and shown into a small nicely once, and shown into a small nicely-furnished room, evidently kept for re-ceiving visitors. In a minute or two the door was opened, and a woman en-terred—a woman about my own age, tail as I am myself, with features and eyes like mine. From the first in-stant I saw her I never doubted who

There was a subdued excitement in her manner as she closed the door behind her and came up to me.

"Are you Miss Grant?" she asked in a cold but trembling voice.

"Yes; that is my name."

"You wish to see M.s. Leadbitter?

She is not very well this morning, and she has asked me to see you in her place."

Something care.

place."
Something seemed to choke me. I could not say a word—only stared at her stupidly.
"Is there anything I can do for you?" she said. Her tone was as cold as her words, but I noticed that she twisted my card nervously between her long white fingers.
"Has the post come yet?" I blurted out.

Miss Grant looked surprised, as well she might; and yet that tremulous, half-suidued excitement was there in her manner all the same.
"No," she said. "We don't get our

"No," she said. "We don't get our letters till half-past nine."
"Because there is one coming to Mrs. Leadbitter—about me. I would like to see her before she gets it."
I was speaking at random. Somehow I could not control my thoughts, so as to put the strange story I had to tell in a rational way. Yet I must say something, and that soon.
"You are Miss Grant," I said, bending forward in my eagerness. "Would you mind my asking if you have a sister?"
It was a second or two better.

It was a second or two before the

It was a second of answer came.
"I believe I had a sister who died when she was a baby." The tone in which she spoke was cold as ice.
"Are you sure she did die?" I

"Are you sure she did die?" I asked in a whisper.
"1—I was a child at the time, but I have no doubt that she died, as they told me."

"Sidney! Don't you know me? Don't look at me like that! I am your sister!"

sister!"

I had sprung to my feet, and was ready to run to her and embrace her; but she remained sitting, as stiff and formal as though she were giving a French lesson.

French lesson.

"This is very strange," she said.

"What reason have you for thinking
that you are my sister?"

For answer I went up to her and
took her hand. There was a mirror
over the chimney-piece. I led her up
to it, and pointed to the two faces
side by side.

"Isn't that proof enough?" I asked.

"Oh Sidney I have never known

"Inn't that proof enough?" I asked.
"Oh. Sidney. I have never known
what it was to have anyone belonging
to me! Don't turn away from me,
just when I have found someone to
care for me! If you knew what it
was to be brought up like an outcast.—"

I suddenly stopped, for I knew that I was on the point of breaking down.

"Sit down, and let us talk it out, quietly," said Sidney, in a kinder voice than she had used to me yet. She put me on the sofa, and sat down beside me. "How do you know—what reason have you to think that you are my sister?"

Then I began at the beginning, a Then I began at the beginning, and told her the whole story of my life. She listened to me in silence till she understood that I had had the effrontery to pass myself off for her, and was actually staying at Inveroran Castle in her name. Then she flushed scarlet and rose to her feet, quite unable to control her indignation.

"And you dare to come here and confess this to me!" she cried. Alas! I had not only done it, but had come to Scarton with no other object than to persuade her and Mrs. Leadbitter to conceal the imposture. Yet I did not despair.

not despair.

not despair.

"Listen to me a moment, sister, before you condemn me," I said. "Remember that I was like a child lost on one of your hills, and that I had no other way of finding out the truth about my parents. It was that or nothing. As for Mr. Mitchell, I still think that I was justified in deceiving him. He must have some interest in keeping me in the dark, else why should he have taken such pains to hide me away from the world, and separate me from you?"

For some seconds Sidney was silent. She seemed to have forgotten for the moment her grievances against me.

"I believe Mr. Mitchell has reason to

fear us, or to be ashamed for some-thing he has done," she said. "If not, why should be offer to settle money on me on condition that I give up sli claims upon him? What claims have claims upon him? What claims have I upon him? I know of none. He brought me here when I was a mere

I upon him? I know of hone. He brought me here when I was a mere child, and paid for my education, so I suppose I ought to be grateful to him. But I am not. I feel certain that he did not do all this for me without a reason. He says I have no rights, and I am bound to believe him —"

She stopped suddenly, and again a deep blush apread over her face. I knew what she was thinking of.

"Sidney, if our father and mother were not properly married, it was not their fault." I said firmly, "It was an accident that might have happened to anyone living in that unsettled country. Don't think of it again. And, if we are sisters, as I have no doubt we are, that can be no reason for our not loving each other. I am ready to love you, Sidney, if only you will let me."

Sidney said nothing, but she shrank a little away from me. I could see that there was a structle colue on

Sidney said nothing, but she shrank a little away from me. I could see that there was a struggle going on in her mind—a struggle about me; but what the nature of it was I could not tell.

"You must tell Mr Mitchell who you are." she said at length.

"Not yet, Sidney!" I pleaded.
"Don't force me to tell him until I can prove who I am, and can learn what it is he is so anxious to conceal from us. Do you think our father can have left money which Mr. Mitchell is keeping from us?"

"No. From all I have ever been told, my father died a poor man."

"No. From all I nave ever idea too, my father died a poor man."
"But he may have been entitled to some property. Did he leave any will, do you know?"
"I believe not. I never heard of any will."

Again there was a short silence.
"You will keep my secret, Sidney?"
I said, timidly.

I said, timidly.

My sixter shook her head, and my heart sank. It was hard that the only relative I had in the world should take part against me!

At that moment a tall figure that

recognised as the postman's passed he window.

At that moment a tall figure that I recognised as the postman's passed the window.

"And the letter, Sidney?" I ventured. "Will you not help me a little?" "What is it you wish me to do?" she asked, stiffly.

"Ah, Sidney, how cold you are!" She looked troubled, and turned away her bead; but there was an obstinate look on her handsome face. "What is it you wish me to do?" she repeated.

"Only to persuade Mrs Leadbitter not to answer the letter from Miss Dalrymple. After all, Miss Dalrymple and Mr. Durant are both of them strangers to Mrs. Leadbitter. There is no necessity for her to answer the letter at all."

Sidney did not answer me, but she rang the hell, and had the letters brought to her. I easily picked out the one I had followed all the way from Scotland. "I will take it upstairs with the others, and see what Mrs. Leadbitter says about it," said Sidney, as she left the room with the letter in her hand.

In a few minutes she came back, Mrs. Leading as she left the room with the letter in her hand.

In a few minutes she came back, her hands empty.

"The letter from Miss Dalrymple with the letter from supposed it to

her hands empty.

"The letter from Miss Dalrymple is exactly what you supposed it to be," she said. "Miss Dalrymple says she believes Mrs. Leadbitter has a governess called Miss Grant, and she begs to be told whether Miss Grant is still an inmate of her house, and whether she is at home at present. Mrs. Leadbitter did not pay any particular attention to the letter, and when I offered to attend to it she said that would be the best way."

"And you won't answer it, Sidney? Tell me that you won't answer it!"

"Not at present," said Sidney, as quietly as if she had been deciding some point of school routine. "I will give you a little time to carry out your plans with regard to Mr Mitchell. I think he deserves no consideration from either of us, for I agree with you that it is not a philanthropic motive that has prompted him to act as he has done by us. But of course I cannot allow you to go about the world under my name for an inefinite time. In a week or two, you course I cannot allow you to go about the world under my mane for an indefinite time. In a week or two, you must tell Mr Mitchell plainly who you are, or I must write to him myself."

"Thank you, Sidney ——" And in spite of all my efforts my voice broke. "It is more than I had any right to expect from you."

I suppose compthing of what week.

I suppose something of what was in my heart was visible in my face, for Sidney's face altered a little, and

turned her her once more she turned away as she spoke to me. away as she apoke to me. "I suppose you are my sister, though we have no proof of it." she said, in her cold, even tones. "But, even if it is so, I can't pretend to be shie to feel as you would like. I can't get up an affection at a moment's notice for any one. By and by, perhaps, it may be different."

The last words were spoken abruptly, hurriedly, as if they had not been premeditated, as most of Sidney's words seemed to be. She kissed me coldite

premeditated, as most of Sidney's words seemed to be. She kissed me coldily on the cheek, and I went away. The tears would come in spite of all I could do. I felt as though I had loss a sister rather than gained one. It was small consolation to be to remem-ber that in a sense I had succeeded, and that for a few days, at all events, the imposture I had been practising was to be concenled.

was to be concented.

I caught a return train to Carlisle and was in time for the day express, reaching Inveroran the same night.

CHAPTER XIV.

MR. MITCHELL'S GUESTS.

Late as it was when'l arrived at the Castle I could see that something had occurred to turn the whole place upside down. The hall was crammed with tables and chairs, and there was a smell of furniture polish in all the air. I went off to bed, feeling sure that the morning would bring an explanation.

planation.
But Miss Dalrymple was in such a pittions state of mental confusion when I saw her next morning that it would have been cruel to question her. I gathered, however, that neither Mr. Mitchell nor Mr. Durant had returned, but that they were expected that evening along with some "strangers." nitiable state of mental

gers."
Among the army of helpers that had been hustily summoned to the Castle was Mrs McPhail, and from her I gathered a few facts with which to allay my curiosity. It seemed that a neighbouring landowner, Lord Innisfal, had succeeded in letting, at the last moment, his shooting lodge at Strathallun, and in consequence his family had to turn out at a few days notice.

Mr Mitchell had mat his fordship in

Mr Mitchell had met his lordship in Glasgow, and on hearing of his disman had immediately invited the wiscle family, or as many of them as could sceept the invitation, to stay at inveroran for some weeks. Lord finisfail, who was not a rich man, had accepted the invitation for his sister, one of his sons, and one of his daughters—the viscount was a widower—and they were expected to arrive at the Castle in the afternoon.
"The laird never thought that we werena fit to receive company, what wi' the want o' servants, an' no' a shop nearer than Perth that ye can any onything at, and everything keepit mair like a misseum nor a leevinhoose," said Mrs McPhail. "But we behove to do oor best, for when the laird speaks, it's ill for them that doesna listen."
"It will make a great change, having Mr Mitchell had met his lordship in

"It will make a great change, having visitors at the Castle," I observed, for want of something better to say. "Ye may say that, Miss Grant. An' a greater change may be forthcoming in duc time, if I'm no mista'en."

"Xou mean that Mr Mitchell may marry?"

"That's just what I do mean; and in my opinion he'll ask Miss Marjory Keith-that's Lord Innisfail's dochter— to be the lady o' the Castle before the moon's mony days aulder."

—to be the lady o' the Castle before the moon's mony days nulder."

"But surely—surely she must be ever so much younger than Mr Mitchell," I objected.

"Hoots! What does that matter? Tetter be an auld man's darling nor a young man's slave, as the sayin' is. An' my leddy's stood her market mair seasons nor she likes to mind, or I'm mista'en. But I hae my wark to due and little enough time to due't io."

This was a hint for me to retire, and I speedily obeyed it. I really thought that Miss Dalrymple would have been unable to play her part as lostess when the guests arrived, us I watched her struggling, red of face and loud of tongue, with the countless officulties and worries she had to contend with. But she had more strength or mind than I had given her credit for. At the right moment precisely she sallied forth into the hall, dressed in the stiffest of black silks, to welcome her uncle's guests.

My impressions of the laird's visitors are set down pretty fully in my journal!—

nel:-

The Honourable Juliet Keith, The Honourable Juliet Keith, the viacount's sister, is a tiny little dried-up looking creature, who gave one the impression that she had been mercilessly "sat upon" for the greater part of her life, and had but lately come into the possession of such a measure of independence as she enjoyed. She never spoke unless she were first apoken to, and does not expect to be amused or entertained in any way.

any way.

Miss Marjory is a fine-looking woman not yet thirty, I should think. any way.

Mies Marjory is a fine-looking woman, not yet thirty, I should think, Her face is a trifle hard, as though she had round that life is not all champigne and sweetbreads, even for those who are highly lorn. I wonder whether she has any idea of her hoat's intentions with regard to herself. If so, she must surely be disgnsted with her sexagenarian lover. He is such a common-phase little man, too, with his smug, hard face, like the face of a small grocer with thievish propensities his pompous manner, and his intolerable conceit of his castle, his estate, his lorress, his furniture, and everything that is his. But that is her look-out. If she likes to sell herself for a large income and a place in the Highlands it is no business of mine.

I forget to say that along with the

for a surpe income and a place in the Highlands it is no business of mine.

I forget to say that along with the Honourable Marjory Keith came her brother, Captain Roundl Keith. He is only a year or two younger than his sister, but he looks younger than his regiment, his betting-book, and his regiment, his betting-book, and his shooting. I fancy he means to stay some time at the Castle, for the shooting here is not to be despised, and his shooting parties some time ago the soft popular his one time ago. It is a pleusure to look at his good-natured, manly face as he sits at tuble. He caught me looking at him one day, and I dropped my eyes and blushed (I am afraid) without any reason. I noticed that he looked away, too, almost at once. A little later he stole another look at me, but I took good care not to show that I knew of it. If he only knew how I was envying him at that moment—envying his honest, straightforward life, without fraud or concealment! I wonder what he or his sister or even gentle Miss Juliet, would think of me if they could see me as I really am! really am!

really am!

Mr Durant is here permanently now—to help Mr Mitchell to amuse his guests. He has given up the pretence of staying at his little shooting-hox up among the hills. And two or three more men are expected as soon as the shooting hegins, so we shall be quite a large party. I scarcely know whether to be glad or sorry for the change, It is pleasant enough, as far as it goes. But I do not see how I am



The Grip In that tickling cough of yours there lurks a crouching tiger! It's

the moment you're off your guard. Damp feet, a little more ex-posure, moist air, or some little characready to spring just and you are down with pneumonia. Take no chances with such a dangerous foe. You may not have

the Grip hard, but there is always danger of pneumonia.

is the great preventive of serious lung disease. It's a prompt and certain cure for the Grip. Your hacking cough stops at once, the screness in your chest passes sway. Your escape from pneumonia is complete.

in Large and Small Bottles. A cure is hastened by planing over the chest one or. Or. Ayer's Charry Pectoral Plasters, Prepare J. Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.