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GILLET'S EYE EATS DIRT

MADE IN CANADA

The Broken Circle!

CHAPTER XXX.

Would she see him and speak to him again? If not, she thought to herself, this was certainly the happiest hour she had had in her life. How well he seemed to comprehend her! He understood, too about her father, and her contempt for a world which did not appreciate him. He, this young stranger with the dark noble face, had seemed to read and divine her thoughts. Her eyes looked smilingly over the sea.

He was so different from the type of men who had come to see her father hitherto. During her whole life she did not remember to have talked to any one like him. The gentlemen whose little children she taught were something like him, yet far inferior. She liked to recall the grace of his words and his looks. A soft dreamy smile played over her lips, her heart was stirred with a faint sense of pleasure. The western wind and the autumn flowers were all part of her dream. If she had never seen him again, that dream would have remained with her as a happy memory, a little oasis of bright coloring amid the gray monotony of her dull everyday life, a picture to look back upon.

The music of the sea was sweeter that night than ever; and Hettie fell asleep with a smile on her lips, and dreamed of a dark face, and dark eyes that said to her what no other eyes had ever said.

Sir Basil called several times at Rosewalk, and Martin Ray, who had all his life hated every one who could be called aristocratic, took a fancy to him. They did not agree in all respects. Sir Basil told him frankly that he thought some of his ideas terrible and hideous.

"You will see," said Martin. "You

will live longer than I shall. What I now teach the world it will believe and practice when the stinging-nettles are growing over my grave."

"Why do you suppose that your grave will be covered with stinging-nettles?" asked Sir Basil.

Martin laughed a bitter little cynical laugh.

"I do not imagine that any one living will care to plant flowers there," he replied.

They were both startled by a cry of pain.

"How can you say so, father? After giving you my life, do you think I shall forget you in death?"

Sir Basil never forgot the reproach in the sweet face that quivered with pain. The blue eyes had a strained, hunted expression.

They were all three standing within the pretty porch when this conversation took place. Hettie forgot everything, except that her heart was wounded. She went up to her father with a little cry of outraged love, and put her arm around his neck.

"Dear," she said, "I should, if I live the longer, be as faithful to you in death as I have been in life."

"I know that you are a good child," responded Martin.

He caressed her shining, golden hair lovingly; but before him rose the brilliant face of the child he loved with his whole heart, and who had renounced him, and something of repressed impatience came into his manner. The child who had renounced him and his doctrines, his life, and the mission he had given her, was still a thousand times dearer to Martin Ray than the child who had served him with tender, faithful, devoted love.

Something in this little scene struck Sir Basil forcibly. He admired the daughter's devotion; but what did that hungry wistful despair in her father's face mean? Why was he not comforted by the sweet love of his daughter? Why had he not taken her in his arms and thanked her tenderly for her great devotion.

So the weeks sped on, and Martin Ray, in his own cynical, selfish fashion, after a time became quite fond of Sir Basil. He looked for his coming; he was more gloomy than usual on the days when he did not make his appearance.

They were talking together one morning, while Hettie was away giving her lessons; and Sir Basil said laughingly that it was strange they had met so often without Martin even knowing his name.

There was something impressive in the gesture with which Martin suddenly held up his hand.

"Is it a name that you have made for yourself?" he asked.

"No; it was made for me," replied Sir Basil.

"Then I do not want to know it. As a man with good intentions, I like you; you are straightforward, honest, and honorable; and, if you have one of those names with a 'handle,' probably borne by many generations of men who have lived upon their fellow-men, I do not wish to know it. The first time I saw you I thought you looked like an aristocrat. If you are one, do not tell me so; it would spoil my opinion of you."

"It shall be as you will," laughed Sir Basil. "If ever I do make my name famous, I will disclose it to you; if not—"

"I do not care for a title that has been handed from father to son. I like

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a name that has been fairly earned. Strange to say, my wife was prouder of her grand old name than of anything else. It was singular that she should marry a man like me."

Sir Basil bethought himself that the duke had desired him, should he ever make the acquaintance of Martin Ray, not to mention his name.

"If you call me 'Glen,' he said, 'I shall understand; and that name will do as well as any other.'

"I hope," said Martin, half savorily, "that you are not a young duke in disguise."

"I am quite sure of that," replied Sir Basil, laughingly. "I am neither duke nor 'belted earl.'"

"It would be hard work to hate you; but I should hate you if you were," said Martin.

From that time he always called Sir Basil "Glen"; and when Hettie spoke of him it was as "Mr. Glen."

It often happened that when he called at the cottage he found Hettie at home alone; and then they talked together by the ivy-covered wall.

"Knowing you has made such a difference in our lives," she said to him one morning. "My father seems so much better for it. You cheer him, and give him back some of the old fire which had nearly died out. I am glad for his sake that you find time to visit us."

"Are you not glad for any other reason?" he asked impetuously. "Are you not pleased to see me yourself?" Then he remembered that he had no right to say such words to her. "I beg your pardon," he said, gently. "I express myself badly. What I mean is, that I receive more pleasure in being allowed to call here than I can possibly give."

It was such sudden, abrupt changes in his manner that made her think more of him, perhaps, than she otherwise would have thought. He exhibited at times a certain degree of tenderness, which would vanish like magic and give place to silence that was almost stern.

Sir Basil was very kind to the man whom every one also seemed to have forsaken. He brought him newspapers. If he heard him express a desire for a particular book, he obtained it for him. More than once, when Martin took ill and feeble, he had sent a case of choice wine. Martin took it all in good part; it was a tribute to his worth that he quite approved.

"There is the making of a fine man in Glen," he would say to his daughter.

"Is he not a fine man now?" she would ask, half timidly.

And Martin would shake his head. "Not yet. He could be trained. He has genius, and he has eloquence; he would make a good orator. I like him; but my own impression is that his ideas are not yet sound, that he is studying the two great questions, hesitating between the two great parties."

"You must help him, father," Hettie would answer, blithely—"no one understands these matters so well as you do." And such demonstrations of faith in him pleased Martin Ray.

It was impossible that these long absences should pass unnoticed. Not that Glen was unreasonable, or expected Sir Basil to follow her like a shadow, but she did wonder why he never asked her to accompany him.

(To be continued)

For People Who Count The Cost



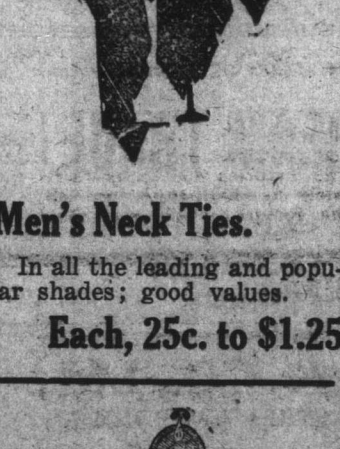
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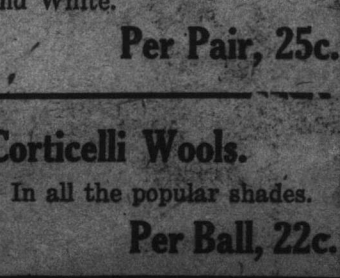
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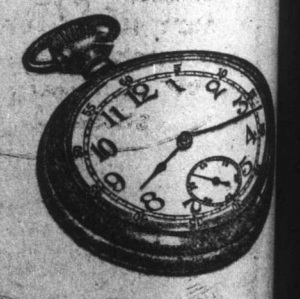
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