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price, her eyes all aglow with happiness, her face radiant with the joy of life. She and Maida were standing in the gorgeous hall at Marston Towers waiting for the carriage to take them for their afternoon drive; and Maida, who was looking through the great door-way at the sunlit lawns and flower-beds, smiled at the girlish rhapsody.

"You are so happy, dear!" she said in her low voice.

"Happy!" echoed Carrie, as if words were too poor to convey the sense of her felicity. "I should think so! Aren't you? Think of it! Only three weeks ago and we were poor nobodies, and now we are rich and the owners of Marston Towers, of all this!" She waved her hands comprehensively. "It is like a story out of the 'Arabian Nights,' and I'm always in a funk lest it should prove as improbable; and you don't help me to realise it; no, Maida, you don't. There is a lack-of enthusiasm about you that is distinctly disappointing."

"I'm sorry, dear."

"You take it all so quietly, just as you did the night father came home and flung the bank-notes and diamonds about. Do you remember? It seems years, ages ago. If you'd only let yourself be carried away, if you'd only try to live up to it, as father and I do—I declare, it's only when I see father marching about in riding-breeches and gaiters, like the grand, old English gentlemen in the song, that my doubts and fears fly, and I realise that the thing is real, that we are fabulously rich, and that Marston Towers is ours. Here he comes with Mr. Spinner. Doesn't he look splendid?"

"Mr. Spinner?" said Maida, watching the two men as they crossed the lawn and approached the house.

"Mr. Spinner? No. The slightest imagination could not describe him as splendid. No—father. How happy he must be! Think of not having to go to that beastly city, not having to be shut up in a grimy, smoky office for so many hours a day! Think of having as much money to spend as you can possibly want; think of being the owner of all this! Maida, don't tell me that wealth is a sham and a snare. I declare to you that it makes me mad when I hear the parsons preach about riches and poverty. Why, half the crimes that are committed are caused by poverty. Poverty breeds meanness and all kinds of deceit. It is very difficult to be good when you're poor, but precious easy when you're rich. For instance, when you're poor you're tempted to steal—of course you are! If I saw father and you wanting a loaf of bread, shouldn't I be tempted to sneak one—that's Ricky's word, and a very good one, too—for you? Why, certainly! But when you're rich you don't think of stealing. Why should you? And look how envious the poor are, and must be! And quite right, too. Didn't I envy the swell ladies in the stalls and boxes in the theatre, envy their dresses and their diamonds?"

"Did you?" said Maida, dreamily.

"I did not. I always thought that though they were so well dressed and wore such splendid jewellery that they might have aching hearts—"

"That's because you are an artist, a poet," broke in Carrie, with a mixture of impatience and admiration. "And if they have, isn't it better to have a Worth dress and plenty of diamonds over your aching heart? Well, father? well, Mr. Spinner? Been round the estate?" she broke off as the two men entered the hall.

(To be Continued.)

## A Child of Sorrow.

CHAPTER X.

Mr. Spinner's remark that the photograph lacked the colouring of the real place was literally true. To be as candid as that gentleman himself, there was, perhaps, a little too much colouring; the bricks were too red, the stone facings too white. The same note ran through the gorgeous interior; for the hangings, the furniture, the very pictures and armour were new and dazzling. To Mr. Carrington the magnificence of style and material were satisfactory enough; but Maida was conscious of a mental recoil from the brilliant tout ensemble, and even Carrie was a little overwhelmed.

They went over the huge house, with its immense and luxuriously furnished rooms, and afterwards dined in a dining-room which would have served for a stage banquetting-hall.

The Carringtons were too excited to enjoy the meal, and it was Maida who, when it was over, suggested that they should stroll in the grounds. She and Carrie wandered side by side along the smooth, well-kept paths, while Mr. Carrington walked with Mr. Spinner, who, waving his cigar, expatiated on the beauties and advantages of the property. The two girls presently reached one of the new and spick-and-span lodges, and involuntarily passed out of the gates and down the public road.

Suddenly, at a turn of the road, they came upon a sight which brought them to a standstill and an exclamation of admiration and delight to Carrie's red lips.

"Maida, isn't that beautiful? Oh, what is it?"

"That" was the top of the gable and a bit of the facade of an ancient house whose grey stone rose whitely above some noble trees and against the red of the slowly dying sunset. Maida looked at it with all the artist's joy in the Thing Beautiful.

"That's one of the houses of the local nobility, I expect," said Carrie, almost with bated breath—for the place was impressive in its grandeur and silence. "Let us wait and ask Mr. Spinner. See, Maida, here is the lodge. How old it looks! You can just see the windows through the ivy."

"That," said Mr. Spinner, "is Heroncourt."

"Heroncourt!" repeated Carrie. "It is just the name for it."

Mr. Carrington nodded as he gazed at what could be seen of the house,

"That's not for sale, I suppose?" he asked.

Mr. Spinner smiled.

"No, my dear sir, it is not; for a very good reason. It is entailed. It is the family seat of the Earl of Heroncourt. I am sorry it is not for sale—so's his lordship, I expect."

"Heroncourt? That is the name of the man Ricky told us about," said Carrie.

"No doubt," said Mr. Spinner. "No, Mr. Carrington, you can not buy Heroncourt; but you will have its master for a neighbor—if you purchase Marston Towers."

The two men made their bargain in the smoking-carriage in the train, and Mr. Spinner's smile as he parted from them at Paddington seemed to light up that classic station.

An hour or two later Baxter apologetically informed his master that Mr. Spinner wished to see him. Heroncourt had just returned from a visit to Glassbury House, and the burden of the countess's talk was ringing heavily in his ears. It had been, "You must marry for money, Byrne."

He looked up from the chair into which he had thrown himself and frowned.

"Oh, well," he said, resignedly, and Mr. Spinner was shown in.

He was smiling, it is true, but the smile was beautifully toned down by respect; and he did not appear disposed to indulge in the pantomime with which he had treated the Carringtons. Indeed, the Mr. Spinner of Bloomsbury and Marston Towers was a very different Mr. Spinner to him who stood quietly and respectfully waiting for his lordship's greeting.

"How do you do, Mr. Spinner? Sit down. Will you have a cigarette?"

Mr. Spinner declined, with proper gratitude.

"I am sorry to trouble you at this hour, Lord Heroncourt," he said, quite simply and free from affectation, "but I am glad to say I have completed the arrangements I have spoken of, and that the loan is ready whenever you desire to take it up."

Heroncourt looked gravely surprised.

"That is very good news, Mr. Spinner."

ner," he said. "I'm rather astonished. You say that you have obtained this further advance. Good heavens! do you know the risk you run—that there is absolutely no security?"

Mr. Spinner smiled, but reservedly. "The security I shall ask will satisfy me, Lord Heroncourt. I just want your acknowledgment of the debt and your promise to pay it."

Heroncourt rose and leant against the mantel-shelf.

"When?" he said, with a grim smile. "My dear sir, if you put a plate at all I should recommend the idea of March, which is equivalent to 'never.'"

"I am afraid that would be a little too remote," said Mr. Spinner. "No, my lord; here is the draft of the little agreement. It is quite simple, but no doubt you will like to look it over at your leisure. You will see that I have made the loan repayable one month after your marriage."

The smile died from Heroncourt's face and he looked darkly at the bland countenance before him.

"You'd better keep your money, Mr. Spinner," he said. "I shall never—I may very probably never—marry."

Mr. Spinner was about to wave his hand, but checked himself.

"That is my risk, of course, Lord Heroncourt. I am quite willing to take it; and that being so, I do not see—if you will excuse me—why you should hesitate; especially as you will find that I have set down a rather large interest—I am candour itself."

He checked himself again, with a little cough.

Heroncourt read the agreement. As Mr. Spinner had said, it was very easy; a school-boy could have understood it.

"See here," he said; then he stopped and shrugged his shoulders. "Very well," he said. "But, mind, I warned you!"

### CHAPTER XI.

"Is it only three weeks ago, or is it three years? Does 28 Coleridge Street really exist or have we only dreamt it or is this only a dream, and shall we find ourselves back in the old lodgings tumbling over Sarah's pall and trying to shut out the sound of the second floor's piano? I declare to you, Maida, that I often wake up in the night and look round in fear and trembling, lest I should find that we are back in that poky bedroom listening to the booming of the hundred and fifty London clocks, and when I see my big bedroom, with its wonderful furniture, I gasp and turn over and fall asleep again—wake with the same old doubt, the same old fear."

It was Carrie who spoke—Carrie, sitting in a tailor-made gown of the most perfect fit and extravagant

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Fashion Plates.**

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2084—You might try this in white linen with pipings of some color, or in checked gingham with collar, cuffs and belt finished in white. In a nice figured percale, with Hamburg edging or feather-stitched braid, it will also be attractive. The right front crosses the left in a diagonal closing. The sleeve, in wrist or elbow length, is finished with a smart cuff. These one-piece dresses are easy to make, easy to launder and so comfortable and practical.

The Pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 will require 3 1/4 yards of 44-inch material.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

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MODEL.



2074—Ladies' "Coverall" Apron. Striped seersucker was used in this instance; checked gingham, drill, percale, linen or alpaca are equally attractive. The belt may be omitted. The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes; Small for 32 and 34 inches bust measure, Medium for 36 and 38 inches bust measure, Large for 40 and 42 inches bust measure, and Extra Large for 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires 5 1/2 yards of 36-inch material for a Medium size.

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