

must bloom. Winter called forth aconites, snow-drops—yellow jasmine and scarlet japonica on the wall; with spring must come gentianella, meze-reum and violets (white and blue); roses, jasmine, heliotrope and French honeysuckle come summer, and all the ribbon borders be ablaze at harvest time.

The old gardener would say: "It's time all this rammel was stoobbed oop, its a coombering the ground." But Andrea didn't agree, so the rammel remained.

She wished always to remember or dream of the garden just so. Changes might come—must come—but to her mental vision the Garden of Gardens as it had been must for ever appear.

* * * * *

It was the last day of a glorious harvest, and Andrea, crowned with corn and poppies, had ridden home the bedizened leader of the last waggon. The lads cracked their whips, and the lassies tripped beside them. When she slipped down they cheered her, and she had thrown to each, of her gowans, and cornflowers and poppies.

* * * * *

She found Fapa asleep in a chair under the tulip tree.

His magenta silk handkerchief covered his face.

Oh! how pale were his hands!

His old dog leaned with its nose on its master's knee, and it did not stir or wag its tail.

It knew.

* * * * *

Andrea was in the grey parlour with Uncle George. She looked very tall and slim in her black gown.

"Do you really mean everything?" she asked, in an awed voice, "his old horse, and his dog, and all the things that he touched and loved?"

"I mean, my dear, that everything must be sold—the debts must be paid."

For the first time in many days the colour flamed into Andrea's face—then it pinched and whitened, and a terrible menace contracted her brows.

"No one shall touch one of these things," she cried—"It is sacrilege—sooner than have these dear creatures sold—I will kill them with my own hands."

No need.—She had her way.

* * * * *

A few weeks and strangers would be at Carillon and the Garden of Gardens would know her no more. Very late into the night, sometimes right into the dawn, she would wander under its shades, and stand and listen, where by the light of a superb moon—the old mill, sombre and still, was visible.

One night she thought she heard the laggard paces of a tired horse—she clung to the gate, and watched with a fluttering heart—but no one rode by.

Just an echo!

Yet how cold the dawn.

And in the sunlight—such grievous pain at parting—all the time her heart just wept and wept.

Then came the letter from the Duchess.

ETHEL G. FENWICK.

(To be continued.)

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

* THEIR HIGH ADVENTURE.

This story certainly justifies its title. A young Englishman attached to the British Embassy in Paris, taking a holiday in Switzerland, is without warning plunged into a series of events of a most exciting character.

He had landed at St. Peter-insel, a tiny red-roofed village which sprawled up the sides of a wooded promontory and lay basking in the late September sun amid its widespread vineyards, like a dapple of poppies among the corn.

"Heavenly," he was saying to himself. His eyes being bent to the braes, he saw nothing of her till she spoke.

"At last!—I began to fear you were never coming."

She came out behind the great smooth bole of a beech, and stood waiting for him.

"Heavens!" said the young man to himself. "What a lovely face! Who the deuce does she take me for? I wish I was the right man."

Not until the girl has confided to him her secret does she discover that he is not the person she took him to be. Beauty in distress, however, appeals to our young Englishman, and he accepts the confidence and shoulders gladly the responsibilities so unexpectedly thrust upon him.

Briefly, the sister of this lovely Russian girl had a year or two before the story opens, been condemned to perpetual imprisonment for shooting an unwelcome suitor.

"She shot Pesthel at Geneva—you remember?"

"He deserved it," said the young man quietly.

"When I saw you I took you for the M. Bertel whom the Countess was sending. We needed assistance to get her off. A girl cannot do everything. Now do you understand?"

"I understand and sympathise deeply, Mademoiselle."

"And you will still help us?"

"To the very last ounce that is in me."

"I thank you!" and a little white hand shot out impulsively towards him. He took it gently in his, and bent and kissed it.

With the connivance of an official Darzia escapes from prison and under the disguise of two boys travelling with their tutor, the party masquerading sometimes as three mad Englishmen, sometimes as Germans, endeavour to cover their tracks *en route* for England.

"Wild Strubel and the Amerton Horn and a dozen other snowy peaks gleamed and gloomed on their right. Something of the sinister harshness of their surroundings had fallen on them. They pushed on in silence, Verney in front, Darzia next, Sonia close on her heels, hoping at every turn of the path to catch sight of Hans Wryer's hut.

"At last they saw it, not a hundred yards away. Suddenly, without a sign or note of warning, above them a snow barrier loosed and was coming

*By John Oxenham. (Hodder & Stoughton, London and New York.)

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