusk. Tell Lizzie that I will come out to-morrow afternoon if she will be at home."

And Mrs. Lane established herself in her favourite armchair with a religious periodical, and, wearied with the excitement she had gone through, soon slept the sleep of the just.

The long twilight of an evening in early summer had deepened in the soft transparent darkness of night be-

fore Dick Lane paid his promised visit to his sister-in-law.

"I did not think you were coming," she said.

"Couldn't get away before. What awful idiots men make of themselves when they are in love."

"Well, I must say, Dick, you never did, and you were a mere boy when you were engaged to Ada."

"No, I never wore my heart upon my sleeve."

"And how did you leave that poor fellow?" asked Mrs. Lane, tenderly.

"Exceedingly drunk; but he will be all right to-morrow."

"Drunk! Good heavens! how dreadful. What a mercy Kitty did not wish to marry him."

"Pray understand that Grierson is by no means a drunkard. He was exceedingly miserable, wounded, indignant, and he took the first means of relief which naturally suggests itself to a man of his class and ideas. Had Kitty accepted him he probably would have needed no further intoxicants. He will not be a penny the worse."

"Dick, you quite astonish me! I hope you did not take anything with him—that you set an example."

"No, I did not. Grierson is a thundering big fellow, but I think I could put him under the table. Then it was impossible to listen to all the bosh he talked without something to wash it down."

"And on a Sunday too!" sighed Mrs. Lane. "Why, in Ada's time you would have been at evening service."

"I was very suitably employed, my dear sister, comforting the afflicted."

"You are greatly changed, Dick. I won't say ter-

ribly changed, for though your ideas do not seem strict, I believe you are still a good man."

"Thank you," said Dick, shortly.

There was a pause, and Mrs. Lane resumed. "Your brother took quite a long walk with Janet—he does enjoy a Sunday walk with Janet—and has gone to bed."

"And Kitty? Has she gone to bed? I want to see her."

"No, she has not come in. She and Dan walked over to see Lizzie."

"Oh!" said Dick, and somehow his "oh" sounded more like "damn." He hated to hear of their being together; he could not help fancying that they were plotting mischief. He rose and went to the window. "May I open it wider?"

"Yes, certainly. It is very warm."

They were in the drawing-room. Dick slipped out on the balcony as sounds of voices came up from below, and returning, said, "Here are the truants."

A minute or two after Kitty walked in.

"Where is Dan?" asked his mother.

"Young Mr. Cox came out and asked Dan to join them."

"Good evening, Miss Costello," said Dick.

"Good evening," she returned, sitting down, untying her bonnet strings, and laying that headgear on the carpet, saying, "I am so tired."

"I came up here chiefly to see how you were. I have been comforting one sufferer already."

"Do not speak in that way, Uncle Dick. I thought you were Mr. Grierson's dearest friend, and felt for him, and all that; and he made himself very unhappy."

"Hum! that's a cunning way of putting it."

"How do you mean? He did make himself unhappy. He might have known I could not possibly have married him if he had any sense."

"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us," quoted Dick.

"To see oursels as others see us," completed Kitty.
"You cannot deny that I did my best to open his eyes."

"I think you did; but when a man is so infatuated he thinks more of what he wants than of what he deserves. He didn't realise that he was an object of shuddering disdain to you."

"He was not, Mr. Lane," seriously. "I may be fanciful and a little fastidious, prejudiced in favour of men of my own class, perhaps, but when he opened his heart to me, and I saw simply a human soul sorely grieved and disappointed, I forgot all that, and was full of regret that I was obliged to give him pain. I respected him in a way, so I told him. Then he was so foolish as to think me inclined to accept him, and I was obliged to tell him some truths which made him angry and rude, so I ordered him out of the room. I need not tell you that he went," concluded Kitty, with a slight upward movement of her delicate chin.

"No, you need not," returned Lane, with a smile.
"You are a formidable young lady."

"Don't be sarcastic. I have had a dreadful day. You have all conspired to make it horrid, and I am very angry with you all, even with you, dear Aunt Lane."

"Well, Kitty, I only did what I thought was my duty. You might have moulded that man as you liked—at least—" She hesitated, remembering Dick's account of him.

"Why, the yellow clay would have stuck to my own hands if I attempted it," cried Kitty, holding them out with a remonstrating gesture.

"Well, well," colouring under the laughing glance her brother-in-law cast at her, "it's all for the best, I daresay. You are quite tired, my dear, you had better go to bed."

"Oh, yes, I will, gladly!" cried Kitty, picking up her bonnet. "Come up and see me, aunt. Dear mother always does whenever I am in any trouble. Good night, Uncle Dick!" She waved him an airy, condescending kiss, and disappeared before Dick could reach the door to hold it open for her.

"I must be off, too," he said, returning to Mrs. Lane, "and let you go to bed." Then he hesitated, walked to the fireplace and back, paused, and said thoughtfully, "Do you think that girl has any heart?"

"Who? Kitty? I should say a great deal too much."

"She is indeed—

'variable as the shade,
By the light quivering aspen made,

and very amusing."

"She is more than that, Dick."

"Oh, no doubt she has a good share of brains in that charming head of hers; but, do you think she is straight and square? Irish women are a little *rusée*, are they not?"

"What a question to put to me, Dick!"

"I never think of you as an Irish woman, Liz, and I am a little puzzled about Kitty Costello. I should say she could keep a secret."

"What are you driving at, Dick? Tell me?"

"No, I cannot just yet, at least; and I ought not to keep you up. Good night! If all women were like you, what a peaceful heaven life would be."

"But a little monotonous, Dick, especially to a man so accustomed to variety as you have been," she returned, laughing; and they said good night.

Mrs. Lane stood a moment in thought, then she murmured, "I wonder!" half aloud, put out the gas, and went upstairs to console Kitty.

CHAPTER XIV.

KITTY had less pleasure than usual in writing to her mother that week.

She could not mention Grierson, and one subject tabooed, every other topic is lame and imperfect.

She knew the dear mother so well. A most unworldly woman, she yet ardently desired that her daughter—whom she considered the fairest, sweetest, best and cleverest girl in the wide world—should marry money—rank not objected to, but money above all things, else how could they keep “Cool-a-vin,” or exist at all like gentry? Never in the course of her tenderly-shielded existence had Mrs. Costello beheld a man like Grierson. To say that his fortune was supposed to have reached four or five figures, and then present a being like a navy in his best Sunday go-to-meeting clothes, and very much brushed up, would have been to evoke absolute incredulity. She could not realise that a man from the ranks—the ranks of labour—could rise to such wealth without the smallest push from patronage, or haulage from above. If so, he must be a real genius, and genius was a patent of nobility in the eyes of such aristocrats as the Costellos.

What, then, would Mrs. Costello have said to her daughter's refusal of so great a man as the owner of some £90,000, which Mrs. Costello would have depicted

as quite tangible, either in broad acres of first-rate land or solid golden sovereigns, for of good or bad debts, stocks, shares, investments, etc., she knew nothing. Kitty, therefore, was very anxious not to disturb her mind with any suspicion of golden grain thoughtlessly scattered by a generous hand, or splendid possibilities squandered to satisfy a petted girl's fanciful whim.

When she saw the dear mother she could tell her everything much more convincingly than she could write it; and, at all events, there was no telling what luck the future might have hidden away behind the folds of its impenetrable curtain.

While Kitty was occupied with her lucubrations a letter was handed to her. It was from Geraldine Costello, one of the daughters of the house where the Dowager of Cool-a-vin was staying, and told Kitty of a slight accident to her mother. Mrs. Costello was preparing to leave Dublin, and would do as much as possible for herself, though everyone was ready and willing to help her. In lifting down from a shelf a small box, which proved heavier than she had expected, her right hand was turned back and her wrist slightly strained. It had been bandaged and put in a sling, and in a few days would be as well as ever. So Kitty was not to be uneasy if her mother did not send her usual letters till next week. She was not to worry herself either, as she might be sure Mrs. Costello would be well taken care of.

Except that the accident had caused her some pain, they would all be glad of anything that obliged her to stay a little longer with them.

Kitty was uneasy, however. She knew how susceptible the dear mother was to pain, how easily de-

pressed by any little untoward circumstance. Why had she gone to stay anywhere away from home without a maid? Nurse could have gone with her; she knew her ways, and generally waited on "the mistress" at home.

It looked terribly like saving half the cost of the journey by limiting the number of travellers. It was curious that Geraldine did not ask her (Kitty) to come and stay with her mother—evidently did not want her. At anyrate she would not offer to go. She must make her own letter longer than she at first intended, and above all cheerful.

So Kitty devoted the next hour or more to an abundant epistle detailing every little occurrence of the past ten days, and scolding her mother lovingly for coming away from home without an attendant.

This finished, she experienced an awful spasm of imagination. Was this something of an evil omen? Suppose the terrible fate at which Aunt Lane once hinted were to overtake them, and Cool-a-vin—beautiful, beloved Cool-a-vin—were wrenched out of their hands and sold, whether they would or not? What would become of the dear, tender mother? What could Kitty do for her? Ah, what a feckless, helpless creature she was! How wretchedly ignorant, how blind and groping in the dark! Who could she ask about— About what? Well, first of all, this cruel Act—the Encumbered Estates Act. Then it came to her that Uncle Dick seemed to know more than most people. She would ask him; he would speak kindly, perhaps. He was not always kind; sometimes he irritated her, and sometimes his eyes affected her strangely. She would have died rather than confess it to anyone save herself, but she was a little afraid of

them. He seemed strong enough, determined enough, to carry out his own designs or desires, whatever they were, and he did think a good deal of her (Kitty). Instead of being half amused, half pleasantly flattered, as she generally was with the tributes offered on her shrine, she felt that if it were possible that so stern a personage as Dick Lane could ever fall in love, and with her, it would be no laughing matter.

"I rather suspect he could be rather cruel, yet how nice he can be to Janet and Dolly. He must never know I dream about him in this foolish way. I am rather silly, and he thinks a great deal too much of himself already. I will not think of him any more. I will go downstairs and show Aunt Lane Geraldine's letter."

But Aunt Lane was out, so Kitty solaced herself with a good solid hour's practice of some difficult exercises, but she did not sing.

Mrs. Lane did not return till nearly tea time, then she was immensely interested and almost upset by Geraldine Costello's account of Mrs. Costello's accident. "I wish, dear," she said, "you could persuade your dear mother to come over and stay a little while with us. If young St. George Costello, the barrister, would put her on board the Dublin steamer, papa or Uncle Dick would meet her on this side, and she need have no trouble at all. Then the complete change would do her ever so much good."

"Yes, I am sure it would. I will give her my opinion on the subject," returned Kitty.

She was curiously anxious to have her mother with her to consult her about many things, and to gather

from her mother's outspoken comments what she thought of Uncle Dick.

That gentleman had not appeared since the Sunday afternoon when he played the part of consoler to the heartbroken contractor, who "kept his spirits up by pouring spirits down."

The day but one after Kitty had heard of Mrs. Costello's accident the family were assembled for early dinner when a loud ring of the front-door bell announced a visitor, and Susan appeared with a card on the immaculate silver salver, which she presented to Kitty.

"Why, aunt, it is Neville Routlege!"

"Oh, indeed! Ask Mr. Routlege to come in, Susan." And Captain Routlege soon presented himself.

"Very glad to see you, Captain Routlege," said Mrs. Lane. "We are just going to dinner. Susan, put a place for Captain Routlege."

Neville accepted with apparently frank pleasure, and conversation grew lively.

"We have had an awful bad time since I saw you," said the guest. "Our colonel has gone in for extra severe notions about training, and we have been out under canvas on a heath away to the north of Manchester. Now I have a few days leave, so I have run over here to refresh. Have you ever been to Lynchester, Kitty?"

"Never," returned Kitty.

"It's a fine old place. Has a splendid Norman castle, Roman baths, or some such things; a good hunting country round. Our major is married to a Lynchester woman, and they are putting up for a few days there and I'm going to see them, so I said I'd bring an Irish

cousin of mine with me. They saw you at Lady Grantham's *fête*, and Mrs. Lowry wanted to be introduced, but you had gone when I tried to find you. Anyway, she said she would be very pleased if you would come with me."

"I shall be delighted!" exclaimed Kitty. "That is, if you will allow me, Aunt Lane?"

Young ladies did not take the law into their own hands altogether in the fifties.

"It will be a nice expedition for you, my dear. I intended to show you Lynchester, for it is one of our lions, but, as we have all been there, Captain Routlege's suggestion fits in very well."

"All right! Then, Kitty, I call for you to-morrow at eleven. Is that too early?"

"Early! Why, certainly not. Would it not be better to start at nine?"

"Nine! Great powers! what an appallingly active young person you are. Why, one of the joys of being on leave is not to get up early. However, to please you, I'll be here at 10.30. Will that do?"

"I suppose it is the best I can get," returned Kitty, laughing.

"When ought we to report ourselves, Mrs. Lane?"

"Oh, half-past nine will do as you want a long day. Once you are at the other side of the river you'll not take more than half an hour to reach the old town."

"Many thanks, Mrs. Lane. I'll take all possible care of Kitty if she will allow me."

"Oh, I have no objection to be taken care of," cried Kitty, her eyes sparkling with pleasure at the idea of such a delightfully Bohemian expedition, for in those

days young ladies were not supposed to take *tête-à-tête* journeys with gentlemen, even when they were cousins.

So, after a little gossip and some lively chit-chat, Captain Routlege took leave, devoutly wishing for fine weather.

"It will make a pleasant change for you, Kitty," said Mrs. Lane, "and shorten the time while Janet is away. She is going to spend a few days with Lizzie while Mr. Dixon is obliged to go to Bolton on business."

Neville Routlege was generally lucky in small matters, such as weather, games of chance when the stakes were not high, and falling in with people who were disposed to do him "good turns" of an inexpensive description, and the next day rose clear and soft, though somewhat grey. Captain Routlege arrived a few minutes before eleven in one of the pleasant, little, open, one-horse vehicles for which Westpool was noted. He himself, in a most superior summer get-up with a moss rose in his buttonhole, was quite a picture of fashion and elegance.

Kitty found him talking to Mrs. Lane in the dining-room.

"I'm a little behind time, I am afraid," he said, shaking hands with his cousin. "Now, let's have a look at you, Kitty. I want you to dazzle the eyes of the beholders. What's this? Oh! Indian muslin over lilac. Very good! Black lace scarf with lilac ribbons; lace bonnet and Parma violets. Excellent! Primrose gloves? Not admissible!"

"Oh, Neville, they will do quite well enough."

"No, by no means! We'll stop on our way down to the landing-stage and get lilac ones."

"Kitty has very good taste," remarked Mrs. Lane.

"So I see. Where the deuce did you get it, my child? There are no milliners at Cool-a-vin."

"No, but I had the colouring of sea and sky and mountain to study from, and I must say I do love dress."

"I hope so," replied the young man seriously.

"Have you your dust cloak, Kitty?"

"Yes, dear aunt; it is in the hall."

"Put it on," said Neville, "or you'll be all over smuts. The air of the place is absolutely impregnated with the smoke of these steamers and tugs that rage and puff day and night. Adieu, Mrs. Lane. You can expect us when you see us."

"One moment, Captain Routlege. Mr. Lane thinks you had better take the 6.45 train, which will not bring you up here any too soon."

"Very well, Mrs. Lane—6.45. I'll not forget." And Routlege jumped into the carriage after Kitty, adding as they rattled off, "And don't she wish she may get us at that primitive hour. I intend to enjoy myself this blessed day."

"So do I," cried Kitty, in heartiest agreement. "How kind of your friends to ask me."

"You'll like Mrs. Lowry; she is a capital little woman, and rides so straight to hounds. Wish to heaven she would ask you to stay with them in the hunting season. Lowry always gets a few weeks' leave then. They have a nice little box just outside the town, and you would show Mrs. Lowry you can go as straight as herself."

"That would be delightful," returned Kitty, who never felt shy or averse to strangers, or doubtful of herself. In short, she never thought about herself at all. And

they sped on to spend a day which fulfilled all their anticipations of enjoyment.

That evening Mr. Lane and Dan were very late, for it was foreign post night, and they had a greater crowd of letters than usual to despatch. Dolly had gone to bed, and Janet to stay with her sister. An extra good supper was spread in readiness for the bread-winners when they returned, and Mrs. Lane nodded over a newspaper till she was pleasantly roused by the entrance of Dick Lane.

"Oh, good evening, Dick. I am glad to see you. Papa is not home yet."

"No. He was too busy to speak when I looked in this afternoon. His work is increasing greatly. He'll need more hands, though I am glad to see him doing so well. I hope he will not overdo it. Hardly any amount of success will make up for loss of health."

"No, that it will not," echoed Mrs. Lane, apprehensively. "Do advise John to spare himself as much as possible. He always heeds what you say."

"When we begin work together, I shall insist upon it," said Dick, thoughtfully.

"I do wish Kitty would come in before papa returns," resumed Mrs. Lane, a little anxiously. "I thought they would have been back by this."

"Kitty still out!" exclaimed Dick in some surprise.

"Did you not know she had gone over to Lynchester?"

"No; but I saw her this morning driving with Captain Routlege down King Street towards the ferry landing-stage, and looking perfectly radiant. It was enough to make a fellow young again to just see her. They have

had a long day. What took them over to Lynchester. It's a nice old place. I have thought of taking her and Janet there, but have lost my opportunity, which is not what I often do."

"Captain Routlege was here yesterday, and said he was going to see his major, who was staying at Lynchester, and Mrs. Lowry, the major's wife, had invited Kitty to go too. So I was pleased she had a chance of seeing the old place. But he ought to have brought her back before this."

"Oh, it will be all right; but Routlege is the sort of fellow who will be sure to make hay while the sun shines."

"I daresay he is." Silence ensued. Dick took the paper Mrs. Lane had dropped, and seemed to read it for a minute or two. Then he too laid it down, and began to speak in a hesitating way quite unusual to him.

"I say, Liz, what do you think of Routlege? Is he a sort of fellow that would play fast and loose with a girl? Impress her with the idea that he was desperately in love with her, and then fly off to some other blossom?"

"I really cannot tell. I don't think he would do mischief deliberately, intentionally, but—"

"He is a deucedly good-looking fellow," interrupted Dick, "and has the kind of irresistible manners which men who have to fight their way up—aye, and win the bread they eat—never have time to acquire. Any girl might be fascinated by Routlege."

"Perhaps so. But I do not think he cares a straw about Kitty. He admires her, he likes to show her off as a kinswoman, and to please her, for he is good-natured; but no, he does not really care about Kitty."

"Do you mean to tell me!" exclaimed Dick, start-

ing up to walk once to and fro, then returning to his seat. "Do you mean to tell me that any natural man, with warm blood in his veins, could be on intimate cousinly terms with such a creature as Kitty Costello and not be head and ears in love with her, unless indeed he was safeguarded by a previous attachment—if anything previous could safeguard him?"

"Why, Dick, you astonish me!" cried Mrs. Lane, opening her kind grey eyes wide. "You don't mean that—Oh!" breaking off as the sound of a carriage drawing up at the door caught her ear—"here they are, I believe. I am so glad!"

A loud ringing of the door bell confirmed her conjecture, and Susan came running to answer the summons. The next instant Kitty entered, looking joyously brilliant, her lovely eyes darkened by the rich soft bloom in her cheeks, freshened by the dewy evening air as they crossed the river.

"Oh, Aunt Lizzie, we have had the most delightful day!" she cried. "Neville's friends are quite charming, and so kind to me, and the place itself is delicious! so stately and noble and ancient, but perfectly well kept and cared for. Good evening, Uncle Dick. I am glad you came in to keep auntie company; it is Uncle Lane's late evening."

"Well, Mrs. Lane," said Neville, following Kitty into the room, "there's your niece safe and sound; we have had a capital day."

"And a long one," returned Mrs. Lane. "I was getting anxious."

"But why?" he cried. "Am I not a pattern chaperon? Of course I could not restrain Kitty from flirting scan-

dalously with Lowry. It's a way she has. Good evening," nodding civilly to Dick Lane.

"Stay and have some supper, Captain Routlege," asked Mrs. Lane.

"Can't, I'm sorry to say. I ought to have been with a brother officer of mine at the Royal to dine at eight, and it's now just ten minutes to nine, so I cannot even sit down. I'll look in to-morrow before I leave. Good-bye, Mrs. Lane. Adieu, Kitty. Mind you stay in to-morrow afternoon or you may miss the pleasure of seeing me," and shaking hands with her in what seemed to Dick a lengthy fashion he went off.

Kitty followed him into the hall, saying, "If you hear anything more of Fitz, be sure to write and let me know."

Neville's reply was inaudible; there seemed to be a moment's pause, then the front door was shut noisily, and Kitty came back laughing.

"Really Neville is the most unpunctual man in the world. He never remembered his engagement to his friend for dinner till we were half-way back here. Then he wanted me to go with him."

"Rather an extraordinary proposition to make to a young lady," said Dick Lane in a severe tone.

"Why?" asked Kitty, ready to do battle whenever Dick evinced any tendency to show fight.

"I don't fancy it quite the thing for a girl like you to go and dine with two rackety young cavalry men at an hotel."

"No one would take better care of me than Neville. He is a near cousin, and always was fond of me. If it had not been that we were rather late already, and I was

afraid Aunt Lane might be anxious, I should have gone"—this with a little defiant nod to her antagonist.

"I don't know of course what the standard of propriety may be at the other side of the Channel or the Shannon, but—" began Dick, sarcastically, then paused, not quite sure how to end his sentence.

"Oh, pooh! we have no standard!" cried Kitty, scornfully. "We do the right thing instinctively, and don't bother our heads about standards."

Dick subsided into disapproving silence, and Mrs. Lane, smiling at this little joust, asked Kitty if she would not take something to eat after her journey back.

"Thank you, aunt, I am a little hungry. Mrs. Lowry dines at eight, and we came away just before. They have a pretty, old-fashioned house just outside the walls—such nice, rugged old walls, patched and pieced in every direction—and charming pleasure grounds, not very large, sloping to a river—this very river, I believe, in its babyhood, but winding, with small rapids and wide fields and woods at the other side. They have several dogs—such dear, sensible, well-trained dogs. Capital stables too, and some very good horses. I greatly enjoyed the hour we spent there."

Kitty rattled on with a vague consciousness that she was annoying Uncle Dick, and seemed to enjoy the cold lamb and salad to which her aunt had helped her. Suddenly, after a short pause, she looked straight into Dick's eyes and exclaimed,—

"Are you going to let me take away my own plate and bring the water jug? Well, you are cross and disagreeable."

Dick started up and came round behind her to

remove her plate. Kitty leaned back and smiled up at him—a distracting smile in eyes, lip and cheek, for she sparkled all over like

“Any fair lake that the breeze is upon,
When it breaks into dimples and laughs in the sun.”

Then he brought the water and filled her tumbler.

“It’s a mistake to quarrel with you,” he said, trying to assume his ordinary tone. “You are more than my match. I confess I long to punish you, but my punishment might lead to an irreparable breach which I dare not risk.”

Kitty could not quite understand why these words and the look which accompanied them affected her so strangely—sending a thrill of alarm, not altogether without sweetness, through her veins.

“Ah, yes, you had better take care. I could execute terrible vengeance,” she said carelessly.

Dick returned silently to his seat, and Kitty rose from hers.

“Auntie, dear, I am very tired. You must allow me to go to bed. Say good-night for me to Uncle Lane.”

She kissed her aunt lovingly and went to the door. Reaching it she turned and said, “Good night, Uncle Dick,” and waved her hand to him as if to show that was all the good-night he was to get.

Dick rose up and bowed politely to her, but was not sure that she perceived the obeisance.

Mrs. Lane rang to have the table rearranged, and when they were again alone together, Dick, after a brief pause, asked his sister-in-law,—

"Don't you think it unwise to let that butterfly of a young fellow hang about Kitty as he seems inclined to do? He is not at all the sort that she ought to marry. She has twice his brains, and I daresay he is up to the chin in debt. She wants a man who could steer her steadily through the shoals and currents of life. She is rather headstrong and imprudent."

"She has plenty of sense, Dick; and as to Neville Routlege, she knows him thoroughly, and has much the same opinion of him as you have."

"I think you are mistaken, Liz. His confounded airs and graces are very taking to an imaginative, impressionable girl like Kitty. But I am going. If I stay till John comes in we shall undoubtedly run into business talk, and he has had enough to-day. Besides, I am but poor company for you. Good night, dear," and stooping suddenly he kissed his sister-in-law's brow kindly and gently.

CHAPTER XV.

It was a soft but not very clear night, with a gentle air creeping up from the west over the sea, and it touched Dick Lane's embrowned cheek like a caress. He walked slowly away from town instead of towards his hotel, and soon found himself at the unfinished end of Eversley Street, where it merged into some fields. He had had a thoroughly uncomfortable day, and was out of sorts with himself and everyone else.

The first discord was struck when he encountered Neville Routlege and Kitty driving joyously down one of the principal streets, evidently on pleasure bent. Kitty had recognised and waved her hand to him, but made no attempt to stop and speak to him; no, she was engrossed by that showy, shallow Irishman, whom she considered, no doubt, more interesting, more her own equal than himself, though Dick had no hesitation about considering that he was the best man of the two. What a handsome, distinguished-looking couple they were! He had turned and looked after them when they had passed, and saw that a few yards further on they stopped at a large shop, one of the best and most expensive in the town. There they alighted, Routlege guarding Kitty's skirt from the wheel with the tenderest care; then the shop swallowed them up, and he continued on his way. What could Kitty possibly want to shop

with Routlege for? Was she going to make him buy her things? That was very unlike Kitty.

How angry she had been with Grierson for presuming to offer her a costly present. To be sure Neville was her kinsman and an intimate. "She's deucedly fond of dress, though," mused Dick, "and no wonder. How bravely she becomes it! How eloquent she grew the other evening about the beauty and merits of the new garment she is to wear at that confounded ball we are all supposed to be going to. It must have cost a round sum. How could her mother afford it! It's not like her to demand such finery from an impoverished mother; but they keep her too much in the dark; she is no fool in many ways; she is almost English. Unfortunately the Irish are fundamentally reckless."

Here a sudden light broke in upon Dick's mental darkness. He stood still for a moment, and then exclaimed aloud, "I have it! The bracelet was pledged to pay for the gown!"

He walked on again much quicker than before, while he thought hard. It was a shade less bad than going in debt for it and leaving someone else to pay, but not much. That a delicate woman, a young girl, should know of such traffic and not shrink from permitting any personal ornament to be contaminated by lying low in such a place as a pawnbroker's vexed his soul. If she so loved dress, why, of course, she would take anything Neville Routlege chose to give her. No, there was an airy sort of nobility about her that made it impossible to believe that she could endure the faintest touch of pitch.

"I have lost my head, and I'll have to pay for it as

usual," he thought. "I wish I had broken a leg before I walked into Isaac's that morning and caught Dan with that bracelet. I have lost my temper over it, and given Kitty the chance of 'putting me in my place,' as she would call it. How clearly she shows her indifference to my opinion, and laughs at my wretched middle-class views of propriety. Yet I have sometimes read a different kind of language in her eyes. What eyes they are! Where might they not lead or drive me? What's the use of prudence or self-control or commonsense? What's the gain of all these admirable virtues? Only to forfeit the bloom of untrammelled joy, the fragrant honey of true passion, the exquisite tenderness of a beautiful, refined woman's love. Even if none of these things last, one could find some consolation in saying with the Giaour, 'But, come what may, I have been blest.' There's a curious dash of strength about Kitty Costello, yet I am fool enough to think I might possibly win her if I had the chance of trying. It will be a difficult and an exciting game, but if I can only make her feel I am stronger and more determined than herself I might draw her to me. She is a delicate darling, but there's warm blood in her veins, in spite of her ready wit, her smiling hauteur, her indescribable careless defiance. I have been lucky in many things, and if it were my last throw—I'll stake my life on this—suppose we have but one year of heaven together, and go down into hell after, I'd sell myself to the devil to get that."

Dick Lane felt the breeze growing cooler and stronger, and, fastening a button of his coat over his chest, he turned down an old road leading towards the

river, and walked more rapidly, and with the firm step of a man who had thoroughly made up his mind, in the direction of the town.

For a wonder Neville Routlege kept his word, and called rather late in the afternoon next day, chiefly to say he was obliged to go away north to a Yorkshire friend who had got up a steeplechase, and wanted Neville to ride a difficult horse for him.

Kitty was deeply interested, and even Aunt Lane, recalled to the past, entered into the pros and cons of the question with appreciation.

They were thus engaged when Uncle Dick came in. He did not join very heartily in the discussion. "I have lived chiefly on horseback for six or seven years," he said, "but of English racing and sporting life I know nothing, and suppose I never shall, though I am looking forward to seeing some of the big races by-and-by."

Neville grew interested in the system of equestrian travelling over the pampas, and they became quite friendly.

"It's time I took myself off," he said at length, "unless you'll try a duet with me, Kitty. We used to do 'Flow on, thou shining river'—eh?"

"We used to do *for* it, and make Madame Dubois scream with disgust when you were last at Cool-a-vin. I never could keep to my own part in a duet. Is it not strange, Aunt Lane? Of course we made horrible discord."

"Too much ear and too little training, my dear."

"Then I shall not see you again till the Bachelors' Ball," said Neville, rising. "Three or four of us are coming over. Mind you keep the first waltz for me. What are you going to wear, Kitty?"

"White *crêpe de chine* and lilies of the valley."

"That will do. That will do first rate! Anything in your hair?"

"No. I always dance my flowers out. It is nearly three years since I danced with you, Neville—when I was quite young."

"You are so ancient now! I hope you have not forgotten your old skill?"

"I don't think I could. Do you know that, if Mr. Lane rides as well as he dances, he would give you all the 'go-by' in Yorkshire."

"At that rate he will cut us all out at the ball. I suppose you are going?" This to Dick.

"I am not quite sure. I may run over into Wales."

"Well, good-bye, Kitty, darling. Remember the first waltz. Adieu, Mrs. Lane. Good morning. Are you coming down my way? I'll give you a lift as far as the station."

Dick declined, and Neville went off alone.

"I am afraid Captain Routlege is rather lazy," said Mrs. Lane. "He must throw away a good deal of money, for flies are costly here."

"He never thinks of that. I often wonder what will become of Neville. Lord Kilmoran is by no means rich, so if Neville does not find a rich wife I don't know what he will do, except to turn jockey."

"We are going up to see Lizzie this evening. Will you come, Dick?" asked Mrs. Lane.

"Sorry I cannot."

In truth, Dick felt as if rubbed against the grain. It annoyed him to find Routlege there, and his familiarity was a deadly offence. Then Kitty was so plea-

santly, easily amiable to himself, that nothing could have suggested indifference more impressively. He despised himself for this contemptible turn of temper. What had shaken his resolutions of last night? He must not be turned aside from his purpose. No! he would not give up his determination to conquer Kitty, for it was conquest he aimed at.

"I suppose you take the river omnibus?" said Dick, forcing himself to speak in an easy tone. "The walk is too long for you."

"Yes, by a good deal."

"Is Dan coming?" asked Kitty.

"No. I do not know what is wrong with Dan. He never seems to want to go anywhere with us now. He is very industrious, papa says, yet he makes no end of mistakes, and the boy looks ill."

"He does," said Dick, shortly, and he looked straight into Kitty's eyes, as much as to say "you know the reason." She coloured deeply and then grew pale.

"As I often keep you waiting, dear aunt, I will go and put on my bonnet now, to be ready in good time," said Kitty, rising.

Dick was at the door before her.

"Good-bye, then," he said, holding out his hand. She put hers into it, and as his closed on it with an almost painfully close pressure, she did not snatch it away, nor look at him when his eyes sought hers. The next moment she was gone.

"Shall I ask John to spare Dan for a few days? I'll take him away with me into Wales and do a bit of mountaineering, which is a favourite remedy of mine for 'sweeping the cobwebs' out of my brains?"

"Yes, do, Dick; you are a dear, good fellow; and I do hope you will be as happy as you deserve to be some day."

"Oh! I am determined to be a good deal happier than I deserve. So wish me luck, my dear sister."

"*May —th, 185—,*

"5 EVERSLEY STREET, WESTPOOL.

"MY DEAREST MOTHER,—So delighted to hear that your poor little wrist is gaining strength. You will soon be able to write to me again, and I do miss your letters. At the same time, I am vexed with you, and with Aunt Lane too. I know that she has been complaining, and that you sent the letter to Madame Dubois, and she has written me such a scolding! I am not, I never was, a flirt or a coquette, never! You ought not to insult me in that fashion. As to my being too fond of admiration and too hard-hearted, am I to be always thinking of the effect I produce, or weeping over the wounds I inflict? I don't inflict wounds. I have generally a pretty stony material to deal with, and if I bestow a scratch or two it heals up very quickly. I have no fault to find with the men I have known. They have been very nice, and I like them very much, with a few exceptions; but I do like to amuse myself, and I will! only—(now this is quite confidential) do not mention it even to Madame—I am awfully afraid of being too fond of any man, it would be such slavery, and I am quite capable of it, I am afraid. I know all this began about that tiresome Mr. Grierson. I never told you about him. It was not worth the trouble. When I see you I will describe him. Mother, dear, you would

not sit in the room with him; yet I am not sure I did not feel more seriously sorry for him than I ever was for anyone. He was so desperately in earnest, and he meant so well; and all the time he was so unconscious of 'the great gulf' which nature and social circumstances had fixed between us. But there, I have said too much about all this. I will now tell you what I have been doing."

Kitty proceeded to describe her delightful day at Lynchester, and Major Lowry's pleasant surroundings.

"I was a good deal struck with Mrs. Lowry," she concluded this part of her letter. "She is a small woman, scarcely pretty, but has a face that is most pleasant to look upon. So thoughtful and interesting, she has a sweeter, more refined voice than the generality of the women here. She says very little, and is extremely well-bred. What she does say is always the right thing. Though so quiet and silent, she is supremely the ruler of house, husband and servants.

"I really believe there is a good deal of power in silence. I wish I did not feel so bursting with things to say. I often think of your words of wisdom, dear love, when you said (that evening when we were strolling along the cliffs), 'Try to remember, Kitty, that it is very foolish and ill-bred to let yourself absorb too much of the conversation, especially if older people are present. Everyone does not care for my Kitty's talk as I do.' Well, I have tried hard to keep this in mind, but in spite of it I find myself rattling on the next minute, with all sorts of ideas thronging up to my lips.

"It was so pleasant with the Lowrys that we stayed

rather late, and when we came in, do you know, that tyrannical Dick Lane had the impertinence to be quite cross. What business was it of his if I were late or early? I forget what I said to him, something of a snub, I am sure. I think I told you that Neville keeps up a brisk correspondence with a chum of his who is stationed at ——, and Neville hears from him the report that dear Fitz is actually engaged to his chief—General Maclean's—daughter. One thing is certain, that the General retires this year, for Neville saw it in the *Gazette*; and he is coming home immediately, indeed, he must be on his way now. He is very, very rich. His father made heaps of money in China, or some such place, and the general has no child but Miss Maclean. Neville says she is—well, a little deformed, but very accomplished, and plays delightfully. I wish she was beautiful as well as rich; but one cannot have everything, and Fitz never seemed to care for beauty quite so much as some of the boys who used to come to Cool-a-vin. He would be so nice and kind to a delicate wife. If this proves true, you may see Fitz reigning over Cool-a-vin once more. This ought to brighten you up, my own dear. I do wish you would come over and see aunt and uncle. Everything is very different from what you are accustomed to, and, as I said, I am sure they are far from rich; but they are so kindly, so steady, so individual (if that is a right word to use), that everyone must like and respect them. After all, what is real good breeding of the best kind but the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace of kindness and sincerity. See how I run on when I have so dear a listener as yourself!

“The long-expected ball—which was put off, you know—takes place on Tuesday next, only five days hence. I am dying to dance there. It is to be given in a fine new concert hall, which is lit up in quite a novel way. Instead of big heavy chandeliers in the middle, there is to be a cornice of gas lights all round the room, the gas to be softened by some wonderful invention; but I will describe it afterwards.

“One thing I find very delightful here is the number of new magazines one gets to read. My aunt subscribes to a magazine club, and I see *Blackwood* and *Fraser* and a new one of Charles Dickens’. I cannot tell you what delightful papers there are in them; not only stories, but historical and biographical sketches, and bits of everything; they make a new creature of me. The dear old books are lovely always, but it is so invigorating to be freshened up.

“Now I must stop. Oh, I do wish you could see my dress, it is too sweet. It is so white and soft, just like fresh fallen snow, not a bit of glimmer or shimmer about it. Then your lovely old lace draped on the corsage gives it such distinction. How is it that jewels are valued more than lace? There is no comparison between them. I do hope I may look well for the honour of our old countrie. I will not write to Madame till I have let the sun go down on my wrath. If I said anything to hurt her I should never forgive myself, and my words come so quick.

“Good-bye, dearest and best.—Your loving child,
“KITTY.”

The day but one after Kitty had posted this lengthy

epistle, Mrs. Lane received a letter from her brother-in-law.

As it came by the evening post, the family was assembled round the supper table, and Mr. Dixon had walked up from business with Mr. Lane and joined them.

"Here is a note from Dick," said the recipient to her husband.

"Run up to London again?" conjectured Mr. Lane.

"No, in another direction. He gives the address, 'Llan Menai, Anglesey, North Wales.' It seems that Spanish or Portuguese friend of his, Mr. Texeira, has taken a cottage down there to give his wife a little change. She is rather delicate, and finds London somewhat stifling in this warm weather. So, as you cannot give Dan a few days' leave just yet, Dick has run over to see them, and make inquiries and plans as to his expedition with Dan. Where is Dan, by the way?"

"Well, he made such a lot of errors to-day I was obliged to leave him behind to put some of them right."

"I do hope you ordered in some tea for him, poor boy," said Mrs. Lane, uneasily. "He cannot be well. I am sure he is not."

"He will be all the better for a mountaineering expedition with Uncle Dick. I only wish I could go with them," cried Kitty. "Are you fond of climbing, Janet?"

"Oh, yes. Only I get dreadfully tired."

"I wish you and I could start off on a pedestrian tour together, Janet. I am not a bad cragswoman," continued Kitty.

"It amuses me to hear you two talk," said Dixon, stirring his tea. "And what a fright you would be in if a cow looked over the hedge at you."

"I don't suppose we should find either cows or hedges on the mountain-side," returned Kitty. "And if we did, I am used to both. Hill cattle are too poorly fed to be dangerous."

"I must confess," resumed Dixon, "that I am amused by all this new-fangled bosh about women and their independence. I am greatly tickled with their notion of sharing in politics and municipal matters and elections, and the Lord knows what. I suppose Miss Costello here would think nothing of setting up as one of the borough aldermen or Mayor of Westpool."

"No," said Kitty, gravely. "The command of the Channel Fleet would suit me better."

"Young lady aristocrats are queer creatures. They consider it disgraceful to take care of their husbands' houses, or cook their dinners or anything of that kind. Eh?"

Kitty made no reply.

"You cannot deny that?" persisted Dixon.

"What?" asked Kitty. "I did not catch what you said."

Dixon repeated his assertion.

"I really don't know, Mr. Dixon, but I am sure that as long as I can get anyone to cook for me I never will cook myself."

"Aye, just so; that's what I mean. When O'Reilly was up at our place last week," continued Mr. Dixon, "he was giving us a pretty picture of the mismanagement of things in Ireland. The unfortunate peasants, ground down by the landlords, and obliged to pay tithes to the Protestant clergy, whose services they would not accept as a gift. He and Mr. Gildea, who happened to

come in, which he rarely does, had a regular set-to. O'Reilly didn't leave him a leg to stand on. Eh, Janet?"

"I am sure Mr. O'Reilly made a great noise. Whether he was convincing or not is another matter. I did not understand the half they said."

"Oh! Janet is always on the side of the parson," said her brother-in-law, with a knowing nod.

"Because it is next door to the angels, perhaps," cried Kitty. "Pray, Mr. Dixon, are you going to the ball on Tuesday? We shall want another cavalier, for, from what Aunt Lane says, I am afraid Uncle Dick will desert us."

"Go to the ball? Me? No, thank you. I should be sorry to countenance such outrageous absurdity. Fancy grown men and women kicking up their heels to the squeaking of fiddles and the braying of trumpets!"

"No, not kicking up their heels; pointing their toes, Mr. Dixon. What strange ideas you have! What does Mrs. Dixon say to them?"

"She is too sensible a woman to differ from her husband."

"And you probably consider her a free agent? Really, Janet, my patience is exhausted." And Kitty put her handkerchief to her mouth, obviously to hide a yawn. "Let us take Mr. Dixon upstairs and give him a lesson in dancing. I will play, and you shall give the lesson. Did you never dance with Mrs. Dixon before you were married?"

"Oh, at such a time one is not responsible for the follies one may commit."

"What a heresy!" exclaimed Kitty as she left the

room. "Come away and dance, Mr. Dixon. Be sensible once more."

And the sounds of a stirring waltz soon reached their ears from the room above.

"Come, Janet," said Dolly; "you and I will have a dance at all events."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE much-anticipated Tuesday arrived at last, and a little to the dismay of the ball-goers, broke dark and pouring with rain after some weeks of beautiful weather.

"It *is* unfortunate," said Janet, who was standing at the window that overlooked the garden, to Kitty, who sat beside the big general work-basket sewing the buttons on her gloves more securely. "We shall get quite wet between the carriage and the entrance."

"Oh, you may be sure there will be an awning for the carriages to drive under. Besides, that heavy rain will not last all day. I should not be surprised if it cleared up into a fine evening."

"You always believe that everything will go as you wish, Kitty."

"Until it goes the other way. Well, it is pleasanter and wiser to anticipate good till evil comes."

"Do you know," resumed Janet, after a short silence, "that Mr. Gildea is coming?"

"What—to the ball?" cried Kitty, a little surprised.

"Do you think it wrong for a clergyman to go to a ball?"

"Oh, no, not if he doesn't think it wrong himself."

"I was greatly surprised when Mr. Gildea said he would come."

"When did he say he would come, Janet?"

"Last week when I was staying with Lizzie. He often came in. You see, his parish lies all round there, and I helped my sister to decorate the church for Easter. It was so pretty!"

"I daresay! I like to see flowers in a church, they are such lovely things. I never saw any in Irish churches."

"I think, Kitty, you are right about Sam Dixon. He is very rude and disagreeable."

"He is quite odious."

"And an absolute heathen."

"He is much worse. He is an objectionable Christian."

"You can't think how rude he is to Mr. Gildea, who is so well-bred and gentlemanlike?"

"Yes, and comes of a very good County Mayo family."

"He has very little of the accent," added Janet, musingly.

"He would preach better if he had more," rejoined Kitty. "Pray, does my voice offend you?"

"Oh, no, dear; I like it. You know, Uncle Dick says it would make the most commonplace remark sound charming, and he used to dislike Irish people."

"That's not of much consequence," said Kitty, haughtily. "And will your reverend friend dance as well as go to the ball?"

"Oh, no! that's quite a different matter. I wish he would, for he has such an ear for music; he would dance

well, and he sings a very good second. I used to like listening to a duet between him and Lizzie. Poor, dear Liz used to sing very sweetly. I had no gift for music. But Liz has no time for anything now but Sam and the children. Sam was awfully cross one day he came in and found Lizzie singing with Mr. Gildea. I was quite ashamed of him."

"Lizzie ought not to give way to him; he will not leave her an inch of ground to stand upon. Look, Janet, the clouds are breaking; we shall have a fine evening. I wonder what has become of Uncle Dick. I suppose he does not intend to return in time for the ball?"

"Perhaps not. I don't quite understand him, his temper has been rather bad of late. As to Dan, I cannot make him out at all. He used to be so fond of dancing, and of you. Now he doesn't seem to care about either."

"No, he does not, he wants change," remarked Kitty. Here Kitty relapsed into silence, and Janet left the room.

The former was vexed, and a little dismayed into the bargain, as she confessed to herself how keen would be her disappointment if Dick Lane did not appear at the ball. He was an incomparable partner, and, although most unaffectedly courteous, there was a curious masterfulness about him that impressed her. It was totally different from the manner of all the men she had ever met before. To be sure, Kitty's friends and admirers were rarely more than lively-spirited boys, whom she could play with free from any fear of working havoc in their hearts, which she felt instinctively were much less intense than her own. But Dick Lane—he was made of different stuff.

"I must not, I will not care about him. He distrusts me, he keeps his head and hesitates whether I am worth all his regard and esteem—that ought to be enough for me! Has the air of England dulled my spirit or taken the keen edge off my self-respect? I will not give way to this weakness, and he shall never, never know how contemptible I am. I am sure he is naturally tyrannical. How could I ever bear that? Still it is too, too bad to think that I shall not have one dance with him at this ball to which I have looked forward so much."

Kitty's anticipations were fulfilled, the evening did clear up, and the guests of the gallant Westpool bachelors accomplished their transit from carriage to entrance-hall dry shod. The first quadrille was nearly over when Mrs. Lane and her girls arrived, and a large group of as yet partnerless young men stood round the wide doorway leading into the grand concert hall, which made a splendid ballroom. From among these emerged Captain Routledge, followed by two men, evidently officers: one tall, bony, grizzled, with a twinkle of humour in his light-blue eyes, the other short, stout, young, and extremely colourless.

"You are late, Mrs. Lane; or so it seems to us. We have been looking out for you. Let me introduce Major Verner to you, Mrs. Lane—a countryman of ours—used often to be at Donoghue Castle in your father's time. Miss Lane, the next is a polka; will you do me the favour? Here, Dartrey, my cousin, Miss Costello—Mr. Dartrey. Dartrey is strong in the polka."

"Don't mind him, Miss Costello. He is an awful fellow to chaff. Afraid I can ride better than I can dance."

"I congratulate you," said Kitty, divining that the young man was uncomfortably shy, for he blushed to his white eyebrows as he spoke.

Here the quadrille came to an end, and Mrs. Lane and her young ladies paired off, having appointed a rendezvous. The younger people proceeded to walk round the room, examine the decorations and penetrate some side passages leading to refreshment-rooms, and a sort of flirting-room fitted up as a large Turkish tent—a great bed of flowers in the centre, palm trees, flowering shrubs and Oriental plants adorning the sides, and at the back a small fountain which gave freshness to the air. The lights were soft and dim and shrouded among the foliage.

"What a lovely place!" exclaimed Kitty.

"Yes, isn't it? These stockbroking fellows do things right well. We'll come and rest here presently, Kitty."

"Neville," she asked in a low tone, "can he dance? I don't want to come 'a cropper' at my first English ball."

"I think, if you do not go too fast, he'll come through all right. And Kitty, a word in your ear. The little chap has fifteen thousand a year in Norfolk or Devonshire—it don't matter which—so I thought I'd give you a chance."

"You mean 'him,'" said Kitty, with a laugh and a toss of her head.

"I stand corrected, my sweet cousin. Faith, it is a chance for him, and no mistake—only, you see, fifteen thousand a year can buy so many chances."

Here the band struck up a strongly-marked polka, and the stout little subaltern claimed Kitty. It was rather a trying performance. Lieutenant Dartrey was not gifted with much perception of time or tune, and got in every-

one's way. After being hustled once up and once down the spacious ballroom, Kitty could endure no more. "I should like to rest for a few minutes," she said courteously. "The people dance badly—don't you think so? They can't steer a bit."

"They do bump about cruelly," returned her partner, "and it's tremendously hot. Wouldn't you like an ice or something?" and he mopped his face energetically.

"There's no use in looking out any longer for Dick; he does not mean to come. It is too ill-natured! He knows I like to dance with him and he might have come," reflected Kitty. Then she said aloud, "An ice? Yes, it would be refreshing."

She had hardly uttered the words when a very welcome voice said close behind her, "I do hope I am not too late to secure a dance."

"Ah, Uncle Dick!" she exclaimed, withdrawing her arm from her partner's to turn and greet him. "And why were you so late?" Her lustrous eyes and softly smiling lips gave him such a welcome as he had not dared to hope for. He stood silently holding her hand for a second or two, then replied, "I will give an account of myself presently; but first, will you give me the next waltz?"

"Yes, of course. I am just going to look for an ice."

"Then I will wait here for you."

Kitty turned with a bow and smile to her attendant partner, and they went off in search of refreshment.

What ages they were away! What a delightfully gracious mood Kitty was in. How could he best take advantage of it? He must keep himself well in hand. How was he to impress her with a sense of his passionate

admiration, yet make her feel that he would not let her trample upon him? He must rely on the inspiration of the moment.

At last he perceived Kitty's stately, graceful head considerably above most of the other women. As soon as she came near he rose to give her his seat, and she bowed his dismissal to Dartrey.

"But I say, Miss Costello, we have really had only half a dance. Won't you put in another half somewhere?"

"Yes, Mr. Dartrey, if you remind me, but I have to fulfil some engagements first."

"Well, I must look up Routlege. I don't know a creature here."

"Uncle Dick, will you introduce Mr. Dartrey to one of the stewards, and ask him to find some partner for him?" said Kitty, good-naturedly.

This Lane accomplished speedily and returned to Kitty's side. "Who inflicted that very incompetent partner upon you?" he asked.

"A man who ought to have known better—Neville Routlege. And what do you think was his excuse, or, rather, his reason?"

"Haven't an idea."

"To give me a 'chance!' as that funny little man has ten or fifteen thousand a year," and Kitty broke into a sunny laugh that showed all her pearly teeth.

"Well, I guess the fate of Routlege."

"There is not the slightest use in snubbing him. He is so slight you cannot impress him."

"Not depth enough, eh?"

Kitty nodded. "I think I had better go and report

you to my aunt, who is in command of this detachment."

"Time enough, my dear niece; stay still and recover yourself. Let us see what the programme will produce next."

"Well, my revered uncle, what kept you so late?"

"It's not a long story. I intended to take the steamer which plies between Bangor and Westpool, and to start yesterday morning, but unfortunately the stupid little craft chose to run on a rock off Great Orme's Head; so I lost time waiting for her arrival. When I found the cause of delay I took the night mail, but at Conway, seeing the coach was a slow one and badly horsed, I left it and posted the rest of the way."

"Are you not very tired?"

"Why? Because I slept in a chaise instead of in my bed? I know too much of real hard travelling to heed that. Ha! there's our waltz." His eyes lit up with undisguised pleasure. "Do you want to rest a little longer?"

"Oh, no! The sooner I have a real good dance the sooner I shall forget Mr. Dartrey."

"Let's start, for we'll not long have any room." At first they floated round delightfully to a delicious, dreamy waltz, but the dancers crowded in. They jostled and bumped and crushed together, and Kitty found that Uncle Dick's arm held her closer and closer to him, till she felt his heart throb. Probably he could not help it, or she might have wrenched away; still it disturbed her, and she said, "Do stop; it is impossible to dance among these awkward people."

"Some of them will sit down in a minute or two; we'll watch our opportunity."

They stood aside in a recess watching the gyrations of the waltzers. "It's a shame to lose this waltz!" exclaimed Dick; "it is a capital one."

"It is indeed."

"The crowd is a little less," he continued; "will you try again?"

"Yes," said Kitty.

"Then if I am to steer you through that lot," he resumed, his heart beating quicker than he had felt it for many a day, "I must hold you pretty fast, or you'll be torn out of my arms, and I could not submit to that."

"Very well," said Kitty, carelessly, thinking that she had been rather silly to notice what had been the result of necessity.

They stepped into the ranks, and Lane, glancing round to see the nearest obstacles, slipped his arm round her and they started.

How well he steered, what collisions he avoided, what confused eddies he swept her clear of, sometimes lifting her almost off her feet, and how often, without any visible necessity, he strained her to his heart in an instant's passionate embrace.

It was a moment of wild intoxicating exultation as he looked down at the dear face pressed almost against his shoulder, and saw that, instead of being flushed with indignation, it had grown pale, and the slight, rounded figure he held so closely trembled.

"We have had enough of this scrimmage," he said at length; "I ought to have stopped sooner, but men are selfish brutes."

"It is really too crowded to be pleasant," she re-

turned very steadily. "Let us go and look for my aunt."

"You may as well sit down and rest first. The waltz will soon finish and the room clear; now it would be a service of danger to get along it. There is a nice cool resting-place here to the right, come and sit down there."

He drew her hand through his arm and they went away to the tent Kitty had admired so much.

"The quiet and coolness are refreshing," said Kitty, sinking down on a long sofa beside the entrance. She was curiously affected, and most resolutely determined not to betray her disturbance. She was conscious of an inclination to run away, and also of a distinct wish to stay in that shadowy perfumed seclusion with Uncle Dick.

He sat down too, leaning his arm on the top of the sofa behind her.

Kitty fanned herself languidly in silence.

"I don't wonder you were eager to wear that pretty dress," said Dick, after a pause. "I suppose I am scarcely entitled to an opinion on the subject, such is my ignorance; but the dress and you seem made for each other."

Kitty noticed how softly he spoke, the touch of reverent tenderness in his voice, and she felt once more at home with him.

"I am glad you like it. I am delighted with it; all the more because your brother—dear, generous, kind Uncle Lane—gave it to me, and I had made up my mind to make an old one do."

"Indeed!" in some surprise, for he thought the bracelet had gone to provide the dainty elegance of her

attire. "Still, I see your crown-jewel is absent. Are you never to get it back, Kitty? I presume I may call you 'Kitty'?"

"You generally do," she returned, with an indulgent smile, "but I have brought it on myself by always thinking of you as 'Uncle Dick.' I never call you anything else."

"Thinking of me! Do you ever think of me?"

"Oh, yes, especially when you have been extra disagreeable."

"And is that very often?"

"Oftener than it used to be."

"Indeed! I flattered myself that we got on better than formerly; but tell me, Kitty—forgive what is by no means idle curiosity—I do wish you would tell me the truth about the bracelet."

Kitty looked straight before her, a slight, pretty, puzzled frown on her brow.

"I have never told you anything on any subject that was not the truth, Uncle Dick," she said gravely. "But as to the bracelet, do not ask anything more, you only waste your breath. I will tell you nothing more—not one word, so do not torment me nor quarrel. Let us try to keep friends."

"That is quite impossible—quite; don't you feel yourself that—"

"Oh! so you are here!" cried Neville Routlege, coming suddenly round a group of palms. "I have hunted high and low for you. Mrs. Lane declares that from the moment you entered these enchanted halls you disappeared from mortal ken. I have had the usual reward of virtue. I presented a worthy little comrade

to this arrogant young kinswoman of mine, sacrificed myself on the altar of disinterested friendship and did not secure a dance on account, (the phraseology of the place is infectious), and here I am left lamenting. Come along, Miss Costello, I shall parade you before your aunt; then comes a set of lancers which, if you please, we'll sit out, then comes a galop which we'll dance."

"Why, Neville, you are laying down the law in a most audacious fashion. Isn't he, Uncle Dick?" to Lane, who looked rather grim, but who at this appeal cheered up and laughed good-humouredly.

"I think you are quite able to take care of yourself," he said. "I suppose I shall find you with your aunt. Only if you are going to romp through a galop, you had better leave your fan with me; I'll take care of it for you."

"By Jove!" exclaimed Neville, as he walked off with Kitty, "that fellow gives himself no end of airs."

"I don't think so, Neville. What sort of airs?"

"Airs of proprietorship, no less. Why, he took possession of your fan as if you and it belonged to him."

"Don't talk nonsense, Neville. I am not the sort of girl to be appropriated against my will."

"Against your will?—no. But there's an air of *veni, vidi, vici* about that chap that will go a long way with women."

"You are too absurd. Why, I am one of his nieces and he has promised to put me down in his will with the others."

"It's a widow's cap he'll bequeath you, I suspect. Oh, Kitty, dear, if you will marry a Saxon, take little Dartrey and join the regiment. I'd turn a rock of sense if I had you always at hand to play a mother's part to me."

Both cousins were laughing gaily when they reached Mrs. Lane.

"What became of you, Kitty?" she asked.

"Oh, I was all right, auntie. I was dancing with Uncle Dick."

"Then I am sure he would not let you commit any eccentricity."

The ball after this became somewhat of a failure, at least in Dick Lane's opinion, as other claimants for various dances approached Kitty. Dick himself gave his real niece several turns, and finally confided her to the Reverend James Gildea's care for the supper struggle. Kitty was always engaged, though she left him the guardianship of her fan.

Finally a cotillon, then rather a fresh foreign importation, was all Dick Lane could secure. Yet, though he fancied Kitty rather avoided him, he by no means lost heart.

She had not resented the close clasp in which he had held her. True, he had virtually asked her leave, but under false pretences. Nevertheless, had she been offended she would have let him know.

That she had grown pale and tremulous was the sign of emotion, serious, profound, which he once doubted she could feel. She had, he felt, betrayed herself—this proud, brilliant, dainty darling—and Dick's pulses throbbed with true and chivalric tenderness for the beloved woman he longed and hoped to call his own.

"Good night," he said, as he put her into the carriage when it was all over. "We must arrange the terms of peace or war between us as soon as possible."

"Oh, war to the knife, of course," said Kitty; "no quarter asked or given."

"Agreed," returned Dick, significantly, and murmured as he managed to kiss her hand unseen, "Good night, my queen."

CHAPTER XVII.

KITTY did not fall peacefully and profoundly asleep so soon as was her wont after any unusual fatigue or excitement.

She was terribly wide awake. She lived over and over again through that crowded waltz, and felt the pressure of Dick's arm as he held her, at moments almost painfully close. Then the consciousness grew upon her that he had deliberately determined so to hold her, and that by her careless reply she had given herself away, yet in her inmost heart she knew that she was not quite surprised. Had she betrayed herself? What had she to betray? Could it be possible that she had yielded to the curious mastery that this somewhat rugged, middle-class man had so early in their acquaintance begun to exercise over her? He was certainly considerably in love with her. There was every symptom of it at least, and the idea was at once heavenly sweet and rather appalling. Could he be cruel and tyrannical? No, not unless she had deserved it, and on the whole he was the most interesting companion she had ever met. He liked music in an ignorant way, and it was surprising how much he had read in spite of his wild, wandering life.

He knew so much more than she did; then he liked beautiful things—fine scenery, flowers, riding, nearly all that she did. "But I suppose," Kitty's thoughts ran on, "he would not keep horses in England, they cost too much, and I do not suppose he is rich. But he distrusts me. He worries over that tiresome bracelet. Why does he? I cannot have this. He must have faith in me or I can have nothing to do with him. Nor would he have anything to do with me if he did not know everything. How wonderfully kind and gentle he seemed after—after that dance. I will try hard not to care too much about him. It is weak and foolish," and Kitty sat up, and covering her face from the advancing dawn, which now penetrated through blinds and curtains, she prayed earnestly for strength and guidance that she might resist effectually the strange influence which she felt creeping over her. Kitty was not given to believe in dogmas she could not understand, and troubled herself but little about such matters, but she was religious in her own way, and believed firmly in a great, merciful, over-ruling Providence whom none could know, but who was ever on the side of them who strove to do right. So at last sleep came to her.

Morning, or rather a late breakfast, brought a delightful diversion to poor Kitty's thoughts and for a time put Dick Lane quite out of her head, for beside her cup lay a letter addressed in the dear mother's writing—a fat letter, which she opened directly.

"MY BELOVED KITTY," it ran,—“At last I have some good news from our dear Fitz. I send you his letter. You will understand that I now venture to look forward

without fear. My hand is better, as you will see. Return me Fitz's epistle immediately. I must let dear Madame Dubois see it."

Fitz's letter was rather discursive, but the gist of it was that he had proposed to and had been accepted by Miss Gertrude Maclean, only child of General Maclean, to whom Fitz had been A.D.C. for the last year. Somewhat to the writer's surprise the general gave his consent, and had immediately asked for leave of absence, with a view to retiring after nearly forty years' service.

"He tells me it is his intention to set the Cool-a-vin estate free from debt," continued Fitz, "as he thinks the life of a country squire's wife would suit Gertrude exactly. You must know she is rather delicate, and, unlike your people and ours, no beauty, but she is very interesting and accomplished, and I am extremely fond of her. I think she just wants a cheerful chap like myself to keep her alive. The general wants me to retire too; can't say I like the idea, but how can I refuse him? He starts in a few days, and goes as quickly as he can by the overland route, and makes for Dublin at once to see you and examine into the state of affairs and set things right. Thinks he might be Chancellor of the Exchequer and First Lord of the Admiralty all in one to the great advantage of the country. We must give him his head, and he won't be ungenerous. If he clears the property, I hope to be able to give you a good piece of your jointure, my dearest mother, which will be a joy to me.

"As Gertrude is so delicate, it is settled that she will not travel with her father, but return by way of the Cape, as it's a good time of year, with the lady who

acts chaperone, under my escort. We make for London, where the general wishes our marriage to take place. We do not start for a week or two, and I don't think I can count on seeing you much under three months."

A loving message to Kitty wound up the letter, which brought the roses back to her cheeks and the light to her eyes.

Then came the pleasure of telling the good news to Aunt Lane and discussing the prospect from every point of view.

"I wish she was pretty into the bargain," said Kitty, thoughtfully. "Fitz admires beauty a good deal."

"And I wish, Kitty dear, that Fitz had been brought up to some business or profession. It is a grand thing for a man to hold his fortune in his head instead of being obliged to marry for a living. Irishmen are such clever talkers, he might have gone to the Bar, and a successful barrister can rise to anything."

"But, auntie, it would have been very hard for us to have educated him for the Bar. We could never get beyond Rugby; after that everything seemed to go to pieces. Of course to be a soldier wants very little training, except for the artillery, and then Lord Thomond got him a commission."

"At all events, Kitty, it is very good news. I will write to your dear mother this evening; in the afternoon I have to pay some distant visits. I am going to have a carriage, and I must take Janet, so—"

"Oh, yes, dear aunt. Of course I shall stay at home and write. How pleased mother will be! She always hoped Fitz would marry well,"

"I'm sure I am delighted. I should like to know what the young lady's fortune is. I suppose it will not be much under twenty thousand pounds?"

"I think it must be more than that, aunt," said Kitty, gravely, remembering some wild attempts of Madame Dubois and her mother to estimate the amount of encumbrances on Cool-a-vin.

"Twenty thousand pounds is a great deal of money," returned Mrs. Lane, and, taking up her key-basket, she departed to keep the morning rendezvous with cook.

Kitty having carefully put away last night's finery, sat down to the happy task of congratulating her mother and commenting on Fitz's letter.

This was not accomplished with her usual fluency; for as her elation at the prospect of preserving the old home in the family cooled down, the thought of Dick Lane would intrude itself. Had she been able to speak face to face with her mother she would probably have consulted her in the matter, but the prevalent principle of the Cool-a-vin household was to keep all agitating subjects from Mrs. Costello; and how would that beloved princess take the suggestion of her Kitty, the light of her eyes, the pride of her heart, accepting, nay, being in love with the brother of Uncle Lane, whom Elizabeth O'Donoghue, of Donoghue Castle, demeaned herself by marrying, as all "Dublin thought."

"Poor dear Uncle Lane! and what a dear, good, sensible man he is," mused Kitty; "but I wish he would not wear those tiger-head slippers. I wonder if Dick would ever be guilty of such barbarism. There is something different in Dick from the rest. I wonder who his mother was," for Kitty had a strong belief in race.

Her letter was done at last. Then she put on her bonnet and took it to the post, afterwards walking round and round the gardens opposite their house till she felt more composed.

Dinner over, Janet and her mother departed on their round of calls, and Kitty betook herself to the drawing-room and the piano. She could not keep her pulse from throbbing with a fearful looking for, not judgment, but a visit from Dick Lane. She felt sure he would come, and he was a difficult person to deal with. She always knew she could not dictate terms to him, as she generally did to her former admirers. "They were all silly boys compared to him," she thought, as her fingers wandered over the keys and then almost unconsciously fell into the chords and runs of the Spanish waltz he had given her. If she were to live a hundred years and hear that waltz at the end of them, it would bring back Dick to her eyes, her memory; and as she thought this, the gentleman walked into the room as if he were an inmate of the house. Though fully expecting him, Kitty's heart beat furiously and then almost stood still.

"I will not be stupid and embarrassed," she resolved, and went on playing.

"You have got that quite right," observed Dick, with equal composure. "You might mark the first note of each bar a little more."

"Like this," following his suggestion. He did not reply, but came and leant on the end of the piano, his eyes dwelling upon her with a grave, almost stern expression.

Kitty played on. Dick Lane straightened himself, and came round to where she sat. "How bright you

look! Your roses have come back to you," he said. "I was afraid the heat and the crowd last night had tired you out."

"Oh, no, or only for a very short time," she returned, avoiding his eyes. She knew that the real source of her fatigue and pallor was in both their minds.

She left the piano and drew a chair by the table, on which an ornamental work-basket stood, and hastened to play her trump card. "But I had such good news this morning that all my roses came back with a rush."

"What is it?" he asked, in a disappointed, annoyed tone.

"My dear Fitz is going to be married to a charming girl, and her father—Fitz's general—is going to give her a dowry that will buy back Cool-a-vin, and—" she stopped suddenly, a curious inability to go on silencing her.

"Fitz is your favourite brother, isn't he? Well, I am very glad to hear it. I hope he will be happy; but I must say all the heiresses I have ever seen have been rather terrible creatures."

"And my mother is so pleased! Fitz himself says she is very interesting, and that he is very fond of her."

"That's all right! Is he like you?"

"Not very. More like my father, who was very dark."

"Well, if your brother produces anything like the effect on women that you do on men, the young lady will be pretty hard hit."

"That is a very objectionable remark," said Kitty, solemnly.

"Why?"

"It is uncivil, and not nice."

"I did not intend it to be either! Now, if you can

spare any attention from your brother, I want you to listen to my troubles."

"Are you in trouble, Uncle Dick?" she asked softly, drawing out a long strip of black net, on which she was embroidering bright-coloured flowers.

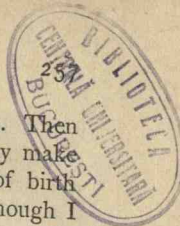
"Yes, in the worst trouble—uncertainty." A pause. Then Dick sought relief in a man's usual remedy—a turn to and fro—finally drawing a chair partly behind Kitty as she sat at the table, on which he rested his elbow.

"I suppose you know perfectly well what has brought me here to-day?" Silence, while Dick noticed with some sense of encouragement that the hand which held Kitty's needle was not too firm.

"I am perhaps a little rough," he resumed. "I cannot make pretty speeches or turn fair phrases, especially when I am desperately in earnest. But you must know, or at any rate feel, that I have been falling deeper and deeper in love with you ever since the first moment I met you. You have been a revelation to me, Kitty! Your nature is—is as rare as your beauty, your infinite fascination. I cannot withdraw my gaze from your face when you are in my sight. Your lovely eyes, your sweet mouth, haunt me when I am away from you. The touch of your hand sends wildfire through my veins when we meet!"

"Hush!" she said, the colour leaving her face. "It is not like an Englishman to exaggerate in this way."

"Do you think we are cold-blooded creatures? Don't you know that a log of oak will burn longer and more strongly than a whole pile of thorn bushes? Sometimes I venture to think that, apart from being your lover,



there is a certain degree of sympathy between us. Then again, your abundant and special prejudices may make you think that a suitor of yours ought to be of birth equal to your own. That is all imagination, though I am not so dull as to deny the advantages of race—at all events, in the presence of so striking an example of them as you are. But I am too absorbed in you not to dread rejection, consider the matter in what light I may. Why, last night, when you looked straight into my eyes and told me it was waste of breath to ask you about that confounded bracelet, instead of pointing out the folly of such a reply, it was all I could do to resist clasping you in my arms, and swearing you might tell what you liked, conceal what you liked, if only you would promise to be mine—my very own! Rather a wretched condition to reduce a reasonable being to,” he concluded, with a contemptuous laugh at his own folly—not his usual pleasant laugh, though it showed his strong, white teeth under his thick, dark moustaches.

Kitty pushed away her work, and leant her cheek on her hand for an instant in silence. Then, raising her head, with a grave and thoughtful look, she said in a quiet, subdued tone,—

“I know, Uncle Dick, that I am an untaught, inexperienced girl, hasty, and not too wise, but I think I deserve a better sort of love than that. Because I have the coloured hair and eyes and *tout ensemble* you happen to prefer, you—think I must be an angel. No, not exactly; you have had sense enough never to tell me that; but, what is worse, you don't care whether I am an angel—or—the other thing. Suppose I got ill and grew ugly, would your love go with my looks? What

would become of me then? When I had grown accustomed to—" She stopped abruptly, afraid of the words that were coming.

"Your rebuke is just," he returned more soberly. "I lost hold of myself for a bit. Looking at you, and tasting for the first time the infinite delight of opening my heart to you, I could not weigh my words. Believe me, I am not the sort of fellow that loves for beauty only, precious as it is. No. I want a life-long companion whom I can trust, a friend with whom I can speak of hopes and schemes and ambitions, who will appreciate what is good in me, and forgive but not extenuate my many faults; a wife with whom I might grow old happily, the fire of our first youthful love evaporating, perhaps, as the years roll on, though—as with good wine—its richness and strength increase. But now, oh, my God! Kitty, do you know how sweet and lovely you are?"

Kitty sighed deeply, and as she looked away from him he thought her eyes were dewy with repressed tears.

"Is there a chance for me, my beloved?" he urged in a low voice.

"I sympathise with you," said Kitty, "and you seem to know what real affection is; but—but I do not wish to love you, Dick. I don't want to love anyone."

"Why? Life without love is very unfinished."

"I am afraid," murmured Kitty, with distracting hesitancy.

"And you are right," he returned gravely. "You could love well. So be sure you could love me before you deign to accept me. To live with you and watch in vain for tokens of your love, your tenderness, your response to the passion you have inspired, would be the most

infernal torture that ever drove a man mad, and nothing but the real thing could create belief. Worthy or unworthy, I accept no crumbs of compassion from any woman—least of all from you. But think well. I came here determined to ask for a final answer; but, seeing that you take so serious, so womanly a view of what really is a grave matter, I will not presume to urge an immediate decision. Think well, but do not forget what the agony of waiting must be to me.”

“You are good and just, Uncle Dick,” said Kitty, tremulously. Then a mischievous impulse induced her to add, “But how about the bracelet?”

“It is wiped out, not because of those eyes or that mouth, of which I had better not think, but because of the truth and honour that lie deep down in the sanctuary of your soul.”

Both were still and silent for a moment, and Dick Lane moved restlessly to the door, but not to leave. Returning, he said, in his ordinary tone,—

“I am anxious to fulfil my promise of taking my nephew Dan on an expedition into Wales. He is not right. It will serve to keep me out of the way too while you are making up your mind. I’d like to get off to-morrow.”

“Yes, do. I am sure that Dan is far from well. Get him to talk to you, to confide in you.”

“I will try. Now I will leave. I cannot stand being with you in the presence of others. I shall school myself better in future. I see what a severe service I am trying to get into. Ask your aunt to get Dan ready for our start to-morrow. Good-bye. God keep you. When I return—but I dare not either think or speak of that

—good-bye.” He took her hands in both his own, and looked longingly, interrogatively into her eyes.

Kitty blushed warmly, evidently understanding what his said, drew back slightly, and said distinctly, “No.”

“Your word must be law for the present,” he returned. Then, kissing the hands he held more than once, he left her.

Kitty threw herself into a corner of the sofa and indulged in a burst of tears.

“I never thought I should be such a goose,” she said to herself. “I do not know what I am crying about, and I don’t know what I want; it is all so strange. I should like him to hang on, and quarrel and make it up, and give me glimpses of how much he admires, nay, loves me, just to flatter my miserable vanity. But Dick would never submit to that cat-and-mouse game. He is much too strong. I must play fair with him. Would he ever be unkind and tyrannical? I am half afraid; yet he is very good to them all here, but he can be very angry. I should hate him if he were—at least with me. I wish he would come back. I wish I had not let him go. I might have asked him many things. Of course he would say everything that was delightful. I don’t think any man—not even any Irishman—ever spoke better, or so well, as Uncle Dick. But I cannot promise to marry him unless the dear mother is pleased about it, and he is the kind of man who will want to be first before everyone else—with me at least. It is an awful affair to make up one’s mind on such a question, but I will. Dick is the only creature I ever met who seems really stronger than myself; and as to his being a mere middle-class man, what matter? He could hold

his own with the first in the land, and he loves me, and—well, I do love him. I never cared to see any other man a second time, except my brothers; but I can trust Dick—at any rate I will. Oh! there is the door bell—some horrid visitor! I could not possibly see any stranger. I will run away upstairs, and pray for wisdom and guidance, though I know I shall just guide myself the best way I can.”

CHAPTER XVIII.

KITTY was very thankful to have such an interesting topic to discuss with Uncle Lane as her brother's engagement. Mr. Lane was greatly taken up with the news.

“These handsome Irishmen (I take it your brother is handsome, Kitty?) get the pick of the marriage market. I hope he'll make the young lady a real good husband, for he will owe everything to her.”

“I am sure he will—Fitz is a darling. Then, General Maclean must know him very well, for Fitz has been for more than two years on his Staff, and he has given his consent quite readily.”

“Aye, that speaks well for your brother—an elderly general who knows the world judges rather differently from a young lady—and he is coming home, you say? I daresay he will get a first-rate chance of buying up the Cool-a-vin property. It is deplorable to read of the miserable prices land is fetching in Ireland just now.”

“Indeed, Uncle! If that is the case, what will become of the creditors?” asked Kitty, anxiously.

"They will get all that is to be got, and that will be little enough."

"And the owners—what will be left for them?"

"In some cases nothing at all."

"Nothing at all?" echoed Kitty, blankly. "And my mother's jointure?"

"No doubt your brother and the general will secure something for her. You see, my dear, things have been getting into a terrible muddle for years. The English Government was at its wits' end to clear the ship, and when a total wreck is imminent a good many precious things are pitched overboard."

Kitty was silent. She could understand little of the mysterious transformation going on at the other side of the Channel, but she felt keenly though vaguely that very hard times were coming. When Dick came back she would ask him to explain matters to her. She always understood him. If, after all, she turned out to be a mere "penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree," it would be cruelly mortifying.

Here the name of Uncle Dick caught her ear.

"I could not persuade him to come up with me," Mr. Lane was saying. "Dan has stayed to dine with him. They are going somewhere afterwards. Then Dan comes home to sleep and get his traps, and will go and breakfast early with his uncle to-morrow. I trust the trip will rouse the boy, for his wits have been wool-gathering for the last three weeks or more."

"I have no doubt it will do him a great deal of good," remarked Mrs. Lane. "Dick is a very pleasant companion, and Dan thinks him a sort of hero."

The conversation continued, but Kitty heard very

little of it. Rarely had she been so troubled by the things of everyday life as by Mr. Lane's rueful account of affairs in Ireland. She well knew that ready money was very scarce with them, but at Cool-a-vin they could almost do without it. Since she had become an inmate of her uncle's house, however, she had become alive to the importance of prompt payments and careful reckoning. How was her mother to manage if she were limited to a small, even though punctually paid, income and no margin? Did Dick realise that the toils were closing round the pauper possessors of Cool-a-vin? He must be made fully aware of the true state of things, for he certainly was not rich, though perhaps fairly well off, and Englishmen valued money so much.

Here her reflections were interrupted by the announcement of a visitor, and Mr. Gildea appeared. He was the bearer of a book which Mrs. Dixon, he said, had asked him to take to Miss Lane as he would pass the house on his way into town.

As a fellow-countryman and a congenial spirit, Kitty was always glad to see and talk to him, though she considered him too much disposed to Puseyism. But tonight she could not enjoy talking to him; she could not enjoy anything. So, as Mr. Lane seemed much interested in his guest's account of plans and estimates for the repair and renovation of the fine old church of St. Olave's, she whispered to her aunt that she was dreadfully tired after the ball, and would steal away to bed.

A week of unusual stillness went by. The absence of Dan and Uncle Dick made a great difference in the house, for though the former was no longer the gay,

talkative boy he used to be, he did occasionally brighten up, especially when with his uncle.

Another letter from Mrs. Costello helped to cheer Kitty, for she wrote in good spirits, full of expecting a visit from General Maclean, as he might arrive about the first, the journey from Bombay to England by the new "Overland Route" having been so wonderfully shortened.

"Of course General Maclean's first act will be to call on me and explain his views and intentions. He will find me quite ready to meet him in the most friendly spirit, and I am sure a gallant soldier, as I am told he is, will be careful to see that the jointure of a sorrowing widow shall be thoroughly secured. I will try, my darling, to ascertain when he is likely to arrive, as I think you ought to be here to assist me in receiving him, but I will let you know. I find that Geraldine's long engagement is at last to be fulfilled. Captain Knox has been appointed to something or other at Woolwich, and our cousin St. George is very anxious the wedding should take place soon—in fact, they are all rather *bouleversé* about it. Under these circumstances, don't you think I had better take rooms in the Carlow Hotel? It is a quiet, family sort of establishment at the other side of Stephen's Green from this, and, they tell me, not expensive. You could then join me, and it would be a great comfort to have dear Madame Dubois with me. It is such a comfort in trying times like these to have a true friend at hand. Let me hear from you, dear, if possible by return, for I want to be very prudent, and I know you have a wise little head on your shoulders..."

"Of course I will go to her, the dear!" thought Kitty. "What a state of nervous excitement she will be in till

that important general arrives. I do hope she will not be disappointed; but I cannot run away till Uncle Dick comes back. I want to see him again so much, yet I dread it too. What will mother think of him?"

A great part of this letter Kitty read to her aunt, who was aghast at the notion of taking rooms at an hotel.

"It is a thing, my dear, that Mr. Lane and I have not done more than once or twice in all our married life. You never know where you are in an hotel! It would be better to try a respectable boarding-house. I do wish my dear sister would come to us. She might see any amount of generals in my drawing-room, and she would be all the better of Mr. Lane's advice. I am sure there is not a better business man in all Westpool."

"I am sure of that too, auntie," returned Kitty, heartily, and forthwith proceeded to write a *resumé* of her aunt's advice to her dear correspondent.

During this time Mrs. Lane had had but a few lines from her brother-in-law, mentioning that their excursion had been on the whole successful. "Weather fine. Scenery delightful. Dan a bit brighter; tired out every evening and sleeping well. We have turned our faces homeward and hope to be at Bangor on Saturday. Will take a look round, and have a peep at the famous Penrhyn slate quarries, so you may count on seeing us on Tuesday or Wednesday. Let me have a line—'*Poste restante, Bangor.*'"

"I'm sure such a treat ought to do Dan good," said Mrs. Lane. "It's more than his father ever got in all his boyhood."

"On Tuesday! Only four days off," thought Kitty, "and she would see him again, and meet those search-

ing eyes of his, of which the dowager Mrs. Cox had said, 'What eyes he 'ave; 'ow he do use 'em!'" She laughed and blushed, all alone as she was, at the memory of that evening. How long ago it seemed. Was it possible that Dick Lane had grown to be such a power to her? "He knows me a good deal better than I know myself, and, as to hiding anything from him—well—yes, I never told him anything about that bracelet."

Tuesday came, but no travellers, nor any letter; so everyone agreed they would most certainly arrive on the morrow. To-morrow, however, was as yesterday, and Mr. Lane began to fidget lest Dan might not arrive in time to set to work on Monday.

On Thursday afternoon the country post brought a letter from Dick which caused Mrs. Lane no small disturbance.

Janet and Kitty had taken a long walk to a farm on the outskirts of the quarter where they lived, and had returned with flowers, honey and new-laid eggs, and found her reading her brother-in-law's epistle with every appearance of emotion.

"I am so glad you have come in, my dears!" she exclaimed. "I have just had a letter from Dick, and it seems my poor dear boy has had a bad accident—evidently a narrow escape of his life! I really think I ought to go over to Bangor to help nurse him. There, read it to me, Janet; I am too startled to take it in."

"I do hope it is not as bad as you think!" exclaimed Janet, and she proceeded to read. "After doing a good bit of climbing well and safely, Dan managed to get a somewhat nasty fall, but he will soon be all right again. On Monday we went to see the

slate quarries—rather a remarkable place. They are a sort of amphitheatre cut out of a biggish mountain, and, after ascending nearly to the top, one of the men employed in the blasting told us there was to be a big blast presently below where we were standing, and nearer the entrance to the quarries. Dan was more eager to see it than anything we had yet inspected. He climbed up on a ridge of shale and rubbish which had been piled along one of the tram lines on which the slates are taken down to the port. I followed him, and just as they were about to fire the train the loose stuff on which Dan was standing shifted suddenly; he lost his balance and fell forward down a steep incline which ended in a tolerably deep precipice. It was the worst moment I ever had in my life. Thank God! an upright shaft of stone which had been left standing, not being real slate, arrested the *débris* which was hurrying down, and with it poor Dan, and from this position he was soon extricated, as he had not gone far, but he was bruised and had a severe blow on the head, to say nothing of a nervous shock—at which we cannot be surprised.

“Fortunately they have a doctor on the premises, for accidents are not unfrequent, so he was soon attended to, and I got a conveyance to the hotel, where I write this. He was feverish and wandering for some hours, but there are no bones broken, and he is going on all right. He twisted his ankle rather badly, however, and I think it would be well not to move till tomorrow, when I propose to go as far as St. Asaph, and on Saturday to Lynchester; then the train will take us home in good time on Sunday morning. In spite of this

accident I think you will find your son looking much better, and if he keeps quiet he will not be a penny the worse.' ”

“My poor dear boy, what an escape he has had!” cried Mrs. Lane. “To think of his going off to enjoy himself and I might never have seen him again!” and she pressed her handkerchief to her eyes. “What a terrible misfortune it might have been!”

They exclaimed a good deal about it—at least Mrs. Lane and Janet. Kitty said very little, but she did not think the less.

By the time Mr. Lane returned the excitement had subsided. They had realised that the injury had not been very serious and that the patient was in a fair way to recover.

As his son was safe Mr. Lane could indulge himself in a short grumble respecting Dan's probable unfitness for work during the best part of next week, for which his wife rebuked him very gravely.

The days which intervened before Dan's return were about the longest Kitty had ever spent. She longed, yet dreaded, to see Dick Lane again. How should they meet? She was half afraid to accept him absolutely and irretrievably when he was still a stranger to the dear mother who, after all, might not like him, might not find the unaccountable attraction in him which her daughter did. “I think I should always feel safe and at rest with Dick, and he amuses me too, but he can be awfully in earnest. I wonder if he found out all about the bracelet. I hope so. It will be such a relief to Dan; he never will be really right until that wretched affair is off his mind.”

Mrs. Lane, Janet and Kitty were delightfully busy all Saturday arranging Dan's room and beautifying it for him, devising dainty and delicate dishes suited to an invalid, and gathering flowers. Dolly made haste to finish a pin-cushion for his dressing-table, and, in short, they all metaphorically killed the fatted calf.

It was rather a raw, wet morning, so no one went to church, and shortly before dinner-time a fly with a portmanteau outside stopped at the door, which everyone rushed to open, while Jack, the handy man from the office, who was in waiting, was summoned to assist the maimed member of the household.

Kitty mysteriously disappeared. She could not command herself sufficiently to wait quietly there for her turn to shake hands with Dick.

Away in the privacy of her own chamber she heard the general giving of orders and directions, the running up and downstairs, the laughing and talking, the carrying of the invalid up to his room, and perceived that there was a general tone of hilarity throughout the assembled family.

At last there was a knock at her door. "Who's there?" asked Kitty.

"It's me," said Dolly's voice.

"Come in, then."

"Oh, Kitty, Dan wants you to go and see him, and Uncle Dick wants to know if you have run back to Ireland, or what's become of you?"

"Is Dan by himself now?"

"Oh! yes. Papa has taken Uncle Dick downstairs to show him some letters. Mamma has gone away with Dan's broth basin, so you had better go now, for Dan

says he does not want anyone but you. The dinner-bell will ring in a few minutes."

Kitty took a hasty glance at the glass. How ill she was looking—white, with a dark shade under her eyes, and her hair so badly done. But it could not be helped; she could not help anything.

All was still outside her door. She ran swiftly, noiselessly downstairs—Dan had been promoted to the undermost floor—and entered the room, followed by Dolly.

"Oh, Kitty, darling, I am glad to see you!" cried the young fellow, who looked to her dreadfully thin, and all eyes. "You must give me a kiss after my escape."

"To be sure!" she cried, stooping over him with moist eyes.

"Go away, Dolly," said her brother peremptorily, "I want to speak to Kitty on business."

"You are very disagreeable," returned Dolly. But she went, leaving the door open.

"I am afraid you are not much the better for your trip, Dan," sitting down by him and taking one of his hands in both hers.

"Oh, yes, I am. I'm a new creature. No one knows what a miserable, thin scarecrow I was before I went away, and I was going off my head, I think. I have been a fool and a poltroon. I have behaved like a blackguard! But that blessed Uncle Dick is such a trump! He did his best to pump me about that bracelet and I told a whole forest of lies to him; but the night after my fall I was in a fever and wandering and I gave myself away, and oh! there's no time to tell you the whole, but Dick is going to put me all square, and father—dear old dad!—will never know a word; and Dick

will give me time to pay and help me to do it. Won't I work hard! Oh, Kitty, I feel a man once more! I can look father and mother in the face. What a trump you have been, Kitty! There's that confounded bell! You'll come up again, won't you, as soon as dinner is over? I've been dying to tell you."

"Yes, dear, certainly. Oh, Dan, I am so glad! What a good fellow Uncle Dick is. You must pluck up heart; we'll all be proud of you yet. I am so glad I— I'd like to cry."

"Give me your hand. Why, Kitty, it's as cold as ice; go away and have a glass of wine. Don't let them make a fuss about me. If they knew how little I deserve it!"

A tap on the door and the voice of Keziah.

"If you please, Miss Costello, missus says will you come down to dinner."

"Oh, yes; thank you, Keziah."

By the time Kitty reached the dining-room her hands were even colder and her face more colourless. Mr. Lane was in his usual Sunday dinner attitude, upstanding in desperate conflict with a huge sirloin of beef. Dick was also standing, his hand on the back of his chair. Kitty's vacant seat was as usual next her uncle's, and just opposite him.

"Come along, Kitty," cried Mrs. Lane, who, from the head of the table, saw her as she came downstairs.

Dick immediately went forward to meet her, interposing himself between her and the rest.

"I thought you had run away to your native wilds!" he exclaimed, looking down into her face in a vain effort to make her raise her eyes to his. "Why, you look any-

thing but well, and you are quite cold. Are you unnerved by Dan's account of his sufferings?"

"Yes, he made me feel so—so very thankful," returned Kitty, tremulously.

Dick Lane pressed her hand, and she knew that he understood to what tale she had listened.

"Sit down and eat your dinner, that will put you right," said Mr. Lane.

"Some restorative you certainly need," remarked Dick.

"I shall be quite well when I have eaten," returned Kitty, slipping into her place beside her uncle.

All through dinner Kitty was very silent and her opposite neighbour unusually loquacious, as if he tried to cover her evident inclination to escape notice. Then when they reached the period of dessert everyone broke in with questions respecting Dan's accident and wonderful escape, which Dick was quite ready to answer.

"I must say, though he looks thin and pale, Dan seems a new creature," exclaimed Mrs. Lane. "His eyes are so much more like what they used to be. They had grown so distressed looking. I'm sure, my dear Dick, you did the best you could for him in every way. Indeed, you have always been lucky to us."

"There spoke the superstitious Irishwoman," said papa, good-humouredly. "You have a curious notion of luck, my dear."

"A very good one, I think, if it embodies Dick. Where are you going, Kitty, my dear?" as that young lady moved her chair back.

"I promised to go and talk to Dan when dinner was over."

"That's just what I am going to do," put in Mr.

Lane. "I have hardly seen him yet. It is clearing up. I think of walking over to see Lizzie. And as we did not go to church this morning, we might attend the evening service at St. Olave's. Gildea preaches a capital sermon. Will you come, Dick?"

"No, thank you," shortly and decidedly.

"Dolly and I will go with you, papa," said Janet, "if you like."

"Yes, of course I like. Well, we will start in an hour, for I do not walk as briskly as I used."

Mr. Lane proceeded in a leisurely fashion upstairs, and Aunt Lane asked Kitty to play them some hymns; so the ladies retired to the drawing-room, where the lady of the house loved to be wafted by soft music into the land of dreams.

Kitty rather dreaded the hour that was before her, yet when it was over what an alarming interview awaited; she would be obliged to say yes or no, to renounce her liberty or give up Dick, for he was not the sort of man to let anyone trifle with him. Still it was better to play hymns than to talk, or rather make conversation.

Suddenly, and long before Kitty thought the hour had elapsed, Mr. Lane put his head into the room and said, "You had better put on your bonnets, young ladies. We'll have a nice walk; the sun is coming out and the dust is laid."

Janet and her sister rose and went to dress readily enough.

"Dan says he would like to see you next, mamma," continued Mr. Lane. "He is more like himself than I have seen him for some time."

Kitty played on. Mrs. Lane roused herself and left

the room. Then came the sound of the front door being shut, and quiet had hardly settled down on the house when Dick Lane strolled into the room. He looked grave, but there was light in his eyes, an expectancy in his expression.

"The people in this house are wonderfully slow in starting on any expedition they plan," he said, coming across the room to lean on the end of the piano, and there was a pause. "I thought they would never clear out. What ages it is since I went away with Dan. I see he has told you that I know the whole story of the bracelet. I might have pieced the puzzle together if I had not been so absorbed in you. But we are all naturally steady, and Dan has been well and carefully brought up. It never entered my head that a son of my brother could behave in such a rascally fashion. Why did you not come to me, Kitty? You know I would have done anything for you, or for Dan either. Then things would not have run on so long."

"You see, Dick," began Kitty, quite relieved because he had started about Dan, "I was afraid of you."

"You afraid of me! Such an idea is preposterous. You don't mean to say—"

"Oh, not on account of myself—I never was afraid of anyone—but for poor Dan. I was so sorry for him. I don't understand how he lived through the last two weeks, and I thought his conduct would seem so dreadful to you, that you would be cruelly severe and insist on telling my uncle."

"I suppose I ought to have done so. But I thought it would break John's heart, and I believe the wretched boy will come right. He has promised to pay me the

money I'm advancing, and I'll keep him up to his word. The effort and the self-denial it will cost may be his salvation. But, Kitty, I want to know what you really mean about being afraid of me?"

"You look very wicked sometimes; and you know what Mrs. Cox said about you—"What eyes he 'ave, and how he do use 'em!" said Kitty, with a distracting smile.

"I have no right to be vexed or to presume on my very slender family connection with you, but you are altogether maddening. What are you going to do with me? Is it to be yes or no? Can you and will you give me your heart? Are you sure you can? Remember, I could never think that half a loaf is better than no bread."

Kitty stood up and leant her hand on the piano.

"I think I am fond of you. I don't want you to go away. I—I—"

"There is something troubling you, my darling. Your dear hands are icy cold!" he exclaimed, gathering them into his own, and drawing her to him. "And you are trembling all over. Let me warm you against my heart; tell me what grieves you. Let me be friend as well as lover. There is nothing wrong with Mrs. Costello or any of your people?"

"No," she returned, nestling against him, with unmistakable trust and contentment.

"How shall I ever let you go?" he murmured, straining her to his heart.

"No, there is nothing the matter. Only I am weak and foolish; but I will not allow myself to be so any more." And she tried to draw away from him, and to hold herself straight and independently. But this was beyond her powers. Dick held her close.

“Then I have your promise, your willing promise to trust me, to give yourself to me, to be mine, my precious wife?”

A loud peal of the front-door bell startled them.

“Whoever it is will come up here!” exclaimed Kitty. “Let me go, Dick, dear Dick, and—and—we’ll have another talk soon again. I am so—so glad you helped Dan, and I think you are a dear.”

He let her go, and she flew away to her own room, just in time to avoid the deliberate entrance of Mr. Samuel Dixon.

CHAPTER XIX.

"Oh! so you've got back, have you?" said Mr. Dixon. Dick nodded, and suppressed a strong desire to kick him downstairs.

"And how is Dan? I heard he nearly broke his neck. That was one way of curing him of consumption, or whatever was the matter with him." And he laughed with his usual contempt for other men's doings and sayings.

"In spite of his accident, he is considerably better, and will, I fancy, be a new man. How are Lizzie and the youngsters?"

"All right. What's become of everyone? They are not all nursing Dan, are they?"

"John and the girls have walked out to your place, and the mother is cosseting the blessed boy."

"And, Miss Costello—what's become of her? One misses the sight of her, when you've been accustomed to find her here. She's a regular stunner."

"I don't know," shortly.

"Hum! I suppose she would not stay and keep you company. That's why you are in such a beastly bad temper. What a flirt she is, and how beautifully she manages it! She doesn't mind keeping her hand in with me, for all she's so high and mighty."

"She must be hard up, by Jove!" exclaimed Dick,

laughing, and restored to good humour by the man's ineffable conceit.

"Is she in the house?"

"Cannot tell you," returned Dick.

"Have a weed," said the other, pulling out his cigarette.

"I don't think my sister likes this apartment converted into a smoking-room. But I am longing for a cigar myself; come down to the morning-room, and we'll console ourselves with some baccy."

"As I am here, I might as well go a few steps higher up and have a look at Dan. Lizzie wanted to come off here this morning and leave the children, though there is only one servant at home on the Sabbath; but I wouldn't hear of it, said I'd come myself and see him. Family affection is all very fine; but once a woman has a husband and children to think of, her own family ought to sing small beside them."

"I wonder if I shall be as selfish a beggar as you are, Dixon, when I marry?" said Dick, reflectively.

"Oh! I'll have my rights, you bet. But have you made up your mind to matrimony at last, Dick? I fancy the Spanish girl up in London that you go to see so often is the happy woman, hey? Lot of dollars or dubloons; I don't know what their coinage is."

"No such luck," said Dick, smiling and shaking his head.

"My wife fancied you were 'gone' on Miss Costello; but I know you better. You are not the man to risk getting the sack; and she'd never deign to look at a middle-class man like you or me. I believe she thinks herself a match for the Prince of Wales. Shouldn't be

surprised if she lost all her chances through conceit, and died an old maid without a penny to bless herself with."

"Great powers!" murmured Dick. "Come along, Dixon, if you want to see Dan; go upstairs and knock at the first door to the right. You'll find his mother with him, or perhaps Miss Costello."

"Can't stand any more of that fellow," thought Dick, "and I must have a little more talk with Kitty before I sleep to-night. I wish I could get hold of my good sister. Patience! She'll have Dixon to do the talking in a few minutes." He walked slowly and softly to and fro, listening for Mrs. Lane's steps descending.

What an infernal bore Dixon was to turn up just at that moment when Kitty was in such a kindly, tender mood, and in another instant he would have had a long, sweet kiss, such as his soul thirsted for.

His somewhat glowing reflections on this last opportunity need not be further inflicted on the reader.

Patience had its reward.

Mrs. Lane's downward progress was arrested, and she promised to convey a message requesting Kitty to come out for a stroll when Dixon had departed. Dick himself was going to call on an acquaintance on some business, and would return in a couple of hours.

Finding himself *tête-à-tête* with his mother-in-law, though he deigned to consider her rather a sensible woman because she never contradicted him, Dixon cut short his visit. Leaving a few polite words for Dick to the effect that he was as sulky as a bear with a sore head, and confiding his conviction "that Uncle Dick was going in for a Spanish girl with a pile of money" to

Mrs. Lane, who shook her head dubiously, he departed, and Dick secured the interview he had schemed for.

How sweet it was, that evening ramble, in the full assurance of acceptance, the fresh delight of mutual revelation! Kitty was softly grave and silent, though even under such trying circumstances she occasionally flashed out a sparkle of sauciness.

"I wonder if what I am going to say will offend you, Kitty?" said Dick, after a pause in their discursive talk. "You say you are afraid of me? You can't imagine how afraid I am of offending you?"

"Oh, yes I can. I feel I am very terrible! So make haste and get our impending quarrel over. What have I done or left undone?"

"I am going to say that you have a good deal that is English about you. You are orderly and thoughtful, and you say 'no' pretty steadily, and you don't seem to think an incapacity for work the mark of nobility and high birth. You are rather an original Irishwoman, Kitty darling."

"Ah, you think you are paying me a compliment; perhaps so, but I am very, very Irish, and I love the old country. You would never be happy there, however, never! I feel, rather than know that," and she sighed.

"Do you dislike the idea of living in England? I ought to say London. I hope not, for that must be our destination."

"I have a great wish to see London. I may like it. I have many contradictory likings. I love the sweet, sad loneliness of Cool-a-vin. I rejoice in the life and movement of this place, yet there is something about it that displeases me too,"

"I know. Vulgarly and money worship."

"Do you feel that too?"

"Yes, Kitty. I think," laughing, "I have some of the instincts of a gentleman."

"My dear Dick! Yes, of course."

"I wonder how I shall get on with your mother, Kitty? I suppose at best she may think me a diamond in the rough."

"She will like you very much," said Kitty, decidedly.

"How do you know?"

"Because she is so like me in every way, way of thinking included. And oh, I wish she knew, that I could go and tell her everything; and above all, that I will love her always just as well as ever. Dick, why is my heart like our Father's home in heaven?"

"I give it up, Kitty."

"Because it has so many mansions. I have room for my dear mother and Madame Dubois, Fitz and Hyacinth, Aunt and Uncle Lane, and another very wicked uncle called Dick."

"Who is selfish enough to want the whole space to himself."

"That he cannot have," she said gravely.

"Look here, Kitty," resumed Dick, "if you do not mind, I should like to tell my brother John to-night that my fate is fixed, that I am the luckiest fellow in the world. He has been father and brother both to me!"

"Yes," said Kitty, "you ought. I should wish you to tell him."

A brief pause. Then Kitty remarked in a low tone,—

"I am afraid he will not like it."

"Like what?" in great surprise,

"He will not like you to marry me."

"Why, Kitty! I never thought you capable of so much humility!"

"I have not an atom of humility in my composition, but perhaps a little sense; and he'll fancy I shall be idle and extravagant because I am Irish, and will not remember the right days for cleaning the rooms. Don't have a big house, Dick, or it will be endless."

Dick laughed heartily. "John ought to remember what a first-rate, delightful wife he has found in an Irish-woman."

"Well, do not tell him before me."

"Why?"

"Oh, because I'll see too plainly if he is not pleased."

"You will see clearly enough that he is highly pleased. Why, here we are at home!"

They only found Mrs. Lane, who was waiting for someone to join her at supper.

That meal was over and cleared away before papa and his daughters returned. They seemed to have enjoyed their evening, and especially Mr. Gildea's sermon.

"He has a lot of commonsense, that man," said Mr. Lane, in a tone of profound approval. "If I were a Cabinet Minister I would make him a bishop."

"Dolly, my child," urged her mother, "you must not sit up. You look weary, and you have to be at school in good time to-morrow. Go to bed, my dear one."

"Oh, no, not just yet, mamma."

"Oh, yes, Dolly. Come up with me and say good night to Dan, then we will both go to bed," said Kitty.

Tempted by this bait, Dolly said good night and departed. Janet and her mother soon followed to pay a

short visit to Dan, and persuade him not to think of leaving his bed next day, so Dick had his brother all to himself.

"I am inclined to follow their example," said John Lane, yawning. "I have not had so long a walk for months, and I am pretty well done. That's the worst side of business, the difficulty of finding time for exercise. You'll feel it, I fancy, when you settle down to work, for you have had an open-air life for a good many years."

"I shall get up betimes, and ride before breakfast."

"An expensive remedy, but about the best thing you can do. So—"

"Don't go, John; not just yet. I have something to say to you."

"Ha! out with it, my boy." Mr. Lane resumed the chair from which he had half risen.

"Well, then, I'm going to marry."

"High time you did!"

"I don't suppose you will guess who I have persuaded to take me for better or worse."

"I think I have a notion," smiling, with a knowing look. "I suspect it is Kitty Costello."

"I protest you have keener eyes than I thought. When did you make this remarkable discovery?"

"Oh, you were pretty hard hit at first, but I did not think Kitty would reciprocate till lately, so I just held my tongue. Now I suppose it is all right, and I congratulate you with all my heart. With all her airs and sauciness, Kitty has both heart and sense, or I am much mistaken, and if she only makes you as happy as her aunt has made me, why, I could wish you nothing better."

The brothers exchanged a hearty hand-grip.

"Yes, I am infinitely lucky," said Dick, half to himself. "I have to thank that delightful, intoxicating witch for some uncommonly disagreeable half-hours, but she has atoned for them, and will make up for them still more amply. I have absolute faith in her. You will think me a deucedly conceited chap, but as soon as I felt quite sure of my own determination to win her I began to hope—there, I must not make you laugh at a lover's whims and fancies. I daresay they are foolish enough, but thank God for such follies."

"Look here, Dick, do you understand that the family are at a very low ebb as to money matters? I have had some inquiries made in Dublin, and I am afraid the property will barely fetch enough to pay the creditors. What is to be done for the widow and younger children I don't know."

"We must devise some way out of the maze. For myself, I have no objection to money with a wife, nor to a wife without money. Perhaps this marriage of the eldest son may enable him to make his mother some allowance. However, I'll let you go to bed, for I don't think I shall be an amusing companion this evening. Good night, John. God bless you and send you luck, dear old chap."

On the whole, Kitty was not very deeply disturbed respecting her doubts as to John's approval or disapproval of herself as a sister-in-law, "and he knows, he must know," she thought, "that nothing he said could turn Dick from doing what he has made up his mind to do. Still it would be very disagreeable if Uncle Lane disapproved, but I will not think any more."

And in pursuance of this excellent resolution Kitty went to sleep.

Early the following morning her doubts were solved. After Uncle Lane had saluted the rest of the family he took Kitty into his arms and kissed her brow. "My dear child," he said, "I am very pleased to think you are to be my sister as well as my niece. Do your best to be a good wife, for I am pretty certain that Dick will make you a first-rate husband."

"I am so glad, Kitty dear!" said Mrs. Lane, embracing her tearfully.

"Goodness gracious! is Cousin Kitty going to marry Uncle Dick? That is extraordinary," cried Dolly.

"It does not astonish me," observed Janet. "I was sure Uncle Dick would manage it somehow."

"Yes, it's all very pleasant, but I should like a cup of tea," said the much-enduring master of the house. Kitty was very serious and silent. She slipped her hand surreptitiously into Uncle Lane's under the tablecloth and looked at him with moist eyes.

"Come, come," he exclaimed, "no tears, my dear. You are going to be a very happy woman and a great pet with us all. You have nothing to be sorry about."

"Sorry!" echoed Kitty in a high key. "I am not sorry. Don't you know there are two kinds of tears? But I shall not feel quite right till mother knows all about everything. I will write a long, long letter to her immediately after breakfast."

"Aye, do, and I'll tell Dick to come up and console you a bit."

"It is rather odd that mother has not written to me for quite ten days. It makes me a little anxious. I seem

rather afraid of everything now," observed Kitty, when Mr. Lane was gone and Aunt Lane had drawn her into the morning-room for a little quiet private conversation.

"That is only natural, my dear child, at this crisis of your fate. I am sure it's enough to make any girl nervous. I confess I long to hear what my sister will say about it. I do hope she will make no objection. It will hurt John so very much if she does. He thinks there is no one like his brother."

"If she knew Dick she would not. I wish she had known him before he asked me. I shall just tell her that I never will marry anyone else."

"I am so glad to hear you say that, Kitty dear. I don't know what would become of Dick if you changed towards him."

"He would despise me and get over it," said Kitty, gravely.

Here Janet came into the room with a message from Dan. He was going to get up, and, when he was dressed and smart, would Kitty come and speak to him?

"Yes, of course; but I must finish my letter to the dear mother first."

"And it will be rather a difficult letter to write, won't it, Kitty?" said Mrs. Lane, who was overflowing with sympathy.

"No, auntie, I don't think it will. Once I begin, I shall pour out everything, as I always have done, to the sweetest of mothers. Oh, she must, she will like Dick. Now I'll go to my room and write. Don't let anyone come near me until I have finished."

And Kitty departed to the privacy of her own chamber, and was seen no more for a couple of hours.

Dick Lane spent some time (longer than he liked) that glorious morning in delivering Kitty's bracelet from "durance vile" and giving it to one of the best jewellers in Westpool to be repaired and cleaned before he restored it to its owner, reflecting with pride and heavenly anticipation that he might now kiss the soft, white arm without asking leave or apologising for the liberty. "Though I daresay she'll snub me for my pains" was his ultimate conclusion.

When he did reach Eversley Street, Kitty had not finished her letter, and sent word that she could not come down till she had. So Dick sat patiently with his sister-in-law, and talked of his luck, his plans and intentions, and the absolute necessity of his marriage taking place at once, till his sovereign lady descended. She was in a very serious mood. Her eyes had a suspicious look of tears about them, and she held her letter, sealed and stamped, in her hand.

Dick took and kissed her hand; he would ask for no more in presence of a third person.

"Will you post this for me, Dick, now at once? Don't laugh, but I have a fancy that it will bring luck if it is only in my hands and yours."

"All right, Kitty; but how about all the various post-office people?"

"Once it is in the post it is on the way, and its fate begins to work. I cannot help being superstitious, though I grant it is foolish."

"She looks as if she had been weeping over her

hard fate—eh?” said Dick to his sister-in-law. “Suppose, Kitty, we go across the ferry and take a drive through the woods on the other side of the river? The air will do you good. We will start immediately after dinner, and come back by supper-time.”

This was agreed to, and Dick went off with the fateful letter.

While Dick was with her, Kitty felt no fears. Her mother could not fail to like him, and all would go well; but when alone, all the doubts and difficulties which her imagination could invent, piled themselves up into a cairn of formidable dimensions, and she wondered how she could live through the time which must elapse before her mother’s reply could reach her.

When as a matter of course Dick arrived next morning, Mrs. Lane met him with a long face.

“My dear, poor Kitty has had such a distressing letter from my sister—”

“Why? How? She could not have had the news yet! What does she say?”

“I am afraid the general is going to behave very badly. I wish we had her over here; but Kitty will show you the letter, she is waiting for you in the drawing-room.”

Dick was half-way upstairs before she had ceased to speak.

“So glad you have come!” Kitty spoke with more composure than he expected. “Things are in a tangle, and my poor mother is in a sad state.”

“Let us put them to rights as soon as possible.” He drew her down on the sofa beside him, and held one side of the letter, which they read over together.

As Mrs. Costello was one of those eloquent persons who meander widely through a prairie of parentheses, it may please the reader more if we offer an abstract of the epistle rather than the full text.

She began by describing the pleasure she felt, when, without any notice or preparation, "General Maclean was announced. Of course she thought he had only just landed, as it was before twelve o'clock on Saturday. She therefore received him with great cordiality, and assured him she would love and cherish his daughter as if she were her own—a piece of condescension which the general did not seem to appreciate as he ought. Then, in quite a rude, brutal manner, he plunged into business matters, and she found he had been two whole days in Dublin, had interviewed and fully instructed a lawyer to whom he had been recommended by his own legal adviser in London, and that he hoped to buy up Cool-a-vin—the whole of Cool-a-vin—for £20,000. Why, the last time Mrs. Costello had gone into matters with dear Fitz it would have taken over £30,000 to clear the heavy mortgages, so that not a sou would be left for her darling Kitty or poor, dear Hyacinth. Then that remorseless general pointed out that the less he gave for the old place and rack-rented property the more he could afford the young people to start with, and," added Mrs. Costello, "he was so rude as to add, 'If you imagine I am going to beggar myself in my lifetime for my own daughter and your son you are considerably mistaken, madam.'

"The man has 'plebeian' stamped all over him," the poor lady continued, "though he does hold the Queen's commission. And I am almost inclined to wish that Fitz

would break off his engagement. The worst of it is that I cannot get at Fitz, and he will not be in London before the end of July. Then Mr. Dillon, the agent—our agent—is out of town. I really do not know what to do. And though Mrs. St. George is most kind, she evidently would be glad to have my room for some one of her guests during the wedding festivities. I cannot go back to Cool-a-vin, it would break my heart, and it is no longer mine. Ask your aunt to write to me. Perhaps Mr. Lane might suggest something. He is, I believe, very clever about money matters. I should like to leave Dublin, and never see any of my acquaintances again. Write to me at once.—Your loving but distracted mother,

A. COSTELLO.

“*P.S.*—I omitted to mention that it is very difficult to get any ready money.

“*P.S. 2.*—I forgot to tell Coghlan this letter was of importance. So she forgot to post it, and you will not get it till Tuesday. Everything seems so unfortunate!”

“Things do seem to be rather in a deadlock,” said Dick, thoughtfully. “But, Kitty, my sweet, we’ll get them straight; don’t look miserable. Thank God, you have given me the right to stand by you, and put in my oar. First of all, we must take Mrs. Costello away from her unpleasant position. By this time she’ll know that I am her son-in-law elect. I’ll cross to-night, have a confidential talk with her to-morrow, then see and reason with the general, and gather some distinct idea of the real state of affairs from your lawyer. That will

give your mother time to pack up, and the day after tomorrow you will be able to kiss and comfort her to your heart's content."

"Dick, you are the best and nicest person in the whole world. How can I thank you enough? Let me call Aunt Lane and tell her how good, how kind you are."

"I am kind to myself. If you give me your whole heart, every atom of it, what a glorious reward for a very ordinary service!"

"Here is Aunt Lane. You must let me go, Dick. Come here, auntie." And Kitty poured forth her account of her *fiance's* plans and suggestions.

It need not be said that Aunt Lane highly approved, and added her thanks to Kitty's.

"I must go and see to a few things, and have a little talk with John. And when I have settled these matters I will return here. You'll give me some dinner, Lizzie, and I'll take the mail boat at seven."

"Very good; and now I shall go and see that my dear sister's room is made ready and nice. Imagine, it is rather more than twenty years since I saw her! How foolish it seems to have been strangers for so long!"

When Dick returned that evening he seized the first moment that they were alone to put a solid circlet of gold, thickly set with diamonds, on Kitty's finger.

"Just to remind you, my own, my sweet one, that you are no longer a free woman. I fear I am a jealous, exacting kind of lover, but you will bear with me. Tell me, do you think Mrs. Costello will take to me? I feel a little nervous as to the impression I shall make."

"I am sure she will. I will give you a little letter for her to tell her she must. And, Uncle Dick, re-

member she has been a beauty, and greatly petted; and you might say a few nice little things. It would make her happy, and she is such a dear."

"Well, Kitty, I wish you would give me your wit, for I don't know how to turn a compliment. I can only be desperately in earnest; but I'll do my best to make love to my mother-in-law."

"You have a good idea of the game, Dick, considering all things. I hope it will be fine and smooth."

"Yes, for Mrs. Costello; I am quite an old salt."

"My mother is not a bad sailor. She used often to come out with me in my small boat. You will send me a line to-morrow? What time may we look for you—the day after to-morrow?"

"Come, Dick, your dinner is quite ready, and Dan has managed to get downstairs to have a little talk with you."

CHAPTER XX.

THE succeeding days were by far the most trying Kitty had ever known.

She did not understand her own uneasiness, but she did understand her mother's mode of looking at things, which differed from her own in so much as she was years younger than her parent. Would Mrs. Costello find Dick a plebeian? which was that lady's term for "middle-class." If so, Kitty's prospective marriage, instead of introducing an element of strength and comfort into the family, would reduce her mother to the lowest depths of despair. That her Kitty, who would honour the noblest noble in England by accepting him, should wed a man who stood behind a counter or sat behind a desk (they were equivalent positions in Mrs. Costello's estimation), would be too cruel a destiny to be borne. Or she might take a fancy to him and cease to associate him with his brother, of whom she used to think most disparagingly.

"Poor dear Uncle Lane," mused Kitty, "I do wish I had never mentioned those tiger-head slippers of his. Mother will never see him without looking for them, and he almost always wears them in the house. I wonder if Dick ever does. I shall put a stop to it at once if he does."

"If mother only knew the extraordinary influence he has over me. I will tell her. I could tell *her*."

And all alone though she was Kitty blushed and covered her face with her hands, as she thought how she longed to nestle against him, into the bend of his arm, and hold his hand in both her own—only if he were there she dared not do it. She could not bear to be away from Aunt Lane, with whom she talked by the hour of her mother and her early days, of Dick's chance of finding favour in her eyes, of Uncle Lane and his readiness to receive Mrs. Costello, who had not treated him well in bygone days.

And how often aunt and niece rearranged and dusted every article of furniture in the "best bedroom"!—assigned, of course, to the eagerly-expected guest.

Thursday morning brought a brief, hurried letter from Dick, of which Kitty read passages to Mrs. Lane.

"They had a fine crossing, and reached Kingstown well up to time. He says he sent a note directly he reached his hotel to ask Mrs. Costello when she would receive him. 'I never was in such a fright in my life as when I went to keep the appointment she made. She is like you—extremely like, and quite charming—a beautiful, graceful woman still, with a hallowing touch of sorrow about her that makes one ready to do almost anything to cheer and strengthen her heart. I did my very best to be amiable, and recalled all the airs and graces of my Spanish friends as well as I could, till she grew nervous and her eyes filled with tears. Then I let myself go and be myself, and even ventured to kiss her hand, and told her how you had entered into my soul

and dwelt there.' Isn't he a dear?" said Kitty, with a sob, interrupting herself. "I would give it to you to read for yourself, only—only it is quite out of the question. 'I must not write much more for post-time is at hand,'" resumed Kitty. "'Finally your mother agreed to return with me, but I will not ask her to start till Friday morning. I think night-time would depress her, and if we have fine weather it will divert her thoughts to sit on deck and look about her—as you say she is a good sailor—and I shall have a little more time for my interview with the general and your solicitor.'

"'Your relatives here are very agreeable and hospitable.' That's about all," said Kitty, breaking off and folding up the letter carefully.

"I am quite sure Dick has written to your uncle, but he will address to the office. Dear me! I feel that impatient to meet my dear sister, I can hardly sit still. Go and take a walk, Kitty, dear. Take Janet with you. You are so white, and seem all eyes. I want you to look well when your mother comes."

"Time and the hour run through the darkest day," and eight o'clock, the hour at which the Eversley Street household were to expect their guest drew near at last. Kitty found support in the surreptitious reading and re-reading of Dick's letter, the choice passages of which had not been given to Aunt Lane.

A first love letter is indeed an event, and Dick's effusion, though written in hot haste, was tender and passionate enough to satisfy the most exacting lady paramount. "Mother must like him and have been nice to him or he would not write as he does," was the conviction it left on Kitty's mind.

At last the evening began to close in though it wanted but a couple of weeks till the longest day, and Mrs. Lane had begun to think and say that the travellers were behind time, when the sound of wheels approaching made all silent in expectancy. The sounds came nearer and stopped, and Kitty saw dimly, through tears of pleasure, that Dick was assisting Mrs. Costello to alight from the carriage—then she was in her mother's arms. How sweet it was to see her again, her beautiful, silvery hair, her soft, sad eyes, her gentle, dignified bearing. What ages they had been apart!

Then Mrs. Lane embraced her long-lost sister, and Mr. Lane came forward to welcome his guest in his own hearty, unaffected manner.

"Never thought I should have had the pleasure of welcoming you to my house, Mrs. Costello. You are very welcome—a—very welcome indeed."

"And you are most generous and forgiving to say so," said Mrs. Costello, in her low, musical, somewhat singing voice. "Is this my niece, Janet?—I have heard so much of you, my dear, from Kitty—and Dan? Oh, this must be Dan. How like my poor, dear, gifted, young brother. It is so natural to use the name again."

"What sort of a crossing have you had, ma'am?" asked Mr. Lane, anxious to treat this important member of the family with due respect.

"Very good indeed; and your brother made it quite interesting. He explained so much to me. Sailors are very interesting. Why did he not go into the navy? Though I do not think so much of the navy as I do of the army. Kitty, my darling, I think I would rather go

to my room at once. No, I could not eat anything. I have been so utterly crushed."

"Go to your room, my dear, if you like," said Mrs. Lane, "but you shall have your supper there. I will see to that. Go away, Dolly dear, your aunt cannot attend to you now."

"Oh, yes, I can; this is your youngest? Come here, my child. Dear Elizabeth, do you know, this sweet little creature strikes me as resembling our uncle, Sir Roderic O'Brien's second daughter, Honoria, very strongly. It is strange, but they all seem more or less like the O'Donoghues," and she pressed her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Maybe so, but I always think our Dolly is the image of my cousin, Maria Dobbs. She married a very comfortable farmer over there in Cheshire," pointing vaguely in a south-easterly direction. "And often sends us a thundering good cheese," put in John Lane.

"Don't keep Mrs. Costello standing," cried Dick, with *empressement*, "she must be more dead than alive after the journey and the trying time she has had. I would advise a little champagne and something tempting for supper as soon as you get off your bonnet. Mrs. Costello is a first-rate sailor, Kitty. I was quite proud of her."

"Your brother is a *preux chevalier*, Mr. Lane. I cannot say what good care he took of me."

Mrs. Costello was swept away upstairs, followed by her sister and Kitty, to whom Dick whispered as she returned the pressure of his hand, "You'll come back and have a little talk when this scrimmage is over? I've been three whole days without a look from your eyes or a smile from your lips, sweetheart."

"Yes, I will. How good you have been, dear Dick."

Then she, too, ran away, and Dick followed his brother into the dining-room.

"Why, to hear my noble sister-in-law talk, one might think that all my children were born O'Donoghues by the grace of God! For my part, I don't think a little leavening of Lane blood would be any drawback, and a deuced deal better for themselves."

"No doubt of that," said Dick, laughing; "but my mother-in-law that is to be must have been a stunner some years ago."

"She was; no mistake about it! She is changed a good deal—the eyes a bit faded. She has had a bad time of it, poor soul! For my own part, I don't believe in marrying a regular beauty. I like something humbler."

"Beauty is beauty," replied Dick, "and a delicious thing in itself; but if there's a heart to speak from the lovely eyes as well as the sweet mouth—why, it is altogether too heavenly."

"I never thought you were such a fire-and-tow sort of boy," said John Lane. "I never heard these raptures in Angelina Goldie's days!"

"I should think not. Why, she had neither heart nor soul. She was simply a parcel of proprieties reared in a refrigerator. What a huge reserve store of love I must have had lying by in my being to supply enough for her and myself."

Here Dolly came in to say good-night. "Mention to your mother and cousin Kitty," said Dick, "that they are clearing away the supper and your father is going to bed."

"Am I?" asked John Lane in surprise.

"It would be better for—me if you did."

But John Lane did not accept his brother's sugges-

tion all at once; they had a little consultation respecting business plans first, in which Dick set forth his ideas, which were heartily approved by the elder brother, especially the bridegroom's determination to be married within a fortnight.

"You'll never manage it, my dear fellow. The women hang on to those last days of dress-making and irresponsibility like grim death, and Mrs. Costello, of Cool-a-vin, will want to summon all the old ancient nobility of Ireland to grace the ceremony."

"I'll get Kitty to help me," said Dick, stoutly.

"You are a bold man to say so. Kitty is not the sort of girl to be in a hurry about matrimony."

"No, she is not; but she will listen to reason, and my reasons are excellent."

"No doubt they seem so to you. Well, good night; I wish you well through all your troubles."

The master of the house shook hands with his brother and left the room. Outside, Dick heard him speak to someone. Then the door was pushed open a little wider, and Kitty, in a white muslin frock which she had donned to look festive for her mother, (to say nothing of her mother's escort), stood before him for an instant of hesitation, then exclaiming, "How good and kind and thoughtful you are, Dick," she made a little run forward and threw herself into his arms. "I do love you; I will try to—" what she never said, for she was locked in a close embrace, while her lover's eager lips clung to her sweet mouth as if he never could release it. It was a moment of intense exultation to him, as he felt how absolutely this proud, high-spirited, wild Irish girl gave herself to his caresses, and rested

her graceful head against his shoulder as if, indeed, in her true home.

"I am so thankful," she said at last, after some incoherencies. "The dear mother is quite taken with you. You must have made love to her very prettily to win her over so soon."

"I begin to think myself a regular lady-killer," said Dick, slowly releasing her, as she drew away from him and took refuge in Uncle Lane's big armchair, "Do you know, my sweet, my queen, I never felt before that you loved me as I want to be loved, though I daresay I do not deserve it. You are of the generous kind that, when you give, hold back nothing. Life will be too dazzlingly delightful. We have a busy time before us—"

"Tell me," she interrupted, "was General Maclean very rough and unkind?"

"I daresay he seemed so to Mrs. Costello, for he is a very rough diamond, and your mother a very tender plant. But he and I got on fairly well together. He is master of the situation, Kitty, but I think if he is given his head he will join your brother, or help your brother to make some provision for his mother. I gather that the general is fond of your brother, and believes he will make Miss Maclean happy. On this point he is very anxious, for I fear she has not beauty of form at any rate."

"Neville Routlege told me she was slightly deformed. What a pity!"

"Great heavens! yes—"

"You think a great deal too much of beauty, Dick."

"Perhaps so, but I cannot help it."

"And if you had not fancied my kind of looks, I suppose you would never have cared for me?"

"Oh! I am sure I should," Dick was beginning apologetically, when Kitty broke in,—

"That would not have mattered, for I should never have given you a thought if you had not begun it."

"No matter what might have been if I have your thoughts now, my jewel! Your Irish term of endearment exactly suits you, Kitty. You have all the sparkle and glow of a gem; I am thankful the hardness has been omitted."

"You never visited Blarney, did you, Dick?"

"Never. By the way, I am a little surprised to find that your mother seems to like the idea of living in London—in fact, she suggested it. She says it is the only place in the world with which she has no painful associations. It will be nice to have her near you—eh, Kitty?"

"Oh, how nice! But, Dick, you must go; it is getting late, and I must see mother before she sleeps."

"In a few minutes. I have a bit of news for you. When I was going down to the steamer last Tuesday I fell in with Grierson. He has been away at Southampton, where he is about to undertake a big contract. He looked quite radiant, and informed me he was going to be married to the daughter of Sir Pomeroy Clifford, a Devonshire baronet—a regular beauty. I suspect 'a penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree.'"

"Is it possible? I do hope he may be happy."

"So do I. Probably he will. He always has lots to do, which is a large factor in happiness. Yes, I'll go now. There's one alarming suggestion which I want you to take in and reflect upon, and reconcile yourself to. I think we had better fix a very early date for our marriage."

"What do you call early?"

"Oh, well, next Monday fortnight."

"Good Heavens!" cried Kitty, starting up and catching his hand with a nervous pressure. "Do you really mean it, Dick?"

"Yes, very really and earnestly," imprisoning her hand in both his own. "You must hear my reasons, for I don't want you to think me a selfish brute intent only on hastening the full security of my own happiness. You must know that your wishes will always be, not a law to me, that is nonsense, but the object of my most careful consideration. You are sensible enough to see that, for various reasons, I am right."

"What are they, Dick?"

"First, we must think of your mother," and he went on to show that there was much to do in which Kitty's co-operation was indispensable; that Mrs. Costello must be settled in a temporary home at all events; that, in case of any future skirmishes with the general, which were not improbable, it would be well for Mrs. Costello to have a son-in-law duly entitled to stand by her; that, unless Kitty was installed as mistress of the speaker's house, she had no home to go to; finally, that Fitz Costello would probably be in England with his *fiancée* in about six weeks, and then would come the rush of his wedding, which the general decreed should take place in London, "and you couldn't call your soul your own, my darling," Dick concluded. "Besides, your mother will want to be at her son's wedding; there's Hyacinth, he must be set a-going, and—"

"Oh, Dick, you are marrying us all," cried Kitty,

trying in vain to draw away her hand and then covering her eyes with the other.

“Come one, come all, this rock shall fly from its firm base as soon as I,” quoted Dick, laughing, “if only you will work with me. For though I am culpably in love with your dear eyes, your sweet mouth, your extraordinary charm, you are no mere plaything, sweetheart, but rather a true comrade. Now I will let you go. Go and talk to your mother—she will be on my side, I am sure—and when we meet to-morrow tell me you have made up your mind to do as I wish. We shall want all our time, Kitty. A run to the Lakes or Scotland for a brief excursion into Paradise. A trip to Paris, where you shall instruct me in shopping and the science of dress, to be used for your future benefit; then a hunt in London for a temporary home, and the wedding of your brother. It’s an appalling outlook, eh?”

“There is one difficulty which I do wish we could get over,” said Kitty, in a low, earnest voice.

“What is it? Tell me; we will see what is to be done.”

“Dear Madame Dubois—I do wish she could be at my wedding, but I fear—”

“You shall have her,” interrupted Dick, with decision. “From all I can gather she is a regular brick. She must not be thrown on the world either; we’ll consult about that. Look here, Kitty,” and Dick braced himself to a bold attempt which he had contemplated with some dread ever since Kitty had promised to be his wife, “do you wish your mother to live with us?”

Kitty thought for a moment and then said softly, “No, Dick. I think, too, she would prefer a house of her own, were it ever so small.”

"You are the most sensible girl I ever met in my life," cried Dick. "Why, Kitty, it is eleven o'clock; I have kept you far too long. Good night, beloved," and as she stood up to bid him adieu, he drew her into his arms and pressed a long kiss, graver and more tender than his former caress, on her lips. "God be with you, my love, my life," he whispered, and was gone.

The next morning was a busy one to Kitty. She was lady's maid to her mother. She brushed and dressed her still long, abundant hair, saw to the arrangement of her draperies with loving care, carried up her breakfast and letters, noticing with a pang that the dear, well-known face had aged considerably in the few months during which they had been separated. She feared Mrs. Costello might object to the hasty marriage proposed by Dick, and rather shrank from approaching the subject. But when Mrs. Lane, having seen her sister settled in the most comfortable chair in the drawing-room with the morning paper, and Kitty in attendance, departed on her usual errand of visiting the tradespeople and their stores, Kitty felt she must fulfil her promise to her *fiancé*.

"I am so glad to have you all to myself, mother dear," she began. "I want you to tell me really and truly how you like Dick? He is quite unlike all the men we have ever met before, which I think rather attracted me."

"My experience is wider than yours, my love. I did know a man of whom your Dick rather reminds me," said Mrs. Costello, softly and thoughtfully—"old Lord Moreton."

"Thank goodness!" ejaculated Kitty, mentally.

"Only," continued her mother, "he was exceedingly

ugly, and I must say Dick is good-looking, or rather picturesque looking. Lord Moreton was English too. He commanded the south-western district, and was one of my admirers before I was married. He was an old Peninsular officer—had been aide-de-camp to Picton, I think—and he had the sort of decided tone and slight abruptness that your *fiancé* certainly has, but not a tinge of coarseness, nothing in the least underbred. He hasn't any grace of manner, I confess, yet he is distinctly a gentleman, and is quite certain of himself. My beloved child, I trembled when I read your letter confessing you had accepted John Lane's brother. And the horror of finding my son-in-law a man of the same sort was—was overpowering. Why, General Maclean is not fit to be his groom! *He* is the very worst-mannered man I ever encountered, and the first creature who ever attempted to show me my poverty and insignificance and stupidity. Now Dick Lane was abrupt, if you like, but he showed so naturally and simply the impression I made upon him, (for of course he could not have been accustomed to women of our class), he was so honestly admiring that I felt at once he could be no ordinary middle-class man. I was right too, Kitty, I generally am. Dick's mother was a Mowbray."

"Was she?" said Kitty, not particularly elated.

"My dear, you are growing quite middle class yourself. You surely have not ceased to value blue blood—high birth?"

"Oh, no! of course not, mother dear."

"Yes, Dick's mother was a Mowbray of Lincolnshire—daughter of a clergyman who left his children quite penniless. And John Lane's father married from com-

passion, I believe. The middle classes have many virtues, and certainly generosity is one of them."

"Then, as you are, in a way, satisfied with Dick," exclaimed Kitty, dashing recklessly into the difficult topic, "I must tell you he is very anxious to be married awfully soon; not that he wishes to seem rude, you know, or disrespectful, but he says—"

And Kitty proceeded to repeat Dick's reasons as accurately as she could. She had drawn a footstool to her mother's feet, and sat there holding the soft, white, but slightly wrinkled, right hand in both her own. And as she approached the climax of appeal, she felt her mother's hand tremble and her clasp grow tighter, "so Dick says that, for every reason, it would be wiser and better to be married on Monday fortnight."

"My darling, we have no choice," said Mrs. Costello, bursting into tears. "When I leave my sister's house, I do not know where I shall find a place to lay my head. I have no home for you, my treasure; no shelter for my gifted boy, Hyacinth; no—no—"

Sobs rendered further speech inarticulate for some minutes.

"Thanks be to God," resumed Mrs. Costello, "you will be safe from the miseries of debt and poverty, for Dick Lane told me very fully how he was situated as regards money matters, and also his intentions respecting settlements, which comforted me a good deal; so, my dear love, I certainly would not contradict him."

CHAPTER XXI.

HAVING conducted our hero and heroine through the preliminary misunderstandings and puzzling half-lights of dawning preference and bewildering attraction, we leave them on the threshold of their new real life after the fashion of most ordinary novel writers.

Is it because the drawing needed for the subtleties of matrimony must be stronger, clearer, and yet more delicate, than most of us can command, or that the harsh actuality of everyday commonplace will not lend itself to the charm which gathers so readily round a shimmering uncertainty, the gossamer tissue of brightness, sweetness and vague apprehension which floats about a couple who are gliding into that state of mind and heart in which each seems indispensable to the other? Who can tell? Far, however, be it from us to rush in where firmer and more capable hands so often lay down the pen. Still we hope the readers who have seen our Kitty discarding some of her original, and perhaps silly, prejudices, and recognising that a firm will and readiness to work hard for what is worth working for, is excellent material for a man to build up his future with, will not be sorry to have a last glimpse of those whom they accompanied through these pages, and which may be afforded in the following letter written some four years after the end of the last chapter.

Mrs. Lane to her daughter, Mrs. Dixon—

“MY DEAR LIZZIE,—You will be surprised to see that I am still in London, but it seems to me I shall never get home again, and as you will be gone to the seaside before I do, I will try and tell you all I have done since I came up to town, in this letter.

“Of course, my first visit was to dear Janet, whom I found looking remarkably well, and the picture of peaceful happiness. Mr. Gildea is a delightful host, so kind and thoughtful; and their house is very pretty and comfortable. It is a long way from Dick’s, in a part called Pimlico, though I have heard people style it Belgravia. Mr. Gildea’s church is not very near. It is in rather a disagreeable, slummy part, close to what used to be the Sanctuary of Westminster; and, I believe, thieves and vagabonds still frequent it very much, though of course the privileges no longer exist. He is, I am glad to say, doing a great work among them, and is extremely busy. I could not wish my dear child a happier lot than to be the wife of so capable and earnest a parish priest. People do say he will be a bishop before long, and I know he is in great favour with Lord Grantham, who appointed him to this living, you know. Janet dines out a good deal, for her husband likes society, and society likes him.

“I came here to stay with my sister last week, and it is so nice to be with her again! I can see it is a great pleasure to her to receive me into her own house. It is a semi-detached cottage to the north of Regent’s Park, and looks out over grass and trees. You might be in the country, it is so green and pleasant! Still, I

do not think your Aunt Costello looks very well. She is so pale and thin, but very content; and Madame Dubois takes the greatest care of her. I never thought I should like a French woman so much. She is wonderfully industrious. I never saw anything so perfect as her darning of house linen, lace stockings—everything. Then she keeps the house in such order: the oak cupboards, the sideboard, the floorcloth just shine again. She is most amusing, too! For all the time she has been in England—or, I should say, Ireland—her English is very funny; and she is so sharp and decisive, she makes the servants fly. Yet they do not dislike her. She is full of animation, and interests herself in everything, and quite keeps your dear Aunt Costello alive. There are but few days, however, that Kitty does not call to take her mother for a drive.

“Your Uncle Dick seems to thrive, and looks certainly younger than when he came back nearly five years ago. And papa tells me his business is increasing wonderfully. Both he and his wife are very fond of society, and seem to know a lot of people of all sorts. I have been at several dinner-parties there, which were very bright and pleasant; and no doubt shall be at some more when I go to stay there next week. My nephew, Fitzgerald Costello, and his wife are in town. They are staying with General Maclean, who is rather a formidable old gentleman. Kitty and he have quite made friends; but my sister has never got over her first dislike to him. You would be amused (and pleased) to see how fond she is of Dick. She says he is a thorough gentleman, and this she attributes altogether to the strain of Mowbray blood in his veins. When one remembers what all

the Mowbrays we have ever heard of were—chiefly drinkers, gamblers, duellists, and many other unpleasant things—it is rather a miraculous result. Well, I am thankful my children are more Lanes than O'Donoghues, except Dan, and he has done very well since he was with Uncle Dick. Fitz Costello is very handsome, and has delightful manners; but he is rather lazy, I think. His wife is an interesting woman—very sweet and cultivated. One never remembers her deformity; but she completely rules Fitz.

“I have left our dear Kitty to the last. I really think she is handsomer than ever. She has lost the very slight, girlish look she had, but has gained a queenly air. No one can pass her without turning to look again; and when she goes out riding with Dick they are quite a remarkable couple. He says his wife never really admitted his equality with herself till she had seen him mount and master a ‘buck-jumper’ he had bought cheap at Tattersall’s because no one could ride him. Perhaps I ought to explain that ‘buck-jumper’ is the colonial term for a horse that kicks in a peculiarly unpleasant manner.

“They are at the other side of the Park, nearer town, but have a nice outlook over grass and beautiful trees. They live in a very unpretending style; still there is the most charming air of homelike comfort and refinement about the whole house. I do hope you will come up and stay with them when they ask you again. I need not tell you they are happy. I never saw such thorough comrades, such perfect understanding of each other. I believe Dick prays every day of his life that little Kitty may grow up a replica of her mother. I my-

self do not think she will be so handsome. Papa tells me he is going to stay with you at Rockferry. That will do him a great deal of good. Do persuade Sam not to contradict him on every subject; that habit of disputing perpetually is very tiresome. Hyacinth Costello has just gone out to India as a military chaplain at—some place in the North-West Provinces, but I cannot spell the name.

“Now, dear, I must draw this long epistle to an end. After all, dearest Lizzie, how thankful we ought to be that everything has turned out so well. I am sure we little thought when Kitty arrived that bleak, blowy April day, and was so astonished to find a suet pudding eatable, that she would ever come to love dear Uncle Dick so heartily, and think him the finest fellow in the world. Certainly there are not many better. Kiss the sweet children for me. I am bringing some new sort of toys, and a lot from Aunt Kitty.—Ever your loving mother,

E. LANE.”

THE END.



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Vendetta! 2 v. — Thelma 2 v. — A Romance of Two Worlds 2 v. — "Ardath" 3 v. — Wormwood. A Drama of Paris 2 v. — The Hired Baby, with other Stories and Social Sketches 1 v. — Barabbas; A Dream of the World's Tragedy 2 v. — The Sorrows of Satan 2 v. — The Mighty Atom 1 v. — The Murder of Delicia 1 v. — Ziska 1 v. — Boy. A Sketch. 2 v. — The Master-Christian 2 v. — "Temporal Power" 2 v.

Cotes, Mrs. Everard.

Those Delightful Americans 1 v.

"County, the," Author of.

The County 1 v.

Craik, George Lillie, † 1866.

A Manual of English Literature and of the History of the English Language 2 v.

Craik, Mrs. (Miss Dinah M. Mulock), † 1887.

John Halifax, Gentleman 2 v. — The Head of the Family 2 v. — A Life for a Life 2 v. — A Woman's Thoughts about Women 1 v. — Agatha's Husband 1 v. — Romantic Tales 1 v. — Domestic Stories 1 v. — Mistress and Maid 1 v. — The Ogilvies 1 v. — Lord Eristoun 1 v. — Christian's Mistake 1 v. — Bread upon the Waters 1 v. — A Noble Life 1 v. — Olive 2 v. — Two Marriages 1 v. — Studies from Life 1 v. — Poems 1 v. — The Woman's Kingdom 2 v. — The Unkind Word, and other Stories 2 v. — A Brave Lady 2 v. — Hannah 2 v. — Fair France 1 v. — My Mother and I 1 v. — The Little Lame Prince 1 v. — Sermons out of Church 1 v. — The Laurel-Bush; Two little Tinkers 1 v. — A Legacy 2 v. — Young Mrs. Jardine 2 v. — His Little Mother, and other Tales and Sketches 1 v. — Plain Speaking 1 v. — Miss Tommy 1 v. — King Arthur 1 v.

Craik, Georgiana M. (Mrs. May).

Lost and Won 1 v. — Faith Unwin's Ordeal 1 v. — Leslie Tyrrell 1 v. — Winifred's Wooing, etc. 1 v. — Mildred 1 v. — Esther Hill's Secret 2 v. — Hero Trevelyan 1 v. — Without Kith or Kin 2 v. — Only a Butterfly 1 v. — Sylvia's Choice; Theresa 2 v. — Anne Warwick 1 v. — Dorcas 2 v. — Two Women 2 v.

Craik, Georgiana M., & M. C. Stirling.

Two Tales of Married Life (Hard to Bear, by Miss Craik; A True Man, by M. C. Stirling) 2 v.

Craven, Mrs. Augustus: *vide* Lady Fullerton.**Crawford, F. Marion (Am.).**

Mr. Isaacs 1 v. — Doctor Claudius 1 v. — To Leeward 1 v. — A Roman Singer 1 v. — An American Politician 1 v. — Zoroaster 1 v. — A Tale of a Lonely Parish 2 v. — Saracinesca 2 v. — Marzio's Crucifix 1 v. — Paul Patoff 2 v. — With the Immortals 1 v. — Greifenstein 2 v. — Sant' Ilario 2 v. — A Cigarette-Maker's Romance 1 v. — Khaled 1 v. — The Witch of Prague 2 v. — The Three Fates 2 v. — Don Orsino 2 v. — The Children of the King 1 v. — Pietro Ghisleri 2 v. — Marion Darche 1 v. — Katharine Lauderdale 2 v. — The Ralstons 2 v. — Casa Braccio 2 v. — Adam Johnstone's Son 1 v. — Taquisara 2 v. — A Rose of Yesterday 1 v. — Corleone 2 v. — Via Crucis 2 v. — In the Palace of the King 2 v. — Marietta, a Maid of Venice 2 v. — Cecilia 2 v. — The Heart of Rome 2 v.

Crockett, S. R.

The Raiders 2 v. — Cleg Kelly 2 v. — The Grey Man 2 v. — Love Idylls 1 v. — The Dark o' the Moon 2 v.

Cross, J. W.: *vide* George Eliot's Life.**Cudlip, Mrs. Pender: *vide* A. Thomas.****Cummins, Miss (Am.), † 1866.**

The Lamplighter 1 v. — Mabel Vaughan 1 v. — El Fureidis 1 v. — Haunted Hearts 1 v.

Cushing, Paul.

The Blacksmith of Voe 2 v.

"Daily News."

War Correspondence, 1877, by Archibald Forbes and others 3 v.

"Dark," Author of.

Dark 1 v.

Davis, Richard Harding (Am.).
Gallegher, etc. 1 v. — Van Bibber and
Others 1 v. — Ranson's Folly 1 v.

De Foe, Daniel, † 1731.
Robinson Crusoe 2 v.

Deland, Margaret (Am.).
John Ward, Preacher 1 v.

"Democracy," Author of (Am.).
Democracy 1 v.

"Demos," Author of: *vide* George
Gissing.

"Diary and Notes," Author
of: *vide* Author of "Horace
Templeton."

Dickens, Charles, † 1870.

The Pickwick Club (with Portrait) 2 v. —
American Notes 1 v. — Oliver Twist 1 v. —
Nicholas Nickleby 2 v. — Sketches 1 v. —
Martin Chuzzlewit 2 v. — A Christmas
Carol; The Chimes; The Cricket on the
Hearth 1 v. — Master Humphrey's Clock
(Old Curiosity Shop; Barnaby Rudge, etc.)
3 v. — Pictures from Italy 1 v. — Dombey
and Son 3 v. — David Copperfield 3 v. —
Bleak House 4 v. — A Child's History of
England (2 v. 80 M. 2, 70.) — Hard Times
1 v. — Little Dorrit (with Illustrations) 4 v.
— The Battle of Life; The Haunted Man
1 v. — A Tale of two Cities 2 v. — Hunted
Down; The Uncommercial Traveller 1 v.
— Great Expectations 2 v. — Christmas
Stories, etc. 1 v. — Our Mutual Friend
(with Illustrations) 4 v. — Somebody's
Luggage; Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings; Mrs.
Lirriper's Legacy 1 v. — Doctor Mari-
gold's Prescriptions; Mugby Junction 1 v.
— The Mystery of Edwin Drood (with
Illustrations) 2 v. — The Mudfog Papers,
1 v. — The Letters of Charles Dickens, ed.
by his Sister-in-law and his eldest Daughter
4 v. — *Vide* also Household Words, Novels
and Tales, and John Forster.

Dickens, Charles, & Wilkie
Collins.

No Thoroughfare; The Late Miss Hol-
lingford 1 v.

Disraeli, Benjamin, Lord Bea-
consfield, † 1881.

Coningsby 1 v. — Sybil 1 v. — Contarini
Fleming (with Portrait) 1 v. — Alroy 1 v. —
Tancred 2 v. — Venetia 2 v. — Vivian
Grey 2 v. — Henrietta Temple 1 v. —
Lothair 2 v. — Endymion 2 v.

Dixon, Ella Hepworth.
The Story of a Modern Woman 1 v.

Dixon, W. Hepworth, † 1879.
Personal History of Lord Bacon 1 v. —
The Holy Land 2 v. — New America 2 v. —
Spiritual Wives 2 v. — Her Majesty's
Tower 4 v. — Free Russia 2 v. — History
of two Queens 6 v. — White Conquest
2 v. — Diana, Lady Lyle 2 v.

Dixon, Jr., Thomas, (Am.).
The Leopard's Spots 2 v.

Dougall, L. (Am.).
Beggars All 2 v.

Dowie, Ménie Muriel.
A Girl in the Karpathians 1 v.

Doyle, Sir A. Conan.
The Sign of Four 1 v. — Micah Clarke
2 v. — The Captain of the Pole-Star, and
other Tales 1 v. — The White Company
2 v. — A Study in Scarlet 1 v. — The
Great Shadow, and Beyond the City 1 v. —
The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes 2 v.
— The Refugees 2 v. — The Firm of
Girdlestone 2 v. — The Memoirs of Sher-
lock Holmes 2 v. — Round the Red Lamp
1 v. — The Stark Munro Letters 1 v. —
The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard 1 v. —
Rodney Stone 2 v. — Uncle Bernac 1 v. —
The Tragedy of the Korosko 1 v. — A
Duet 1 v. — The Green Flag 1 v. — The
Great Boer War 2 v. — The War in South
Africa 1 v. — The Hound of the Basker-
villes 1 v. — Adventures of Gerard 1 v.

Drummond, Professor Henry,
† 1897.
The Greatest Thing in the World; Pax
Vobiscum; The Changed Life 1 v.

Dufferin, the Earl of.
Letters from High Latitudes 1 v.

Duncan, Sara Jeannette: *vide*
Mrs. Cotes

- Dunton:** *vide* Th. Watts-Dunton.
- Earl, the, and the Doctor.**
South Sea Bubbles 1 v.
- Eastwick, Edward B.,** † 1883.
Autobiography of Lutfullah 1 v.
- Edgeworth, Maria,** *vide* Series for the Young, p. 29.
- Edwardes, Mrs. Annie.**
Archie Lovell 2 v. — Steven Lawrence, Yeoman 2 v. — Ought we to visit her? 2 v. — A Vagabond Heroine 1 v. — Leah: A Woman of Fashion 2 v. — A Blue-Stocking 1 v. — Jet: Her Face or Her Fortune? 1 v. — Vivian the Beauty 1 v. — A Ball-room Repentance 2 v. — A Girton Girl 2 v. — A Playwright's Daughter, and Bertie Griffiths 1 v. — Pearl-Powder 1 v. The Adventuress 1 v.
- Edwards, Amelia B.,** † 1892.
Barbara's History 2 v. — Miss Carew 2 v. — Hand and Glove 1 v. — Half a Million of Money 2 v. — Debenham's Vow 2 v. — In the Days of my Youth 2 v. — Untrodden Peaks and Unfrequented Valleys 1 v. — Monsieur Maurice 1 v. — A Night on the Borders of the Black Forest 1 v. — A Poetry-Book of Elder Poets 1 v. — A Thousand Miles up the Nile 2 v. — A Poetry-Book of Modern Poets 1 v. — Lord Brackenbury 2 v.
- Edwards, M. Betham-:** *vide* Betham.
- Edward, Eggleston (Am.)**
The Faith Doctor 2 v.
- Elbon, Barbara (Am.)**
Bethesda 2 v.
- Eliot, George (Miss Evans—Mrs. Cross),** † 1880.
Scenes of Clerical Life 2 v. — Adam Bede 2 v. — The Mill on the Floss 2 v. — Silas Marner 1 v. — Romola 2 v. — Felix Holt 2 v. — Daniel Deronda 4 v. — The Lifted Veil, and Brother Jacob 1 v. — Impressions of Theophrastus Such 1 v. — Essays and Leaves from a Note-Book 1 v. — George Eliot's Life, edited by her Husband, J. W. Cross 4 v.
- "Elizabeth and her German Garden,"** Author of.
Elizabeth and her German Garden 1 v. — The Solitary Summer 1 v. — The Benefactress 2 v.
- Elliot, Mrs. Frances,** † 1898.
Diary of an Idle Woman in Italy 2 v. — Old Court Life in France 2 v. — The Italians 2 v. — The Diary of an Idle Woman in Sicily 1 v. — Pictures of Old Rome 1 v. — The Diary of an Idle Woman in Spain 2 v. — The Red Cardinal 1 v. — The Story of Sophia 1 v. — Diary of an Idle Woman in Constantinople 1 v. — Old Court Life in Spain 2 v. — Roman Gossip 1 v.
- "Englishwoman's Love-Letters, an,"** Author of.
An Englishwoman's Love-Letters 1 v.
- Erroll, Henry.**
An Ugly Duckling 1 v.
- Esler, E. Rentoul.**
The Way they loved at Grimpat 1 v.
- "Essays and Reviews,"** the Authors of.
Essays and Reviews. By various Authors 1 v.
- "Estelle Russell,"** Author of.
Estelle Russell 2 v.
- Esterre-Keeling, Elsa D'.**
Three Sisters 1 v. — A Laughing Philosopher 1 v. — The Professor's Wooing 1 v. — In Thoughtland and in Dreamland 1 v. — Orchardscroft 1 v. — Appassionata 1 v. — Old Maids and Young 2 v. — The Queen's Serf 1 v.
- "Euthanasia,"** Author of.
Euthanasia 1 v.
- Ewing, Juliana Horatia,** † 1885.
Jackanapes; The Story of a Short Life; Daddy Darwin's Dovecot 1 v. — A Flat Iron for a Farthing 1 v. — The Brownies, and other Tales 1 v.
- "Expiated,"** Author of.
Expiated 2 v.

Fargus, F. J.: *vide* Hugh Conway.

Farrar, F. W. (Dean), † 1903.
Darkness and Dawn 3 v.

"Fate of Fenella, the," Authors of.

The Fate of Fenella, by 24 Authors 1 v.

Felkin, Mrs.: *vide* Ellen T. Fowler.

Fendall, Percy: *vide* F. C. Philips.

Fenn, George Manville.

The Parson o' Dumford 2 v. — The Clerk of Portwick 2 v.

Fielding, Henry, † 1754.
Tom Jones 2 v.

Five Centuries

of the English Language and Literature:
John Wycliffe. — Geoffrey Chaucer. — Stephen Hawes. — Sir Thomas More. — Edmund Spenser. — Ben Jonson. — John Locke. — Thomas Gray (vol. 500, published 1860) 1 v.

Fleming, George (Am.).

Kismet 1 v. — Andromeda 2 v.

Forbes, Archibald, † 1900.

My Experiences of the War between France and Germany 2 v. — Soldiering and Scribbling 1 v. — Memories and Studies of War and Peace 2 v. — *Vide* also "Daily News," War Correspondence.

Forrest, R. E.

Eight Days 2 v.

Forrester, Mrs.

Viva 2 v. — Rhona 2 v. — Roy and Viola 2 v. — My Lord and My Lady 2 v. — I have Lived and Loved 2 v. — June 2 v. — Omnia Vanitas 1 v. — Although he was a Lord, and other Tales 1 v. — Corisande, and other Tales 1 v. — Once Again 2 v. — Of the World, Worldly 1 v. — Dearest 2 v. — The Light of other Days 1 v. — Too Late Repented 1 v.

Forster, John, † 1876.

The Life of Charles Dickens (with Illustrations and Portraits) 6 v. — Life and Times of Oliver Goldsmith 2 v.

Fothergill, Jessie.

The First Violin 2 v. — Probation 2 v. — Made or Marred, and "One of Three" 1 v. — Kith and Kin 2 v. — Peril 2 v. — Borderland 2 v.

"Found Dead," Author of: *vide* James Payn.

Fowler, Ellen Thorneycroft
(Mrs. Alfred Laurence Felkin).

A Double Thread 2 v. — The Farringtons 2 v. — Fuel of Fire 1 v. — Place and Power 2 v.

Fox, Caroline, † 1871.

Memories of Old Friends from her Journals and Letters, edited by Horace N. Pym 2 v.

"Frank Fairleigh," Author of
(F. E. Smedley), † 1864.

Frank Fairleigh 2 v.

Francis, M. E.

The Duenna of a Genius 1 v.

Frederic, Harold (Am.), † 1898.

Illumination 2 v. — March Hares 1 v.

Freeman, Edward A., † 1892.

The Growth of the English Constitution 1 v. — Select Historical Essays 1 v. — Sketches from French Travel 1 v.

Froude, James Anthony, † 1894.

Oceana 1 v. — The Spanish Story of the Armada, and other Essays 1 v.

Fullerton, Lady Georgiana,
† 1885.

Ellen Middleton 1 v. — Grantley Manor 2 v. — Lady Bird 2 v. — Too Strange not to be True 2 v. — Constance Sherwood 2 v. — A Stormy Life 2 v. — Mrs. Gerald's Niece 2 v. — The Notary's Daughter 1 v. — The Lilies of the Valley, and The House of Penarvan 1 v. — The Countess de Bonneval 1 v. — Rose Leblanc 1 v. — Seven Stories 1 v. — The Life of Luisa de G.

kerchief at the Window 2 v. — Eliane 2 v. (by Mrs. Augustus Craven, translated by Lady Fullerton). — *Laurentia* 1 v.

Gardiner, Marguerite: *vide*
Lady Blessington.

Gaskell, Mrs., † 1865.

Mary Barton 1 v. — Ruth 2 v. — North and South 1 v. — Lizzie Leigh, and other Tales 1 v. — The Life of Charlotte Brontë 2 v. — Lois the Witch, etc. 1 v. — Sylvia's Lovers 2 v. — A Dark Night's Work 1 v. — Wives and Daughters 3 v. — Cranford 1 v. — Cousin Phillis, and other Tales 1 v.

"Geraldine Hawthorne," Author of: *vide* Author of "*Miss Molly.*"

Gerard, Dorothea (Madame Longard de Longgarde).

Lady Baby 2 v. — Recha 1 v. — Orthodox 1 v. — The Wrong Man 1 v. — A Spotless Reputation 1 v. — A Forgotten Sin 1 v. — One Year 1 v. — The Supreme Crime 1 v. — The Blood-Tax 1 v. — Holy Matrimony 1 v. — The Eternal Woman 1 v.

Gerard, E. (Emily de Łaszowska).

A Secret Mission 1 v. — A Foreigner 2 v. — The Extermination of Love 2 v.

Giberne, Agnes.

The Curate's Home 1 v.

Gissing, George, † 1903.

Demos. A Story of English Socialism 2 v. — New Grub Street 2 v.

Gladstone, Rt. Hon. W. E.,
† 1898.

Rome and the Newest Fashions in Religion 1 v. — Bulgarian Horrors, and Russia in Turkistan, with other Tracts 1 v. — The Hellenic Factor in the Eastern Problem, with other Tracts 1 v.

Glyn, Elinor.

The Visits of Elizabeth 1 v. — The Reflections of Ambrosine 1 v.

Godfrey, Hal (Charlotte O'Connor-Eccles).

The Rejuvenation of Miss Semaphore 1 v.

Goldsmith, Oliver, † 1774.
Select Works (with Portrait) 1 v.

Goodman, Edward J.
Too Curious 1 v.

Gordon, Julien (Am.).
A Diplomat's Diary 1 v.

Gordon, Major-Gen. C. G.,
† 1885.
His Journals at Kartoum. Introduction and Notes by A. E. Hake (with eighteen Illustrations) 2 v.

Gore, Mrs., † 1861.
Castles in the Air 1 v. — The Dean's Daughter 2 v. — Progress and Prejudice 2 v. — Mammon 2 v. — A Life's Lessons 2 v. — The Two Aristocracies 2 v. — Heckington 2 v.

Grand, Sarah.
Our Manifold Nature 1 v. — Babs the Impossible 2 v.

Grant, Miss.
Victor Lescar 2 v. — The Sun-Maid 2 v. — My Heart's in the Highlands 2 v. — Artiste 2 v. — Prince Hugo 2 v. — Cara Roma 2 v.

Gray, Maxwell.
The Silence of Dean Maitland 2 v. — The Reproach of Annesley 2 v.

Grenville: Murray, E. C. (Trois-Etoiles), † 1881.
The Member for Paris 2 v. — Young Brown 2 v. — The Boudoir Cabal 3 v. — French Pictures in English Chalk (*First Series*) 2 v. — The Russians of To-day 1 v. — French Pictures in English Chalk (*Second Series*) 2 v. — Strange Tales 1 v. — That Artful Vicar 2 v. — Six Months in the Ranks 1 v. — People I have met 1 v.

Grimwood, Ethel St. Clair.
My Three Years in Manipur (with Portrait) 1 v.

Grohman, W. A. Baillie.
Tyrol and the Tyrolese 1 v.

Gunter, Archibald Clavering (Am.).
Mr. Barnes of New York 1 v.

Guthrie, F. Anstey: *vide* Anstey.

"Guy Livingstone," Author of (George Alfred Laurence), † 1876.

Guy Livingstone 1 v. — Sword and Gown 1 v. — Barren Honour 1 v. — Border and Bastille 1 v. — Maurice Dering 1 v. — Sans Merci 2 v. — Breaking a Butterfly 2 v. — Anteros 2 v. — Hagarare 2 v.

Habberton, John (Am.).

Helen's Babies & Other People's Children 1 v. — The Bowsham Puzzle 1 v. — One Tramp; Mrs. Mayburn's Twins 1 v.

Haggard, H. Rider.

King Solomon's Mines 1 v. — She 2 v. — Jess 2 v. — Allan Quatermain 2 v. — The Witch's Head 2 v. — Maiwa's Revenge 1 v. — Mr. Meeson's Will 1 v. — Colonel Quaritch, V. C. 2 v. — Cleopatra 2 v. — Allan's Wife 1 v. — Beatrice 2 v. — Dawn 2 v. — Montezuma's Daughter 2 v. — The People of the Mist 2 v. — Joan Haste 2 v. — Heart of the World 2 v. — The Wizard 1 v. — Doctor Therne 1 v. — Swallow 2 v. — Black Heart and White Heart, and Elissa 1 v. — Lysbeth 2 v. — A Winter Pilgrimage 2 v. — Pearl-Maiden 2 v.

Haggard, H. Rider, & Andrew Lang.

The World's Desire 2 v.

Hake, A. E.: *vide* Gen. Gordon.

Hall, Mrs. S. C., † 1881.

Can Wrong be Right? 1 v. — Marian 2 v.

Hamerton, Philip Gilbert, † 1894.

Marmorne 1 v. — French and English 2 v.

Hardy, Miss Iza: *vide* Author of "Not Easily Jealous."

Hardy, Thomas.

The Hand of Ethelberta 2 v. — Far from the Madding Crowd 2 v. — The Return of the Native 2 v. — The Trumpet-Major 2 v. — A Laodicean 2 v. — Two on a Tower 2 v. — A Pair of Blue Eyes 2 v. — A Group of Noble Dames 1 v. — Tess of the D'Urbervilles 2 v. — Life's Little Ironies 1 v. — Jude the Obscure 2 v.

Harland, Henry.

The Cardinal's Snuff-Box 1 v. — The Lady Paramount 1 v.

Harraden, Beatrice.

Ships that pass in the Night 1 v. — In Varying Moods 1 v. — Hilda Strafford, and The Remittance Man 1 v. — The Fowler 2 v. — Katharine Frensham 2 v.

Harrison, Agnes.

Martin's Vineyard 1 v.

Harte, Bret (Am.), † 1902.

Prose and Poetry (Tales of the Argonauts: — The Luck of Roaring Camp; The Outcasts of Poker Flat, etc. — Spanish and American Legends; Condensed Novels; Civic and Character Sketches; Poems) 2 v. — Idyls of the Foothills 1 v. — Gabriel Conroy 2 v. — Two Men of Sandy Bar 1 v. — Thankful Blossom, and other Tales 1 v. — The Story of a Mine 1 v. — Drift from Two Shores 1 v. — An Heiress of Red Dog, and other Sketches 1 v. — The Twins of Table Mountain, and other Tales 1 v. — Jeff Briggs's Love Story, and other Tales 1 v. — Flip, and other Stories 1 v. — On the Frontier 1 v. — By Shore and Sedge 1 v. — Maruja 1 v. — Snow-bound at Eagle's, and Devil's Ford 1 v. — The Crusade of the "Excelsior" 1 v. — A Millionaire of Rough-and-Ready, and other Tales 1 v. — Captain Jim's Friend, and the Argonauts of North Liberty 1 v. — Cressy 1 v. — The Heritage of Dedlow Marsh, and other Tales 1 v. — A Waif of the Plains 1 v. — A Ward of the Golden Gate 1 v. — A Sappho of Green Springs, and other Tales 1 v. — A First Family of Tasajara 1 v. — Colonel Starbottle's Client, and some other People 1 v. — Susy 1 v. — Sally Dows, etc. 1 v. — A Protégée of Jack Hamlin's, etc. 1 v. — The Bell-Ringer of Angel's, etc. 1 v. — Clarence 1 v. — In a Hollow of the Hills, and The Devotion of Enriquez 1 v. — The Ancestors of Peter Atherly, etc. 1 v. — Three Partners 1 v. — Tales of Trail and Town 1 v. — Stories in Light and Shadow 1 v. — Mr. Jack Hamlin's Mediation, and other Stories 1 v. — From Sand-Hill to Pine 1 v. — Under the Redwoods 1 v. — On the Old Trail 1 v. — Trent's Trust 1 v.

Havelock, Sir Henry: *vide* Rev. W. Brock.

Hawthorne, Nathaniel (Am.),

† 1864.

The Scarlet Letter 1 v. — Transformation (The Marble Faun) 2 v. — Passages from the English Note-Books of Nathaniel Hawthorne 2 v.

Hector, Mrs.: *vide* Mrs. Alexander.

“Heir of Redclyffe, the,” Author of: *vide* Charlotte M. Yonge.

Helps, Sir Arthur † 1875.

Friends in Council 2 v. — Ivan de Biron 2 v.

Hemans, Mrs. Felicia, † 1835.

Select Poetical Works 1 v.

Hewlett, Maurice.

The Forest Lovers 1 v. — Little Novels of Italy 1 v. — The Life and Death of Richard Yea-and-Nay 2 v. — New Canterbury Tales 1 v.

Hichens, Robert.

Flames 2 v. — The Slave 2 v. — Felix 2 v.

Hobart Pasha, Admiral, † 1886.

Sketches from my Life 1 v.

Hobbes, John Oliver.

The Gods, Some Mortals and Lord Wickenham 1 v. — The Serious Wooing 1 v.

Hoey, Mrs. Cashel.

A Golden Sorrow 2 v. — Out of Court 2 v.

Holdsworth, Annie E.

The Years that the Locust hath Eaten 1 v. — The Gods Arrive 1 v. — The Valley of the Great Shadow 1 v. — Great Lowlands 1 v.

Holme Lee: *vide* Harriet Parr.

Holmes, Oliver Wendell (Am.),

† 1894.

The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table 1 v. — The Professor at the Breakfast-Table 1 v. — The Poet at the Breakfast-Table 1 v. — Over the Teacups 1 v.

Hope, Anthony (Hawkins).

Mr. Witt's Widow 1 v. — A Change of Air 1 v. — Half a Hero 1 v. — The Indiscretion of the Duchess 1 v. — The God in the Car 1 v. — The Chronicles of Count Antonio 1 v. — Comedies of Courtship 1 v. — The Heart of Princess Osra 1 v. — Phroso 2 v. — Simon Dale 2 v. — Rupert of Hentzau 1 v. — The King's Mirror 2 v. — Quisanté 1 v. — Tristram of Blent 2 v. — The Intrusions of Peggy 2 v.

Hopkins, Tighe.

An Idler in Old France 1 v. — The Man in the Iron Mask 1 v. — The Dungeons of Old Paris 1 v. — The Silent Gate 1 v.

“Horace Templeton,” Author of.

Diary and Notes 1 v.

Hornung, Ernest William.

A Bride from the Bush 1 v. — Under Two Skies 1 v. — Tiny Luttrell 1 v. — The Boss of Taroomba 1 v. — My Lord Duke 1 v. — Young Blood 1 v. — Some Persons Unknown 1 v. — The Amateur Cracksman 1 v. — The Rogue's March 1 v. — The Belle of Toorak 1 v. — Peccavi 1 v. — The Black Mask 1 v. — The Shadow of the Rope 1 v. — No Hero 1 v. — Denis Dent 1 v.

“Household Words.”

Conducted by Charles Dickens. 1851-56. 36 v. — NOVELS and TALES reprinted from Household Words by Charles Dickens. 1856-59. 11 v.

Houstoun, Mrs.: *vide* “Recommended to Mercy.”

“How to be Happy though Married,” Author of.

How to be Happy though Married 1 v.

Howard, Blanche Willis (Am.),

† 1899.

One Summer 1 v. — Aunt Serena 1 v. — Guenn 2 v. — Tony, the Maid, etc. 1 v. — The Open Door 2 v.

Howard, Blanche Willis,

† 1899, & William Sharp.

A Fellowe and His Wife 1 v.

Howells, William Dean (Am.).

A Foregone Conclusion 1 v. — The Lady of the Aroostook 1 v. — A Modern

Instance 2 v. — The Undiscovered Country 1 v. — Venetian Life (with Portrait) 1 v. — Italian Journeys 1 v. — A Chance Acquaintance 1 v. — Their Wedding Journey 1 v. — A Fearful Responsibility, and Tonelli's Marriage 1 v. — A Woman's Reason 2 v. — Dr. Breen's Practice 1 v. — The Rise of Silas Lapham 2 v. — A Pair of Patient Lovers 1 v.

Hughes, Thomas, † 1898.

Tom Brown's School-Days 1 v.

Hungerford, Mrs. (Mrs. Argles),

† 1897.

Molly Bawn 2 v. — Mrs. Geoffrey 2 v. — Faith and Unfaith 2 v. — Portia 2 v. — Loys, Lord Berresford, and other Tales 1 v. — Her First Appearance, and other Tales 1 v. — Phyllis 2 v. — Rossmoyne 2 v. — Doris 2 v. — A Maiden all Forlorn, etc. 1 v. — A Passive Crime, and other Stories 1 v. — Green Pleasure and Grey Grief 2 v. — A Mental Struggle 2 v. — Her Week's Amusement, and Ugly Barrington 1 v. — Lady Brankmere 2 v. — Lady Valworth's Diamonds 1 v. — A Modern Circe 2 v. — Marvel 2 v. — The Hon. Mrs. Vereker 1 v. — Under-Currents 2 v. — In Durance Vile, etc. 1 v. — A Troublesome Girl, and other Stories 1 v. — A Life's Remorse 2 v. — A Born Coquette 2 v. — The Duchess 1 v. — Lady Verner's Flight 1 v. — A Conquering Heroine, and "When in Doubt" 1 v. — Nora Creina 2 v. — A Mad Prank, and other Stories 1 v. — The Hoyden 2 v. — The Red House Mystery 1 v. — An Unsatisfactory Lover 1 v. — Peter's Wife 2 v. — The Three Graces 1 v. — A Tug of War 1 v. — The Professor's Experiment 2 v. — A Point of Conscience 2 v. — A Lonely Girl 1 v. — Lovice 1 v. — The Coming of Chloe 1 v.

Hunt, Mrs.: *vide* Averil Beaumont.

Hunt, Violet.

The Human Interest 1 v.

Ingelow, Jean, † 1897.

Off the Skelligs 3 v. — Poems 2 v. — Fated to be Free 2 v. — Sarah de Berenger 2 v. — Don John 2 v.

Inglis, the Hon. Lady.

The Siege of Lucknow 1 v.

Ingram, John H.: *vide* E. A. Poe.

Iota: *vide* Mrs. Mannington Caffyn.

Irving, Washington (Am.),

† 1859.

The Sketch Book (with Portrait) 1 v. — The Life of Mahomet 1 v. — Lives of the Successors of Mahomet 1 v. — Oliver Goldsmith 1 v. — Chronicles of Wolfert's Roost 1 v. — Life of George Washington 5 v.

Jackson, Mrs. Helen (H. H.) (Am.), † 1885.

Ramona 2 v.

Jacobs, W. W.

Many Cargoes 1 v. — The Skipper's Wooing, and The Brown Man's Servant 1 v. — Sea Urchins 1 v. — A Master of Craft 1 v. — Light Freights 1 v. — At Sun-which Port 1 v. — The Lady of the Barge 1 v. — Odd Craft 1 v.

James, Charles T. C.

Holy Wedlock 1 v.

James, G. P. R., † 1860.

Morley Ernstein (with Portrait) 1 v. — Forest Days 1 v. — The False Heir 1 v. — Arabella Stuart 1 v. — Rose d'Albret 1 v. — Arrah Neil 1 v. — Agincourt 1 v. — The Smuggler 1 v. — The Step-Mother 2 v. — Beauchamp 1 v. — Heidelberg 1 v. — The Gipsy 1 v. — The Castle of Ehrenstein 1 v. — Darnley 1 v. — Russell 2 v. — The Convict 2 v. — Sir Theodore Broughton 2 v.

James, Henry (Am.).

The American 2 v. — The Europeans 1 v. — Daisy Miller; An International Episode; Four Meetings 1 v. — Roderick Hudson 2 v. — The Madonna of the Future, etc. 1 v. — Eugene Pickering, etc. 1 v. — Confidence 1 v. — Washington Square, etc. 2 v. — The Portrait of a Lady 3 v. — Foreign Parts 1 v. — French Poets and Novelists 1 v. — The Siege of London; The Point of View; A Passionate Pilgrim 1 v. — Portraits of Places 1 v. — A Little Tour in France 1 v.

Jeaffreson, J. Cordy.

A Book about Doctors 2 v. — A Woman in spite of Herself 2 v. — The Real Lord Byron 3 v.

Jenkin, Mrs. Charles, † 1885.
 "Who Breaks—Pays" 1 v. — Skirmishing 1 v. — Once and Again 2 v. — Two French Marriages 2 v. — Within an Ace 1 v. — Jupiter's Daughters 1 v.

Jenkins, Edward.

Ginx's Baby, his Birth and other Misfortunes; Lord Bantam 2 v.

"Jennie of 'The Prince's,'" Author of: *vide* B. H. Buxton.

Jerome, K. Jerome.

The Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow 1 v. — Diary of a Pilgrimage, and Six Essays 1 v. — Novel Notes 1 v. — Sketches in Lavender, Blue and Green 1 v. — The Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow 1 v. — Three Men on the Bummel 1 v. — Paul Kelver 2 v. — Tea-Table Talk 1 v.

Jerrold, Douglas, † 1857.

History of St. Giles and St. James 2 v. — Men of Character 2 v.

"John Halifax, Gentleman," Author of: *vide* Mrs. Craik.

Johnny Ludlow: *vide* Mrs. Henry Wood.

Johnson, Samuel, † 1784.

Lives of the English Poets 2 v.

Jolly, Emily.

Colonel Dacre 2 v.

"Joshua Davidson," Author of: *vide* Mrs. E. Lynn Linton.

Kavanagh, Miss Julia, † 1877.

Nathalie 2 v. — Daisy Burns 2 v. — Grace Lee 2 v. — Rachel Gray 1 v. — Adèle 3 v. — A Summer and Winter in the Two Sicilies 2 v. — Seven Years, and other Tales 2 v. — French Women of Letters 1 v. — English Women of Letters 1 v. — Queen Mab 2 v. — Beatrice 2 v. — Sybil's Second Love 2 v. — Dora 2 v. — Silvia 2 v. — Bessie 2 v. — John Dorrien 3 v. — Two Lilies 2 v. — Forget-me-nots 2 v. — *Vide* also Series for the Young, p. 29.

Keary, Annie, † 1879.

Oldbury 2 v. — Castle Daly 2 v.

Keeling, D'Esterre-: *vide* Esterre.

Kempis, Thomas a.

The Imitation of Christ. Translated from the Latin by W. Benham, B.D. 1 v.

Kimball, Richard B. (Am.), †

Saint Leger 1 v. — Romance of Student Life Abroad 1 v. — Undercurrents 1 v. — Was he Successful? 1 v. — To-Day in New York 1 v.

Kinglake, Alexander William, † 1891.

Eothen 1 v. — The Invasion of the Crimea 14 v.

Kingsley, Charles, † 1875.

Yeast 1 v. — Westward ho! 2 v. — Two Years ago 2 v. — Hypatia 2 v. — Alton Locke 1 v. — Hereward the Wake 2 v. — At Last 2 v. — His Letters and Memories of his Life, edited by his Wife 2 v.

Kingsley, Henry, † 1876.

Ravenshoe 2 v. — Austin Elliot 1 v. — Geoffrey Hamlyn 2 v. — The Hillyars and the Burtons 2 v. — Leighton Court 1 v. — Valentin 1 v. — Oakshott Castle 1 v. — Reginald Hetherige 2 v. — The Grange Garden 2 v.

Kinross, Albert.

An Opera and Lady Grasmere 1 v.

Kipling, Rudyard.

Plain Tales from the Hills 1 v. — The Second Jungle Book 1 v. — The Seven Seas 1 v. — "Captains Courageous" 1 v. — The Day's Work 1 v. — A Fleet in Being 1 v. — Stalky & Co. 1 v. — From Sea to Sea 2 v. — The City of Dreadful Night 1 v. — Kim 1 v. — Just So Stories 1 v. — The Five Nations 1 v.

Laffan, May.

Flitters, Tatters, and the Counsellor, etc. 1 v.

Lamb, Charles, † 1834.

The Essays of Elia and Eliana 1 v.

Lang, Andrew: *vide* H. Rider Haggard.

Langdon, Mary (Am.).

Ida May 1 v.

- "Last of the Cavaliers, the,"
Author of (Miss Piddington).
The Last of the Cavaliers 2 v. — The
Gain of a Loss 2 v.
- Łaszowska, Mme de: *vide* E.
Gerard.
- Laurence, George Alfred,
Author of: *vide* "Guy Living-
stone."
- Lawless, the Hon. Emily.
Hurrish 1 v.
- "Leaves from the Journal of
our Life in the Highlands:"
vide Victoria R. I.
- Lee, Holme, † 1900: *vide* Harriet
Parr.
- Le Fanu, J. S., † 1873.
Uncle Silas 2 v. — Guy Déverell 2 v.
- Lemon, Mark, † 1870.
Wait for the End 2 v. — Loved at Last
2 v. — Falkner Lyle 2 v. — Leyton Hall,
and other Tales 2 v. — Golden Fetters
2 v.
- "Letters of Her Mother to
Elizabeth, the," Author of:
vide W. R. H. Trowbridge.
- Lever, Charles, † 1872.
The O'Donoghue 1 v. — The Knight of
Gwynne 3 v. — Arthur O'Leary 2 v. —
Harry Lorrequer 2 v. — Charles O'Mal-
ley 3 v. — Tom Burke of "Ours" 3 v. —
Jack Hinton 2 v. — The Daltons 4 v. —
The Dodd Family Abroad 3 v. — The
Martins of Cro' Martin 3 v. — The For-
tunes of Glencore 2 v. — Roland Cashel
3 v. — Davenport Dunn 3 v. — Confessions
of Con Cregan 2 v. — One of Them 2 v. —
Maurice Tiernay 2 v. — Sir Jasper Carew
2 v. — Barrington 2 v. — A Day's Ride
2 v. — Luttrell of Arran 2 v. — Tony Butler
2 v. — Sir Brook Fossbrooke 2 v. — The
Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly 2 v. — A
Rent in a Cloud 1 v. — That Boy of Nor-
cott's 1 v. — St. Patrick's Eye; Paul
Gosslett's Confessions 1 v. — Lord Kil-
gobbin 2 v.
- Levett-Yeats, S.
The Honour of Savelli 1 v. — The
Chevalier d'Auriac 1 v. — The Traitor's
Way 1 v. — The Lord Protector 1 v.
- Lewes, G. H., † 1878.
Ranthorpe 1 v. — The Physiology of
Common Life 2 v. — On Actors and the
Art of Acting 1 v.
- Linton, Mrs. E. Lynn, † 1898.
The true History of Joshua Davidson
1 v. — Patricia Kemball 2 v. — The
Atonement of Leam Dundas 2 v. — The
World well Lost 2 v. — Under which
Lord? 2 v. — With a Silken Thread, and
other Stories 1 v. — Todhunters' at Loan-
in' Head, and other Stories 1 v. — "My
Love!" 2 v. — The Girl of the Period,
and other Social Essays 1 v. — Ione 2 v.
- Lockhart, Laurence W. M.,
† 1882.
Mine is Thine 2 v.
- Loftus, Lord Augustus.
Diplomatic Reminiscences 1837 - 1862
(with Portrait) 2 v.
- Longard, Mme de: *vide* D.
Gerard.
- Longfellow, Henry Wads-
worth (Am.), † 1882.
Poetical Works (with Portrait) 3 v. —
The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri
3 v. — The New-England Tragedies 1 v.
— The Divine Tragedy 1 v. — Flower-de-
Luce, and Three Books of Song 1 v. —
The Masque of Pandora, and other Poems
1 v.
- Lonsdale, Margaret.
Sister Dora (with a Portrait of Sister
Dora) 1 v.
- Lorimer, George Horace (Am.).
Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to his
Son 1 v.
- "Lost Battle, a," Author of.
A Lost Battle 2 v.
- Lubbock, John (Lord Avebury).
The Pleasures of Life 1 v. — The Beau-
ties of Nature (with Illustrations) 1 v. —
The Use of Life 1 v. — Scenery of Switzer-
land (with Illustrations) 2 v.

"Lutfullah": *vide* Eastwick.

Lyall, Edna, † 1903.

We Two 2 v. — Donovan 2 v. — In the Golden Days 2 v. — Knight-Errant 2 v. — Won by Waiting 2 v. — Wayfaring Men 2 v. — Hope the Hermit 2 v. — Doreen 2 v. — In Spite of All 2 v. — The Hinderers 1 v.

Lytton, Lord: *vide* E. Bulwer.

Lytton, Robert Lord (Owen Meredith), † 1891.

Poems 2 v. — Fables in Song 2 v.

Maartens, Maarten.

The Sin of Joost Avelingh 1 v. — An Old Maid's Love 2 v. — God's Fool 2 v. — The Greater Glory 2 v. — My Lady Nobody 2 v. — Her Memory 1 v. — Some Women I have known 1 v. — My Poor Relations 2 v.

Macauley, Lord, Thomas Babington, † 1859.

History of England (with Portrait) 10 v. — Critical and Historical Essays 5 v. — Lays of Ancient Rome 1 v. — Speeches 2 v. — Biographical Essays 1 v. — William Pitt, Atterbury 1 v. — (See also Trevelyan).

McC Carthy, Justin.

The Waterdale Neighbours 2 v. — Dear Lady Disdain 2 v. — Miss Misanthrope 2 v. — A History of our own Times 5 v. — Donna Quixote 2 v. — A short History of our own Times 2 v. — A History of the Four Georges vols. 1 & 2. — A History of our own Times vols. 6 & 7 (supplemental). — A History of the Four Georges and of William IV. Vols. 3, 4 & 5 (supplemental).

Mac Donald, George.

Alec Forbes of Howglen 2 v. — Annals of a Quiet Neighbourhood 2 v. — David Elginbrod 2 v. — The Vicar's Daughter 2 v. — Malcolm 2 v. — St. George and St. Michael 2 v. — The Marquis of Lossie 2 v. — Sir Gibbie 2 v. — Mary Marston 2 v. — The Gifts of the Child Christ, and other Tales 1 v. — The Princess and Curdie 1 v.

Mackarness, Mrs., † 1881.

Sunbeam Stories 1 v. — A Peerless Wife 2 v. — A Mingled Yarn 2 v.

Mackay, Eric, † 1898.

Love Letters of a Violinist, and other Poems 1 v.

McC Knight, Charles (Am.).

Old Fort Duquesne 2 v.

Maclaren, Ian.

Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush 1 v. — The Days of Auld Langsyne 1 v. — His Majesty Baby 1 v.

Macleod, Fiona.

Wind and Wave 1 v.

Macleod, Norman, † 1872.

The Old Lieutenant and his Son 1 v.

Macpherson, James, † 1696:
vide Ossian.

Macquoid, Mrs.

Patty 2 v. — Miriam's Marriage 2 v. — Pictures across the Channel 2 v. — Too Soon 1 v. — My Story 2 v. — Diane 2 v. — Beside the River 2 v. — A Faithful Lover 2 v.

"Mademoiselle Mori," Author of (Miss Roberts).

Mademoiselle Mori 2 v. — Denise 1 v. — Madame Fontenoy 1 v. — On the Edge of the Storm 1 v. — The Atelier du Lys 2 v. — In the Olden Time 2 v.

Mahon, Lord: *vide* Stanhope.

Maine, E. S.

Scarscliff Rocks 2 v.

Malet, Sir Edward, G.C.B., G.C.M.G.

Shifting Scenes 1 v.

Malet, Lucas.

Colonel Enderby's Wife 2 v. — The History of Sir Richard Calmady 3 v.

Malmesbury, the Earl of, G.C.B.

Memoirs of an Ex-Minister 3 v.

Mann, Mary E.

A Winter's Tale 1 v. — The Cedar Star 1 v.

Mansfield, Robert Blachford.

The Log of the Water Lily 1 v.

Mark Twain: *vide* Twain.

"Marmorne," Author of: *vide*
P. G. Hamerton.

Marryat, Capt., † 1848.

Jacob Faithful (with Portrait) 1 v. — Percival Keene 1 v. — Peter Simple 1 v. — Japhet in Search of a Father 1 v. — Monsieur Violet 1 v. — The Settlers in Canada 1 v. — The Mission 1 v. — The Privateer's-Man 1 v. — The Children of the New-Forest 1 v. — Valerie 1 v. — Mr. Midshipman Easy 1 v. — The King's Own 1 v.

Marryat, Florence, † 1899.

Love's Conflict 2 v. — For Ever and Ever 2 v. — The Confessions of Gerald Estcourt 2 v. — Nelly Brooke 2 v. — Véronique 2 v. — Petronel 2 v. — Her Lord and Master 2 v. — The Prey of the Gods 1 v. — Life and Letters of Captain Marryat 1 v. — Mad Dumaresq 2 v. — No Intentions 2 v. — Fighting the Air 2 v. — A Star and a Heart; An Utter Impossibility 1 v. — The Poison of Asps, and other Stories 1 v. — A Lucky Disappointment, and other Stories 1 v. — "My own Child" 2 v. — Her Father's Name 2 v. — A Harvest of Wild Oats 2 v. — A Little Stepson 1 v. — Written in Fire 2 v. — Her World against a Lie 2 v. — A Broken Blossom 2 v. — The Root of all Evil 2 v. — The Fair-haired Alda 2 v. — With Cupid's Eyes 2 v. — My Sister the Actress 2 v. — Phyllida 2 v. — How they loved Him 2 v. — Facing the Footlights (with Portrait) 2 v. — A Moment of Madness, and other Stories 1 v. — The Ghost of Charlotte Cray, and other Stories 1 v. — Peeress and Player 2 v. — Under the Lilies and Roses 2 v. — The Heart of Jane Warner 2 v. — The Heir Presumptive 2 v. — The Master Passion 2 v. — Spiders of Society 2 v. — Driven to Bay 2 v. — A Daughter of the Tropics 2 v. — Gentleman and Courtier 2 v. — On Circumstantial Evidence 2 v. — Mount Eden. A Romance 2 v. — Blindfold 2 v. — A Scarlet Sin 1 v. — A Bankrupt Heart 2 v. — The Spirit World 1 v. — The Beautiful Soul 1 v. — At Heart a Rake 2 v. — The Strange Transfiguration of Hannah Stubbs 1 v. — The Dream that Stayed 2 v. — A Passing Madness 1 v. — The Blood of the Vampire 1 v. — A Soul on Fire 1 v. — Iris the Avenger 1 v.

Marsh, Mrs. Anne (Caldwell),

† 1874.

Ravenscliffe 2 v. — Emilia Wyndham 2 v. — Castle Avon 2 v. — Aubrey 2 v. — The Heiress of Haughton 2 v. — Evelyn Marston 2 v. — The Rose of Ashurst 2 v.

Marshall, Mrs. Emma, † 1899.

Mrs. Mainwaring's Journal 1 v. — Benvenuta 1 v. — Lady Alice 1 v. — Dayspring 1 v. — Life's Aftermath 1 v. — In the East Country 1 v. — No. XIII; or, The Story of the Lost Vestal 1 v. — In Four Reigns 1 v. — On the Banks of the Ouse 1 v. — In the City of Flowers 1 v. — Alma 1 v. — Under Salisbury Spire 1 v. — The End Crowns All 1 v. — Winchester Meads 1 v. — Eventide Light 1 v. — Winifrede's Journal 1 v. — Bristol Bells 1 v. — In the Service of Rachel Lady Russell 1 v. — A Lily among Thorns 1 v. — Penshurst Castle 1 v. — Kensington Palace 1 v. — The White King's Daughter 1 v. — The Master of the Musicians 1 v. — An Escape from the Tower 1 v. — A Haunt of Ancient Peace 1 v. — Castle Meadow 1 v. — In the Choir of Westminster Abbey 1 v. — The Young Queen of Hearts 1 v. — Under the Dome of St. Paul's 1 v. — The Parson's Daughter 1 v.

Mason, A. E. W.

The Four Feathers 2 v. — Miranda of the Balcony 1 v.

Mathers, Helen (Mrs. Henry Reeves).

"Cherry Ripe!" 2 v. — "Land o' the Leal" 1 v. — My Lady Green Sleeves 2 v. — As he comes up the Stair, etc. 1 v. — Sam's Sweetheart 2 v. — Eyre's Acquittal 2 v. — Found Out 1 v. — Murder or Manslaughter? 1 v. — The Fashion of this World (80 Pf.) — Blind Justice, and "Who, being dead, yet Speaketh" 1 v. — What the Glass Told, and A Study of a Woman 1 v. — Bam Wildfire 2 v. — Becky 2 v. — Cinders 1 v. — "Honey" 1 v. — Griff of Griffithscourt 1 v.

Maurice, Colonel.

The Balance of Military Power in Europe 1 v.

Maurier, George du, † 1896.

Trilby 2 v. — The Martian 2 v.

Maxwell, Mrs.: *v.* Miss Braddon.

"Mehalah," Author of: *vide* Baring-Gould.

Melville, George J. Whyte, † 1878.

Kate Coventry 1 v. — Holmby House 2 v. — Digby Grand 1 v. — Good for Nothing 2 v. — The Queen's Maries 2 v. — The Gladiators 2 v. — The Brookes of Bridlemere 2 v. — Cerise 2 v. — The Interpreter 2 v. — The White Rose 2 v. — M. or N. 1 v. — Contraband 1 v. — Sarchedon 2 v. — Uncle John 2 v. — Katerfelto 1 v. — Sister Louise 1 v. — Rosine 1 v. — Roys' Wife 2 v. — Black but Comely 2 v. — Riding Recollections 1 v.

Memorial Volumes: *vide* Five Centuries (vol. 500); The New Testament (vol. 1000); Henry Morley (vol. 2000).

Meredith, George.

The Ordeal of Richard Feverel 2 v. — Beauchamp's Career 2 v. — The Tragic Comedians 1 v. — Lord Ormont and his Aminta 2 v. — The Amazing Marriage 2 v.

Meredith, Owen: *vide* Robert Lord Lytton.

Merrick, Leonard.

The Man who was good 1 v. — This Stage of Fools 1 v. — Cynthia 1 v. — One Man's View 1 v. — The Actor-Manager 1 v. — The Worldlings 1 v. — When Love flies out o' the Window 1 v. — Conrad in Quest of His Youth 1 v. — The Quaint Companions 1 v.

Merriman, Henry Seton, † 1903. Young Mistley 1 v. — Prisoners and Captives 2 v. — From One Generation to Another 1 v. — With Edged Tools 2 v. — The Sowers 2 v. — Flotsam 1 v. — In Kedar's Tents 1 v. — Roden's Corner 1 v. — The Isle of Unrest 1 v. — The Velvet Glove 1 v. — The Vultures 1 v. — Barlasch of the Guard 1 v.

Merriman, H. S., & S. G. Tallentyre.

The Money-Spinner, etc. 1 v.

Milne, James.

The Epistles of Atkins 1 v.

Milton, John, † 1674.

Poetical Works 1 v.

"Molly, Miss," Author of.

Geraldine Hawthorne 1 v.

"Molly Bawn," Author of: *vide* Mrs. Hungerford.

Montgomery, Florence.

Misunderstood 1 v. — Thrown Together 2 v. — Thwarted 1 v. — Wild Mike 1 v. — Seaforth 2 v. — The Blue Veil 1 v. — Transformed 1 v. — The Fisherman's Daughter, etc. 1 v. — Colonel Norton 2 v. — Prejudged 1 v. — An Unshared Secret, and Other Tales 1 v.

Moore, Frank Frankfort.

"I Forbid the Banns" 2 v. — A Gray Eye or So 2 v. — One Fair Daughter 2 v. — They Call it Love 2 v. — The Jessamy Bride 1 v. — The Millionaires 1 v. — Nell Gwyn—Comedian 1 v. — A Damsel or Two 1 v. — Castle Omeragh 2 v.

Moore, George.

Celibates 1 v. — Evelyn Innes 2 v. — Sister Teresa 2 v. — The Untilled Field 1 v.

Moore, Thomas, † 1852.

Poetical Works (with Portrait) 5 v.

Morgan, Lady, † 1859.

Memoirs 3 v.

Morley, Henry, † 1894.

Of English Literature in the Reign of Victoria. With Facsimiles of the Signatures of Authors in the Tauchnitz Edition (v. 2000, published 1881) 1 v.

Morris, William.

A Selection from his Poems. Edited with a Memoir by F. Hueffer 1 v.

Morrison, Arthur.

Tales of Mean Streets 1 v. — A Child of the Jago 1 v. — To London Town 1 v. — Cunning Murrell 1 v. — The Hole in the Wall 1 v.

Muirhead, James Fullarton.

The Land of Contrasts 1 v.

Mulock, Miss: *vide* Mrs. Craik.

Murray, David Christie.

Rainbow Gold 2 v.

Murray, Grenville: *v.* Grenville.

"My Little Lady," Author of:
vide E. Frances Poynter.

New Testament, the.

The Authorised English Version, with Introduction and Various Readings from the three most celebrated Manuscripts of the Original Text, by Constantine Tischendorf (vol. 1000, published 1869) 1 v.

Newby, Mrs. C. J.

Common Sense 2 v.

Newman, Dr. J. H. (Cardinal Newman), † 1890.

Callista 1 v.

Nicholls, Mrs.: *vide* Curren Bell.

"Nina Balatka," Author of:
vide Anthony Trollope.

"No Church," Author of (F. Robinson).

No Church 2 v. — Owen:—a Waif 2 v.

Noel, Lady Augusta.

From Generation to Generation 1 v. —
Hithersea Mere 2 v.

Norris, Frank (Am.), † 1902.

The Octopus 2 v. — The Pit 2 v.

Norris, W. E.

My Friend Jim 1 v. — A Bachelor's Blunder 2 v. — Major and Minor 2 v. — The Rogue 2 v. — Miss Shafto 2 v. — Mrs. Fenton 1 v. — Misadventure 2 v. — Saint Ann's 1 v. — A Victim of Good Luck 1 v. — The Dancer in Yellow 1 v. — Clarissa Furiosa 2 v. — Marietta's Marriage 2 v. — The Fight for the Crown 1 v. — The Widower 1 v. — Giles Ingilby 1 v. — The Flower of the Flock 1 v. — His Own Father 1 v. — The Credit of the County 1 v. — Lord Leonard the Luckless 1 v.

Norton, Hon. Mrs., † 1877.

Stuart of Dunleath 2 v. — Lost and Saved 2 v. — Old Sir Douglas 2 v.

"Not Easily Jealous," Author of
(Miss Iza Hardy).

Not Easily Jealous 2 v.

"Novels and Tales": *vide*
"Household Words."

O'Conor-Eccles, Charlotte: *vide*
Hal Godfrey.

Oliphant, Laurence, † 1888.

Altiora Peto 2 v. — Masollam 2 v.

Oliphant, Mrs., † 1897.

The Last of the Mortimers 2 v. — Mrs. Margaret Maitland 1 v. — Agnes 2 v. — Madonna Mary 2 v. — The Minister's Wife 2 v. — The Rector and the Doctor's Family 1 v. — Salem Chapel 2 v. — The Perpetual Curate 2 v. — Miss Marjoribanks 2 v. — Ombrà 2 v. — Memoir of Count de Montalembert 2 v. — May 2 v. — Innocent 2 v. — For Love and Life 2 v. — A Rose in June 1 v. — The Story of Valentine and his Brother 2 v. — White-ladies 2 v. — The Curate in Charge 1 v. — Phœbe, Junior 2 v. — Mrs. Arthur 2 v. — Carità 2 v. — Young Musgrave 2 v. — The Primrose Path 2 v. — Within the Precincts 3 v. — The Greatest Heiress in England 2 v. — He that will not when he may 2 v. — Harry Joscelyn 2 v. — In Trust 2 v. — It was a Lover and his Lass 3 v. — The Ladies Lindores 3 v. — Hester 3 v. — The Wizard's Son 3 v. — A Country Gentleman and his Family 2 v. — Neighbours on the Green 1 v. — The Duke's Daughter 1 v. — The Fugitives 1 v. — Kirsteen 2 v. — Life of Laurence Oliphant and of Alice Oliphant, his Wife 2 v. — The Little Pilgrim in the Unseen 1 v. — The Heir Presumptive and the Heir Apparent 2 v. — The Sorceress 2 v. — Sir Robert's Fortune 2 v. — The Ways of Life 1 v. — Old Mr. Tredgold 2 v.

"One who has kept a Diary":
vide George W. E. Russell.

Ossian.

The Poems of Ossian. Translated by James Macpherson 1 v.

Ouida.

Idalia 2 v. — Tricotrïn 2 v. — Puck 2 v. — Chandos 2 v. — Strathmore 2 v. — Under two Flags 2 v. — Folle-Farine 2 v. — A Leaf in the Storm; A Dog of Flanders; A Branch of Lilac; A Provence Rose 1 v. — Cecil Castlemaine's Gage, and other Novelettes 1 v. — Madame la Marquise, and other Novelettes 1 v. — Pascarel 2 v. — Held in Bondage 2 v. — Two little Wooden Shoes 1 v. — Signa (with Portrait) 3 v. — In a Winter City 1 v. — Ariadnè 2 v. —

Friendship 2 v. — Moths 3 v. — Pipistrello, and other Stories 1 v. — A Village Commune 2 v. — In Maremma 3 v. — Bimbi 1 v. — Wanda 3 v. — Frescoes and other Stories 1 v. — Princess Napraxine 3 v. — Othmar 3 v. — A Rainy June (60 Pf.). Don Gesualdo (60 Pf.). — A House Party 1 v. — Guilderoy 2 v. — Syrlin 3 v. — Ruffino, and other Stories 1 v. — Santa Barbara, etc. 1 v. — Two Offenders 1 v. — The Silver Christ, etc. 1 v. — Toxin, and other Papers 1 v. — Le Selve, and Tonia 1 v. — The Massarenes 2 v. — An Altruist, and Four Essays 1 v. — La Strega, and other Stories 1 v. — The Waters of Edera 1 v. — Street Dust, and Other Stories 1 v. — Critical Studies 1 v.

“Outcasts, the,” Author of: *vide*
“Roy Tellet.”

Parker, Sir Gilbert.

The Battle of the Strong 2 v. — Donovan Pasha, and Some People of Egypt 1 v. — The Seats of the Mighty 2 v.

Parr, Harriet (Holme Lee),
† 1900.

Basil Godfrey's Caprice 2 v. — For Richer, for Poorer 2 v. — The Beautiful Miss Barrington 2 v. — Her Title of Honour 1 v. — Echoes of a Famous Year 1 v. — Katherine's Trial 1 v. — The Vicissitudes of Bessie Fairfax 2 v. — Ben Milner's Wooing 1 v. — Straightforward 2 v. — Mrs. Denys of Cote 2 v. — A Poor Squire 1 v.

Parr, Mrs.

Dorothy Fox 1 v. — The Prescotts of Pamphillon 2 v. — The Gosau Smithy, etc. 1 v. — Robin 2 v. — Loyalty George 2 v.

Paston, George.

A Study in Prejudices 1 v. — A Fair Deceiver 1 v.

Paul, Mrs.: *vide* Author of “Still Waters.”

“Paul Ferroll,” Author of (Mrs. Caroline Clive), † 1873.

Paul Ferroll 1 v. — Year after Year 1 v. — Why Paul Ferroll killed his Wife 1 v.

Payn, James, † 1898.

Found Dead 1 v. — Gwendoline's Harvest 1 v. — Like Father, like Son 2 v. —

Not Wooded, but Won 2 v. — Cecil's Tryst 1 v. — A Woman's Vengeance 2 v. — Murphy's Master 1 v. — In the Heart of a Hill, and other Stories 1 v. — At Her Mercy 2 v. — The Best of Husbands 2 v. — Walter's Word 2 v. — Halves 2 v. — Fallen Fortunes 2 v. — What He cost Her 2 v. — By Proxy 2 v. — Less Black than we're Painted 2 v. — Under one Roof 2 v. — High Spirits 1 v. — High Spirits (*Second Series*) 1 v. — A Confidential Agent 2 v. — From Exile 2 v. — A Grape from a Thorn 2 v. — Some Private Views 1 v. — For Cash Only 2 v. — Kit: A Memory 2 v. — The Canon's Ward (with Portrait) 2 v. — Some Literary Recollections 1 v. — The Talk of the Town 1 v. — The Luck of the Darrells 2 v. — The Heir of the Ages 2 v. — Holiday Tasks 1 v. — Glow-Worm Tales (*First Series*) 1 v. — Glow-Worm Tales (*Second Series*) 1 v. — A Prince of the Blood 2 v. — The Mystery of Mirbridge 2 v. — The Burnt Million 2 v. — The Word and the Will 2 v. — Sunny Stories, and some Shady Ones 1 v. — A Modern Dick Whittington 2 v. — A Stumble on the Threshold 2 v. — A Trying Patient 1 v. — Gleams of Memory, and The Eavesdropper 1 v. — In Market Overt 1 v. — The Disappearance of George Driffell, and other Tales 1 v. — Another's Burden etc. 1 v. — The Backwater of Life, or Essays of a Literary Veteran 1 v.

Peard, Frances Mary.

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Pemberton, Max.

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Percy, Bishop Thomas, † 1811.

Reliques of Ancient English Poetry 3 v.

Philips, F. C.

As in a Looking Glass 1 v. — The Dean and his Daughter 1 v. — Lucy Smith 1 v. — A Lucky Young Woman 1 v. — Jack and Three Jills 1 v. — Little Mrs. Murray 1 v. — Young Mr. Ainslie's Courtship 1 v. — Social Vicissitudes 1 v. — Extenuating Circumstances, and A French Marriage 1 v. — More Social Vicissitudes 1 v. — Constance 2 v. — That Wicked Mad'emoiselle, etc. 1 v. — A Doctor in Difficulties, etc. 1 v. — Black and White 1 v. — "One Never Knows" 2 v. — Of Course 1 v. — Miss Ormerod's Protégé 1 v. — My little Husband 1 v. — Mrs. Bouverie 1 v. — A Question of Colour, and other Stories 1 v. — A Devil in Nun's Veiling 1 v. — The Confession, and other Stories 1 v. — The Luckiest of Three 1 v. — Poor Little Bella 1 v. — Eliza Clarke, Governess, and Other Stories 1 v. — Marriage, etc. 1 v. — School-girls of To-day, etc. 1 v. — If Only, etc. 1 v.

Philips, F. C. & Percy Fendall.

A Daughter's Sacrifice 1 v. — Margaret Byng 1 v.

Philips, F. C. & C. J. Wills.

The Fatal Phryne 1 v. — The Scudamores 1 v. — A Maiden Fair to See 1 v. — Sybil Ross's Marriage 1 v.

Phillpotts, Eden.

Lying Prophets 2 v. — The Human Boy 1 v. — Sons of the Morning 2 v. — The Good Red Earth 1 v. — The Striking Hours 1 v.

Piddington, Miss: *vide* Author of "The Last of the Cavaliers."

Poe, Edgar Allan (Am.), † 1849.

Poems and Essays, edited with a new Memoir by John H. Ingram 1 v. — Tales, edited by John H. Ingram 1 v.

Pope, Alexander, † 1744.

Select Poetical Works (with Portrait) 1 v.

Poynter, Miss E. Frances.

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Præd, Mrs. Campbell.

Zéro 1 v. — Affinities 1 v. — The Head Station 2 v.

Prentiss, Mrs. E. (Am.), † 1878.

Stepping Heavenward 1 v.

Prince Consort, the, † 1861.

His Principal Speeches and Addresses (with Portrait) 1 v.

Pryce, Richard.

Miss Maxwell's Affections 1 v. — The Quiet Mrs. Fleming 1 v. — Time and the Woman 1 v.

Pym, Hor. N.: *v.* Caroline Fox.

Q (A. T. Quiller-Couch).

Noughts and Crosses 1 v. — I Saw Three Ships 1 v. — Dead Man's Rock 1 v. — Ia and other Tales 1 v. — The Ship of Stars 1 v. — The Adventures of Harry Revel 1 v.

Queen, H. M. the: *vide* Victoria R. I.

Rae, W. Fraser.

Westward by Rail 1 v. — Miss Bayle's Romance 2 v. — The Business of Travel 1 v.

Raimond, C. E. (Miss Robins).

The Open Question 2 v.

"Rajah's Heir, the," Author of The Rajah's Heir 2 v.

Reade, Charles, † 1884.

"It is never too late to mend" 2 v. — "Love me little, love me long" 1 v. — The Cloister and the Hearth 2 v. — Hard Cash 3 v. — Put Yourself in his Place 2 v. — A Terrible Temptation 2 v. — Peg Woffington 1 v. — Christie Johnstone 1 v. — A Simpleton 2 v. — The Wandering Heir 1 v. — A Woman-Hater 2 v. — Readiana 1 v. — Singleheart and Doubleface 1 v.

"Recommended to Mercy," Author of (Mrs. Houston).

"Recommended to Mercy" 2 v. — Zoe's "Brand" 2 v.

Reeves, Mrs.: *v.* Helen Mathers.

Rhys, Grace.

Mary Dominic 1 v. — The Wooing of Sheila 1 v.

Rice, James: *v.* Walter Besant.

Richards, Alfred Bate, † 1876.
So very Human 3 v.

- Richardson, S., † 1761.
Clarissa Harlowe 4 v.
- Riddell, Mrs. (F. G. Trafford).
George Geith of Fen Court 2 v. — Maxwell Drewitt 2 v. — The Race for Wealth 2 v. — Far above Rubies 2 v. — The Earl's Promise 2 v. — Mortomley's Estate 2 v.
- "Rita."
Souls 1 v.
- Ritchie, Mrs. Anne Thackeray:
vide Miss Thackeray.
- Roberts, Miss: *vide* Author of
"Mademoiselle Mori."
- Robertson, Rev. Frederick W.,
† 1853.
Sermons 4 v.
- Robins, Miss: *vide* Raimond.
- Robinson, F.: *vide* Author of
"No Church."
- Ross, Charles H.
The Pretty Widow 1 v. — A London Romance 2 v.
- Ross, Martin: *vide* Somerville.
- Rossetti, Dante Gabriel, † 1882.
Poems 1 v. — Ballads and Sonnets 1 v.
- "Roy Tellet."
The Outcasts 1 v. — A Draught of Lethe 1 v. — Pastor and Prelate 2 v.
- Ruffini, J., † 1881.
Lavinia 2 v. — Doctor Antonio 1 v. — Lorenzo Benoni 1 v. — Vincenzo 2 v. — A Quiet Nook in the Jura 1 v. — The Paragreens on a Visit to Paris 1 v. — Carlino, and other Stories 1 v.
- Russell, W. Clark.
A Sailor's Sweetheart 2 v. — The "Lady Maud" 2 v. — A Sea Queen 2 v.
- Russell, George W. E.
Collections and Recollections. By One who has kept a Diary 2 v. — A Londoner's Log-Book 1 v.
- Sala, George Augustus, † 1895.
The Seven Sons of Mammon 2 v.

- Saunders, John.
Israel Mort, Overman 2 v. — The Shipowner's Daughter 2 v. — A Noble Wife 2 v.
- Saunders, Katherine (Mrs. Cooper).
Joan Merryweather, and other Tales 1 v. — Gideon's Rock, and other Tales 1 v. — The High Mills 2 v. — Sebastian 1 v.
- Savage, Richard Henry (Am.),
† 1903.
My Official Wife 1 v. — The Little Lady of Lagunitas (with Portrait) 2 v. — Prince Schamyl's Wooing 1 v. — The Masked Venus 2 v. — Delilah of Harlem 2 v. — The Anarchist 2 v. — A Daughter of Judas 1 v. — In the Old Chateau 1 v. — Miss Devereux of the Mariquita 2 v. — Checked Through 2 v. — A Modern Corsair 2 v. — In the Swim 2 v. — The White Lady of Khaminavatka 2 v. — In the House of His Friends 2 v. — The Mystery of a Shipyard 2 v.
- Schreiner, Olive.
Trooper Peter Halket of Mashonaland 1 v.
- Scott, Sir Walter, † 1832.
Waverley (with Portrait) 1 v. — The Antiquary 1 v. — Ivanhoe 1 v. — Kenilworth 1 v. — Quentin Durward 1 v. — Old Mortality 1 v. — Guy Mannering 1 v. — Rob Roy 1 v. — The Pirate 1 v. — The Fortunes of Nigel 1 v. — The Black Dwarf; A Legend of Montrose 1 v. — The Bride of Lammermoor 1 v. — The Heart of Mid-Lothian 2 v. — The Monastery 1 v. — The Abbot 1 v. — Peveril of the Peak 2 v. — Poetical Works 2 v. — Woodstock 1 v. — The Fair Maid of Perth 1 v. — Anne of Geierstein 1 v.
- Seeley, Prof. J. R., M.A., † 1895.
Life and Times of Stein (with a Portrait of Stein) 4 v. — The Expansion of England 1 v. — Goethe 1 v.
- Sewell, Elizabeth.
Amy Herbert 2 v. — Ursula 2 v. — A Glimpse of the World 2 v. — The Journal of a Home Life 2 v. — After Life 2 v. — The Experience of Life 2 v.
- Shakespeare, William, † 1616.
Plays and Poems (with Portrait) (*Second Edition*) 7 v. — Doubtful Plays 1 v.
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- Sharp, William: *vide* Miss Howard and Swinburne.
- Shelley, Percy Bysshe, † 1822.
A Selection from his Poems 1 v.
- Sheppard, Nathan (Am.), † 1888.
Shut up in Paris 1 v.
- Sheridan, Richard Brinsley,
† 1816.
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- Smedley, F. E.: *vide* Author of
"Frank Fairleigh."
- Smollett, Tobias, † 1771.
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- Stanhope, Earl (Lord Mahon),
† 1875.
The History of England 7 v. — Reign of Queen Anne 2 v.
- Steel, Flora Annie.
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- Stevens, G. W., † 1900.
From Capetown to Ladysmith 1 v.
- Sterne, Laurence, † 1768.
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- Stevenson, Robert Louis, † 1894.
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- The Master of Ballantrae 1 v. — The Merry Men, etc. 1 v. — Across the Plains, etc. 1 v. — Island Nights' Entertainments 1 v. — Catriona 1 v. — Weir of Hermiston 1 v. — St. Ives 2 v. — In the South Seas 2 v.
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Still Waters 1 v. — Dorothy 1 v. — De Cressy 1 v. — Uncle Ralph 1 v. — Maiden Sisters 1 v. — Martha Brown 1 v. — Vanessa 1 v.
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The Story of a Penitent Soul 1 v.
- "Story of Elizabeth, the," Author of:
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- Stowe, Mrs. Harriet Beecher (Am.), † 1896.
Uncle Tom's Cabin (with Portrait) 2 v. — A Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin 2 v. — Dred 2 v. — The Minister's Wooing 1 v. — Old-town Folks 2 v.
- "Sunbeam Stories," Author of:
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- Swift, Jonathan (Dean Swift),
† 1745.
Gulliver's Travels 1 v.
- Swinburne, Algernon Charles.
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- Symonds, John Addington,
† 1893.
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- Tallentyre, S. G.: *v.* H. S. Merri-man.
- Tasma.
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- Tautphoeus, Baroness, † 1893.
Cyrilla 2 v. — The Initials 2 v. — Quits 2 v. — At Odds 2 v.
- Taylor, Col. Meadows, † 1876.
Tara; a Mahratta Tale 3 v.

Templeton: *vide* Author of
"Horace Templeton."

Tennyson, Alfred (Lord), † 1892.

Poetical Works 8 v. — Queen Mary 1 v. — Harold 1 v. — Becket; The Cup; The Falcon 1 v. — Locksley Hall, sixty Years after; The Promise of May; Tiresias and other Poems 1 v. — A Memoir. By His Son (with Portrait) 4 v.

Testament, the New: *vide* New.

Thackeray, William Makepeace, † 1863.

Vanity Fair 3 v. — Pendennis 3 v. — Miscellanies 8 v. — Henry Esmond 2 v. — The English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century 1 v. — The Newcomes 4 v. — The Virginians 4 v. — The Four Georges; Lovel the Widower 1 v. — The Adventures of Philip 2 v. — Denis Duval 1 v. — Roundabout Papers 2 v. — Catherine 1 v. — The Irish Sketch Book 2 v. — The Paris Sketch Book (with Portrait) 2 v.

Thackeray, Miss (Mrs. Ritchie).

The Story of Elizabeth 1 v. — The Village on the Cliff 1 v. — Old Kensington 2 v. — Bluebeard's Keys, and other Stories 1 v. — Five Old Friends 1 v. — Miss Angel 1 v. — Out of the World, and other Tales 1 v. — Fulham Lawn, and other Tales 1 v. — From an Island. A Story and some Essays 1 v. — Da Capo, and other Tales 1 v. — Madame de Sévigné; From a Stage Box; Miss Williamson's Divagations 1 v. — A Book of Sibyls 1 v. — Mrs. Dymond 2 v. — Chapters from some Memoirs 1 v.

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Thomson, James, † 1748.

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Trollope, Anthony, † 1882.

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Trollope, T. Adolphus, † 1892.

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Trowbridge, W. R. H.

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Twain, Mark (Samuel L. Clemens) (Am.).

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Warburton, Eliot, † 1852. The Crescent and the Cross 2 v. — Darien 2 v.

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Warren, Samuel, † 1877. Diary of a late Physician 2 v. — Ten Thousand a-Year 3 v. — Now and Then 1 v. — The Lily and the Bee 1 v.

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Wetherell, Elizabeth (Susan Warner) (Am.), † 1885. The wide, wide World 1 v. — Queechy 2 v. — The Hills of the Shatemuc 2 v. — Say and Seal 2 v. — The Old Helmet 2 v.

Weyman, Stanley J. The House of the Wolf 1 v. — The Story of Francis Cludde 2 v. — A Gentleman of France 2 v. — The Man in Black 1 v. — Under the Red Robe 1 v. — My Lady Rotha 2 v. — From the Memoirs of a Minister of France 1 v. — The Red Cockade 2 v. — Shrewsbury 2 v. — The Castle Inn 2 v. — Sophia 2 v. — Count Hannibal 2 v. — In Kings' Byways 1 v. — The Long Night 2 v.

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Wood, Charles: *vide* Author of “Buried Alone.”

Wood, H. F.

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Wood, Mrs. Henry (Johnny Ludlow), † 1887.

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Wordsworth, William, † 1850.

Select Poetical Works 2 v.

Wraxall, Lascelles, † 1865.

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Yates, Edmund, † 1894.

Land at Last 2 v. — Broken to Harness 2 v. — The Forlorn Hope 2 v. — Black Sheep 2 v. — The Rock Ahead 2 v. — Wrecked in Fort 2 v. — Dr. Wainwright's Patient 2 v. — Nobody's Fortune 2 v. — Castaway 2 v. — A Waiting Race 2 v. — The yellow Flag 2 v. — The Impending Sword 2 v. — Two, by Tricks 1 v. — A Silent Witness 2 v. — Recollections and Experiences 2 v.

Yeats: *vide* Levett-Yeats.

Yonge, Charlotte M., † 1901.

The Heir of Redclyffe 2 v. — Heartsease 2 v. — The Daisy Chain 2 v. — Dynevor Terrace 2 v. — Hopes and Fears 2 v. — The Young Step-Mother 2 v. — The Trial 2 v. — The Clever Woman of the Family 2 v. — The Dove in the Eagle's Nest 2 v. — The Danvers Papers; The Prince and the Page 1 v. — The Chaplet of Pearls 2 v. — The two Guardians 1 v. — The Caged Lion 2 v. — The Pillars of the House 5 v. — Lady Hester 1 v. — My Young Alcides 2 v. — The Three Brides 2 v. — Woman-kind 2 v. — Magnum Bonum 2 v. — Love and Life 1 v. — Unknown to History 2 v. — Stray Pearls (with Portrait) 2 v. — The Armourer's Prentices 2 v. — The Two Sides of the Shield 2 v. — Nuttie's Father 2 v. — Beechcroft at Rockstone 2 v. — A Reputed Changeling 2 v. — Two Penniless Princesses 1 v. — That Stick 1 v. — Grisly Grisell 1 v. — The Long Vacation 2 v. — Modern Broods 1 v.

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