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## A Child of Sorrow.

CHAPTER XI.

Mr. Carrington was as changed in outward appearance as Carrie. In place of the regulation city suit he wore a cut-away coat of dark green, a waistcoat with brass buttons, and breeches and gaiters, all made by first-class tailors, who were accustomed to dressing country gentlemen. Even Mr. Spinner had bowed to the spirit of the country, and was attired in a tweed suit; but it was a question which man looked most incongruous. Mr. Carrington gave one the impression of a man who found his gaiters too tight and his coat too loose, and Mr. Spinner's suit had as much an air of masquerade as a fancy dress costume at a Covent Garden ball. On Mr. Spinner's face shone a smile of satisfaction, but on Mr. Carrington's was a furtive expression of doubt and watchfulness.

"Well, girls," he said. "Going for your drive? Quite right, quite right, eh, Mr. Spinner?"

He appealed to Mr. Spinner with a glance and a wave of the hand, as if he had grown accustomed to appealing to and relying on that gentleman, and Mr. Spinner responded with light-hearted promptitude:

"Quite right, Mr. Carrington. Proper thing to do. Always take a drive in the afternoon; see the country and show yourselves; that's the correct thing. I've news for you ladies. Lord Heroncourt is staying at the Court."

"Oh!" said Carrie. Maida made no response, but stood by the hall door, still looking at the view.

"Yes; he came down with Lord and Lady Glassbury last Tuesday. Lord Heroncourt and the Glassburys are great friends."

"Glassbury?" said Carrie. "That is the name of the lady at whose house you recited, Maida."

"No need to remember things of that kind," said Mr. Carrington, with suppressed irritability.

"Why not, father?" asked Maida, in her low, penetrating voice. "They were all very kind; it was—a success."

Mr. Carrington struck his leg with the hunting-crop which he carried.

"All that sort of thing is past and gone, my dear Maida," he said, with a curious mixture of nervousness and pomposity; "and I beg you will not allude to it."

"I'm bound to say that Mr. Carrington is right, quite right," put in Mr. Spinner, showing his teeth. "All that is past and gone. Eh, Miss Carrie?"

Carrie nodded, but swung round from him.

"Yes; but all the same Maida has a right to be proud of it. Is Lady Glassbury a great friend of Lord Heroncourt's, Mr. Spinner?"

Mr. Spinner sidled nearer to her. "A very old friend," he said. "She has known him since they were boy and girl; they are the closest of friends. I met them just now walking together in the village, and had the pleasure of a little chat with them. Her ladyship looked in the best of health and most absurdly young."

"Made up, no doubt," remarked Carrie. "I'm told that no one in society ever gets old, but younger and younger every year. Isn't it true, Maida?"

Maida smiled for reply; and Mr. Spinner, with his head on one side and his eyes fixed on Carrie's face like some pale tropical bird, went on: "Lord Heroncourt was also looking very well. They were strolling about, just like two—ordinary mortals—"

"How kind and condescending of them!" put in Carrie. "I wonder they weren't being carried in a palanquin by two retainers."

"Followed by a number of dogs—really, I never saw such a quantity; and I must admit that I was—er—slightly nervous, especially at one huge beast—I think he was a mastiff—who would insist upon sniffing at my legs. Oh, you may laugh, Miss Carrie, but I assure you that it was most trying, especially as his lordship was asking me questions—where I was staying, and so on."

"And of course you told him that you were staying at Marston Towers?" said Mr. Carrington, with a barely concealed eagerness.

"Of course, of course," assented Mr. Spinner, blandly. "I told him that you had recently come into a large fortune, and that you had purchased the place and were living here with your two charming daughters."

Mr. Carrington nodded with an air of satisfaction and approval; but Maida's face clouded and she moved a little away from the group.

"His lordship—and I think her ladyship, too—were much interested. I shouldn't be surprised if they were to call," said Mr. Spinner.

Mr. Carrington nodded again, and tried to look indifferent; but Carrie said with naive eagerness:

"Oh, do you think so? I hope so!"

"Though the Carringtons had been at the Towers for nearly a month no one had called excepting the rector and his wife. The neighbors were all families of rank and position, and were in no particular hurry to call upon persons who belonged to the newly rich, and who might very possibly be as vulgar as they were 'new.' Mr. Carrington had subscribed with rather too lavish a generosity to the various local charities; but though the parson was grateful, the

resident gentry were not impressed. Indeed the principal lady—the old Duchess of Seaford—had remarked, with a shrug of her thin shoulders, "The parvenue is always good to the poor, and liberal with his subscriptions."

"They can please themselves," said Mr. Carrington. "If they call, we shall be glad to see them; if they don't we shall be able to get along without them; Eh, Carrie? Lord Heroncourt is a great swell in his way, no doubt; and he's got a very beautiful place—though it's let, isn't it, Spinner, and he's down here as a kind of visitor?—but I don't think it's larger than the Towers, and I desay I could buy him up."

Mr. Spinner smiled and nodded. "Of course, of course, Mr. Carrington," he assented. "His lordship's poor, as you say; but it's a tremendously old family, and the Heroncourts are the principal people in these parts, barring the Seafords; and I fancy the people—the farmers and so on—think more of the Heroncourts than the ducal family. Yes, the place was let to Lord Raymond, but he's gone off as an ambassador to Constantinople again, and has given up the Court to his lordship; otherwise he couldn't afford to live in it!"

The carriage came up to the steps and Mr. Spinner bounded forward to assist the ladies into it, Mr. Carrington standing on the top steps, with his hands in his pockets, surveying the brilliant equipage with an air of proud complacency.

"This is even better than a hansom cab, isn't it, Maida?" said Carrie, as she leant back with a sigh of contentment. "Isn't it delicious to roll along with these pneumatic tires, as if you were on a cloud! And to think that it's our very own, carriage and horses and servants! How strange! Lady Glassbury should be down here! I should like to see her. Do you think they'll call, Maida?"

It is not very likely," said Maida. "Not yet, at any rate. They will want to know something about us; and though we are very rich, we are not of the same class—"

"And this is the twentieth century of Christianity!" said Carrie, indignantly. "As if we were common adventurers, or some kind of dangerous animals that might bite them!"

Mr. Carrington had subscribed with rather too lavish a generosity to the various local charities; but though the parson was grateful, the

prejudice had died out, and only existed in second-rate novels. Not a soul has been near us excepting the clergyman, and he came to beg; and because it was his duty, I suppose."

"Why do you mind?" asked Maida, soothingly. "I thought you were so happy, dear."

"So I am," retorted Carrie; "but what's the use of being happy, if there's no one to see that you are? It's like wearing diamonds in a dark room. But there! I don't mind, really. I daresay her ladyship would give herself airs, because we weren't born in the purple, and that Lord Heroncourt would be as dull as ditch-water—perhaps half an idiot; most of the nobility are, aren't they?"

Maida laughed. "Like yourself, I know so little about them," she said; "but anyway, Lady Glassbury would not be ill-mannered. Don't let us think any more about them. Let us be happy in our own way, Carrie, dear."

Half an hour later Lady Glassbury and Lord Heroncourt stood on the terrace. He was smoking a cigarette and leaning against the stone balustrade with an expression of something like contentment on his handsome face. Lord Glassbury had gone to fish the trout stream which ran through the valley at the back of the woods. He never by any chance caught anything; but his lack of success did not appear to upset him, and he always returned with an empty basket and a cheerful countenance.

"You find it good to be here, Byrne," said the countess, tilting her sunshade so that she could look at him.

Heroncourt nodded. "Yes; singularly so. I grow more fond of the place every day."

He turned and looked along the front of the house with its innumerable windows framed in ivy and clematis, its Tudor porch, and time-worn carvings.

"You'll find it hard to leave it," she said.

He frowned slightly. "Yes; I suppose so. But sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. I've got some months yet."

"And all sorts of things may turn up before Lord Raymond wants to come back," she remarked. "By the way, Byrne, wasn't it rather odd meeting Mr. Spinner? He is an odd-looking man. One would think him rather foolish, I thought."

"He's not by any means such a fool as he may look, though he has acted foolishly enough in lending me that money."

"I'm not so sure," she mused. "You never can tell what that kind of man has up his sleeve."

"What can he have up his sleeve in respect to me?" said Heroncourt.

She did not reply, and was silently thoughtful for a moment or two. Then she said:

"Do you mean to call on these new people at the Towers—these millionaires?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Why should I?" he replied, indifferently.

"They are your neighbors; the man has bought the place. Mr. Spinner spoke very highly of them."

"He naturally would. They are immensely rich, didn't he say? Why should I call? I am only here for a short time."

"So far as you know," she said. "I think I should like you to call."

"I know that," he remarked, with a smile. "Your artfulness is always thrown away upon me, Ethelreda. And if you want me to call, I suppose I shall have to do so."

"Let us go now," she said, after a moment or two.

He laughed shortly. "I would point out to you that it is very jolly here on the terrace, and that presently I propose taking you for a drive in a dog-cart; but it wouldn't be much use if you've made up your mind. We'll walk over when I've finished this cigarette," he said, resignedly.

The countess laughed softly. "Yes, I'd made up my mind while Mr. Spinner was telling us about them. But it won't do to just walk over. That sort of people would be offended by such an unceremonious proceeding. We must have the big carriage, Byrne."

(To be Continued.)

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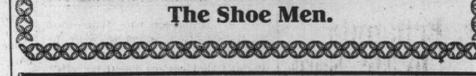


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It helps on good condition a daily

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"There's