

THE SOUL OF LUCILLE

By GRAHAM BROWN

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CHAPTER I

The Coming of the Preacher.

The Rev. Gilbert Rutherford felt that he had a divine call. His pale, ascetic face was stern as flint and there was a determined look in his massive lower jaw which boded ill for any one, gentle or simple, who would dare oppose him in the carrying out of his fixed purpose.

So he strode, like a grenadier, along the well-kept avenue, and pulled the antique bronze handle that hung by the door of the house where she lived.

Perhaps it was the hand of providence that had guided the young minister into the quiet of this region of moorland and peat to tell of spiritual things to some hundreds of rough lead miners and country farmers, and, in especial, to curb, lay low, and bring to the dust the proud, scornful spirit of this elf-maiden, and to check her in her career of mad workaholic.

At any rate, he came at the unannounced call of the good people of Wanlock, and he brought with him all the fervor and all the zeal of a man of lofty ideals and high religious purpose.

He had not been long settled in the parish of Wanlock before he heard from idle chatters that which sent the flush of indignation to his face, and set aflame the consuming fire of the reformer in his heart. It was a thought not to be tolerated for a moment that in this, his parish, there should be even one who should openly be suffered unchecked to make a mock of religion or treat as light and airy nothings the eternal verities he preached.

For six weeks he had brooded over the intolerable evil; he had prayed over it many times, and often what time his simple country parishioners were asleep in their beds, and now he was fully assured that he was obeying the divine command.

Only that afternoon had he heard the latest story concerning Lucy Chancellor, the siren of Dalveen, and, afterward, in the secrecy of his study, he had heard the word in his soul.

Yet even the most rancorous of the gossips, keen-scented as they were for the slightest hint of worse than frivolity to spicen their tale withal, had never a word to say of aught that would have beset the smiling eyes or caused the blush of dark shame to mantle the face of this fair girl-mistress. At the worst, the stories were of flirtation, intrigue, frivolity, and a general godlessness of life and speech. And truth to tell, this last alone was enough to set in motion the wheels of the minister's resolve. To a man of his type of mind nothing could well be worse than a heart devoid of reverence for those solemn truths which filled the horizon of his outlook.

Yet he had set himself no easy task, and he knew it; for the rich are not to be rebuked with impunity, nor easily advised in moral or religious things.

Lucy Chancellor was a woman—a girl—with a nature as wholly different from that of the girls round about as a lily differs from a cabbage, and he wondered how she would take his word—a word which even he knew would be to her as hard to bear as it was difficult to say.

Nevertheless, conscience had told him that that word must be spoken at all costs, so he calmly waited the opening of the massive door.

"Take my card to your mistress," he said to the impressive man-servant who opened at his summons. "I desire to see her privately on matters of importance," and he held out his card.

"Yes, sir, I will, sir," said the other, obsequiously. "Jeames" was, by the way, a staunch supporter of the new minister, and he hastened with noiseless steps across the vast hall. In a few minutes he came back bearing the message that Miss Chancellor would be pleased to see the Rev. Gilbert Rutherford in the billiard room.

The young minister stiffened at the word. It seemed to him something in the nature of an insult that he should be asked into such a place, especially when he was bent on such an errand, but silently he followed the foot-footed Jeames.

The Rev. Gilbert Rutherford, said the latter in pompous tones, and stood to allow the minister to pass in.

"One moment, if you please; one moment," said one of the sweetest and most musical voices he had ever heard.

The minister paused on the threshold of this to him—temple of sin, and looked about him. At the further end of the billiard table two young men in faultless evening dress were standing, cues in hand. Across the smooth green cloth leaned a young lady, the possessor of the magic voice. Her back was toward him—or, rather, toward the ceiling. The tip of one little shoe just touched the floor, while the other, enveloped in a wealth of soft, creamy lace, was almost level with the surface of the table. It was plain that she was attempting a stroke for which any referee would have judged a cue-rest necessary, and to the eyes of the stern, strict churchman the pose seemed anything but ladylike. The blood mantled his pale brow as he stood, but at that instant the balls gave forth their delicate "click"—once, twice—which told that the cannon was successful.

"Havo, m' dear Lucy," drawled one of the men, admiringly. "But you are a stunner!"

Lucy Chancellor sprang lightly to her feet and faced the young minister, and with a sharp flick of her head tossed the hair from her brow. "Awfully sorry to be so rude, Mr.—er—Rutherford," she said, laughing merrily; "but it was a rattling shot. Couldn't have done it better with the sledge."

She held out a little jeweled hand, and, smileless and stern, he took it.

"You play billiards, Mr. Rutherford?" she continued. "Oh, of course, all ministers do. Let's have a forenoon—you and I against—But I must introduce my friends. Mr.—I beg pardon—Rev. Gilbert Rutherford, my spiritual adviser; the Honorable Reggie, just from school, and Fred of life. And this is my special friend, Harry d'Esplian."

"I did not come here in order to make the acquaintance of your friends," began the minister in frigid tones; "I came to—"

"Oh, don't be unsoberable," she answered, hastily. "Come and have a game. What is it to be? Pool, pyramid, billiards? You choose."

"Have a cigarette?" drawled the youthful rove, wearily, holding out his case.

"Miss Chancellor, I have not come to—"

"Of course you haven't. No minister does. Ha, ha, ha!" and she laughed again at the thought that entered her

mind, and looked quizzically into the stern face.

"I must have a talk with you alone," he said, glancing toward the two young men.

"Oh, but you are a funny man," she laughed, though this time there was a trace of nervousness in the tones. "You are a funny man! Are all—are all clergymen like you?"

But the young man never flinched, only his eyes glowed sternly. "I have a right—a sacred duty," he said, calmly, "and I insist upon it."

Lucy Chancellor glanced quickly up at the hard, set face, and for a moment a look of apprehension leaped into her eyes. But it was gone on the instant, and once more the hearty, joyous laugh pealed forth.

"Tush, man," she said quickly, "don't be a Pharisee! Come and choose your cue," and she turned to the two young men at the fire. "We'll play you two for a tennor."

The eyes of the young minister flashed fire as he answered severely, "Miss Chancellor, I have higher things to think of than the frivolity of the billiard-room. And I do not intend that I shall be flouted by you in the exercise of my high calling. I am here as one intrusted with the care of your immortal soul, and I must speak out. Again I demand a private interview with you."

Somewhat the words, uttered in a solemn intensity, killed the laughter in her face. With a gesture of annoyance she took up one of the ivorys and sent it spinning down the table.

"I think," she said haughtily, "that you are an impertinent fellow, and I resent this intrusion! If you do not leave, I shall ask one of my friends to put you out," and once more she looked toward the fireplace.

By God, Lucy," said the younger man, "we'll soon put the Johnnie out, if that's his little game," and he tried to look brave.

The older man coolly chalked his cue. "You'll hold your own, Miss Chancellor," he said, laughing. "The parson'll find that he has a ticklish filly to handle. Ha, ha!"

Gilbert Rutherford looked toward the two men, and in his eyes there was a fire of contempt. "I think you are a brute to use words like these in the presence of a lady," he said, sternly. Then he turned to the girl. "Miss Chancellor," he said, with slow emphasis, "you are not beyond persuasion; I am assured of that. But I did not come to bandy words with—fools. I have a message for you."

He drew himself up to his full height and exclaimed in solemn tones: "Thou art a hidden root of bitterness in this, my parish, and thou shalt hear the word of the Master by the mouth of His servant."

The intensity of his voice awed her for a moment. A blush of shame flooded her neck and face, and as quickly gave place to an ashen pallor. With an almost imperceptible gasp she put her jeweled hand to her side, and the young man could see the agitation of her breathing.

As he looked, his eyes lost the fearless, fierce expression of the denouncer of sin in high places, and the look of tenderness caused the hard, stern face to take on a new expression. It was, indeed, a wonderfully fair face on which his gaze was riveted. Under the wealth of auburn hair he saw the face of a Madonna and no worshipping. Almost before he knew it he found himself feasting greedy eyes on that marvelous beauty. He looked at the limpid eyes seen through drooping lashes, like the glimmer of moonlight water through bushy avenues. He noted the delicate arching of finely penciled eyebrows, the long, curving lashes, the pout of the rosy lips, the set of the long, slender neck.

But quickly he came to himself again, and with a smothered groan shut his eyes tightly as if to keep out the sight that stirred his heart with feelings he had never known before. He condemned himself for the moment of that look. He had come as the stern, inflexible servant of the church, and lo! at a look he had, in his own eyes, sunk to the level of the smirking imbeciles at the fireplace. A great wave of self-contempt surged through his soul, and he tried once more to see in the girl who stood before him only a human soul in deadly peril. When he spoke again his words were almost wistfully tender.

"Miss Chancellor," he said, "I remember that you are an orphan, that you have not known a mother's love, a father's care. God alone knows how strong are your temptations, but I believe that I have been sent to stand by you—to sympathize and to guide. Will you not let me have a word with you?"

"By God, Harry," said the rabbit-faced youth in a loud whisper, "parson's trying another tack. Cunning Johnnie, eh?"

"You trust the clavier for that," answered the other, with a sneer.

"Silence, you reptile," thundered the minister, making a quick step toward the fireplace. "But no," he added, in his slow, quiet voice, "you are utterly beneath my contempt."

Lucy Chancellor fully expected that blows would follow this speech, and she stepped back. But when the stinging words of the minister were received merely with half-smothered guffaws, she turned to her companions.

"Will you allow that?" she said tauntingly.

"Aw—well, m' dear," drawled the Hon. Reggie, "fact is, I'm wather soverry for the poor parson. All's fair in love and war, don't y' know. Deuced interesting how some."

Gilbert Rutherford's face grew ashen in his pallor, and a fierce anger corded his brow at the sneering insinuation. He did not stop to consider that, but an hour before he had thought of Lucy Chancellor as little better than a wanton, but in the moment of that look into her clear, innocent eyes he had been transformed from the denouncer of this woman of the world to the champion of her honor. So, with a face void of all expression, save that a curious smile was on his lips, he walked slowly toward the young man.

"I do not mind what you say about me," he said, quietly, "but when you treat thus lightly the character of Miss Chancellor I must protest, and that vigorously," and with his open hand he gave the young sion of a noble house a stinging blow on the cheek that caused him to stagger and fall on one of the luxurious ottomans with which the billiard-room was liberally furnished.

But Lucy Chancellor saw nothing of all this. She only saw a man, impassive, stern, dominating. She longed for him to break the tense silence, for she was thoroughly frightened now.

"Miss Chancellor," he said at length, in a husky voice, "I have avenged the aspersions of your friends. But—but art thou not thyself to blame for the levity of their speech?"

He tried to be angry with a righteous indignation, but somehow he could not hide the wistful tenderness that was in his heart. "I want to speak kindly to you," he said, "I think I have a right—the right of one human soul to pluck another from the burning. I speak as your minister. You called me a little while ago your 'spiritual adviser.' Have you forgotten the solemn time when you took holy vows before the Session of the kirk? Have you forgotten the dying request of your father that you should make a public profession of your faith? and as he spoke his face was lit by the enthusiasms that burned in his soul. "Do you forget the end of those who trample on

of yourself before a lady!" and along with his companion he strode to the door.

Gilbert Rutherford turned toward the girl as soon as the door was shut, and looked at the white, stricken face. She stood for a space, speechless, motionless. Behold, here was a strange thing! It was the newest of sensations to her. She had been accustomed to move a queen amid courtiers, surrounded by adulation, flattery, love, was suddenly confronted by a man of another clay—a man not like all those others who had groveled before her in the passion of their love. These were all so much alike,

their faith? Lucy Chancellor, thou art in deadly peril of soul!"

But she only forced the ghost of her old merriment into her face, and the young man shuddered as the implous laugh rang through the empty room. But he knew not the struggle that was raging in her soul.

"Lucy Chancellor," he said, wearily, "am I to leave you with the anathemas of the church upon your immortal soul? Art thou so far sunk in sin? Then for these waits the coming of that day of white anguish," and he slowly turned on his heel.

In silence she stood watching him as

broken accents, and without a word he followed her to the door.

No sooner had she entered her little boudoir than she burst into passionate weeping, covering her face with her hands.

But Gilbert Rutherford, the minister, stood before her as one carved in stone, and at last she looked at him drearly. "Why don't you speak?" she said.

"I am waiting for you to tell me what is to your heart," he answered, with forced calmness.

"But if I tell you all, you won't—you won't turn from me!" Her voice was low and pathetic.

spirit. Your lot is a hard one. I pity you, I do."

She stood up and looked into his eyes with a look clear and innocent that had he had doubts, would have sent them whistling down the wind.

"Thank you for that word," she said softly; "you believe in me. Now, listen. You do not know the struggles I have had. I have no mother, no guide, no strong support and stay. I am a weak girl. I seem to myself to be two people—Lucy, daughter of poor Lucille de la Valliere, driven helpless by every desire of life, quivering in every fiber with the pure joy of living; and I seem also to

member the word, 'If thine eye be evil, pluck it out.'"

The girl held out a trembling hand. "Tell me once again before you go that you believe in me; that I am—am—"

"You need not speak the word," he said softly, and his face was illumined by a great light of joy. "I call you with every affection and trust by that sweet name 'sister.'"

"Thank you," she said simply, grasping his hand, "I shall merit your trust. Now go."

He was about to lift the trembling hand to his lips, but ere it was done he started back as if smitten on the face. "Good-bye," was all he said, and he strode toward the door, nor did he once look back toward the weeping girl by the window.

CHAPTER II

"Her Mother's Child."

It is not good for a man to take a wife from the daughters of Belial, and Sir Anthony Chancellor had this seared on his heart in letters of fire before the angel of His presence came up the avenue one wild March morning with beckoning finger which all must obey.

So the old ancestral pile away up among the brown moors of the Lowthers, where the hills fold themselves in dusky creases up above the pass of Dalveen, has now passed into the hands of strangers, and Sir Anthony, in his shroud, lies quiet at last beside his wife—this witch of Providence—who, in life, had wrung his heart with a torture too deep for words.

Many a time he had cursed the day he had ever looked into the dancing eyes of Lucille de la Valliere; thrice bitterly he cursed the day when, by the waters of the Mediterranean, dancing blue in the sunlight, she had laid her head of shining gold on his arm, and whispered sweetly, "I love you," to the immortal question which burned in his soul.

He was a young man then, to whom love was first and last and the sum of all things, and as he bore this fair daughter of sunny France—his angel bride—home to the gaunt, gray house, through whose mullioned windows a long line of Sir Anthony's had complacently looked out at their miles of stretching heather and bogland, he thought that her divine presence would make a new heaven and a new earth of the dreary place. And so it did—for herself. As for him, hope tarried at the door till he saw as in a dream the rosy cheeks flax-white and the liquid, dancing eyes dulled forever. His fair land of promise had been to him a very garden of bitterness, and the luscious fruit of the south, plucked bravely on his first grand tour, had turned to very apples of Sodom in his mouth.

For twice five weary years this north wind had blown upon his garden, but at last he forgot the shame endured in the calm which followed the passing of fair Lucille, and hope once more blossomed in his heart. But, alas! the calm that felt so deliciously sweet after these ten tossing years was disturbed and broken by a new fear, and the hope was dashed with a new terror.

Lucille the younger—Lucy, as she was called—was a fair-haired, lovely child of nine years when her mother ceased from her troubled life of intrigue, gayer, and folly. She was an only child, and she gave promise of being not only as beautiful as her mother, but as full of the wild blood of the Provencal race which had run riot in the veins of poor Lucille de la Valliere. So she grew up to renew unloved the griefs her father had suffered as a husband. There was little of the Chancellor solidity in all her nature to act as a check to the mad passionateness of her maternal legacy.

Sir Anthony tried every expedient which an anxious father's heart could devise. He sent her to a boarding school of the strictest sort, but in a few weeks, laughing merrily, she dashed into her father's arms, apparently wholly unconcerned of the disgrace of expulsion. He tried the rigor of convent life, but with the same result. After perhaps three months' absence, during which the meek white-faced nuns were thrown into a very turmoil of excitement, she returned, gay, smiling, as free as the wind in its wanderings across the purple moor, as irresponsible as the snipe that "gurred" in the evening sky. As a girl, she was unmanageable, yet adorable, and Sir Anthony dreaded the hour when the years would awaken passions, now slumbering like caged lions.

And with the years the dread became a ghastly reality, every day knocking more insistently at his heart, until he felt that he could bear it no longer. And so, when the summons came, as for himself, he felt almost glad to lay his burden down. She was only seventeen, and it is to be feared she felt her father's death very little. True, she shed copious tears from her dazzling eyes, and vowed she would be miserable for all her life long. But she felt far more the grief at having to leave the beautiful home to make room for the usurper, Lionel Chancellor, her father's nephew.

Lucy, however, quickly dried her bright eyes when she remembered that her dear, dotting father had left her, notwithstanding the loss of her ancestral home, with sufficient of this world's goods and gear to dispel all thoughts of economy, and if Dalveen House was not so commodious as the castle, it was, at least, far more cozy and comfortable. Being her mother's daughter she loved everything to be bright and pretty, and the gaunt, wainscoted rooms of Wanlock Castle had always inspired in her heart a fear and dread as if death lurked behind every carved panel, or peered in at every high, mullioned window.

(CONTINUED NEXT SUNDAY.)

The Irrepressible Loss.

From the Philadelphia Times.

"What has happened to me?" asked the patient, when he had recovered from the effects of the ether.

"You were in a trolley car accident," said the nurse, "and it has been found necessary to amputate your right hand."

He sank back on the pillow, sobbing aloud.

"Cheer up," said the nurse, patting him on the head; "you'll soon learn to get along all right with your left hand."

"Oh, it wasn't the loss of the hand itself that I was thinking of," sighed the victim. "But on the forefinger was a string that my wife tied around it to remind me to get something for her this morning, and now I'll never be able to remember what it was."

"Stout" Leather.

From the Philadelphia Times.

Fashioners are showing up "Stout" leather trimmings in combination with all sorts of late dress materials.



"A STINGING BLOW THAT CAUSED HIM TO STAGGER AND FALL ON ONE OF THE LUXURIOUS OTTOMANS."

so commonplace, so trivial, that often and often she was filled with sickening disgust and contempt for them. Why should they always spoil the joy of life? What was in her that always caused men to whine and whimper in love, echoing with wearisome iteration the old, stock phrases? She had often wondered this, as she critically looked at her face in the mirror, blind to the answer writ large in the reflection. Yet something in her, some spark of a fire unquenchable, burned to have it so—the flattery, the gale, the diablerie—spite of periods of sickened satiety.

And now here was an entirely new sensation. Before her stood a man, erect, massive, unmoved by her charms—a man of another world. She felt for the first time in her life that she was confronted by a mind that towered over and dominated her own.

Yet so far from feeling resentment or anger, the thought brought with it an inexplicable thrill of joy. He had championed her! How kindly he was compared to her companions! She wondered how she had ever endured their contemptible presence. As she glanced thimorously at the noble face there stirred within her the trembling desire of womanhood to have done forever with the struggle—and to her the feeling was wondrous sweet.

Gilbert Rutherford stood silent for a long while, and he, too, was thinking hard—praying hard. Once more he felt those stirrings of a new and strange passion, and his bounding heart beat a tattoo of warning in his breast. He felt as though he were leaning over the brink of a terrible precipice. He knew intuitively that had he come to one of those central moments in existence to which great and pregnant issues are linked. It mattered not that he scorned himself—that the surges of self-contempt swept through his soul like a mirrace. He was like a man in a maelstrom, borne slowly but surely into its seething vortex, against his will, his reason, and his conscience. He ground his teeth in the awfulness of the struggle. As a man standing alone on some giddy height madly desires to hurl himself headlong into the abyss below, so a fierce access of desire took him to fling himself at the girl's feet.

"He felt himself swaying forward, and as if the future were spread out before him like a map, he saw that this would be the end of Gilbert Rutherford, the minister.

But Lucy Chancellor saw nothing of all this. She only saw a man, impassive, stern, dominating. She longed for him to break the tense silence, for she was thoroughly frightened now.

"Miss Chancellor," he said at length, in a husky voice, "I have avenged the aspersions of your friends. But—but art thou not thyself to blame for the levity of their speech?"

He tried to be angry with a righteous indignation, but somehow he could not hide the wistful tenderness that was in his heart. "I want to speak kindly to you," he said, "I think I have a right—the right of one human soul to pluck another from the burning. I speak as your minister. You called me a little while ago your 'spiritual adviser.' Have you forgotten the solemn time when you took holy vows before the Session of the kirk? Have you forgotten the dying request of your father that you should make a public profession of your faith? and as he spoke his face was lit by the enthusiasms that burned in his soul. "Do you forget the end of those who trample on

he walked toward the door. Her unholy excitement had vanished, and she knew that on the closing of the door her last hope of better things would vanish too. She knew herself a struggling soul, and she knew herself to be a man, to cast her head back to run after him, to cast pride on his strong protection; yet she ruled her will, and she was dumb.

As he slowly turned the handle he sighed wearily. It was enough.

A soft, quivering voice reached his ears. "Come back and help me," and with alacrity he turned at the plaint and stood at her side once more.

"Will you listen to me?" she said, and her voice trembled. "Do not judge me too harshly."

"I do not," he replied, huskily. "I do not, but I long to help you—to stand by you—to shelter you—to be a father, counselor, husband—"

He could have bitten his tongue out at the last word. He had not meant to use the expression, and he wondered if she had noticed it. He looked keenly into her eyes, and he thought he saw a look of disappointment in their limpid depths.

Nor was he wrong. At the word, the thought flashed through her brain that here was only another of those common scenes of love that sickened her. He was only a common man after all—a hundred-fold more dangerous than he cloaked his desire with a mantle of religion and hypocrisy. In that instant she determined that she would put his faith to the test, and if he failed she would send him from her with derisive scorn. And he knew it not, or perhaps he had fed of the instant.

She laid her little hand on his arm, and at the soft touch he shivered. "Will you come with me?" she whispered in

"I will help you all I can," he said softly. "My own heart is bleeding for you."

"But I cannot speak while your stern eyes look so threateningly," and she sat on a couch and made room for him at her side. "Won't you sit down," she said.

But instead he moved off toward the fire, and leaned his elbow on the mantelpiece.

"What—what do you think I am?" she asked, rising to her feet.

Her wealth of auburn hair escaped from its restraint and fell in masses of glory on her shoulders. He looked at her in pity. She was so young, and so radiantly beautiful.

"It matters not what I think. You must tell me what you are," he said.

"Oh, but it matters," she sobbed, flinging herself down on the soft cushions and burying her face in the creamy silk. "It matters to me. You think I am—I am that!"

He made a step to go over and soothe the girl, but checked himself. Once more his heart was beating out its strange, ominous warning. He longed to lay a gentle hand on her shoulder, to say a word of comfort—aye, even to draw that little head to his breast. But by sheer force of will he kept his position by the hearth.

She stinted her sobbing as she lay, glad in her heart that he had not acted as all others would have done. At length she looked up.

"Tell me," she said, with tense lips, "do you think I am that?"

"My girl," he said, softly, "I believe in you with all my soul. I see before me only an innocent, lonely girl tossed on the tempestuous sea of this world like

he Lucy Chancellor, the daughter of Sir Anthony Chancellor, filled with unutterable regrets, with unvoiced longings, with deep spiritual desires. I shudder to think what may be in store for me. I feel that my life stretches out toward tragedy, yet I am helpless. I seem to be driven by a nature not my own—by the will of another. Oh, I shall go mad!"

Involuntarily he made a step toward her.

"Do not come near me!" she shrieked. "Do not console me! With hackneyed words! Denounce me! Upbraid me! But, oh! do not desert me!"

The intensity of her anguish appalled him, and he knew not what to say.

"Have you no word for me?" she asked drearly.

"I have this word," he answered. "I shall never desert you. I think I know something of your fierce conflict against the flesh and the powers of evil, but—and his face was lit up with a radiant light—"but I foresee that in His own time thou wilt find the rest for which thy soul is longing—the rest of the everlasting arms."

"Oh, if only I knew that at the end it would be so, I could endure cheerfully," and there was a faint smile on her face as she looked up at him.

"And so the end will certainly be," he answered. "Do you think that all the powers of evil are too strong for that mighty arm? Oh, no, no, no! but you will have to fight your battle, and I, charged with the care of your soul, will always stand by, and help and counsel you. Only I have this word for you: there can be no middle course. Your only safety lies in clean separation from the world and all its frivolity and sin. Re-

turn to me, and I will be your father, counselor, husband—"

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The intensity of her anguish appalled him, and he knew not what to say.

"Have you no word for me?" she asked drearly.

"I have this word," he answered. "I shall never desert you. I think I know something of your fierce conflict against the flesh and the powers of evil, but—and his face was lit up with a radiant light—"but I foresee that in His own time thou wilt find the rest for which thy soul is longing—the rest of the everlasting arms."

"Oh, if only I knew that at the end it would be so, I could endure cheerfully," and there was a faint smile on her face as she looked up at him.

"And so the end will certainly be," he answered. "Do you think that all the powers of evil are too strong for that mighty arm? Oh, no, no, no! but you will have to fight your battle, and I, charged with the care of your soul, will always stand by, and help and counsel you. Only I have this word for you: there can be no middle course. Your only safety lies in clean separation from the world and all its frivolity and sin. Re-

turn to me, and I will be your father, counselor, husband—"

He could have bitten his tongue out at the last word. He had not meant to use the expression, and he wondered if she had noticed it. He looked keenly into her eyes, and he thought he saw a look of disappointment in their limpid depths.

Nor was he wrong. At the word, the thought flashed through her brain that here was only another of those common scenes of love that sickened her. He was only a common man after all—a hundred-fold more dangerous than he cloaked his desire with a mantle of religion and hypocrisy. In that instant she determined that she would put his faith to the test, and if he failed she would send him from her with derisive scorn. And he knew it not, or perhaps he had fed of the instant.

She laid her little hand on his arm, and at the soft touch he shivered. "Will you come with me?" she whispered in

"I will help you all I can," he said softly. "My own heart is bleeding for you."

"But I cannot speak while your stern eyes look so threateningly," and she sat on a couch and made room for him at her side. "Won't you sit down," she said.

But instead he moved off toward the fire, and leaned his elbow on the mantelpiece.

"What—what do you think I am?" she asked, rising to her feet.

Her wealth of auburn hair escaped from its restraint and fell in masses of glory on her shoulders. He looked at her in pity. She was so young, and so radiantly beautiful.

"It matters not what I think. You must tell me what you are," he said.

"Oh, but it matters," she sobbed, flinging herself down on the soft cushions and burying her face in the creamy silk. "It matters to me. You think I am—I am that!"

He made a step to go over and soothe the girl, but checked himself. Once more his heart was beating out its strange, ominous warning. He longed to lay a gentle hand on her shoulder, to say a word of comfort—aye, even to draw that little head to his breast. But by sheer force of will he kept his position by the hearth.

She stinted her sobbing as she lay, glad in her heart that he had not acted as all others would have done. At length she looked up.

"Tell me," she said, with tense lips, "do you think I am that?"

"My girl," he said, softly, "I believe in you with all my soul. I see before me only an innocent, lonely girl tossed on the tempestuous sea of this world like

he Lucy Chancellor, the daughter of Sir Anthony Chancellor, filled with unutterable regrets, with unvoiced longings, with deep spiritual desires. I shudder to think what may be in store for me. I feel that my life stretches out toward tragedy, yet I am helpless. I seem to be driven by a nature not my own—by the will of another. Oh, I shall go mad!"

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