

pleased her by his praises of their new delightful chauffeur; sometimes she went alone, and spent peaceful hours dreaming of the future. On these occasions she always spoke to Alfred, a few happy words of love, which kept her calm and well-satisfied till the next meeting. She would have been content to pass years like this, near her lover, resting on his affection, conscious of his loyalty and devotion, wishing and caring for nothing more tangible. Those long, wild drives grew very dear to her, the bleak moorland seemed to blossom with the flowers of her fancy, the wide silent landscape in which she and Alfred were often the only living objects, took a firm hold of her imagination; the swiftness of the motion fanned her thoughts and pleased her impatience. To rush like this through space, they two alone, was a novel, a delicious, an unforgettable experience. All the world faded from her memory; the clouds and sky, the mountains and valleys, she and her lover were monarchs of all.

Julia's father now began to look very favourably on the chauffeur. "There's a man after my own pattern, Julia," he would say, "sober, respectful, hard-working and self-reliant. His heart is always in his work. He will go far—I think I must raise his wages."

Julia's heart beat with fond approval, and the blood coursed joyously through her veins. She had no wish to hurry, to anticipate, but just to live, and let her lover work out his fate.

Meanwhile he was anxious and troubled. He had certainly satisfied his employer, but he seemed no nearer to marrying his daughter. Only some lucky circumstance would help him, some chance by which he could show the mettle that was in him. This young man, who had ridden fearlessly in steeplechases, who was a noted polo player, a daring rider, longed for a spice of danger, the whip to his slack pulses, the impetus to desperate deeds. To drive a lady out for her daily constitutional, and clean the car afterwards might be duty, but was not adventure, the kind of adventure for which his heart lusted. Julia was content, with the woman's happiness in the

present, that fears lest something should happen to cloud the perfect peace, but the man grew restless. Excitement, that was what he wanted. It came at last, though not exactly in the form he anticipated.

Julia had acquired, like most amateurs, the craze for speed. The swiftness of the machine seemed to help her thoughts and give her a new sensation. Alfred drove skilfully, and as carefully as the great pace Julia insisted on allowed. Hitherto they had escaped all accidents, and Julia became day by day more reckless. "Faster," she would urge, "go faster." Alfred dared not remonstrate in the presence of her father, who seemed indifferent to danger, and gradually he himself began to believe in his lucky state. Julia, folded in her warm wraps, her cap pressed tightly on her head, felt the keen air cool her cheeks with exquisite delight. It was so perfect an enjoyment, she only wished it would last for ever. The drives lengthened more and more, the pace increased until whole days passed in this roar and excitement, which resembled dram-drinking or the inhaling of some Eastern herb in its witchery and strange mysterious joy. Some of the roads in the neighbourhood were very steep, rude declines and sharp curves broke the monotony of their progress, indeed one or two were marked dangerous by the society which watched over the welfare of bicyclists and motors. At first Alfred sought to avoid these, a mishap to the lady of his love must be deprecated at all costs, but Julia resisted.

"What, not go there! There is no danger, and if there were I know Lord Marchmont came down this way yesterday, and he was telling me all about it, and how well his chauffeur drove—surely you are capable of his feats—"

Alfred bit his lip. To measure himself against Lord Marchmont's chauffeur was his ambition, but then there was the risk to Julia. He dared not take it on himself, her father must decide.

"What do you wish, sir?" he asked, turning respectfully to his employer.

"Obey my daughter," he replied shortly. Alfred threw one anxious glance at

Julia. A keen smile played over her features. She was not afraid, but if anything did happen, she possessed full confidence in her lover's science and presence of mind.

At first Alfred, threading the steep hills and turning the sharp corners, drove slowly as his instinct bade him, but when they came to a long hill that ended with a curve that led to a small bridge, Julia bade him put on speed. He remonstrated, she commanded.

"Just look at this lovely expanse," she cried. "There is nothing in sight—oh, hurry, hurry!"

The hill was indeed long, and the impetus became tremendous. Alfred was on the alert for the curve at the bottom, and the narrow dangerous bridge, but his attempts to slacken speed were perpetually foiled by Julia's entreaties. As they turned the corner he beheld a cumbersome waggon with four horses almost across the road. He blew the warning horn, and noticed that there was just room to pass, when at that instant a child ran from behind the cart. To avoid injuring it, Alfred drew aside a little, the car swerved, touched the side of the bridge, recoiled from the violence of its impact, swayed and overturned. Julia's father lay under the car, Alfred, dazed and giddy with pain, saw to his horror Julia fall over the parapet and into the swiftly rushing stream. In an instant, taking a header into the water, he reached her struggling form, held her up tenderly, and swimming with failing strength, landed her at last safely on the bank. When her father, unhurt, extricating himself with some difficulty from the debris, looked around, he saw his daughter swooning, with closed eyes and dripping garments, in the chauffeur's arms.

"She is safe, thank God!" said Alfred, white as a sheet, covered with blood, and almost fainting with pain.

"And you—are you hurt?" said his employer.

"Only a little," but his ghastly paleness belied his words.

They drove home in a spring cart which was fortunately procured from a neighbouring farm, and Alfred was the

only one who suffered from the effects of the accident. Julia's father escaped with a few bruises; she herself was unhurt, thanks to Alfred's courage and promptitude; but he was severely cut about, and forced to keep his bed for a couple of weeks. Naturally he expected his dismissal for carelessness and bad driving, and his anxious thoughts and wakeful nights contributed not a little to retard his recovery. Julia, on her part, lived in the wildest terror. Every day she inquired about the chauffeur's condition, but dared not write or communicate with him. She sent him flowers from the garden and luscious fruit from the hothouses, and hoped that he would realise her anxiety and watchful care from these offerings. Her father had never mentioned the accident, his brow was clouded and he looked absent and annoyed.

Julia felt sure that his next act would be to send away the chauffeur, but so long as the latter remained seriously ill, nothing could be done.

At last, the decisive day arrived. Julia found her father in the library surrounded by papers. Seeing him busy, she turned to leave the room, when his voice, clear and decided, stopped her.

"Julia," he said, "the chauffeur is well again, and I have sent for him here."

"Yes, papa," were the only words she could utter.

"I suppose you know that owing to your rashness we were all nearly killed?"

"The chauffeur drove well," she murmured.

"Of course he drove well, but such a thing must never happen again. He ought to have known better than to gratify a silly woman's wild caprice."

"I am sure he did all he could," she urged in a passion of anxiety.

"Certainly, but—"

"You will discharge him?"

"What do you think? He saved your life—my daughter's life—would that be a fit reward?"

"Oh, no, Papa—then you do think well of him?"

Pears' Soap
 beautifies the complexion,
 keeps the hands white and
 imparts a constant bloom
 of freshness to the skin.
 As it is the best and lasts
 longest it is the cheapest.