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'Margaret,' The GIRL ARTIST, The Countess of Ferrers Court.

CHAPTER VI.

It was a lovely morning when she woke, and dressing herself she went straight to the picture gallery. As she left the room Lord Blair's red rose seemed to smile at her from the dressing-table, and she took it up and carried it in her hand. It was just possible that she might meet him; if so, it would be as well to have the rose with her, for give it back she meant to, if a chance afforded. The light in the gallery could not have been better, and she set to work at first languidly, but presently with more spirit, and was becoming perfectly absorbed when she heard a voice singing the refrain of the last popular London song, it could be no other than Lord Blair's, and in a minute or two afterward she heard him enter the gallery.

"The heard him coming toward her with a quick step, and looking up with his eyes fixed upon her with eager pressure. He was dressed in the suit of tweeds in which he had looked so picturesque on the morning of the fight, and in his buttonhole he wore a white rose. It drew her eyes toward it, and she knew it at once—it was the finest of the roses she had placed in his room.

"Miss Hale!" he exclaimed, holding out his hand, while his eyes beamed with the frank, glad delight of youth when it is pleased. "This is luck! I only strolled in here by mere chance—and—and to think of my finding you here! How early you are! And what a lot you have done!" staring admiringly at the canvas. "I hope you didn't catch cold last night?"

"No, my lord," said Margaret, as coldly as if her voice were frozen. He looked at her with a quick questioning. "I'm off almost directly," he said, with something like a sigh. "It's a bore having to go back to London and leave this place a morning like this. I had no idea it was so—so jolly until—" he stopped; he was going to add—"until last night."

Margaret remained silent, dabbling on little spots of color delicately. "I quite envy you your stay here," he went on, looking in her grave face, which had become somewhat pale since his arrival. "That jolly little garden, and—and this grand gallery. I hope you will be happy, and—and enjoy yourself."

"Thank you, my lord," coldly as before. He looked at her with a slightly puzzled frown. "Yes, I should like to stay; but I can't—for the best of all reasons, I haven't been invited, don't you know." Margaret said nothing, but carefully mixed some colors on her palette.

"And so—and so I'm off," he said, with a sudden sigh. Perhaps we shall meet in London, Miss Hale."

"It is not likely," said Margaret, gravely. "So you said last night," he responded; "but I shall live in hopes. Yes, London's only a little place."

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"Of yourself, yes," he said. "Communication with me is a kind of pollution; you cannot touch that, you know! Oh, I understand! Well!" he hung his head—"I'll do as you tell me; I can't do less. I'll take my poor rose." He stopped short, and something seemed to strike him. "But I'll do it must return you this," and he gently unfasted the white one from his coat, and held it out to her.

"Margaret put out her hand irresolutely. "Oh, take it!" he said recklessly. "It is one out of the bowl you gave me." "I gave you?" she said. "Yes," he said; "you picked them yourself, the girl told me so. I asked her. And you put them in my room. If I take your rose, back you must take mine."

"Well," she said, and she took it slowly, and laid it on the table beside her. He drew a long breath, then the color came into his face, and the wild, daring Ferrers' spirit shone in his eyes.

"That's an exchange," he said. "It's a challenge and an acceptance. Don't you see what you have done in cutting me off and flinging me aside, Miss Margaret?"

"What have I done?" said Margaret. "Yes! You have given me back my rose, but you forgot that you have worn it, that it has been in your dress, that you have touched it, that it's like a part of yourself. And you have taken my rose, which has been in my room all night, while I dreamt of you."

"Lord Leyton!" she panted, half rising. "Yes!" he said, confronting her with the sudden passion which lay dormant in him, and always, like a tiger, ready to spring to the surface. "You can throw my offer of friendship in my face, you can put me coldly aside, and—and wipe out last night as if it had never been, as if you had done some great wrong in talking to such a man as I am; but you can't rob me of the rose you have touched, ah! and worn."

"Give—give it me back!" she exclaimed, with a trepidation which was not altogether anger or fear. "Give it me back, my lord. You have no right to it."

"To keep it! Haven't I?" he retorted. "What! when you forced it back on me! No, I will not give it you back! You may do what you like with the white one. You will fling it on the fire, I've no doubt. I can't help it. But this one, yours, I keep! It is

mine. I will never part with it. And whenever I look at it I will remember how—until you discovered that I was not fit to associate with you, such a bad lot that you couldn't even keep a flower I gave you!—I'll remember that you have worn it near your heart."

White as herself, with a passion which had carried him beyond all bounds, he raised the red rose to his lips and kissed it, not once only but thrice.

Then, as he saw her face change, her lips tremble, his passion melted away, and all penitent and remorseful, he bent toward her.

"Forgive me!" he said, as if half bewildered; "I—I didn't know what I was saying. I—I am a savage! Yes, that's the name for me! Forgive me, and—good-bye!"

Margaret found her voice. "My lord—Lord Leyton. Stop!" He stopped and turned.

"Give me back the rose, please," she said, firmly. "No!" he said, his eyes flashing again. "Nothing in this world would induce me to give it to you, or to any one else. I'll keep it till I die! I'll keep it to remind me of last night—and of you!"

He stood for a moment looking at her steadily—if the passionate glance could be called steady; then the thick folds of the velvet curtain fell and hid him from her sight.

Margaret stood for a moment motionless. Lord Leyton strolled through the corridor into the hall. He scarcely knew where he was going, or saw the objects before him.

"The dog-cart is ready, my lord," said a footman. Mr. Sibblings stood with respectful attention beside the door.

"Good-morning, my lord; the port-manteau is in—" he glanced at the rose which Lord Blair still held in his hand. "If your lordship would like to take some flowers with you, I will set some; there is time."

"Flowers? Flowers?" said Lord Blair, confusedly; then, with an exclamation, he hid the rose in his breast and sprang into the cart. The horse bounded forward and dashed down the avenue. Lord Blair was looking straight before him like a man only half awakened.

Suddenly, seeing and yet scarcely seeing, he noticed a tall, wiry figure lounging against the sign-post in the center of the village green.

"Stop!" he said to the groom. He pulled up and Lord Blair beckoned to the man.

Pyke resisted the summons for a second or two, then he slouched up to the dog-cart with his hands in his pockets.

"Good-morning, my man," said Lord Blair. "I hope you're none the worse for our little set-to?"

"I'm not the worse, and I sha'n't be," retorted Pyke, lifting his evil eyes for a moment to the handsome face, then fixing them on the last button of Lord Blair's waistcoat. "That's all right," said Lord Blair. "I see you've got a bruise or two still left, and he laughed. "And I dare say I have. Well here is some ointment for yours," and he held out some silver.

Pyke opened his hand, and his fingers closed over it. "That's all over it," said Blair again, cheerfully. "We part friends, I hope."

"Yes, we part friends," said Pyke, but the expression of his face would have suited "We part enemies" equally well. "Well, we shall meet again, I dare say," said Blair. "Good-morning."

List of Unclaimed Letters Remaining in the G.P.O. to March 11th, 1916

- A. Adams, Miss M., Balsam St. Ash, James, care Harvey & Co. Anderson, Miss Annie, Allendale Rd. Anderson, R. late Dildo Avery, Miss Sue, LeMarchant Rd. Andrews, Miss K., Bond St. Andrews, Charles Adams, Richard, Water St. West B. Barnes, S. Ball, Mrs. Albert, Rennie's Mill Road Bailey, Miss Mary K., Duckworth St. Blandford, Miss Long's Hill Bess, Mr., Power St. Bellman, Miss Ella, care General Delivery Beddcombe, Samuel, Allendale Road Biddiscombe, John Bishop, Walter M. Bowe, Miss Nellie Brown, Alfred Boch, Miss Maggie, New Gower St. Broomfield, Mrs. Isaac, Bambrick St. Brown, Miss Katie, Fleming St. Butler, Mrs. Minnie Butler, Gordon Boyman, S. A. Bennett, Mrs. W., Springdale St. Baker, Miss Mary, — Street, 45 Burton, Robert, LeMarchant Rd. C. Churchill, Miss Mabel, Gower St. Culliton, John, Newbury Road Collins, Miss M. Conley, James, William St. Colley, Benjamin, McFarlane St. Collins, J. P., Water St. Crofty, Patrick Crockier, John Crows, Herbert G., care Gen'l Post Office Cullen, Jerric, Livingstone St. Campbell, Mr. E., Gower St. Cadwell, Mrs. John, Flyn's St. Chadbone, Miss A. Clayton, Mrs. H., Church Hill Cavanagh, Miss Catherine, Kickham's Place Carroll, Jack Cheesem, Miss Bessie, Spencer St. Coffeld, Mrs., Carter's Hill Crane, Mrs. Mary, Hamilton St. Chaney, Mrs. C. T., Carter's Hill Corrigan, Mrs. Thos., South Side Chown, Miss Lillian, King's B. Road D. Davis, Miss Annie Dawson, John Harris, Miss Elsie, LeMarchant Rd. Matthews, Glencoe Cottage Dickson, Frank A. Doyle, Miss Katie, Monkstown Rd. Drover, Miss E., Rennie's Mill Road Duffell, Albert, late s.s. Kite Dullany, Thos., care Forest Road Duffett, Miss Matilda, Duckworth St. Doyle, Bessie, Monkstown Road Delaney, Thomas, late s.s. Glencoe Duff, Nellie E. Evans, George Emberley, James, Pilot's Hill Elliott, Miss Jane, care Gen'l Delivery F. Finch, Miss Elsie, Signal Hill French, Mrs. Solomon, Scott Hill Freeman, J., late s.s. Calypso Flynn, Miss Mary, Spencer Lodge Fitzgerald, Miss Mary, Water St. Flynn, Mrs. James, Newtown Road G. Graham, Thomas Gardner, Miss Annie, care Signal Hill Road H. Grant, Mrs. H. Y. Graco, Miss A. Greeley, Miss Lizzy, Military Road Goodvear, Roland, red. Gower St. Goss, Miss D., Goodview St. Guy, George Guthrie, Joseph I. Hartley, Miss Edith, Water St. Hanams, Frederick, Hyward Avenue Harm, Mr., Balsam Place Hammond, Miss Nellie, Gower St. Harris, Miss Elsie, LeMarchant Rd. Harris, Miss Ruth, Knight St. House, Mark, care Gen'l P. Office Hocken, R. S. Houlihan, Miss Mary, LeMarchant Rd. Howell, Henry, Military Road Howell, Moses, late Burlington Road Holly, Miss Evelyn Hogan, Miss Lizzy, red. Hustins, Miss Flora Healey, G. J. Handcock, Eli, Barter's Hill House, John, S. S. Battery Holden, Joseph, LeMarchant Road J. Ivany, Wm. Jones, Mrs. David Jennings, J. F. Johnston, Mr. John, Albert, late North Sydney Jones, Francis H. K. Kane, Miss Annie, Hutchings' St. Kavanagh, George J., care G. P. O. Kelly, Miss Annie Kelly, Miss Clara, P. O. Box Keefe, Miss Bride, Barter's Hill Kilpatrick, Miss K., Cochrane St. Kiely, James, White Boarding House King, Stephen, Spencer St. Kirby, Mrs. Philip, Mundy Pond. King, Mrs. Bertha, care General Delivery King, Joseph, Power St. L. Lang, Miss A. J. Linehorne, Miss Mary, LeMarchant Rd. Larkin, Miss Dora, care Lawrence, Dora Lewis, Miss Susie, care Robert LeShave, Lime St. LeGrow, P., care Mr. Bishop, Cooper LeGrow, Michael M. Martin, Ernest, Queen's Road Martin, J. W. Matthews, Wm. Marshall, Mrs. Frank, Cabot St. Martin, Jas., Newtown Rd. Martin, Ronald, care Gen'l Delivery Maynard, Mrs. D., Queen's Road Mahoney, Richard, Lower Water St. Maleyan, F., Gower St. Mercer, Miss Minnie, Notre Dame St. Mercer, C., Chapel St. Meadus, Miss Barbara, Freshwater Rd. Mercer, Percy, Cabot St. Milley, Mrs. Julia, Pleasant St. Mitchell, Mrs. H. C., Gower St. Mosher, M. Moore, Frank Moore, Robert, Hamilton St. Mogannam, Pte. Charles Moss, Bernard, McDougall St. Murphy, Wm. J. Murphy, James Murray, John C. Marsh, Miss Maud, Adelaide St. McCallvary, J. M. McDonald, Thomas, Nagle's Hill McCarthy, Mrs. Maggie, New Gower St. McNulty, Chas. H. J. R. WOODS, P.M.C.

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War News

Messages Received Previous to 9 A.M. EAST COAST OF KENT RAIDER LONDON, March 19. Nine persons were killed and injured in an air-raid from German seaplanes over the east coast of Kent to-day. It is announced officially that a British aircraft brought down one of the overseas raiders. The driver was killed. The following is the British report of the campaign in Belgium and France to-night—On our front there is practically nothing to report beyond a heavy shelling activity about Arricourt, Bonzoullier Redoubt, Bully, Gremy, Ypres and Weitzje. German forces in Verdun region have resumed their activities north-east of the fortress, delivering an attack last night against the French front opposite Naux and Damblain. The War Office announced this afternoon that the attack was without success, being stopped by the French curtain of fire. Major Stanley Bauld, of Halifax 25th Battalion, C.E.F., has been seriously wounded in action.

PRINCE OF WALES IN EGYPT

LONDON, March 19. The Prince of Wales has arrived in Egypt to take up an appointment as staff captain with the general officer commanding in Chief the Mediterranean Expeditionary force, says an official statement issued to-night.

ASQUITH TO BE QUESTIONED

LONDON, March 19. Asquith will be asked in the Commons on Thursday whether the Government will participate in a conference of all the Powers to discuss peace terms, the Exchange Telegraph declared to-day.

KITCHENER ISSUES ARMY ORDERS

LONDON, March 19. Field Marshal Kitchener, Secretary of State for War, issued an army order to-day, announcing that the King has authorized the formation of a Corps entitled the Royal Despatch Corps, with pay the same as that of regular infantry. The order does not explain the object, but it is believed to be connected with an effort to solve the problem of recruiting married men.

ST. PIERRE BULLETIN.

PARIS, March 19. (Official.) East of the Meuse, after violent bombardment, the enemy during a yesterday evening launched a violent attack against our Vaux-Danville front. Repulsed by our cross-barricades, the Germans completely failed.

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