

When the old gallant heard the news, the old Adam blazed for a moment in his eyes. "I thank you, sir," he cried, "'twas nobly done, but—" he shook his head and the handsome face became gentle once again, "I would have had it otherwise—for does not the Book of Books say—'turn the other cheek to those who hate and use you with malice?'"

II.—The Hatred Deepens.

BUT poor Christian's happiness was doomed to be of short duration. Soon Richard Orchardson met the pretty Methodist, and in that moment added covetousness to the hereditary hate which he was for ever fostering. Side by side the rivals met in Mr. Sefton's house, and, making a jest of the family feud, Orchardson offered his hand to Christian. But the peace movement was rejected by the other, who saw in it only another trap which might lead his family into still greater disaster. . . . Kate was also doomed to suffer. With horror at her heart she watched her lover's infatuation for Priscilla Sefton until at last, driven to desperation, she taxed Richard with his faithlessness.

The young man laughed savagely. "Rubbish—cannot a man fancy a pretty face without being hounded down for it?"

"It is not that, Dick—but—all my hope is in you. Fail me, and—"

"Who talked of failing you?"

"Then you will marry me, Dick?"

She clung to him. "Forgive me if I doubted you but I swear that as your wife I shall—"

"Wife," he interrupted, "now that's another matter. Faith, I cannot afford to marry any one—and to think of it, with a Christiansen . . . Lord, my father would disinherit me—did he but dream of our moonlight frolics!"

"Moonlight frolics!" Terror rang in the girl's voice. "Oh, Dick, you do not mean it—you—know—"

"Aye, and a fool I've been," he retorted. "There, there, spare me your tears. I will see you through your troubles, and—afterwards, well, we can continue being friends!"

"Friends—*friends!*" The horror in her voice turned to bitter scorn. "God help me!"

Without another word she left him and that night crept away from the roof that sheltered her . . . crept away in the darkness like a wounded animal wishing to bear its pain in solitude.

In the cottage of a gamekeeper she found shelter, and there in due course her stillborn child was born, and there, after many a weary day of searching, Christian found her and brought her home.

"I remember nothing," she answered drearily to all their questions.

She kept her guilty secret for a while, but one night as they sat by the fire the house-door opened and the man who had given her shelter in the hour of her need stood before the little party.

"Why come I here?" he answered. "Ask her. We poor folk must be paid for sheltering gentlemen and their nameless brats—ask her!"

Bluntly, coarsely, he told the story of Kate's agony, and in those few moments the mother and brother knew of their dear one's shame, knew also that the loss of



The vessel was driven towards the frozen coast of Labrador.

memory was but a lie—a straw clutched at by a drowning woman who strove to keep her name pure before the world.

"Tell me the scoundrel's name?" Mrs. Christiansen gasped.

White-faced, Kate faced her. "Richard Orchardson," she answered.

"Richard Orchardson!" The elder woman's voice rose to a scream. "Not content with robbing me of fortune and husband"—with a cry she fell backward.

"Stand back, girl," Christian cried, as Kate ran forward, "she is beyond Orchardson's hate. But, as I swore before so I now repeat my oath—as God is my judge, I'll rest neither night nor day until my enemy is within my power!"

III.—Face to Face!

AGAIN the days flew by uneventfully and neither of the families came face to face; then came the news that Sefton and his daughter were sailing to a distant land as missionaries and Richard Orchardson, driven to desperation by his passion, took a berth on the same ship.

At sea he urged his suit assiduously. Wherever Priscilla was he was by her side and soon he began to hope that she returned his love. Of that other love, of poor Kate, he gave no thought at all.

"Ah, Priscilla," he said one day, as together they leaned against the bulwarks, "if you would only believe in my love. Before Heaven, I swear no other woman has ever—"

A sailor pushed against him and he sprang back with an oath. "Fool!"

Raising his hand he struck the man heavily, and in a moment they were locked together in a life or death struggle. From every part of the ship men rushed to the popular passenger's assistance and the sailor was torn away, then, as he reeled back, his false beard fell off.

"Christiansen!" Orchardson gasped.

"Yes," the pseudo-sailor cried. "I followed you to save her from the same fate that overtook poor Kate. Dog!

liar!! libertine!!! To the ends of the earth would I follow you, but sooner or later, would I see justice done!"

Without another word Christian allowed himself to be dragged away and Richard once more breathed freely.

"The man is mad," he said, "a poor demented fellow who imagines himself wronged by us!"

"But his sister?" Priscilla asked. Orchardson laughed. "Bah! a village wighton," he answered coarsely.

He spoke to empty air, for Priscilla Sefton had already left his side, but soon she returned.

"I know all," she said, "and I can only pray that repentance comes to you before it is too late!"

"Priscilla—"

"I have spoken to Christian Christiansen," she answered, "and his story bears the imprint of truth, even as your face tells plainly of your guilt. I am sorry that we ever met. Good bye!"

The day wore on and then towards night a terrible cry rang out. "Fire! Fire!!" In a moment all was confusion, and, in the midst of it Orchardson found himself confronted by Christiansen, who had been released from duress by the captain.

"You want the dastardly incendiary?" he cried. "there he stands—Richard Orchardson. Hating and wishing me out of the way, he fired the ship!"

In the general confusion Richard escaped the vengeance of the crew, and soon a Labrador bound ship rescued them, but even then their perils were not at an end, for during a thick fog the rescuer ran aground upon an iceberg, and again danger threatened. Hastily stores were moved from the vessel, and none worked harder than Christiansen in arranging such poor shelter as could be contrived; then, having done all he could, he turned to go, only to stand face to face with his enemy. Like a flash the hate in his heart became intolerable.