

UNCLE MAX.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—Continued.

He turned away at once, when he saw I noticed him, and I left the room as quickly as I could, for I felt the tears rising to my eyes. I had to get down a moment in the porch to recover myself. That look of sad and yearning, had quite upset me. I had not known before, but all at once, that Mr. Hamilton loved me, I must have known it then.

how had the world treated you in my absence? I felt quite cheered, and told my little fib without effort. "Very well indeed; thank you, Max." "It is really a physiological puzzle to me why women who are otherwise strictly true and honorable in their dealings and abhor the very name of falsehood are so much addicted to this sort of fibbing under certain circumstances; for instance, the number of white lies that I actually told at this time was something fabulous, yet the idea of hypocrisy did not enter my mind."

head was rather bad. I thought she looked extremely delicate. "Oh, Gladys is never a robust woman. She is almost always pale." "It is not that," he returned, decidedly. "I consider she looked very ill. I don't believe the change has done her the least good. There is something on her mind; no doubt she is longing for her cousin."

me. Come up this evening at half-past seven, while they are at dinner. Chatty will let you in. "Very well; tell your mistress I will come," I observed; and Chatty dropped a rustic courtesy, and said, "Thank you, ma'am; that will do my mistress good," and tripped on her way.

felt very sorry for myself as I walked slowly down-stairs hoping that I should find Mr. Hamilton alone in his study; but they must have lingered longer than usual over dessert, for before I reached the hall the dining-room door opened, and they came out together; and Miss Darrell paused for a moment under the hall lamp.

give me," observed Miss Darrell, with ill concealed temper. "I may as well go, for I loved it as I do, and we could hear them whispering in the little passage leading to the house-keeper's room."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

It was soon after this that Uncle Max came home.

He met Mr. Tudor in the village the next morning, and he told me with great glee that they had just received a telegram telling them that he was on his way, and an hour after his arrival he came down to the cottage. Directly I heard his "Well, little woman,

my errand was not a pleasant one, and I

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

My promise to stay with Gladys soothed her at once, and she lay back on her pillows and closed her aching eyes contentedly, while I sat down and wrote a hasty note to Mrs. Barton.

(To be continued.)