

ILDA'S FAITH

OR

The Heiress of Edencourt's

As Mrs. Amry paused at last needle and to ask with apparent some question with regard to

"Is that gentleman Sir Allyn D. the seamstress, her voice sounded so hollow and unnatural."

"He the baronet!" exclaimed the keeper, in a tone expressive of surprise at such a mistake, and with a glance displayed the jealous interest

"Oh, it's of no consequence, I use keepers rather haughtily. I don't know the difference between my father's secretary and his late father's secretary."

"I believe not. I'm sure I'm sure I saw him when he was secretary here. He was a widower. That was ten years ago. I may have had that time since it is now."

"Has he been here long?"

"He came last night, at the ordinary hour for an arrival. It was midnight, for I heard the clock a soon after.

"At midnight? How singular! It would seem to be some mysterious thing."

"Such a knocking as he made I thought for certain it must be some life and death, some fire in the neighborhood, somebody dead."

Continuing in this garrulous manner, he afforded the seismometer of information with regard to the various events which had taken place in his present visit, where visitors had interpreted for what it seemed

Thirwall walked to and fro for the garden, but eventually could not walk to the park, amidst the shade vanished from view.

He had scarcely disappeared, when voices were heard, and, tiding with Kate Arsdale, her father's ward and arm-in-arm down the garden, absorbed in the discussion of the late baronet's daughter had come the partial deliverance of her from the clutches of Thirwall.

The face of Mrs. Goss beamed at her young mistress.

"Isn't she lovely?" she cried.

"She's a hare all over, from the

"She's as lovely as good," she murmured warmly. "She must be from the neighborhood."

"She is. Every one loves her. She has a good marriage one of these days."

"Is she engaged?"

"I suppose so. It's her own fault. She is not fit for her. She has plenty of suitors."

"What has occurred to me that Mr. Thorne is here to woo her."

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Gossett," murmured hurriedly, "but I wish to give words more to Miss Dora. I am wrong for me to intrude upon her privacy."

"You think?"

"Certainly not," answered the deeper; "she's evidently at least Mrs. Amry to speak to her."

Mrs. Amry hesitated at the point of view seen by Thirwall, but she was emboldened and pushed beyond the strict prudence by some deep interest, for she soon laid down her hat, crossed the door, walking out into the garden.

Thirwall and Miss Arsdale behind her, and paused until she came up to the door. "Well, Mrs. Amry, you have a room, I suppose?" said Miss Arsdale.

"I think you will like Mrs. Goss to show you; she will be glad to tell you you will soon feel at home with us."

"Many thanks, Miss Darnley," said Thirwall.

"You are very welcome, I am sure," she said, as they entered the room. "I saw a gentleman in the garden," said Mrs. Amry, "a stout good fellow, who was looking at me." "That was our guest, Mr. Thrift," said the landlady, "and he was a shadow creeping over his shadow that did not escape the eyes of the seamstress."

"No relative perhaps, Miss?"

"No," said Mrs. Amry, "he's not related to me." She looked at him with a shudder. "A shadower—as yet."

The last words were almost lost.

"Pardon me, Miss Dare," she said, "appearing to yield to some great grief here within her soul, "I am, I am a woman you have befriended, and I am right to your confidence, but I am the feeble remnant of my life to be happy. I heard in the village they told me of your being dead, and that you have no mother. I have a great deal of the world, I have a great deal of my own, and here I am alone clouded, and I have learned to be as one would read an open book."

"Certainly," answered Lida, smiling.
"Do you love this Mr. Thirwall?"
Lida's face answered for her without words.
"I see—pardon me. But you care
less Dora."
Lida found it impossible to restrain her
strange interest in her affairs, often
she was with her hopes and fears.

Thirwall, the more especially Mrs. Amory's manner was very respectful of offending, and without otherthly.

"I said 'as yet,' Mrs. Amory," she said, "because it is not impossible that Thirwall may become my—my husband."

She spoke with a sudden tone of passionate disgust and loathing, and with that word in its revolting connection with her terrible suitors.

The seamstress looked startled, and then she paled visibly.

"You do not love him, yet you are marrying him?" she asked, in astonishment.

"I am aware of him, Miss Dora. He is a very different wicked man from what I was once."

his countenance may be trusted
"Forgive me if I have offend
"The saw that she had not offer
ter further apologies and thanks
to the housekeeper's room, where
found Mrs. Goss temporarily in
"Strange—stranger! she mutter
out to marry Sir Allyn Dare?
must her will! What mystery
look into the matter."
Alida looked after her protégée
silence, and Kate Arsdale said
"What a singular woman!
have been a fortune-teller."
"No, Kate," returned Alida

looked to the
 Thirwall at some
 and had been
 did you notice how
 as if involuntarily,
 Her voice was
 trembled. She has either
 some one like him,
 right in her mind."
 "That's clear enough."
 "are a moment since
 turn at any moment
 crance."

