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ARTHUR WRIGHT,
Secretary.
New Dominion, July 3rd, 1900.
July 21st.

RIGHTED AT LAST

By Mary Cecil Hay.
(Continued.)

"And we married soon," resumed Alice, wiping away her tears hurriedly; "and we loved each other dearly, and were very happy, though our lives have known many sorrows and our hearts have often failed and fretted. But the greater part have all been lightened for us by that one kind hand, and our sorrow often turned to joy by him. Oh! how I wish that I could tell you how!"

"At last," she went on, presently, folding her weak hands in her lap, "my health failed, and Gabriel's heart seemed breaking, because they told him that, to save my life, I must be sent home to England, and he knew he dared not come. He had told me all the story of old Myddelton's murder, and of the trial, every word, before he won my promise to marry him; and so, of course, I knew why he could not go, for neither he nor I had any English friends; but again our one true friend came to the rescue, and he brought me to his own beautiful home. That was two years ago, and I have been getting better and stronger ever since. Now that Gabriel has come, I know that I shall soon be quite strong again. I found, one day, in that foreign land, an old friend of my mother's, who, through loss of her property invested in mines, was living a struggling life out there; and quite unthinkingly, I told Gabriel, in Mr. Keith's presence, of how I had traced her. Royden remembered this, as he remembers all opportunities for kindness—and, when the question arose about my going to England, and he said he was returning, and gave me that offer of a home, he begged that she should come, too; and—you know the rest. Our home at Westleigh—Miss Henderson's and mine—has been a peaceful and happy one. No word or glance has ever told that it was not ours equally with his; and for those two years he has tried, and so earnestly and patiently, to clear Gabriel's name, that my husband might come and live again in his native country. Gabriel had told him the whole story when he so generously offered me this home in England, for we thought it might make him retract the offer. Yet how could we ever think that of him? It only made him determined—for he never doubted Gabriel's version of the story, never—to trace out the real murderer, if it were in man's power to do so. You know that he has succeeded, as no other man could; for, but for his pity and his help, Margaret Territ would have burned that confession. Oh! how full my heart is when I speak of him, and what can I ever do in return? What can I ever do, but what the very smallest child he helps may do as well—just pray my God to bless him."

Honor's head was bowed upon her hands, and it was not until Phoebe tapped gently at the door to hasten her, that she raised her face again; then Alice saw the marks of tears, and whistled she had not told any sad tales to-night.

On the next day but one came the anxiously expected letter, one from Miss Henderson and one from Gabriel, both short and very sad.

Miss Henderson told of the fluctuating nature of Royden's fever, of the calmness of the Sister engaged as nurse, and of the unfeigned sorrow of the servants; finishing with the hope that Alice herself was better, the letter being evidently a composition studied from beginning to end, to keep up her spirits.

But Gabriel's was different. He told of the violence of the fever, the awful suffering, and the intermittent attacks of delirium; of the total absence of all rest or ease, the discouraging opinions of the physicians; the dullness of the nurse, and the awkwardness of which he himself was painfully conscious in his own attendance beside the sick-bed.

Alice read this letter aloud, as she had read the other; but suddenly, as she reached the end of the sad recital, she made an abrupt pause.

"I—I—think I will not read the rest," she said, in her nervous, frightened way; "it may grieve you, Honor."

Honor gazed at her in mute surprise. "Give me," she echoed sadly. "Could

anything grieve me more deeply than those words which you have just read?" "This is about yourself—that is why I stopped," explained Alice, characteristically.

"Will you read it, please?" "You are sure you wish it?" "Quite—quite sure."

Alice took up the letter again and read; and when she had finished Honor answered, "Thank you," very softly, while Alice wondered over the nature she could not understand; for these were the words she had read:

"Chiefly, in all his delirium, he calls one name—Honor. Can it be my cousin he longs to see? You had better not tell her, perhaps, as it is very sad to hear it; and I would rather not know that she has given him a deep unhappiness as I feel him to be suffering, when I listen to the tone in which he calls her, or speaks to her. It makes this bitter watching more bitter even than it need be; and oh, Alice, I feel now for him—as I used to feel for myself—how impossible it is to minister to a mind diseased. 'Do not tell her,' I said—and yet I leave it to you. You will know best."

A few minutes afterward Honor went alone into the library, where Hervey waited to hear the tidings from Westleigh. He started when she came in, for she might have passed through a long illness since he had seen her last night. But she did not wait for him to question her.

"Hervey," she said, "I do not look at me so; I am well—I only want to speak to you, Hervey. Phoebe will tell you of Gabriel's letter; I will send her to you. I am going on a journey, and I want to know if you will come with me. You took the same journey for me once before—for me then, not with me. Cousin Hervey, will you come with me now to Westleigh Towers? Can you come at once—now please, Hervey, or we may be too late."

"Honor, dear Honor, I am ready."

CHAPTER XL.

While Phoebe was still telling Captain Trent of Gabriel's letter, Honor entered the room, her hat tilted low over her tell-tale eyes.

"Take care of Gabriel's wife," she whispered, her pulses quickening as the carriage rolled past the window near which they stood, and the restive horses were pulled up before the door.

"I wish I had ascertained about the trains," fretted Hervey, as he followed the girls into the hall. "If there are none now beyond Langham, I don't know what we shall do."

"I have sent a groom on horseback," said Honor, quietly; "and he is to telegraph on for post-horses. Good-bye, dear little Frau."

Yet for all her quietness, Hervey felt her hand tremble on his arm when he led her out to the carriage, and through the whole journey, though she sat so still and patiently, the restlessness and the anxiety within her eyes were painful to see. And, beyond this, there was another misery which Hervey little guessed of. The consciousness of what might have been, if she had doubted then, as she doubted now, those words which Theodora Trent had represented as Royden's. Doubtful! Ah! no, she had never doubted, even then.

"I must have hated myself," she thought, "if I could have believed him to have said them—even then. But he took me by surprise. She had only just told me, and not as if the words were a falsehood."

By Honor's wish the chaise was stopped at the park gates of Westleigh Towers, and she and Hervey descended. A little crowd had collected at the door of the lodge; women who had run from their cottages to hear the latest tidings; fishermen who had walked straight up from the beach to hear of the master before they entered their own homes; men and women who had walked from the mills to-day around the hedge-road, on purpose to hear what might be learned from the physicians, as they drove through these western gates back to the station; a homely throng, which drew back when the post-horses stopped at the gate, and—in spite of the anxiety upon their faces—never uttered an inquisitive word or glance. Honor's sad eyes rested on them for a minute, then she moved on with a hurried start, for she dared not trust herself to hear the words which they might say.

"Hervey," she said, glancing up at the castellated towers as they neared the house, "how silent it is."

"Oh! that's nothing," asserted Hervey, promptly. "Of course there's no band playing, and that sort of thing. My dear Honor, what sound would you have?"

"It was so different when I was here before."

"Of course, because the house was full of guests."

"But even the dogs are gone."

"Yes, strange to say," returned Hervey, making an effort to speak with a great deal of ease and unconcern, "they persist in standing or lying about the hall in a manner ridiculously absurd. As if they need conspire to make things more dismal than they are! It is a mistake to cultivate dogs."

Royden's grave old butler showed no surprise when he admitted the beautiful young lady, for whose coming no preparation had been made, but he was conscious of a great astonishment filling his mind when he noticed how softly and quietly she entered the sick-house, and how, as she followed him across the hall, she stopped to speak by name to one of Royden's dogs, and to lay her hand caressingly upon his drooping head. "She, too," thought the old man, with a glance into her anxious face, "is distressed about the matter." He was standing then beside the door to which he had led her, but just at that moment Mr. Keith's valet happened to cross the hall, and Honor was

knew him well, paused, her eyes full of mute and anxious questioning. But Pierce, with only a silent bow, passed on. How could he stop there in the full light—he, a man of middle age—with his eyes full of tears?

"Hervey," whispered Honor, when the cousins were left alone in the long drawing-room, "I saw a Sister of Mercy on the stairs, and she—she had no hope in her face."

"They never have," asserted Hervey, glibly, "never, my dear. They wouldn't be proper Sisters if they had."

Miss Henderson answered immediately the note from Alice Myddelton, which was given her with Honor's card, and she came in to greet Miss Craven with the most strong-minded determination to give cheerful impressions generally, and to report, with particular cheerfulness, of Royden. But Miss Henderson was not by any means a strong-minded person, her heart being some hundreds of years from its fossil condition; and so it happened that the moment she met Honor's eyes she broke down ignominiously, and cried like a child. And Honor, holding both her hands, and kissing her now and then in her gentle, pitiful way, cried with her, while Hervey kept his face turned to the window.

But Miss Henderson had not come then from the sick-room, and she herself was waiting anxiously for tidings.

(To be continued.)

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