

Given an Opportunity

"MILDA"

Ceylon Natural Green Tea will prove its superiority over all Japans

Lead packets only. 25c, 30c, 40c, 50c, and 60c per lb.

By all grocers.

HIGHEST AWARD ST. LOUIS 1904.

Shadow and Sunlight

"I haven't heard," says Madge. Mrs. Soverby raises her eyebrows, with the famous Soverby shrug. "Why, I thought it had become history by this time. Do you mean to say that you haven't heard of his exploit at Boulogne?"

Madge shakes her head.

Lady Willoughby sighs.

"Perhaps she won't believe it when she does hear it," she says. "Doesn't look as if he would take the trouble to save three girls from drowning at the risk of his life, does he, Miss York?"

Madge looks straight before her.

"Did he do that?" she asks.

Lady Willoughby laughs.

"Yes; we make a great deal of it, of course, because it's the only good action he has ever been known to perform. And it was a plucky thing to do, so they say. There's a current, or a tide, or something that sucks the people, when they are bathing, out to sea. Oh, there used to be quite half a dozen drowned every year before they had the boats to keep watch and warn the people."

"And he saved three lives?" says Madge, below her breath.

"Yes; I don't know all the details, but you can ask him for a full account, if you want to offend him mortally."

"I think I'll be content with the bare outline," says Madge, with a laugh, but there is a grave look in her eyes. Three lives at the risk of his own, and yet these people can find a good word for him! It is a mystery, an enigma to her. What has he done? Madge with all her cunning, her wit and her beauty, is but a school-girl, and ignorant of the great world outside Minerva House.

It is not only Lady Willoughby and Mrs. Soverby who talk of him. Madge hears his name mentioned now and again, and always in that tone, and with that peculiar intonation which denotes that the person spoken of is a notoriety; but her mind is full of that one solitary fact which she had heard concerning him—he has saved three lives at the risk of his own.

Presently, when the ladies are on the verge of being bored to death, Lady Willoughby is growing very audibly in her complaints about the absence of tea, the door opens and there is an influx of black coats and white shirt fronts.

As if they had been waiting round the corner, the footmen enter with the tea, and instantly, just as they did in the sleeping palace, when the prince appeared—everybody awakes. Mrs. Soverby puts herself into her latest pose; Lady Carton sits up and talks to everybody at once; the young lady turns to the piano and commences to play; they are all galvanized into action.

Standing about in twos and threes, the gentlemen hold their tea-cups, and balance the slice of bread and butter, which they always take and never want; and look down from their giddy height at the fair sex below. Madge watches it all—it is a comedy to her, new and absorbing—and sees the green card-tables wheeled in position, hears the usual murmured excuses from the indifferent whist-players, and the matter-of-fact assents from the good ones, when they are asked to play.

If there is anything which Madge dreads it is whist. Seeing Lady Carton looking round the room, and judging by her face that her ladyship wants to seize upon her for a victim, Madge glides through the glass door that leads on to the balcony. Like everything else about the place, it is of course, a balcony in miniature; but it is quite complete, striped awning, Indian flower-pots and palms, and tiny bamboo chairs.

Madge leans over and looks down. It is a lovely night, and the gas-lamp just beneath her gasps spasmodically in the clear, soft moonlight. Every now and then a cab or a carriage rattles along the road; a stray wayfarer—wayfarers in evening dress, most of them, for this is the fashionable part of London for the moment—passes along the pavement. It is all very still and quiet and soothing, all the more so for the talking and laughing that float through the open door. And Madge begins to dream. Suddenly a voice by her side says: "Take care! Balcony railings, strange as it may seem, are not always meant for leaning on."

Madge brings a third of her body to its upright position, and looks round with a smile.

"Do you think I was in danger of falling into the street? I should have caught the gas-lamp, I suppose. Perhaps the whole affair isn't safe. I think I will go in."

"Do not," she says, courteously enough, though the words are in the imperative. "Why should you? Do you think it would be more amusing if you? You are mistaken if you do; one-half of them are playing whist, the remainder scandal, excepting the young lady who is torturing a long-suffering instrument that never injured her."

"Is it all scandal?" asks Madge, with a touch of significance.

He looks at her with a penetrating glance of his gray eyes, and reads her thoughts in a moment.

"You have been listening to some," he says, curtly. "Do you mind my smoking? It is a cigarette, and is permitted here."

A Perfect Emulsion.

An odorless and practically tasteless combination of purified petroleum, pure glycerine and hypophosphites. Angier's is a perfect emulsion. It readily mixes in milk, water, chocolate, coffee, wine and other liquids. It is welcomed by the weakest stomach. Try a fifty-cent bottle.

Madge makes a gesture of assent. "They might have spared you," he says calmly.

"Why?" she says. "Because I am so young, and a school-girl?"

"No," replies Madge with a laugh. "I have so few relations—none that I

"But it was a vain wish. They spare none—they have no mercy. Whose character have they been blackening for your amusement, Miss York?"

Madge, leaning over the railing, says quietly:

"Yours."

It is a bold reply, and one would think that it would startle him. Perhaps it does; at any rate, he makes no sign—examines his cigarette, indeed, as if he absorbed his whole care and attention.

"Mine!" he repeats at last. "I wonder; it was scarcely worth while. Might one inquire which of my numerous crimes they were dilating on for your behoof?"

"They were asserting—it was incredible, I admit," says Madge, "that you were guilty of the folly of risking your life to save three members of the useless sex. I merely tell you that you may have an opportunity of correcting it."

"Thanks!" he says coolly. "I avail myself of it. I did not risk my life. I am a good swimmer and was not in danger for one half-moment."

Madge laughs.

"I know that it could not be true," she says. "He looks at her. For once he meets a woman—a school-girl—who can fight him with his own weapons, cold, heartless cynicism and impassability real or assumed. He smokes for a moment in silence, looking down into the night, against which her graceful form in its cream dress stands out clear and distinct; the moonbeams fall direct on the exquisitely shaped head and on the upturned face—a face to win the heart out of a man, supposing him to have any."

"To her the gods have given The fatal gift of beauty."

Of all men living there is none quicker to appreciate such beauty as Madge's than Guy, Lord Lashwood, the man who stands beside her.

For full a minute his eyes rest upon her, drinking the perfect grace and loveliness of her graceful beauty, and God knows what thoughts are working in his brain—what feelings within his heart. Pity, compunction, perhaps, for he throws away the cigarette and turns as if to leave her without a word when—

—in our own hands we hold our fate—when Madge looks over her shoulder, and speaks.

"Are you going to play whist, Lord Lashwood?"

He turns, almost as if she had called him, and leans over the railing so near that his sleeve touches her arm, and his eyes are close, dangerously close, to hers.

"No," he says; "I am going to remain here, if you will let me."

"The balcony is not mine," says Madge with a smile, though her heart is beating fast.

"I will remain long enough to apologize," he says.

"For what?"

"For the stupid trick I played at dinner time. It was boorish. Will you forgive me?"

"Ye gods, is this the same man who, an hour ago, sat silent as a sphinx and cold as an iceberg? His voice is low and soft and pleading, grave and deep still, but thrilling with a subtle music. Can you forgive me?" At such unlooked-for words from his lips, is it any wonder that Madge gazes in silent amazement?

"Forgive!" she says. "What have I to forgive? It is I who have to thank you for concealing your recognition of me. Of course you knew me the moment you saw me."

"Of course," he echoes. "And I saw you the moment I entered."

"You did!" says Madge, open-eyed.

"And I, who watched your face, saw no sign. You must be a great actor, Lord Lashwood."

He shakes his head.

"No," he says, "a very poor one. But I saw that you did not wish me to remember you, and I tried to suppress all show of recognition. I meant to carry it through, and leave you under the impression that I had forgotten. But some things are impossible, and among them is that of forgetting you."

"This is rank flattery! It does not sound rude and insolent. Madge should draw herself up and frown him down, or stalk past him into the drawing-room. She does neither; but she looks at him. The face is grave, earnest—almost sad; there is no sign of a smile or a sneer in the dark eyes; his voice is sincerity—respect itself. Slowly she turns away her eyes, angry and ashamed of the thrill that runs through her name."

"It was rank flattery! It does not sound rude and insolent. Madge should draw herself up and frown him down, or stalk past him into the drawing-room. She does neither; but she looks at him. The face is grave, earnest—almost sad; there is no sign of a smile or a sneer in the dark eyes; his voice is sincerity—respect itself. Slowly she turns away her eyes, angry and ashamed of the thrill that runs through her name."

"It was rank flattery! It does not sound rude and insolent. Madge should draw herself up and frown him down, or stalk past him into the drawing-room. She does neither; but she looks at him. The face is grave, earnest—almost sad; there is no sign of a smile or a sneer in the dark eyes; his voice is sincerity—respect itself. Slowly she turns away her eyes, angry and ashamed of the thrill that runs through her name."

"It was rank flattery! It does not sound rude and insolent. Madge should draw herself up and frown him down, or stalk past him into the drawing-room. She does neither; but she looks at him. The face is grave, earnest—almost sad; there is no sign of a smile or a sneer in the dark eyes; his voice is sincerity—respect itself. Slowly she turns away her eyes, angry and ashamed of the thrill that runs through her name."

"It was rank flattery! It does not sound rude and insolent. Madge should draw herself up and frown him down, or stalk past him into the drawing-room. She does neither; but she looks at him. The face is grave, earnest—almost sad; there is no sign of a smile or a sneer in the dark eyes; his voice is sincerity—respect itself. Slowly she turns away her eyes, angry and ashamed of the thrill that runs through her name."

"It was rank flattery! It does not sound rude and insolent. Madge should draw herself up and frown him down, or stalk past him into the drawing-room. She does neither; but she looks at him. The face is grave, earnest—almost sad; there is no sign of a smile or a sneer in the dark eyes; his voice is sincerity—respect itself. Slowly she turns away her eyes, angry and ashamed of the thrill that runs through her name."

"It was rank flattery! It does not sound rude and insolent. Madge should draw herself up and frown him down, or stalk past him into the drawing-room. She does neither; but she looks at him. The face is grave, earnest—almost sad; there is no sign of a smile or a sneer in the dark eyes; his voice is sincerity—respect itself. Slowly she turns away her eyes, angry and ashamed of the thrill that runs through her name."

"It was rank flattery! It does not sound rude and insolent. Madge should draw herself up and frown him down, or stalk past him into the drawing-room. She does neither; but she looks at him. The face is grave, earnest—almost sad; there is no sign of a smile or a sneer in the dark eyes; his voice is sincerity—respect itself. Slowly she turns away her eyes, angry and ashamed of the thrill that runs through her name."

"It was rank flattery! It does not sound rude and insolent. Madge should draw herself up and frown him down, or stalk past him into the drawing-room. She does neither; but she looks at him. The face is grave, earnest—almost sad; there is no sign of a smile or a sneer in the dark eyes; his voice is sincerity—respect itself. Slowly she turns away her eyes, angry and ashamed of the thrill that runs through her name."

"It was rank flattery! It does not sound rude and insolent. Madge should draw herself up and frown him down, or stalk past him into the drawing-room. She does neither; but she looks at him. The face is grave, earnest—almost sad; there is no sign of a smile or a sneer in the dark eyes; his voice is sincerity—respect itself. Slowly she turns away her eyes, angry and ashamed of the thrill that runs through her name."

"It was rank flattery! It does not sound rude and insolent. Madge should draw herself up and frown him down, or stalk past him into the drawing-room. She does neither; but she looks at him. The face is grave, earnest—almost sad; there is no sign of a smile or a sneer in the dark eyes; his voice is sincerity—respect itself. Slowly she turns away her eyes, angry and ashamed of the thrill that runs through her name."

"It was rank flattery! It does not sound rude and insolent. Madge should draw herself up and frown him down, or stalk past him into the drawing-room. She does neither; but she looks at him. The face is grave, earnest—almost sad; there is no sign of a smile or a sneer in the dark eyes; his voice is sincerity—respect itself. Slowly she turns away her eyes, angry and ashamed of the thrill that runs through her name."

"It was rank flattery! It does not sound rude and insolent. Madge should draw herself up and frown him down, or stalk past him into the drawing-room. She does neither; but she looks at him. The face is grave, earnest—almost sad; there is no sign of a smile or a sneer in the dark eyes; his voice is sincerity—respect itself. Slowly she turns away her eyes, angry and ashamed of the thrill that runs through her name."

"It was rank flattery! It does not sound rude and insolent. Madge should draw herself up and frown him down, or stalk past him into the drawing-room. She does neither; but she looks at him. The face is grave, earnest—almost sad; there is no sign of a smile or a sneer in the dark eyes; his voice is sincerity—respect itself. Slowly she turns away her eyes, angry and ashamed of the thrill that runs through her name."

"It was rank flattery! It does not sound rude and insolent. Madge should draw herself up and frown him down, or stalk past him into the drawing-room. She does neither; but she looks at him. The face is grave, earnest—almost sad; there is no sign of a smile or a sneer in the dark eyes; his voice is sincerity—respect itself. Slowly she turns away her eyes, angry and ashamed of the thrill that runs through her name."

"It was rank flattery! It does not sound rude and insolent. Madge should draw herself up and frown him down, or stalk past him into the drawing-room. She does neither; but she looks at him. The face is grave, earnest—almost sad; there is no sign of a smile or a sneer in the dark eyes; his voice is sincerity—respect itself. Slowly she turns away her eyes, angry and ashamed of the thrill that runs through her name."

"It was rank flattery! It does not sound rude and insolent. Madge should draw herself up and frown him down, or stalk past him into the drawing-room. She does neither; but she looks at him. The face is grave, earnest—almost sad; there is no sign of a smile or a sneer in the dark eyes; his voice is sincerity—respect itself. Slowly she turns away her eyes, angry and ashamed of the thrill that runs through her name."

"It was rank flattery! It does not sound rude and insolent. Madge should draw herself up and frown him down, or stalk past him into the drawing-room. She does neither; but she looks at him. The face is grave, earnest—almost sad; there is no sign of a smile or a sneer in the dark eyes; his voice is sincerity—respect itself. Slowly she turns away her eyes, angry and ashamed of the thrill that runs through her name."

"It was rank flattery! It does not sound rude and insolent. Madge should draw herself up and frown him down, or stalk past him into the drawing-room. She does neither; but she looks at him. The face is grave, earnest—almost sad; there is no sign of a smile or a sneer in the dark eyes; his voice is sincerity—respect itself. Slowly she turns away her eyes, angry and ashamed of the thrill that runs through her name."

"It was rank flattery! It does not sound rude and insolent. Madge should draw herself up and frown him down, or stalk past him into the drawing-room. She does neither; but she looks at him. The face is grave, earnest—almost sad; there is no sign of a smile or a sneer in the dark eyes; his voice is sincerity—respect itself. Slowly she turns away her eyes, angry and ashamed of the thrill that runs through her name."

"It was rank flattery! It does not sound rude and insolent. Madge should draw herself up and frown him down, or stalk past him into the drawing-room. She does neither; but she looks at him. The face is grave, earnest—almost sad; there is no sign of a smile or a sneer in the dark eyes; his voice is sincerity—respect itself. Slowly she turns away her eyes, angry and ashamed of the thrill that runs through her name."

"It was rank flattery! It does not sound rude and insolent. Madge should draw herself up and frown him down, or stalk past him into the drawing-room. She does neither; but she looks at him. The face is grave, earnest—almost sad; there is no sign of a smile or a sneer in the dark eyes; his voice is sincerity—respect itself. Slowly she turns away her eyes, angry and ashamed of the thrill that runs through her name."

"It was rank flattery! It does not sound rude and insolent. Madge should draw herself up and frown him down, or stalk past him into the drawing-room. She does neither; but she looks at him. The face is grave, earnest—almost sad; there is no sign of a smile or a sneer in the dark eyes; his voice is sincerity—respect itself. Slowly she turns away her eyes, angry and ashamed of the thrill that runs through her name."

"It was rank flattery! It does not sound rude and insolent. Madge should draw herself up and frown him down, or stalk past him into the drawing-room. She does neither; but she looks at him. The face is grave, earnest—almost sad; there is no sign of a smile or a sneer in the dark eyes; his voice is sincerity—respect itself. Slowly she turns away her eyes, angry and ashamed of the thrill that runs through her name."

"It was rank flattery! It does not sound rude and insolent. Madge should draw herself up and frown him down, or stalk past him into the drawing-room. She does neither; but she looks at him. The face is grave, earnest—almost sad; there is no sign of a smile or a sneer in the dark eyes; his voice is sincerity—respect itself. Slowly she turns away her eyes, angry and ashamed of the thrill that runs through her name."

"It was rank flattery! It does not sound rude and insolent. Madge should draw herself up and frown him down, or stalk past him into the drawing-room. She does neither; but she looks at him. The face is grave, earnest—almost sad; there is no sign of a smile or a sneer in the dark eyes; his voice is sincerity—respect itself. Slowly she turns away her eyes, angry and ashamed of the thrill that runs through her name."

"It was rank flattery! It does not sound rude and insolent. Madge should draw herself up and frown him down, or stalk past him into the drawing-room. She does neither; but she looks at him. The face is grave, earnest—almost sad; there is no sign of a smile or a sneer in the dark eyes; his voice is sincerity—respect itself. Slowly she turns away her eyes, angry and ashamed of the thrill that runs through her name."

"It was rank flattery! It does not sound rude and insolent. Madge should draw herself up and frown him down, or stalk past him into the drawing-room. She does neither; but she looks at him. The face is grave, earnest—almost sad; there is no sign of a smile or a sneer in the dark eyes; his voice is sincerity—respect itself. Slowly she turns away her eyes, angry and ashamed of the thrill that runs through her name."

"It was rank flattery! It does not sound rude and insolent. Madge should draw herself up and frown him down, or stalk past him into the drawing-room. She does neither; but she looks at him. The face is grave, earnest—almost sad; there is no sign of a smile or a sneer in the dark eyes; his voice is sincerity—respect itself. Slowly she turns away her eyes, angry and ashamed of the thrill that runs through her name."

"It was rank flattery! It does not sound rude and insolent. Madge should draw herself up and frown him down, or stalk past him into the drawing-room. She does neither; but she looks at him. The face is grave, earnest—almost sad; there is no sign of a smile or a sneer in the dark eyes; his voice is sincerity—respect itself. Slowly she turns away her eyes, angry and ashamed of the thrill that runs through her name."

"It was rank flattery! It does not sound rude and insolent. Madge should draw herself up and frown him down, or stalk past him into the drawing-room. She does neither; but she looks at him. The face is grave, earnest—almost sad; there is no sign of a smile or a sneer in the dark eyes; his voice is sincerity—respect itself. Slowly she turns away her eyes, angry and ashamed of the thrill that runs through her name."

"It was rank flattery! It does not sound rude and insolent. Madge should draw herself up and frown him down, or stalk past him into the drawing-room. She does neither; but she looks at him. The face is grave, earnest—almost sad; there is no sign of a smile or a sneer in the dark eyes; his voice is sincerity—respect itself. Slowly she turns away her eyes, angry and ashamed of the thrill that runs through her name."

"It was rank flattery! It does not sound rude and insolent. Madge should draw herself up and frown him down, or stalk past him into the drawing-room. She does neither; but she looks at him. The face is grave, earnest—almost sad; there is no sign of a smile or a sneer in the dark eyes; his voice is sincerity—respect itself. Slowly she turns away her eyes, angry and ashamed of the thrill that runs through her name."

"It was rank flattery! It does not sound rude and insolent. Madge should draw herself up and frown him down, or stalk past him into the drawing-room. She does neither; but she looks at him. The face is grave, earnest—almost sad; there is no sign of a smile or a sneer in the dark eyes; his voice is sincerity—respect itself. Slowly she turns away her eyes, angry and ashamed of the thrill that runs through her name."

"It was rank flattery! It does not sound rude and insolent. Madge should draw herself up and frown him down, or stalk past him into the drawing-room. She does neither; but she looks at him. The face is grave, earnest—almost sad; there is no sign of a smile or a sneer in the dark eyes; his voice is sincerity—respect itself. Slowly she turns away her eyes, angry and ashamed of the thrill that runs through her name."

"It was rank flattery! It does not sound rude and insolent. Madge should draw herself up and frown him down, or stalk past him into the drawing-room. She does neither; but she looks at him. The face is grave, earnest—almost sad; there is no sign of a smile or a sneer in the dark eyes; his voice is sincerity—respect itself. Slowly she turns away her eyes, angry and ashamed of the thrill that runs through her name."

"It was rank flattery! It does not sound rude and insolent. Madge should draw herself up and frown him down, or stalk past him into the drawing-room. She does neither; but she looks at him. The face is grave, earnest—almost sad; there is no sign of a smile or a sneer in the dark eyes; his voice is sincerity—respect itself. Slowly she turns away her eyes, angry and ashamed of the thrill that runs through her name."

"It was rank flattery! It does not sound rude and insolent. Madge should draw herself up and frown him down, or stalk past him into the drawing-room. She does neither; but she looks at him. The face is grave, earnest—almost sad; there is no sign of a smile or a sneer in the dark eyes; his voice is sincerity—respect itself. Slowly she turns away her eyes, angry and ashamed of the thrill that runs through her name."

"It was rank flattery! It does not sound rude and insolent. Madge should draw herself up and frown him down, or stalk past him into the drawing-room. She does neither; but she looks at him. The face is grave, earnest—almost sad; there is no sign of a smile or a sneer in the dark eyes; his voice is sincerity—respect itself. Slowly she turns away her eyes, angry and ashamed of the thrill that runs through her name."

"It was rank flattery! It does not sound rude and insolent. Madge should draw herself up and frown him down, or stalk past him into the drawing-room. She does neither; but she looks at him. The face is grave, earnest—almost sad; there is no sign of a smile or a sneer in the dark eyes; his voice is sincerity—respect itself. Slowly she turns away her eyes, angry and ashamed of the thrill that runs through her name."

"It was rank flattery! It does not sound rude and insolent. Madge should draw herself up and frown him down, or stalk past him into the drawing-room. She does neither; but she looks at him. The face is grave, earnest—almost sad; there is no sign of a smile or a sneer in the dark eyes; his voice is sincerity—respect itself. Slowly she turns away her eyes, angry and ashamed of the thrill that runs through her name."

"It was rank flattery! It does not sound rude and insolent. Madge should draw herself up and frown him down, or stalk past him into the drawing-room. She does neither; but she looks at him. The face is grave, earnest—almost sad; there is no sign of a smile or a sneer in the dark eyes; his voice is sincerity—respect itself. Slowly she turns away her eyes, angry and ashamed of the thrill that runs through her name."

"It was rank flattery! It does not sound rude and insolent. Madge should draw herself up and frown him down, or stalk past him into the drawing-room. She does neither; but she looks at him. The face is grave, earnest—almost sad; there is no sign of a smile or a sneer in the dark eyes; his voice is sincerity—respect itself. Slowly she turns away her eyes, angry and ashamed of the thrill that runs through her name."

"It was rank flattery! It does not sound rude and insolent. Madge should draw herself up and frown him down, or stalk past him into the drawing-room. She does neither; but she looks at him. The face is grave, earnest—almost sad; there is no sign of a smile or a sneer in the dark eyes; his voice is sincerity—respect itself. Slowly she turns away her eyes, angry and ashamed of the thrill that runs through her name."

"It was rank flattery! It does not sound rude and insolent. Madge should draw herself up and frown him down, or stalk past him into the drawing-room. She does neither; but she looks at him. The face is grave, earnest—almost sad; there is no sign of a smile or a sneer in the dark eyes; his voice is sincerity—respect itself. Slowly she turns away her eyes, angry and ashamed of the thrill that runs through her name."

"It was rank flattery! It does not sound rude and insolent. Madge should draw herself up and frown him down, or stalk past him into the drawing-room. She does neither; but she looks at him. The face is grave, earnest—almost sad; there is no sign of a smile or a sneer in the dark eyes; his voice is sincerity—respect itself. Slowly she turns away her eyes, angry and ashamed of the thrill that runs through her name."

"It was rank flattery! It does not sound rude and insolent. Madge should draw herself up and frown him down, or stalk past him into the drawing-room. She does neither; but she looks at him. The face is grave, earnest—almost sad; there is no sign of a smile or a sneer in the dark eyes; his voice is sincerity—respect itself. Slowly she turns away her eyes, angry and ashamed of the thrill that runs through her name."

"It was rank flattery! It does not sound rude and insolent. Madge should draw herself up and frown him down, or stalk past him into the drawing-room. She does neither; but she looks at him. The face is grave, earnest—almost sad; there is no sign of a smile or a sneer in the dark eyes; his voice is sincerity—respect itself. Slowly she turns away her eyes, angry and ashamed of the thrill that runs through her name."

"It was rank flattery! It does not sound rude and insolent. Madge should draw herself up and frown him down, or stalk past him into the drawing-room. She does neither; but she looks at him. The face is grave, earnest—almost sad; there is no sign of a smile or a sneer in the dark eyes; his voice is sincerity—respect itself. Slowly she turns away her eyes, angry and ashamed of the thrill that runs through her name."

"It was rank flattery! It does not sound rude and insolent. Madge should draw herself up and frown him down, or stalk past him into the drawing-room. She does neither; but she looks at him. The face is grave, earnest—almost sad; there is no sign of a smile or a sneer in the dark eyes; his voice is sincerity—respect itself. Slowly she turns away her eyes, angry and ashamed of the thrill that runs through her name."

"It was rank flattery! It does not sound rude and insolent. Madge should draw herself up and frown him down, or stalk past him into the drawing-room. She does neither; but she looks at him. The face is grave, earnest—almost sad; there is no sign of a smile or a sneer in the dark eyes; his voice is sincerity—respect itself. Slowly she turns away her eyes, angry and ashamed of the thrill that runs through her name."

"It was rank flattery! It does not sound rude and insolent. Madge should draw herself up and frown him down, or stalk past him into the drawing-room. She does neither; but she looks at him. The face is grave, earnest—almost sad; there is no sign of a smile or a sneer in the dark eyes; his voice is sincerity—respect itself. Slowly she turns away her eyes, angry and ashamed of the thrill that runs through her name."

"It was rank flattery! It does not sound rude and insolent. Madge should draw herself up and frown him down, or stalk past him into the drawing-room. She does neither; but she looks at him. The face is grave, earnest—almost sad; there is no sign of a smile or a sneer in the dark eyes; his voice is sincerity—respect itself. Slowly she turns away her eyes, angry and ashamed of the thrill that runs through her name."

"It was rank flattery! It does not sound rude and insolent. Madge should draw herself up and frown him down, or stalk past him into the drawing-room. She does neither; but she looks at him. The face is grave, earnest—almost sad; there is no sign of a smile or a sneer in the dark eyes; his voice is sincerity—respect itself. Slowly she turns away her eyes, angry and ashamed of the thrill that runs through her name."

"It was rank flattery! It does not sound rude and insolent. Madge should draw herself up and frown him down, or stalk past him into the drawing-room. She does neither; but she looks at him. The face is grave, earnest—almost sad; there is no sign of a smile or a sneer in the dark eyes; his voice is sincerity—respect itself. Slowly she turns away her eyes, angry and ashamed of the thrill that runs through her name."

"It was rank flattery! It does not sound rude and insolent. Madge should draw herself up and frown him down, or stalk past him into the drawing-room. She does neither; but she looks at him. The face is grave, earnest—almost sad; there is no sign of a smile or a sneer in the dark eyes; his voice is sincerity—respect itself. Slowly she turns away her eyes, angry and ashamed of the thrill that runs through her name."

"It was rank flattery! It does not sound rude and insolent. Madge should draw herself up and frown him down, or stalk past him into the drawing-room. She does neither; but she looks at him. The face is grave, earnest—almost sad; there is no sign of a smile or a sneer in the dark eyes; his voice is sincerity—respect itself. Slowly she turns away her eyes, angry and ashamed of the thrill that runs through her name."

"It was rank flattery! It does not sound rude and insolent. Madge should draw herself up and frown him down, or stalk past him into the drawing-room. She does neither; but she looks at him. The face is grave, earnest—almost sad; there is no sign of a smile or a sneer in the dark eyes; his voice is sincerity—respect itself. Slowly she turns away her eyes, angry and ashamed of the thrill that runs through her name."

"It was rank flattery! It does not sound rude and insolent. Madge should draw herself up and frown him down, or stalk past him into the drawing-room. She does neither; but she looks at him. The