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course; Miss Warner, the duke. Ah, yes, we must fix a day, Mr. Slade; what do you say, sir?

Slade smiled. "Better consult the barometer, sir," he said, "though I imagine a picnic would not be complete without a shower or two. Why does it always rain on picnic days?"

The door opened before this important question could be answered, and Harold entered. Lillian was the first to look up and see the sudden contraction of the brows which made his face, already grave and weary, still more gloomy.

He glanced quickly from her face to Dawson Slade's, then back again, and, as if with an effort, came forward with a smile, to shake hands.

"Harold, you used to be the most punctual man in Woodleigh at meal times," said Sir Talbot, laughing, "and now you are generally late. Sit down, my boy, where have you been?"

Harold pushed his short, wavy hair from his forehead. "Oh, round about, promiscuously, sir," he answered. "To Jones, about the new farm buildings, for one place."

"Poor Harold," said Sir Talbot. "You must know," he added, turning to Slade: "Harold undertakes all the disagreeable work on the estate—and, by gad, there's very little that's agreeable—and so he gets the whole of it. This Jones is one of the most troublesome tenants. He is never satisfied—one week it is a new range, another a new roof to his homestead; the next a new pigsty, then a complaint about the game—which he and his two sons poach most industriously all the year round, and now he wants two new cowsheds and a barn built for him. You had a hard morning of it, Harold."

"Tolerably," said Harold, "and to make it pleasant, Jones was reinforced by a young fellow that is lodging on the farm, and who with most charming good nature joined the discussion and argued—on Jones' side—like a Philadelphia lawyer."

"Why Philadelphia?" asked Sir Talbot. "Oh, I don't know. I fancied the fellow was an American."

Lillian looked up with one of the swift flashes that came at odd moments, and as if the half-curious half-suspicious look were a signal Dawson Slade interposed: "Let me give you a cut of this ham Mr. Woodleigh."

"Thanks," said Harold, holding his plate. "An American," said Sir Talbot, too interested to allow the topic to drop. "Quite a rare bird in this part of the country," he said; then stopped suddenly with a start and a timid glance at the beautiful face at the head of the table.

"But it turned out to be fancy or my part—a fancy not altogether unreasonable, however," for the man spoke with a strong accent—that peculiar drawl which associates with the true-born Yankee, and he mentioned accidentally that he had been in America for a number of years.

"Lodging at Jones'," said Sir Talbot, turning with a laugh to Lillian, "and it was only a week ago since this Jones came up and wanted me to build two more rooms for him, on the plea that there wasn't room for his family. What was the man's name, Harold?"

Harold remembered a moment. "Pon my word, I've forgotten, sir," he replied. "He did mention it, but no little pride either, but he and Jones were talking both together at the moment that it has slipped me. An ordinary sort of name, and with a long, trumpet kind of Christian one. I quite forget."

"Here," said Sir Talbot, "you see, Mr Slade, a stranger is so rare a creature that we are quite curious. What is he doing down here, Harold?"

"Can't say, sir," said Harold. "Fishing, I fancy; at any rate he showed me some trout he had taken out of the stream."

"Indeed!" said Sir Talbot. "Did you mention that he had been trespassing?"

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"I am relieved; anything but a museum. A cliff in the shape of a giant's breastplate has no horror for me. What I dreaded was a piece of rusty armor in a glass case, and a lecture accompanying it."

"Oh, but the Giant's Breastplate is no so harmless as you may think," said Sir Talbot. "It is not to be seen indeed, without incurring some little peril—or, at least, inconvenience. If you go by boat you brave the dangers of a particularly ugly coast, and if you climb down to it, you do so by a path that, for awkward turns and dizzy curves, is second to none in England. But the cliff is well worth seeing, a freak of nature as grand as it is curious. Oh, quite well worth seeing."

Dawson Slade looked up. "Miss Woodleigh has not seen it yet, if it is not too dangerous for ladies, why should we not make up a little party?" he suggested.

"Eh?" said Sir Talbot, with his usual eagerness to secure any amusement for his darling. "Why not—why not? What do you say, Lillian? We might make something of a picnic of it."

"Double the attractions, as it were," said Slade. "Pigeon pie and champagne cup on the top of the cliff for the timid, and the Giant's Breastplate, in addition, for the brave. Pray consent, Miss Woodleigh."

"It would be very nice," she said, quietly. Sir Talbot nodded.

"Let me see, we might make up a comfortable little party. Gerald, of course; Miss Warner, the duke. Ah, yes, we must fix a day, Mr. Slade; what do you say, sir?"

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"I said it was preserved water, and he said, with great heartiness, that he was glad to hear it, and that he wouldn't give a farthing to fish in any that wasn't."

Sir Talbot, who not very long ago, at that bygone time before Lillian's advent, was as stern an upholder of the game laws as could be found in the county, leaned back in his chair and laughed.

"A cool hand!" he exclaimed. "Of course, with such a man at his back, Jones got your promise for the new buildings, Harold?"

"Not exactly," said Harold, dryly. "Mr. Jones scored on the trout, but I scored on the buildings. I told him you would think it over."

"Which I shall not," said Sir Talbot. "I wash my hands of it. Do as you like, Harold. If I know Jones he will have the buildings as certainly as the lawyer had the trout."

"It is to be hoped that the interesting stranger doesn't carry a gun as well as a rod, or he will be helping himself to the partridges," said Slade. "Oh, I think we must draw the line there," rejoined Sir Talbot. "We want what game Jones and the rest of the poachers have been considerate enough to leave us. We count upon your gun, Mr. Slade."

Dawson Slade bowed. "If I stay so long, sir," he said. "Oh, come, I am sure they will not let you leave us yet a while," said Sir Talbot. "Besides, there is the portrait, you know."

Harold looked up inquiringly. "Mr. Slade is painting Lillian's portrait, Harold," he said. "The first sitting took place this morning, and a very successful one, too, I make bold to say."

Dawson Slade made a gesture of deprecatory denial. "You must see it, Harold," went on Sir Talbot. "It is in the gallery. Come up directly after lunch."

Harold looked at his plate with compressed lips. (To be continued.)

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UNCLAIMED LETTERS, REMAINING IN G. P. to JULY 18th, 1910.

Table listing unclaimed letters with columns for names, addresses, and dates. Includes names like Andrews, Miss Maud, Greenfield, J. G., Morgan, John, etc.

SEAMEN'S LIST.

Table listing seamen with columns for names, addresses, and dates. Includes names like Goldsmith, Charlie, Hopkins, Henry, etc.

THE FAIR IMPOSTOR.

CHAPTER XIX. WHO IS SHE.

(Continued.)

WHEN he turned, and from his face had vanished every trace of emotion and earnestness. With wonderful ease he glided into a lighter vein, his eyes alight with careless humor, a smile playing about his lips, as he leaned against the window, and threw out now an anecdote, now a light jest.

Sir Talbot laughed and nodded, and lit up with satisfaction. The portrait was forgotten; Lillian herself, sitting at a little distance, seemed almost forgotten, was certainly unnoticed, as Dawson Slade had intended she should be.

Sitting in the shadow, she watched and listened to the man who seemed able in a moment to assume any character he chose; and she could scarcely believe that the man now beaming with careless gaiety was the same who, pale and working, looked down at her a few—so very few!—minutes ago.

He rattled on for some little time longer; then turning the canvas toward the easel, began to put his brushes together, and glanced at his watch. "Oh! we can't think of letting you escape!" said Sir Talbot, laying his hand on Slade's shoulder. "Luncheon is on the table by this time—will you give Miss Woodleigh your arm? I will join you in a few minutes, after I have sent these letters to the steward. I am inclined to doubt the vast benefit which the penny post is supposed to have bestowed upon us!"

"If the unpleasant epistles would only be kind enough to go astray!" laughed Dawson Slade, offering his arm to Lillian.

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