

A POINTER.



When looking around for Christmas presents do not forget that a picture of a pointer makes one of the most acceptable presents. It is useful, ornamental, a source of pleasure, and can be had all the way from 50c upwards.

E. N. HUNT
190 DUNDAS STREET.

HONORE'S FATE.

He chose a seat for her, brought her a paper, had the water tin refilled, and saw that she was well prepared in every way for her cold journey. Yet from that moment it was a miserable journey to Honore, for she could not find Lady Lawrence's room. She remembered having had it in her hand at the station when she had been there in the early morning, but she was sure she was quite sure of that, because the old lady had read it, and had told her to be careful of it, saying it was of too much value to be trifled with.

When she reached London, Honore earnestly interrogated the porters, and even ventured out to question the cabmen. Did they happen to know what house in Kensington had been "Mr. Harvey Lawrence's," or in what house Lady Lawrence lived now? "Though I am afraid you do not," added Honore, naively, "for she has only just returned from abroad."

The men were willing enough to take her to find the house, but in no other way could they help her. Lady Lawrence was no more income; but they knew Kensington from end to end, and of course, and they would soon find the house.

A truce two hours Honore spent, driving slowly from spot to spot in Kensington; but at last her destination was found. Her heart beat fast when the cab stopped for good and all this time before a grand and lofty mansion. She had no thought yet, but for her own consciousness and the awkwardness of her own position; so that now the meeting, which for so long had been looming afar, seemed to have come upon her with a sudden rush.

In answer to the cabman's ring, two powdered footmen came out to meet this visitor for Lady Lawrence. "That is all my love, thank you," she said, and she drew out her purse and almost shyly tendered a half-crown to the powdered Colossus. "Will you pay him for me?"

The man bowed, and passed on the money, while an elderly man in a red coat, who looked like a butler, followed Honore upstairs and left her in the care of a lady's maid, who looked almost as if she were a butler herself, and a tiny apron, and a tiny muslin with black bows upon the pockets.

Almost unwillingly, Honore accepted her deft and kind help. The girl seemed to be alone in these few minutes. It was all so strange to her, and so oppressive. In the immense, somber house, where she had heard the grand and dreamy silence; and even the very tread of her own foot, struck her oddly that she was schooling her voice to these new surroundings.

She followed the maid along the corridors, until a gentleman in black, carrying a white wand, met her, led her without a word to the door where he stood, and throwing it open, announced "Miss Craven," in a clear and ringing voice.

"At first Honore felt too shy and dazzled to look around. She could only walk on into the high, long room, dimly conscious of the presence of others. But presently, when she was greeted by voices she knew, she recovered her old ease, and looked round for Lady Lawrence. Evidently Lady Lawrence was not there, and she was simply among the old friends with whom, or near whom, she had spent all her life."

Captain Trent came forward to meet her with only half concealed eagerness, and Lawrence Haughton watched her keenly from where he stood, though too angry or too proud to advance one step toward her. Mrs. Trent nodded from her couch; Theodora exclaimed, with an incomprehensible smile, that she knew Honore would take care to be in time, after all her apparent indifference; Miss Haughton put out her hand and let the girl kiss her; but Phoebe jumped up and gave two kisses for Honore's one, delighting evidently in the interruption.

"Oh, we are so tired of waiting," Honore, she exclaimed, impetuously; "it is so dull and disappointing; Lady Lawrence has not left her room yet. She did not come at all till we had been here for days and days. She had not reached England, so even here, in good time, let alone there, who was so much earlier. She came in tremendous style, rattling up in a private chair with four horses, and four servants; but she could not see us then, she was so much fatigued, and she has not left her room since. Oh, I wish she would make haste!"

"Then I am in time?" said Honore, really astonished.

"Exactly in time, for we are to dine with her tonight; and if she does not get here before we are, she is expected to go, you will still be in time, you see."

"Lady Lawrence will decide that," said Theodora, her harsh tone betraying a little of the mortification which had for days been consuming her. "Mr. Stafford came in this morning for the names of all who were here, and especially of those who had arrived first. Of course yours could not be sent at all."

"Of course not," assented Honore, promptly.

"And I do not think," added Mrs. Trent, "that Lady Lawrence will be very much pleased to find that her invitation, and indeed command, has been set at defiance by the very guest of honor."

"Oh, the youngest cannot much signify in any case," rejoined Honore, sneering at the contemptuous innuendo.

"Mr. Stafford said," added Theodora, "that of course the first arrival had paid Lady Lawrence the highest compliment; and he inquired particularly why one should be absent."

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