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 Will quickly banish those tired feelings that make life a burden in the hot weather. It braces the nerves, builds up tissue, bone and flesh, gives a healthy appetite and perfect digestion. Paine's Celery Compound is the best and safest of all medicines for summer use.

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**R. H. Mason**

**RIGHTED AT LAST**

By Mary Cecil Hay.  
 (Continued.)

She sat and waited for him, without offering to take either book or work into her hands, her thoughts too deeply engrossed by her old guardian's possible future, and too intensely anxious over it. But she had not long to wait, and she turned with a smile when he entered.

"So soon, Lawrence! I am glad."  
 "Yes, he had no wish and no need to stay," said Mr. Haughton, coming forward with a curious and uncharacteristic air of diffidence. "He tried two or three different experiments; he tried insinuations and threats and promises; but from the first he saw his own mistake. Honor, you bade me help him for you, if he were poor, but he is not poor. He has carefully guarded his own interests always; and, though he is baffled and mortified, it is, after all, his own doing, and he has not left himself in any awkward circumstances—trust him for that."

"Then we may dismiss every thought and memory of him," said Honor, with a sigh of relief. "And now, Lawrence, tell me more of your own plans."

They sat together for a quiet hour, talking of these plans and hopes. It was an hour which even Honor remembered for years, while for him it was to be of life-long memory, shining like a star in his gloomy past, and ever leading his thoughts to those better things of which she spoke.

His eyes and lips had lost their hardness, when at last he rose to say good-bye. Honor had heard Phoebe-Owen's return, and wish her hand upon the door, she stayed him.

"You will like to say good-bye to Phoebe, Lawrence?"

"No," he cried, hurriedly. "no; let yours be my last. What is Phoebe's compared with—"

"Stay one minute, Lawrence," she interrupted, grieved to see this momentary return to his old manner. "I will tell Phoebe, and yet I will have the last hand-shake. Phoebe was once your ward, as I was. We have only an equal claim upon you; and this, you say, is to be a long good-bye."

And before he could answer, she was gone.

"Phoebe," said Honor, watching her cousin's face rather curiously, as she gave her message, "will you go and see Lawrence? He is going abroad, and is come to bid us good-bye. I shall come in to you presently. And suppose I order tea? Lawrence will not stay and dine with us, but still he may afford to idle away five minutes over a cup of tea."

"Is Lawrence really going abroad?"

The question came from Phoebe's lips freighted only with surprise. Honor saw this, with a feeling of deep thankfulness. The time was come for which she used to long, and Phoebe's inexplicable infatuation was over.

"Why is it?" inquired Miss Owen, standing placidly for her maid to arrange her tunic after the inevitable crushing of the drive. "Why does he go so suddenly?"

"You forget that we cannot expect now to be aware of his plans until they are made public. If he had been intending and preparing for this for months, we should not have known it."

"No, I suppose not," rejoined Phoebe, with a ghost of a sigh. "I'm ready. You won't be long, Honor?"

Honor smiled at the request. It was so unlike the old times, when, to gain a few minutes of her guardian's sole attention, Phoebe would have exercised herself in any harmless stratagem. She waited only a few minutes, timing her entrance just as the footman carried in the trays; and Lawrence did stay, and Honor's purpose was successful, for the parting was an easy, natural parting, and Mr. Haughton's feeling was that he had left the house of true friends, who had generally and pleasantly entertained him; not that he had departed in bitter humiliation, with coals of fire heaped upon his head. This was Honor's intention, and she had, as usual, rightly worked its fulfilment.

"Honor, how can it be?" cried Phoebe, when the two girls were left alone together. "To think that I have

parted from Lawrence and yet am not broken-hearted! I can hardly believe it—can you?—remembering how different things used to be. I wish he would have told me what first induced him to form this plan."

It was because Honor had feared such questions for him that she had not left him long with Phoebe; but it would seem that Miss Owen had made time for several.

"Jane will be pretty lonely at the Larches," she continued, "but she will keep the house on, Lawrence says. Why, Jane never had above a hundred a year of her own, had she, Honor? Do you think she can manage to live at the Larches on that? Lawrence says Slimp is in London now, and likely to stay here. I wonder whether his leaving the office had anything to do with Lawrence's decision; because I always thought Slimp would stay in Kinbury all his life—didn't you?"

So the girl ran on, but Honor managed to evade her answers; while every minute now, as night drew on, her own anxiety grew greater and greater for tidings from Hervey, or tidings which Hervey might possibly bring.

**CHAPTER XXXIX.**

Captain Trent journeyed to Westleigh by the first train from London, yet it was past mid-day when he pulled the great iron bell beside the arched door of the Towers. From the moment this door was thrown open to him a certain hush upon the house made the contrast wonderfully strong between this day and that merry one he had spent here before, when old Mrs. Payte arrived so suddenly with Honor, and the household had been filled with gaiety and laughter.

Yes, Mr. Keith was at home, the grave old butler told him, and led him to a long, high room on the right of the hall—a room in which the solitary figure of an old lady, sewing beside the window, looked almost like a doll's.

"Mr. Keith," she repeated, dubiously, as she came forward to receive Hervey and inquiry; "he—yes, I have no doubt he will see you; but he is far from well. You will excuse the liberty I take, as an old woman. Captain Trent,"—glancing at his card—"if I ask you not to let me summon Mr. Keith if—if it is unnecessary, or—"

Hervey read the real anxiety in the pleasant face—to read such thoughts as these was not impossible to him now—but he could not guess how rarely had visitors lately brought any pleasure to Royden.

"Indeed," he said, in what Phoebe called "his nice way." "I would not ask to see Mr. Keith at all if I felt that I were bringing him worry or anxiety. Let me assure you that it is quite the reverse."

Miss Henderson smiled, partly in belief, and partly in acknowledgment of the courtesy of Hervey's manner.

"I will take your card," she said, and left him alone in the long room.

Only a few minutes passed before Royden entered; and at that moment Captain Trent experienced the greatest shock he had felt through all his life, though he little guessed how long the effect of this sudden shock was to hover about him, and have its share in deepening the growing seriousness of his own thoughts and feelings.

"My God, Keith!" he faltered, incapable of hiding this pained astonishment, "have you been ill?"

"I have not been ill," said Royden quietly, as he took Hervey's outstretched hand; "I mean not worse than I am now. If an illness is my doom, it is in the future, not the past."

"Sit down," said Hervey, being ever true of his old affection, as he drew forward a large arm-chair, and, taking a seat himself to insure Royden's being his, tried to remove his frightened gaze from his companion's face—so worn and pallid, and yet bearing still even in its weakness, that wonderful strength of patience and steadfastness which, far more than any difference in features and form, made the contrast between these two men so striking.

"How are all my old friends, Captain Trent?" inquired Royden, seeing much of the change in Hervey—for his face, though weary and feverish, had its old, keen power—and wondering a little over it.

"All well," said Hervey, trying to talk easily; "I have come as a messenger from one of them."

"Are Mrs. and Miss Trent in London still?"

The question was cool and easy, and the answer could not detect its motive.

"Yes," rejoined Hervey, with unconcealed indifference, "indeed they are."

"Are your other cousins?"

"Phoebe," replied Hervey, feeling his way gradually to the message, "could not be better, I fancy; she enjoys three days for every one she lives this season."

"That is pleasant for her."

"But Honor," resumed Captain Trent, not succeeding in his effort to be quite at ease, "does not seem well or happy."

No answer, and Royden eyes were fixed upon the sunny grass beyond the open window. But even Hervey could see that some thought had deeply shadowed them.

"And she bade me," continued Hervey, his voice taking an earnestness which the memory of her words had brought; "see you, Mr. Keith, and tell you this message; I must say it in her own words—it will be easiest and best. She said: 'Will you tell him that I have a great longing to see my own cousin, Gabriel Myddelton, and I beg him to help me, if he can.' That was her message, Keith, just as she entrusted it to me. What answer may I take her?"

"You shall take her Gabriel's own answer, if you will," he said, speaking sadly, after a slight pause. "He will be grateful for this message from the only one of all his house who has ever spoken kindly of him, or doubted his guilt. He will be very glad of it, especially if you deliver it yourself, as you have done to me."

"But how would that be possible?"

"Would you go to him, if it were possible?"

"Yes—certainly. I would fulfil Honor's wish to the letter."

"Then, if you will stay with me to-night, I will give you an address in Liverpool where, to-morrow, you will find Gabriel Myddelton; where now his wife is waiting to receive him."

"His—wife?"

"His wife," repeated Royden, quietly. "For some time she has been staying here with an old friend of hers, the lady whom you met just now; but yesterday she went to Liverpool to await the vessel in which her husband sailed from America. His life is safe on English ground now, and he is glad to come."

"How did he know?" faltered Captain Trent.

"I telegraphed to him the very hour his innocence was proved. I hoped to go and greet him when he landed, but I could not."

Hervey sat in silence, his thoughts growing tangled.

"This is all so strange," he said, when at last one of those thoughts found words. "Can Gabriel Myddelton really be landing in England to-day?"

(To be continued.)

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Dr. Chase's Ointment is the only positive and actual cure for every form of piles, 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates and Co., Toronto.

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(To be continued.)

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