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Makers of Tillsen's Oats—Rainbow Flour—Star Flour.

One in a Thousand, BUT TRUE TO THE LAST

CHAPTER XXIX.
IN THE SUNSHINE.

"If you are going to send those two girls any presents at all," says Adrian, three months later, "you must send them at once, for the wedding is on Wednesday."

"I'm sure I don't know what to send," I answer. "Have you thought of anything?"

"No. Send something worth having, of course."

"These wedding presents are a great tax," I say. "All the girls we know seem to be getting married—the two Dares, Maud Luttrell, who will expect a service of plate or diamonds, at the very least; and, then, I suppose we shall be absolutely compelled to give Theo something."

"We will send her a cross," says Adrian, with a laugh. "I say, baby, do you think she will ask us for the wedding?"

"I don't know whether she will ask us—" I begin.

"What does that mean? That you won't go, if she does? I think it would be wiser. We could show her that we are the happiest couple in the world, barring Loys, and that silly husband of hers," he answers. "I don't think even you and I could take the shine out of those two."

"Let us be content with our own shine," I answer, "and remember that they went straight ahead, and we didn't."

"Ah, that's true!" says he, with a sigh. "We made an awful 'mull' of it at first, didn't we?"

It is rather amusing that he invariably includes me with himself as regards what he calls "making a mull of it." So like a man!

"Well, now," I say, sapiently, "now that you've asked my opinion, I should say that Theo, more than anyone else, had to do with the making of what you so elegantly term a 'mull.'"

"You're about right, child. I wonder how she'll get on with the duke. He's one of your peppery in-

dividuals who want a tremendous amount of worship—not quiet, unobtrusive affection, such as I like—I like that!—but regular flattery and adulation. Faith, you can't give him too much of it! I've known the young fellows try how much he could or would swallow, but he always exhausted them."

"He won't get much from Theo," I say.

"Well, now, I don't know; she used to prove herself rather an adept; then he is a duke, you know."

"Yes; and that makes all the difference," I reply.

Theo's wedding is fixed to take place within a week after her year of mourning has expired, and we are invited, and, what is still more strange, have accepted the invitation. I can scarcely realize it. I have never seen her since that morning when I left her in the blue room at Heddon Hall.

How time alters all things! I deemed Theo then a vain, unscrupulous woman, who had robbed me of my all; yet even then I had an excuse for her; she loved him first, had loved him all along. Now I have learned that her pursuit was only for the gratification of vanity—that

love such as I felt for him was utterly unknown—to her nature entirely foreign. She coveted the heart I prized so dearly only because it was denied her. Not only did she try to steal my love away from me, but slandered me, and turned him against me; yet I am actually going to stay in the same house with her, am going to meet her in friendship, with a gift

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in my hand. It is a pity Adrian is married, for he ought to have been "best man."

She is going to be married from home—I mean Thorganby—and three days before the wedding Adrian and I reach the little, country station, where my father is awaiting us with what Adrian calls "that everlasting brake." I am mindful of the time when Loys and I came home for Theo's wedding, five years ago, when I was so furiously angry with her for marrying one man when I was certain her heart was filled with love for another. Little did I think five years afterward I should be coming home once more, for Theo's second marriage, as the wife of that very one who has played such an important part in both our lives. Verily, truth is stranger than fiction!

"Is he here?" I say to my father, when we are driving along.

"Who? The bridegroom? Oh, yes! I shall be quite glad when they are gone; they are a weight on my mind!"

"Are they so very affectionate?" I laugh.

"My dear, it is something terrible! I spend my life looking out of the window; and, no matter what part of the house I am in, I am positively afraid to turn my head, lest I should catch them."

"Poor, dear daddy," I say. "Adrian, there is a fine prospect for you." "If I catch the thief spooning, I shall explode," says Adrian. "I think, as it is, I shall remind him of what he said when I wanted to get married."

"He was very uncomplimentary to both of us, wasn't he?"

"Particularly so; he was sure to take the fever badly when he did begin."

When we reach the door, just as before, Theo comes out of the drawing room to meet us. I wonder if the similarity strikes her as forcibly as it does me? Apparently not, for she is all smiles and bright welcomes. Behind her is the Duke of Idleminster, changed as I never beheld a man changed in this world. At all events, Theo has done him good.

"Well, Charteris," he says, when we are all seated round the fire in the drawing room, "so you've come to see me turned off?"

"Yes, colonel. I didn't know you were such an advocate for matrimony. I haven't forgotten a certain lecture you gave me when I married Audrey."

"Jack didn't know me then," says Theo, with a fresh courtesy, which I

should consider perfectly charming, if I did not know her. Fancy Theo calling any man, even a duke, "Jack!" It is too astonishing!

"You never scolded Adrian after you saw me, did you?" I put in. "Oh, no! If I remember rightly, I congratulated him most heartily. If I didn't, I will now."

At this we all laugh, and then Theo asks me if I would not like to go to my room. I answer in the affirmative—and she leads the way—exactly as if I did not know it! Even after I have taken my hat off, she lingers, and I perceive that she wants to say something.

"Here is something which you may like to keep, Audrey," she says, with an air of hesitating diffidence which amuses me immensely; as she speaks she lays on the table—that diamond ring!

"Thank you, Theo," I answer, taking it up and putting it upon my finger. "You kept it during one husband's lifetime; perhaps it will be wiser not to repeat the experiment."

My tone is cold—as cold as ice. Do as I will, I cannot be cordial to her. I cannot forget what she has made me suffer.

"That was all I wanted to say," she says, softly, and slips away.

Oh, how very deep she is still! After all that has passed, she actually has the audacity to assume the role of the innocent sister, who has made some one angry, and does not know how, but is very sorry.

Three days later they are wed. We all vie with each other in the richness of our bridal attire and the costliness of our gifts, and crowd about Theo, no longer Viscountess Lassclles, but her grace the Duchess of Idleminster, and offer her our warmest and most gracefully worded congratulations and good wishes.

And her grace looks inexpressibly charming, and the very picture of an innocent, blushing bride, who has never given a thought to any other man save the stalwart soldier by her side, who, for his part, looks like a duke just married to the woman of his choice. Yet when they are driving away, two hours later, and he bends forward for a last look at the gay throng, Adrian mutters:

"Ah, poor beggar, he has a nice life before him!"

I make no comment. Adrian knows my sentiments.

Loys and I are, as we have ever been, the truest friends—more than sisters. Of Theo I need hardly report that we do not see much. Her parties, her beauty, and her riches have given her a very high place in society, but we do not often avail ourselves of her invitations. As Adrian puts it, "Dining with a serpent is not pleasant; it is so apt to spell one's dinner."

"Daddy" divides his time between us; but in September we always find our way home to Thorganby Manor, where, rather than pain him, I am civil and almost pleasant, even to Theo. Among our regular visitors

are Edith Cust and Stewart Wynne; and, when Loys happens to be with us at the same time, it would be hard to say which of the four couples are the happiest, it seems to me that we are like that old lady who, when one of her sons teased her with making her youngest boy the apple of her eye, cried, lovingly, "Oh, joy, you're all apples!"

THE END.

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A Millionaire's Countess Westerleigh.

Vane exchanged greetings with her, and assured her that he was much better—quite well, indeed.

"And ready for breakfast, I hope," she said. "Nora has got you some fish this morning. Perhaps you would like to take a turn in the sun while I cook it, Mr. Tempest?"

Vane went on to the small plateau in front of the cottage, and immediately faced a view which drew from him an exclamation of admiration.

All traces of the storm of three nights ago had vanished; the sea was dancing in ripples, and was as blue as a sapphire; the gulls were sailing white through the light, clear air, their white breasts gleaming in the sun. Even the rocks, which towered above him, had their jagged outlines softened by the sunlight, and lost something of their grimness.

Vane saw a narrow path leading to a small space of yellow beach, and he went slowly down it. As he descended the short incline he heard a voice singing. It was an exquisite voice, full, round, and clear, and it seemed to harmonize with the glory of the morning.

He paused for a moment to listen; then went on, and suddenly came upon the singer.

It was Nora, as he had expected. She was sitting on the edge of a boat, mending a net. If she had chosen the attitude as a pose for an artist—for Senley Tyers, for instance—she could not have hit it off more happily.

Her little form was grace itself. The dark hair seemed to catch and imprison the sunbeams, and her arms, bare to the elbow, gleamed a delicate brown, like that of antique ivory.

Her head was bent as she worked, and she sung with the freedom of one who does not suspect a listener.

As Vane stood and looked at her, she ceased, her hands stopped, in their work, and she appeared to have suddenly become lost in reverie.

Vane moved, a pebble rolled, and she raised her head quickly and saw him. She did not blush, and her eyes rested on him for a moment or two before they dropped to her net again, as if she were forcing herself, with something like defiance in her gaze, to meet his eyes.

Vane approached her, with a smile on his handsome face. If it would have been impossible to find a more lovely creature than this strange fisher-girl, it would have been almost as difficult to discover a more manly and graceful specimen of the other sex than Vane Tempest. In all her life she had never seen any one like him. In face, manner, dress, and bearing he was as strange and novel an object to her as a South Sea Islander would have been.

And yet, with a woman's instinct, she kept the wonder and curiosity out of her eyes as perfectly as any finished woman of the world could have done.

"Good-morning, Miss Nora," he said, raising his hat.

She looked at him, but neither inclined her head nor spoke.

Most men would have been disconcerted; but Vane was not easily embarrassed, and he sat down on a rock almost at her feet and looked round him with interest and admiration, and with that ease of movement and glance which is the birthright of men of his class.

"What a jolly morning, and what a beautiful place this is! But it must look very different in bad weather; the other night, for instance. What a storm it was! And you were out in it all. But, I am glad to hear that you didn't catch cold."

She went on with her mending, and Vane watched her slim, shapely fingers with the lazy pleasure which attends convalescence.

(To be Continued.)

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