A R an own research THE DISAPPEARANCE.

CHAPTER V.

"Well," said Isabel, eagerly, "what does Mr. Hardyman say? Does he think he can Moody answered a little coldly and stiffly. His dark, deeply set eyes rested on Isabe with an uneasy look. "Mr. Hardyman seems to understand ani-

mals," he said. "He litted the dog's evelid and looked at his eye, and then he told us the bath was useless." "Go on," said Isabel, impatiently.

did something, I suppose, besides telling you that the bath was useless."

Isabel clasped her hands with a faint cry of horror. "Oh, Mr. Moody, did he hurt "Hurt him?" Moody repeated, indignant at the man (as represented by himself). "Hurt him without shrinking.

I am charged to tell you-" He structed to deliver was in the last degree

give you instructions how to treat the dog | which opened on the staircase, turned on the for the future." Isabel hastened to the door, eager to receive her instructions. Moody stopped her

before she could open it.

Hardyman," he remarked. "You said just now that Mr. Hardyman was waiting to tell me how to nurse Tommie." you to her ladyship."

favorably of me," she said, with a pert little | enough to try the patience of a saint to

are!" she said. "You can't take a joke. I'm look, I wonder?" sure I didn't mean to offend you."

"You don't offend me-you do worse, you Isabel's color began to rise. The merriment died out of her face: she looked at Moody gravely. "I don't like to be accused of distressing people when I don't deserve it," she said. "I had better leave you. Let me

by, if you please." he took her roughly by the arm.

"You are always trying to get away from me, 'he said, "I wish I knew how to make you like me, Isabel." retorted, struggling to free herself from hold. "Let go of my arm. You hurt me." Moody dropped her arm with a bitter sigh.

"I don't know how to deal with you." he said, simply. "Have some pity on me!" that all you have to say to me after hurting shrugged her shoulders and put her hands | choly monotone

coquettishly into the pockets of her apron. with him, "Your ladyship need feel That was how she pitied him! His face further anxiety about the dog. Only turned paler and paler-he writhed un- careful not to overfeed him. "For God's sake don't turn everything I by, her family name is Miller, is it not? Is say to you into ridicule!" he cried. "You | she related to the Warwickshire Millers, of

know I love you with all my heart and soul. Duxborough House?" Again and again I have asked you to be my wife, and you laugh at me as if it was a joke. way. It maddens me-I can't endure it!"



"It maddens me-I can't endure it."

Excuse me for mentioning it," she went on, has excellent qualities-prudent, cheerful, looking up at him with a saucy smile, "you | sweet-tempered; with good sense enough to are old enough to be my father." Moody's head sank on his breast. "I own it," he answered, humbly. "But there is I have taken care, for her own sake, never to something to be said for me. Men as old as leave that part of the question in any doubt I am have made good husbands before now. It would be cruel kindness to deceive her as I would devote my whole life to make you to her future position when she marries. happy. There isn't a wish you could form | shall take good care that the man who pays which I wouldn't be proud to obey. You his addresses to her is a man in her rank of who signs 'A Friend in Need,' has not and fixing her eyes again on Mr. Troy, re- he stood before her the truest friend and sermustn't reckon me by years. My youth has life. I know but too well, in the case of one not been wasted in a profligate life. I can of my own relatives, what miseries unequal be truer to you and fonder of you than many | marriages bring with them. Excuse me for a younger man. Surely my heart is not quite | troubling you at this length on domestic who my charitable correspondent is (Mr. rector of St. Anne's of embezzlement, or He could say no more. In those simple

everybody else, Isabel. Tell me, dear, why also know what limits there must be to the ex-His voice trembled as he appealed to her in | we understand each other; and I say no those simple words. He had taken the right | more." She really felt for him. All hat was true with the immovable gravity which was part and tender in her nature began to rise in her of his character—except when Isabel had table. For the moment, plainly as the rector's ladyship," deeply and too strongly to be patient, and to gave him the opportunity of speaking on his incapable of understanding it. "What, in there is my answer, Mr. give her time. He completely misinterpreted | side he had very little to say, and that little

on his side, "you have no heart!" She instantly resented those unjust words.

however, though I have no heart, I have society are not much to my taste. Miss Isabel "I undertook to deliver the letter at never encouraged you, Mr. Moody. I have is my taste." only be your friend. Understand that for blank dismay. "I am afraid I have failed to the future, if you please. There are plenty convey my exact meaning to you," she said. Hardyman gravely declared that he underyou, I have no doubt. You will always have stood her perfectly. "Perfectly," he repeated, with his impenetrable obstinacy. "Your Tortured by

outward to expression at last.

"You have kept your secret wonderfully well: but, sooner or later, all secrets get found out. I know what is in your mind as well as you know it yourself. You are in love with some other man." Isabel's face flushed deeply; the defensive stant. She cast one disdainful look at Moody,

without troubling herself to express her contempt in words. "Stand out of my way sir!" that was all she said to him. "You are in love with some other man," he reiterated, passionately. "Deny it if you

"Deny it!" she repeated, with flashing eyes. "What right have you to ask the question? Am I not free to do as I please?" He stood looking at her, meditating his next words, ith a sudden and sinist

change to self-restraint. Suppressed rage was in his rigidly set eyes, suppressed rage emphatically while he spoke his next words. "I have one thing more to say," he an-"He took a knife out of his pocket, with a swered, "and then I have done. If I am not wur husband, no other man shall be. Look well to it, Isabel Miller. If there is another man between us, I can tell him this-he shall find it no easy matter to rob me of you!"

She started, and turned pale; but it was the interest which she felt in the animal and only for a moment. The high spirit that was scious of an irresistible impulse to summon the indifference which she exhibited towards | in her rose brightly in her eyes, and faced | Isabel to her presence and caress her. In the him, indeed! Mr. Hardyman bled the "Threats?" she said, with quiet contempt, only the inevitable reaction which followed

Moody yielded with the worst possible | when I had sealed it," she went on. "I sup- Lydiard's character in all the relations of "Oh, very well! Mr. Hardyman pose you have her ladyship's orders. Isn't it life. bled the dog, and brought him to his senses | time you began to think of obeying them?" The contemptuous composure of her tone asked, when Isabel rose to receive her. stopped as if the message which he was in- and manner seemed to act on Moody with "Yes, my lady," said the girl, with her crushing effect. Without a word of answer the unfortunate steward took up the letter "Come, then, and give me a kiss in return. "Well, what were you charged to tell me?" from the table. Without a word of answer Do you love me? Very well, then, treat me "I was to say that Mr. Hardyman will he walked mechanically to the great door

threshold to look at Isabel, waited a moment, pale and still, and suddenly left the room. That silent departure, that hopeless sub- them, touched sympathies in Isabel wi mission, impressed Isabel in spite of herself. seldom showed themselves on the surfa-"You are in a great hurry to get to Mr. The sustaining sense of injury and isnult sank, Her smiling lips trembled, the bright tears as it were, from under her the moment she rose in her eyes. "You are too good to me, Isabel looked back at him in surprise. was alone. He had not been gone a minute she murmured, with her head on Lady before she began to be sorry for him once Lydiard's bosom. "How can I ever love you more. The interview had taught her noth- enough in return?" "Let him wait," Moody rejoined, sternly. | ing. She was neither old enough nor experi- | Lady Lydiard patted the pretty head that | "When I left him, he was sufficiently oc- enced enough to understand the overwhelm- rested on her with such filial tenderness. cupied in expressing his favorable opinion of ing revolution produced in a man's character "There! there!" she said. "Go back and theory on which his inquiries had proceeded The steward's pale face turned paler still as time in the maturity of his life. If Moody he said those words. With the arrival of had stolen a kies at the first opportunity, she could be a side of the said those words. With the arrival of had stolen a kies at the first opportunity, she could be a side of the said those words. With the arrival of the said those words are the said those words. had stolen a kiss at the first opportunity, she cry. God bless you! Go away! go away! time on it, and to return to the starting without uttering a word. In its artless con-Isabel in Lady Lydiard's house "his time had come"—exactly as the women in the servants' laken with her; but she would have thor
She turned aside quickly; her own eyes point of the investigation—in other words, taken with her; but she would have thor
to the letter. Shifting his point of view, he less than sublime. Addressing harself to Mr. hall had predicted. At last the impenetrable oughly understood him. His terrible earnest character to be reluctant to let Isabel see it. turned again to Lady Lydiard, and tried his Troy, Lady Lydiard pointed to Isabel. "Do man felt the influence of the sex; at last he ness, his overpowering agitation, his abrupt "Why have I made a fool of myself?" she knew the passion of love-misplaced, ill- violence-all these evidences of a passion that wondered, as she approached the drawing "Mr. Mr. Troy made no answer. In the melanstarred, hopeless love, for a woman who was | was a mystery to himself-simply puzzled | room door. "It doesn't matter, I am all the

young enough to be his child. He had al- her. "I'm sure I didn't wish to hurt his feel- better for it. Odd, that Mr. Hardyman ready spoken to Isabel more than once in ings" (such was the form that her reflections should have made me feel fonder of Isabel terms which told his secret plainly enough. | took in her present penitent frame of mind); | than ever!" But the smouldering fire of jealousy in the "but why did he provoke me? It is a shame With these reflections she re-entered the man, fanned into flame by Hardyman, now to tell me that I love some other man, when drawing room, and suddenly checked herself showed itself for the first time. His locks, there is no other man. I declare I begin to with a start. "Good heavens!" she exeven more than his words, would have warned hate the men, if they are all like Mr. Moody. | claimed, irritably, "how you frightened me! a woman with any knowledge of the natures I wonder whether he will forgive me when Why was I not told you were here?" of men to be careful how she answered him. he sees me again? I'm sure I'm willing to Having left the drawing room in a state of which he was pushing his inquiries began to and held out her hand to Isabel. Young, giddy, and inexperienced, Isabel followed the flippant impulse of the moment, lowed the flippant impulse of the moment without a thought of the consequences. "I'm | cause he is fond of me. Oh, dear! I wish he man mysteriously planted on the hearthrug | resident under your ladyship's roof for some sure it's very kind of Mr. Hardyman to speak | would come back and shake hands. It's in her absence. The new visitor may be little time, I believe? laugh. "I hope you are not jealous of him, | treated in this way. I wish I was ugl/! The ugly ones have a quiet time of it-the men Mr. Moody?"

Moody was in no humor to make allowances for the unbridled gayety of youth and ances for the unbridled gayety of youth and ances for the unbridled gayety of youth and went out to the landing and called to him was eminently suggestive of wealth and re
"Before God, who hears gray gloves. For the rest his appearance was eminently suggestive of wealth and re
"Before God, who hears gray gloves."

"Before God, who hears gray gloves."

"As my adopted daughter," her ladyship was eminently suggestive of wealth and re
"Before God, who hears gray gloves."

"As my adopted daughter," her ladyship was eminently suggestive of wealth and re
"Before God, who hears gray gloves."

"Before God, who hears gray gloves."

"As my adopted daughter," her ladyship was eminently suggestive of wealth and regood spirits. "I hate any man who ad- softly. There was no answer. He was no spectability, and in this case appearances Wise Mr. Troy rightly interpreted the em- lawyer, and waited to hear if he believed mires you," he burst out, passionately, "let longer in the house. She stood still for a were really to be trusted. The gray man Isabel looked at her strange lover with un- mie," she decided. "I'm sure he's the most viser, Mr. Troy.

> She consulted the glass once more, gave one or two corrective touches to her hair and cap, and hastened into the boudoir.

CHAPTER VI.

For a quarter of an hour the drawing room remained empty. At the end of that t the council in the boudoir broke up. Lydiard led the way back to the drawing her, Moody committed another in attempt- room, followed by Hardyman, Isabel being ing to make his peace with her. Acting un- left to look after the dog. Before the door closed behind him Hardyman turned round to reiterate his last medical directions, or plainer words, to take a last look at Isabel "Plenty of water, Miss Isabel, for the dog to lap, and a little bread or biscuit if wants something to eat. Nothing me you please, till I see him to-morrow." "Thank you, sir. I will take the eatest

At that point Lady Lydiard cut short the interchange of instructions and civilitie "Shut the door, if you please, Mr. Hardyman, I feel the draught. Many thanks!

"Is poor little dog might have been dead by this Hardyman answered, in the quiet, melar

> Lady Lydiard looked at him with an expression of satirical surprise. "Mr. Hardyyou have questioned me about Isabel. pray. You pay Isabel a compliment: and as I am very fond of her, I am naturally gratitime," she added, with one of her abrupt transitions of language, "I had my eye on you and I had my eye on her when you were talking

make a fool of the girl. She is not in your line of life, and the sooner you know it the orphan daughter of a chemist in the country. Moody requested me to prepare your lady-Her relations haven't a penny to bless themselves with, except an old aunt, who lives in a village on two or three hundred a year. 1 heard of the girl by accident. When she lost her father and mother, her aunt while the lawyer spoke for him. He saved offered to take her. Isabel said: 'No, thank Mr. Troy the trouble of ringing the bell by you; I will not be a burden on a relation who presenting himself in the drawing room. has only enough for herself. A girl can earn Lady Lydiard's eyes searched his face as he an honest living if she tries, and I mean to approached. Her bright complexion faded try'-that's what she said. I admired her in- suddenly. Not a word more passed her lips. dependence," her ladyship proceeded, ascend- She looked and waited. ing again to the higher regions of thought In silence on his side, Moody laid an open lowed the lines in the pattern of the carpet and expression. "My niece's marriage, just sheet of paper on the table. The paper with the end of her smart little shoe. She at that time, had left me alone in this great quivered in his trembling hand could hardly have been farther away from house. I proposed to Isabel to come to me as Lady Lydiard recovered herself first. "Is really understanding Moody if he had spoken companion and reader for a few weeks, in Hebrew. She was partly startled, partly and to decide for herself whether she liked "Ves my lady"

puzzled, by the strong emotions which she the life or not. We have never been separathad unconsciously called into being. "Oh, ed since that time. I could hardly be fonder hesitation. Both the men watched her anxdear me!" she said, "why can't you talk of of her if she were my own daughter, and she something else? Why can't we be friends? returns my affection with all her heart. She understand what her place is in the world, as distinguished from her place in my regard.

> Hardyman listened to this long harangue did not suggest that he had greatly profited by what he had heard. His mind had been full of Isabel when Lady Lydiard began, and it remained just as full of her, in just the same way, when Lady Lydiard had done. "Yes," he remarked, quietly, "Miss Isabel Very pretty, and such frank, unaffected manners. I don't deny that I feel an interest in her. The young ladies one meets in

Lady Lydiard's face assumed a look of

though I can't exactly explain it, I'm all the pleases me. I think I have said that before. Pardon me for saving it again. I'll call tomorrow morning and look at the dog, as early as eleven o'clock, if you will allow me. Later in the day I must be off to France to attend a sale of horses. Glad to have been of any use to your ladyship, I am sure. Good

Lady Lydiard let him go, wisely resignin any further attempt to establish an un erstanding between her visitor and herself. "He is either a person of very limited i telligence when he is away from his stables, take a plain hint when it is given to him.

can't drop his acquaintance, on Tommie's account. The only other alternative is to keep Isabel out of his way. My good little girl shall not drift into a false position while am living to look after her. When Mr. Hardyman calls to-morrow she shall be out on an errand. When he calls on his return she shall be up stairs with a headache. if he tries it again she shall be away at my house in the country. If he makes any re marks on her absence-well, he will find that I can be just as dull of understanding as he

is when the occasion calls for it." Having arrived at this satisfactory solution of the difficulty, Lady Lydiard became connature of a warm-hearted woman this was "When you make love, Mr. Moody, you take the subsidence of anxiety about the girl, after "Brute?" Isabel reiterated, with flashing strange ways of doing it. My conscience is her own resolution had set that anxiety at eyes. "I know some people, Mr. Moody, easy. You may try to frighten me, but you rest. She threw open the door and made one who really deserve to be called by that horrid | will not succeed. When you have recovered of her sudden appearances in the boudoir. word. If you can't say 'Tommie,' when you your temper I will accept your excuses." She Even in the fervent outpouring of her affecspeak of him in my presence, be so good as to paused and pointed to the table. "There is tion there was still the inherent abruptness the letter that you told me to leave for you of manner which so strongly marked Lady

"Did I give you a kiss this morning?" she

like your mother. Never mind 'my lady' this time. Give me a good hug." Something in those homely words, or something perhaps in the look that accompanie

when he feels the passion of love for the first play with Tommie, my dear. We may be as thus far had failed to produce any results. recovered herself with admirable courage.

rightly described as a gray man. He had "For nearly two years, Mr. Troy."

affected astonishment. How unlike Mr. agreeable company of the two. And—oh, "I regret, my lady, that I should have been which were now to come. Hardyman, who had treated her as a lady from first to last. "What an odd man you ing to give me my instructions! How do I with a certain underlying embarrassment in on some matters of business connected with your ladyship's house property. I presumed that you expected to find me here waiting

Thus far Lady Lydiard had listened to her legal adviser, fixing her eyes on his face in her usually frank, straightforward way She now stopped him in the middle of a sentence, with a change of expression on her own face which was undisguisedly a change

"Don't apologize, Mr. Troy," she said. "I am to blame for forgetting your appoint ment, and for not keeping my nerves under proper control." She paused for a moment, and took a seat before she said her next words, "May I ask," she resumed, "if there is something unpleasant in the business

"Nothing whatever, my lady; mere for malities, which can wait till to-morrow next day, if you wish it." Lady Lydiard's fingers drummed impatiently on the table. "You have known me long enough, Mr. Troy, to know that I cannot endure suspense. You have something un-

The lawyer respectfully remonstrated "Really, Lady Lydiard-"he began. 'It won't do, Mr. Troy. I know how you how you look at me now. You are a very Lydiard, with her eyes on clever lawyer; but, happily for the interests "Moody did mention the inclosure You bring me bad news. Speak at once, sir, added, very quietly and firmly.

"I bring news which, I fear, may annoy your ladyship," He paused, and advanced another inch. "It is news which I only be- Lydiard rejoined. "I say that Isabel Miller came acquainted with myself on entering knew of the inclosure in my letter, this house. He waited again, and made ask, What of that?" another advance. "I happened to meet your | "And I answer," retorted the impenetrable ladyship's steward, Mr. Moody, in the lawyer, "that the suspicion of theft rests

"Where is he?" Lady Lydiard interposed, in the next room, and I don't mean to let you angrily. "I can make him speak out, and I will. Send him here instantly." The lawyer made a last effort to hold off better. You make me laugh when you ask the coming disclosure a little longer. "Mr. if she is related to gentlefolks. She is the Moody will be here directly," he said. "Mr.

> "Will you ring the bell, Mr. Troy, or must Moody had evidently been waiting outside

She took up the paper without an instant's jously as she read it. The handwriting was strange to her. The

words were these: to me the letter with which he was charged. know about it?" ent when I broke the seal, and can certify to Why on nobody else?"

SAMUEL BRADSTOCK, statement was expressed, she appeared to be God's name, does this mean?" she asked. The lawyer and the steward looked at each "you took charge of the letter; I look to you

Moody's dark eyes flashed. He answered shrinking from it.

I venture to ask your ladyship a question?" | matter rest where it is, even if I could con

Lydiard answered. "But I was so alarmed lav, the harder it will be." at the time by the sudden illness of my dog | With his head sunk on his breast, wit

swear that I saw her ladyship put the bank entrance to the boudoir. "And seal the envelope?" asked Mr. Troy. "No, sir. Her ladyship was called away into the next room to the dog before she

Mr. Troy addressed himself once more to Lady Lydiard. "Did your ladyship take the letter into the next room with you?" "I was too much alarmed to think or Mr. Troy. I left it here on the table." "With the envelope open?"

"Half an hour or more." "Ha!" said Mr. Troy to himself. of the servants know of this bank note being | rible errand. in her ladyship's possession?"

"Not one of them," Moody answered. "Do you suspect any of the servants?" "Certainly not, sir." "Are there any workmen employed in the

"Do you know of any persons who had access to the room while Lady Lydiard was absent from it?" "Two visitors called, sir.".

"Who were they?" "Her ladyship's nephew, Mr. Felix Sweetsir, and the Honorable Alfred Hardyman." and repute," he said. "It's absurd even to lawyer heard him. mention Mr. Sweetsir and Mr. Hardyman. "No," said Mr. Troy. "Be merciful, and My question related to strangers who might tell her the truth." have obtained access to the drawing roomfor subscriptions, for instance; or people Lydiard's nature was roused; her great heart calling with articles of dress or ornament to offered itself patiently to any sorrow, to any be submitted to her ladyship's inspection." "No such persons came to the house, to my

knowledge," Moody answered. Mr. Troy suspended the investigation, and accepted the whole responsibility and told the took a turn thoughtfully in the room. The whole truth.

questions in a new direction. "that your ladyship was called into the next | choly experience of humanity to which his room before you could seal your letter. On profession condemned him, he had your return to this room, did you see the

the boudoir, and I told her to seal it for Lydiard misinterpreted his silence as express-Mr. Troy started. The new direction in man. She turned from him in contem-

gray hair, eyebrows and whiskers; he wore "As your ladyship's companion and phasis as a warning to him to suspend the that

to Mr. Moody the far more serious questions | -he made a low bow. It might have meant his manner. "I had the honor of sending word steward, "or did you take it yourself?" did not condescend to inquire what it meant "I took it myself, from the table here. "Was it sealed?"

> "Was anybody present when you took the letter from the table?" "Miss Isabel was present." "Did you find her alone in the room?"

> and checked herself. Mr. Trov, having leared the ground before him, put the fatal "Mr. Moody," he said, "when Miss Isabel know that a bank note was inclosed in it?" Instead of replying, Robert drew back from the lawyer with a look of horro

Lady Lydiard started to her feet checked herself again on the point of speak-"Answer him, Moody," she said, putting a strong constraint on herself. Robert answered very unwillingly she had left her letter unsealed said. "And I mentioned as my excuse speaking"-he stopped and corrected him

self-"I believe I mentioned that a valuable inclosure was in the letter." "You believe?" Mr. Troy repeated. "Can't you speak more positively than that?" "I can speak positively," said that I commit to your charge, you are also a letter, in Isabel Miller's hearing as well as in thoroughly honest man. After twenty years' mine," She paused, steadily controlling herexperience of you, you can't deceive me. self. "And what of that, Mr. Troy?" she Mr. Troy answered quietly and firmly on

Mr. Troy yielded, inch by inch, as it were. his side. "I am surprised that your ladyship should ask the question," he said. your ladyship's adopted daughter, and



"The suspicion of theft rests on your ladyship's adopted daughter." honest indignation. "I wish to God I had able devotion which he laid at her feet in the never said a word to you about the loss of days that were yet to come-the unvielding "I hereby certify that the bearer of these the bank note! Oh, my lady! my lady! courage which cheerfully accepted the sacrilines, Robert Moody by name, has presented don't let him distress you! What does he fice of himself when events demanded it at a

addressed to myself, with the seal intact. I "Hush!" said Lady Lydiard. "Control now. Without attempting to conceal the regret to add that there is, to say the least of it, some mistake. The inclosure referred rested her hand on Moody's shoulder, partly striving vainly to express those new thoughts to by the anonymous writer of the letter, to encourage him, partly to support herself, in him that were beyond the reach of words, reached me. No £500 bank note was in the peated his last words, "'Suspicion rests on vant that ever woman had. "Oh, my dear 'etter when I opened it. My wife was pres- my adopted daughter, and on nobody else!' my heart is heavy for you. Take me

this statement if necessary. Not knowing "Is your ladyship prepared to suspect the kindness will permit it, I am sure." unworthy of you, when it is all yours. I have lived such a lonely, miserable life, and you might so easily brighten it! You are kind to might so easily brighten it! You are kind to might so easily brighten it! You are kind to might so easily brighten it! You are kind to might so easily brighten it! You are kind to make this means of stating the case exactly as it stands, and hold of Isabel, and a girl's head is so easily turned. Now you what her position really is, you will stating the case exactly as it stands, and hold of Isabel, and a girl's head is so easily turned. Now you what her position really is, you will stating the case exactly as it stands, and hold of Isabel, and a girl's head is so easily turned. Now you what her position really is, you will stating the case exactly as it stands, and hold of Isabel, and a girl's head is so easily turned. Now you whom the servants? Not if Mr. Moody's evimyself at the disposal of the writer of the dence is to be believed. Who, to our own letter. My private address is at the head of certain knowledge, had access to the letter while it was unsealed? Who was alone in "Rector St. Anne's, Deansbury, London." | the room with it? And who knew of the in-Lady Lydiard dropped the paper on the closure in it? I leave the answer to your

> "Isabel Miller is as incapable of an act The lawyer bowed resignedly and ad assertion as finally disposing of the question

"No!" she said. "The loss of the bank note may suspect this innocent girl as you suspect on stained reputation, Mr. Troy-that she should in the next room, Moody. Bring her here." Robert's courage failed him; he trembled at the bare idea of exposing Isabel to the lately that his experience was required to lady!" he pleaded, "think again before you investigation in the right direction. | tell the poor girl that she is suspected of theft.

Lady Lydiard felt the composing influence to hush it up? I must write to them, and of Mr. Troy. "I am at your disposal, sir," | can't write anonymously after what has happened. Put yourself in Isabel's place, and "Are you absolutely certain that you in- tell me if you would thank the person who closed the bank note in the letter?" the law- knew you to be innocently exposed to a dis-"I certainly believe I inclosed it," Lady from you? Go, Moody! The longer you de-

that I do not feel justified in speaking posi- anguish written in every line of his face, Moody obeyed. Passing slowly down the "Was anybody in the room with your lady- short passage which connected the two rooms, ship when you put the inclosure in the let- and still shrinking from the duty that ha "I was in the room," said Moody, "I can through the curtains which hung over the

> CHAPTER VII. The sight that met Moody's view wrung

Among the varied accomplishments possessed by Tommie, the capacity to take his part at a game of hide-and-seek was one. His playfellow for the time being put a shawl or a handkerchief over his head, so as to prevent him from seeing, and then hid among the furniture a pocketbook, or a cigar case, or a purse, or anything else that happened to "How long were you absent in the other his keen sense of smell to guide him. Doubly relieved by the fit and the blee ling. Tommie's spirits had revived; and he and Isabel plicates it a little." He reflected for awhile had just begun their game when Moody and then turned again to Moody. "Did any looked into the room, charged with his ter-

ing!" cried the girl, laughing and clapping her hands. The next moment she happened to look round, and saw Moody through the parted curtains. His face warned her instantly that something serious had happened. She advanced a few steps, her eyes resting on him in silent alarm. He was himself too painfully agitated to speak. Not a word was exchanged between Lady Lydiard and Mr. Troy in the next room. In the complete stillness that prevailed the doz was heard sniffing and fidgeting about the furniture. Robert took Isabel by the hand and led her into the drawing room. "For God's sake, yielded. not speaking of gentlemen of high position spare her, my lady!" he whispered. The

He spoke to a woman who stood in no need

Putting her arm round Isabel-half caress. ing her, half supporting her-Lady Lydiard

Recling under the first shock, the poor girl

conscious guilt assume the face of innocence and helpless innocence admit the disguise o "I was busy with the dog," Lady Lydiard | guilt; the keenest observation in either case answered, "Isabel Miller was of no use in | jailing completely to detect the truth. Lady ing the sullen self-assertion of a heartless

> me in the face as your equal; I know no difference of rank at such a time as this. fore God, who hears you, are you innocen of the theft of the bank note?" "Before God, who hears me," Isabel an Lady Lydiard looked once more at the

moment in silent vexation. "I'll go to Tom- was no other than Ladv Lydiard's legal ad- examination of her ladyship, and to address Mr. Troy took refuge in dumb diplomacy an end the better," she said, "I shall h glad to avail myself of your professional assistance, Mr. Troy, within certain Outside of my house I beg that vo spare no trouble in tracing the lost money the person who has really stolen it. Inside of my house I must positively request that the disappearance of the note may never Lady Lydiard opened her lips to speak. alluded to, in any way whatever, until your inquiries have been successful in discoveri the thief. In the meanwhile Mrs. Tollmidge and her family must not be sufferers by my loss: I shall pay the money again." paused and pressed Isabel's hand with affeclast word to you, and I have done. You re main here, with my trust in you and my lov for you absolutely unshaken. You are dearer to me than ever. Never forget that."

> hand that still held hers. The high spirit that was in her, inspired by Lady Lydiard's example, rose equal to the dreadful situation in which she was placed. "No, my lady," she said, calmly and sadly, "it cannot be. What this gentleman has said of me is not to be denied-the appearances are against me. . The letter was open. and I was alone in the room with it, and Mr. Moody told me that a valuable inclosure was inside it. Dear and kind mistress, I am not fit to be a member of your household, I am not worthy to live with the honest people don't doubt it. I can wait patiently, after that, for the day that gives me back my good name. Oh, my good lady, don't cry about

Isabel bent her head and kissed the kin

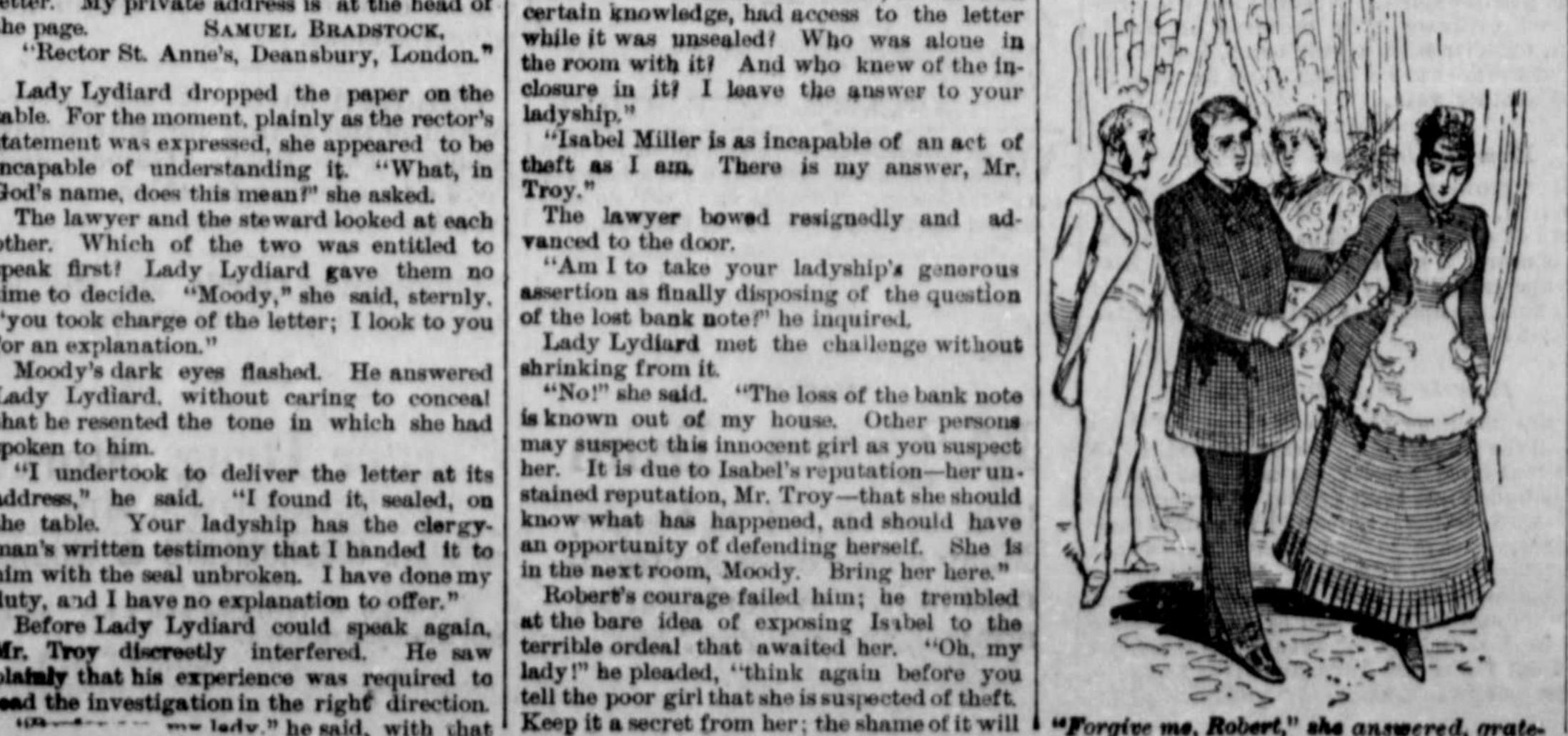
it! Pray, pray, don't cry!" Lady Lydiard's self control failed her for Isabel dearer to her than ever. She sank into a chair and covered her face with her handkerchief. Mr. Troy turned aside abrubtly, and examined a Japanese vase, without any idea in his mind of what he was looking at. Lady Lydiard had gravely misjudged him in believing him to be a heart-

Isabel followed the lawyer, and touched

"I have one relation living, sir-an aunt-

him gently on the arm to rouse his attention.

who will receive me if I go to her," she said simply. "Is there any harm in my going? Lady Lydiard will give you the address when you want me. Spare her ladyship sir, all the pain and trouble that you can." At last the heart that was in Mr. Troy asserted itself. "You are a fine creature!" said, with a burst of enthusiasm. "I agree with Lady Lydiard; I believe you are innocent, too; and I will leave no effort untried to find the proof of it." He turned aside again, and had another look at the Japanese vase. As the lawyer withdrew himself from observation, Moody approached Isabel. and listening to her in silence. Not a look that had crossed her face, not a word that had fallen from her, had escaped him, Un side, she now wrought on his nature with a purifying and ennobling influence which animated it with a new life. All that had been selfish and violent in his passion for her "It's false!" cried Robert, with a burst of left him to return no more. The immeasur later period of his life-struck root in him



She had used it in playing with the dog, as an fered, and was still suffering, too keenly to be capable of the effort of remembrance. Moody, thing, guessed what had happened. "You were playing with Tommie," he said; "is it

The dog heard his name pronounced through the open door. The next moment he | which begins with the November number, are: trotted into the drawing room with Isabel's pocketbook in his mouth. He was a strong, well-grown Scotch terrier of the largest size, with bright, intelligent eyes, and a coat of thick, curling white hair, diversified by two light brown patches on his back. As he reached the middle of the room, and looked there was trouble among his human friends. | tions of the battles of Chattanooga and the Wil- | tion to American subjects, treated by the best His tail dropped; he whined softly as he ap- derness. General McClellan will write of An- American writers, and illustrated by leading

proached Isabel and laid her pocketbook at | tietam. General D G. Buell of Shiloh, Generals | American artists. take her leave of him. As the dog put his by officers of both ships, will be described. said faintly, "to cry over a dog. I can't acter will be features of the year.

help it. Good-by, Tommie!" Putting him away from her gently, she walked toward the door. The dog instantly followed. She put him away from her for the second time, and left him. He was not to be denied; he followed her again and "You're turning, Tommie, you're burn- if to hold her back. Robert forced the dog. growling and resisting with all his might, to let go of the dress. "Don't be rough with him," said Isabel. "Put him on her ladyship's lap; he will be quieter there." Robert obeyed. He whispered to Lady Lydiard as incapable of speaking-she bowed her head your aunt's house."

thoughtless and happy.' She waited a little experts, etc., etc. to compose herself before she spoke her few farewell words to Lalv Lydiard. "Goodpeople calling, with her ladyship's sanction, of his advice. The inherent nobility in Lady by, my lady. Your kindness has not been thrown away on an ungrateful girl. I love you, and thank you, with all my heart." grown older by years, instead of by minutes, in the short interval that had passed since she had hidden her face from view.

"I can't bear it!" she cried, in husky, broken tones. "Isabel! Isabel! I forbid you

sist her. That person was Mr. Troy-and Mr. Troy knew it. "Control vourself." he said to her, in a she will return to you without the breath of | numbers only supplied at these prices with sub- | cal guide, an entertaining and instructive fam-

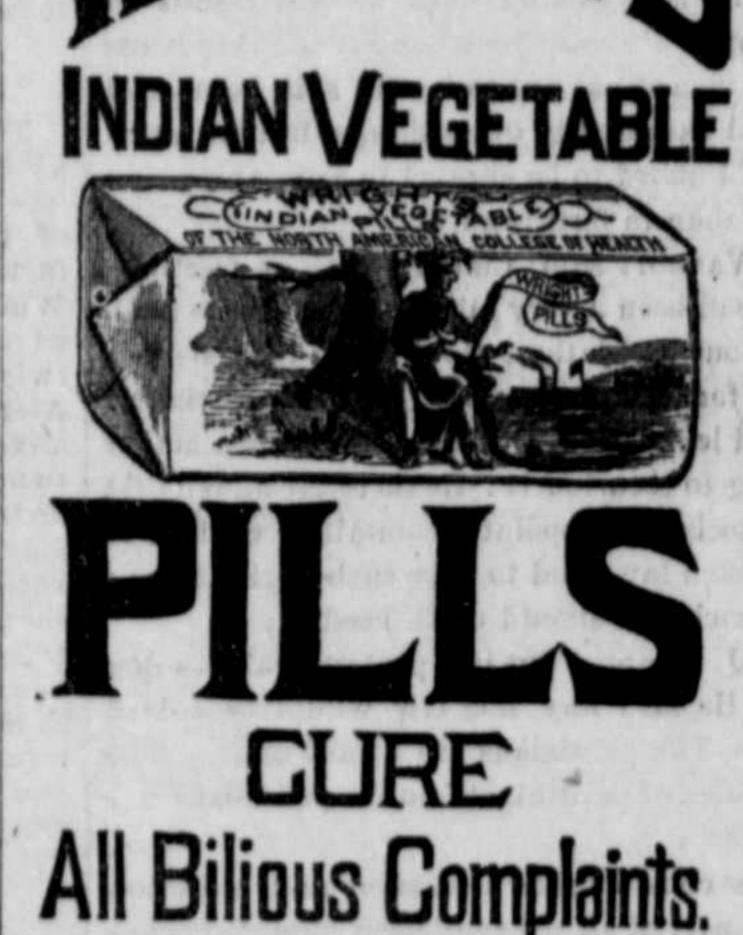
There was no disputing with him-he was too plainly in the right. Lady Lydiard submitted; she concealed the torture that her endurance which was indeed worthy of herself. Taking Isabel in her arms, she kissed her, in a passion of sorrow and love. "My poor dear! My own sweet girl! don't suppose that this is a parting kiss! I shall see you again-often and often I shall see you again at your aunt's." At a sign from Mr. | Postage Prepaid by Publishers on Subscription Troy, Robert took Isabel's arm in his and led her away. Tommie, watching her from his chair, lifted his little white muzzle as his One Dollar a copy for Twelve Months. Premplayfellow looked back on passing the doorway. The long, melancholy farewell howl of the dog was the last sound Isabel Miller heard as she left the house.

spoke together a little while since. I didn't mean it." She gave him her hand, and looked Ten Copies. timidly over her shoulder at Lady Lydiard. "Let me go!" she said, in low, broken tones;

Mr. Troy heard her, and stepped forward to interfere before Lady Lydiard could speak. The man had recovered his self-control: the lawyer took his place again on the scene. "You must not leave us, my dear," he said to Isabel, "until I have put a question to Mr. Moody in which you are interested. Do you happen to have the number of the lost bank note?" he asked, turning to the steward. Moody produced his slip of paper with the number on it. Mr 'froy made two copies o it before he returned the paper. One copy he put in his pocket, the other he handed to

This Story to be continued.

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in silent assent. Robert hurried back to Including "A Tricycle Pilgrimage to Rome. Isabel before she had passed the door. "Not | illustrated by Pennell; Historical Papers | alone!" he said entreatingly. "Her ladyship | Edward Eggleston, and others; Papers on Pe' permits it, Isabel. Let me see you safe to | sia, by S. G. W. Benjamin, lately U. S. min ter, with numerous illustrations; Astronomical Isabel looked at him, felt for him, and Articles, practical and popular, on "Sidereal Astronomy;" Papers on Christian Unity by "Yes," she answered, softly; "to make representatives of various religious denomi. amends for what I said to you when I was | tions; Papers on Manual Education, by various

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