

tain. He could not fail to remember how, when he was in London society girls sought his company, how he was overpowered with invitations; knowing, as people did, that he was a wealthy man; he had the run of a number of good houses, and he had been callous to the attraction offered him, yet here was this—this factory girl, deliberately shunning him. It need scarcely be added that his ardour for her presence was greatly increased thereby. He had pondered long and earnestly over her journey across the Moor, but finding no solution possible he had resolved to accept quietly her conduct as a mystery.

HE spent hours of his time in seeking some means by which her position could be improved compatibly with her independence. Turning over an advertisement sheet one day he saw a paragraph which gave him an idea. Without delay he wrote her a note, saying:

"Dear Miss Williams, I am in want of a typist. I believe it is easy to learn to typewrite, and if you would care to accept the post I would send you a machine at once to practise on until you are perfect. If you agree, your hours of work would be considerably shorter, while the salary would be considerably larger. If money is any object to you this might be a consideration. You would work in a room next to mine. I must of course dictate letters or drafts to you, but I should not intrude my society on you more than was necessary. Let me beg of you to consider this proposal seriously. I should much prefer talking the matter over with you, but I know that you object to my sending for you.

"Your sincere friend,  
"Ronald Westlake."

The letter was posted and arrived at night. Mary reflected on it for some time. The advantages would be immense. She would be quite as independent and yet in a far more advantageous position. She answered the letter that night, posting it before going to work the next morning.

"Dear Mr. Westlake, I thank you for your very kind offer. I believe I could soon learn to typewrite and if you send me a machine I will devote my time in the evening to it. Money is a great consideration to me, and shorter hours of work will be grateful. But I know that I shall not be worth much at first and you must remember this in fixing my salary. I will give you a positive answer when I have seen if I can master the machine.

"Yours truly, M. W."

"Ronald," said Miss Ormonde on the evening on which he had despatched his letter and was waiting for a reply, "you are positively unbearable. You are growing a perfect wretch."

"Dear me! What have I done?" "That is just it. You have done nothing. You never take me out riding, you never play tennis, you never do anything."

"That's right," said Mr. Westlake, "pitch into him, he deserves it. When I was a young man I didn't neglect my duties like that."

"Ronald never neglects a duty," said Mrs. Westlake.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Miss Ormonde, "has it come to this, that paying me any ordinary attention is considered a duty?"

Ronald saw that she was vexed, he endeavoured to laugh the matter off.

"Come now, Louise, you know the tenour of your conversation for some years past has been to the effect that men are useless adjuncts to society, vile, worthless creatures whom women can do much better without, and yet you blame me because I have not been here as much as usual."

"Men make me sick," said Miss Ormonde with considerable temper, moving away as she spoke.

Ronald did not attempt to follow her.

"What's the matter with Louise?" he asked indifferently.

"It's easy enough to see," his father returned: "I must ask you seriously, my boy, if you care at all for her, for if you do you are a precious long time in telling her so, and I don't wonder at her being cross."

"I care for her?" asked Ronald in

amazement. "I never thought of such a thing."

"And I am very glad of it," his mother remarked, "for of late I have seen that she would not suit you. Her temper is really very bad."

"In that case there is no more to be said," Mr. Westlake added, "still, it's getting about time you married, my boy."

"Will you promise to make my bride welcome?" he asked with a laugh.

"Yes," said his mother fervently, "whoever she may be, for I know you would never choose any but a nice girl."

He turned away with a half sigh; he knew that he might as well wish for the moon as for Mary Williams to be his wife. And he was supplanted by a tailor! He could never think of this aspect of the case without rage. I could bear it better if the fellow were a gentleman!" he thought. "What can such a girl be thinking of?"

"Don't forget, mother," he said after an interval, "that Mr. Haselfoot is coming early to-morrow morning. You must entertain him between you."

"Louise will entertain him."

"Let him go over the mill," said Mr. Westlake; "visitors always like that."

"I don't care for visitors there," returned Ronald. He thought instantly of Mary and her beauty, and he did not wish her to be looked at, and then he considered how unlikely it was that a young man going over the mill should take particular notice of one of the hands amongst so many.

"I suppose if he wishes to go over it he must," he added somewhat ungraciously, "but don't let him interrupt me."

"I like Naval officers," said Mrs. Westlake, "they always appreciate home life so much and are so kind, and Mr. Haselfoot is very nice to me."

MISS ORMONDE now rejoined the party, but she had by no means recovered her equanimity. She had heard the last speech.

"I am thankful some one is coming and that I shan't have to depend on Ronald any longer. As to Mr. Haselfoot being nice to you, I am sure you look after his comforts like a mother. Men always know on which side their bread is buttered."

"Poor men!" exclaimed Ronald laughing, "my dear Louise, in your present frame of mind I should strongly advise you to join a society I believe they have formed in the wilds of America from which all men are excluded. I was about to say enter a Convent, but I remembered you would be obliged to see the priest."

"There are times, Ronald," she replied in a low voice, "when I positively hate you."

"I am sorry to hear it," he rejoined gravely, and during the rest of the evening he did not speak to her except when politeness demanded it.

As he said Good-night she whispered: "I am sorry I said I hated you, Ronald. You know I do not. Please forgive me."

"Oh certainly," he replied and his tone was one of such complete indifference that she would have greatly preferred his resentment. "How could I have been such a fool?" she thought as she paced her own room restlessly; "he will never forget what I said, and I doubt if he will forgive."

In actual fact he had entirely forgotten her; his whole thoughts were occupied in wondering whether Mary would accept his offer.

At breakfast the next morning Miss Ormonde was very charming, while Ronald was pleasant and attentive.

"And you will entertain Haselfoot," he said as he went out.

That young man arrived early, and at once expressed his pleasure at the offer of seeing the mill.

"If you will accompany me," he said to Miss Ormonde, "for I cannot face danger alone."

"Oh, yes, I will accompany you," she replied, "though I did not know Naval officers were troubled with shyness. I am very fond of going over the mill, but young Mr. Westlake scarcely ever lets me do so."

"Very wrong of him."

"He says it takes off the hands' at-

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