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"When Hearts Command"

By ELIZABETH YORK MILLER

"When hearts command,
From minds the sagest counsellings depart."

CHAPTER XIV.—(Cont'd.)
"Now we will eat," said Gaunt.
"No—sit still. I'll pull you up to the table."

He dragged her, chair and all, across the roughly paved floor, and Maria, being assured that nothing more was required, went back to her work on the terraces.

Then Jean unburdened her unhappy soul. It was mainly on the subject of yesterday's most unexpected meeting with Carrie Egan, the widow of the man that Hugo—
"Well, you know who I mean. She's staying in Bordighera, Hector—at the Mimosa Palace. And what am I to do? She's a friend of Dr. Ardeyne's. Oh, Hector, I'm almost out of my mind."

"Did she recognize you?" Gaunt asked.
"I don't know. I can't be sure. Yet it seems as though she must have."

"What are you afraid of?"
Jean crimsoned, and her eyes overflowed again, the lids all inflamed by this time, as well as the tip of her nose. She was thoroughly miserable, and had completely forgotten her looks. Gaunt handed her a clean handkerchief, and she mopped at her eyes in a futile, helpless fashion.

"I'm—I'm afraid that Egan woman will tell Dr. Ardeyne," she whimpered.
"You mean tell him that Hugo is Alice's father?"
"Yes."

"But you're not sure that she recognized you. How well did you know her—in the past?"

"I didn't know her at all, although she and poor Tony Egan had been married about a year when—when 'it' happened. But we saw each other at Hugo's trial, of course."

"Perhaps she doesn't remember you. What about Hugo? I met Ardeyne yesterday—did he tell you? He said Hugo had been ill."

"Only a bad cold—a touch of 'flu,' perhaps, but I've made it an excuse to keep him in his own room. Even Alice has scarcely seen him. Hector, tell me what to do. I'd like to leave Bordighera at once, but wherever we go Dr. Ardeyne must be considered. I won't have Alice's heart broken—I won't. Hector, there's quite a small place to let just at the bottom of the Old Town. You know, where the road dips down so sharply. It's called the Villa Charmil—"

"Oh, yes, I know."

"I was wondering—we have so little money left—if it would cost too much to take it for a month or two. We could manage with one servant. Could you find me a servant, Hector? There's no doubt about it, Hugo is still a little queer, and it's awfully difficult keeping him tied up in an hotel bedroom. And it's going to be more and more difficult with Dr. Ardeyne constantly around. Still, at a place like that little villa—there's a strip of garden and what look to be a sun-porch on the roof—I think I could manage. Don't imagine that

poor Hugo himself is troublesome. He's perfectly willing to do anything I ask—and he's used to being kept in bondage—"

"Would you like to bring him up here?" Gaunt suggested dubiously.
"No, I shouldn't care to do that, although it's awfully kind of you to offer. It's too far for Alice and Philip to see each other. It would only be for another month or so. But Mrs. Egan's being here has frightened me stiff. Suppose she does tell Dr. Ardeyne?"

"You could deny it," Gaunt said, but without any deep sense of conviction.

"If it weren't for Hugo, I might," returned Jean. "What am I to do with him? I don't mean only now, but afterwards. He's got such a big appetite, you'd scarcely believe. They must feed them very well at Broadmoor. Of course, after Alice is married there'll be a little more money to spare, but you've no idea how little we've lived on. Christopher promised an extra hundred and fifty, but I've heard nothing more of it—"

"You must let me help you," Gaunt said.
"Oh, no—that's impossible! I couldn't do that, Hector."

"Well, if you take the Villa Charmil, at least you can let me send you butter and eggs and vegetables."

"Well—I don't know that I should mind that," she said in her hesitating, nervous way. "Hugo wouldn't mind, I know. He's just like a child, but—well, there's one thing that worries me—or, rather one more thing. He remembers you, Hector, and between us—between Hugo and me—there was never any pretence about his being Alice's father. But now—well, you'd scarcely believe it, and I don't know what to do, but he seems to think that she is his daughter—his real daughter."

"H'm," Gaunt observed with a perplexed frown. "Have you—tried to—that is, said anything?"
"No, I was afraid to. He's just a little queer, you know. It might upset him."

"Just a little queer!" Gaunt exclaimed bitterly. "They ought never to have let him out. The Smarles are all mad—even Christopher. I could have told you that if you had troubled to ask me—"

"Oh, don't reproach me, Hector!"
"I reproach myself."

"Hector—is your wife dead?"
"Who do you mean? Oh! Yes, she's dead. Years ago."

"Then we could have been—been properly married, if I hadn't been so frightened, if only I had waited."

"Yes, my poor little dear. But I don't blame you, and I'm only too thankful that you don't blame me. I loved you so dearly, Jean. It seemed to me that it was all right our being married that way—"

She began to cry again, overcome by her forlorn and forsaken position. "I'm thinking of Alice," she whimpered. "If she ever finds out what Hugo has done, and that he's her—her father—"

"But he isn't her father," Gaunt interrupted jealously.
"That as far as she knows he is—it would simply kill her."
"She mustn't know," Gaunt said. "But if you're driven into a corner you can tell her the truth."

CHAPTER XV.

Jean's note was brought in to Hugo with his coffee and rolls, and as he read it a pleasant, excited feeling fluttered in his breast—like the emotion a little bird must experience when some kind hand opens the door of its cage. Jean had gone for an early morning walk; she might not be back until nearly lunch time; she hoped Hugo would amuse himself prettily with his books and papers until her return, and if he wanted anything ring for the floor waiter.

He rang for him now almost as soon as the man's back was turned, and inquired as to the best means of getting shaved should one happen to possess not so much as a safety razor of one's own. The waiter informed him that a local hair-dresser could be summoned. In fact, he would be calling at the hotel this morning to attend several regular customers among the invalids.

Hugo nodded and smiled in a surreptitious fashion and presented the waiter with a ten-line note. The hair-dresser was to come to him as soon as possible. He made the bargain as though it were a great secret; something perhaps, which he had no business to do.

His knees were weak from his recent bout with the "flu," but he resolutely ignored their trembling, and hurried about, taking his bath and searching out clean linen in which to make himself presentable for his first public appearance.

There came a tap on the door and he started guiltily, throwing an instinctive glance around to see what 'here might be to conceal. But there was nothing, of course. In That Place nobody knocked at doors; they simply walked in on you. One of these days he would write a letter to the Home Secretary about the lack of privacy at Broadmoor.

"Come in!"
It was the hairdresser, a dapper little Italian, with oiled and perfumed locks. Hugo liked him immensely and suffered himself to be shorn as well as shaved according to the foreign close-cut fashion, which left him with about as much hair as a coconut.

After awhile there came another tap at the door, but by this time Hugo had grown more confident. He scarcely troubled to turn his head—being busy with the adjustment of a necktie—as he gave permission for whoever it was to enter.

"Oh, Uncle John—are you up?"
It was Alice, peering anxiously from the crack of the door.

"Up and soon going out, my dear," Hugo replied. "Is the room too untidy for me to invite you in? Just let me throw back the bed-clothes. I'm getting slack lately. In That Place—where I've been in hospital—they were most particular about airing the beds. No chambermaids, you understand. Ha, ha! Each man for himself. . . . Well, do come in, my dear, and let your old fa—your old Uncle John have a good look at you. What a pretty girl you are, Alice! Well, well, to be sure! Going to be married, I hear. Will you take me for a little walk this morning? Or would it be inconvenient? I'm nearly ready."

"I'd love to—but do you think it's wise? Are you well enough?"
"Now, then—don't you join the gofers! I've had enough of them in my time. When do you really expect your mother back? Did she send a note in with your coffee, too?"

"Yes, I—I'm a little worried. Mumsey didn't mention where she was going. It's not like her to go off by herself, and she absolutely hates walking."

Hugo laid a finger to the side of his nose and looked very knowing.

"Ah, ah! Now you're saying something," he observed darkly. "We'll look for her, you and I. No doubt we shall catch her out in some mischief."

It was all playfulness on the part of poor Hugo, but Alice's distaste for her "Uncle John" was increased by this jocularity; and besides, his appearance was against him. The close hair-cut gave a prominence to his ears and a sharpness to his nose; his fussy little gesture with the eye-glasses was irritating—why couldn't he leave them alone?—and the Foxey Grandpa expression in his eyes seemed to convey a sly, double meaning to every word he uttered. If all the relations whom her mother had so carefully left alone were like Uncle John, Alice saw the common sense of avoiding them.

(To be continued.)

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ISSUE No. 15—24

Tells Time by Cat's Eyes.

The natives of Turkey have some ingenious methods of telling the time. One is by observing the eyes of a cat. Early in the morning and evening the pupils are round. At certain hours they are oval. At noon they are but a narrow slit.

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WOMEN

with hair on the face can have that hair permanently removed by electrolysis, which is performed by the electrolysis apparatus.

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Many wild ducks so heavily coated with oil, which they apparently encountered while swimming in the Channel, that they have been unable to fly, have been caught on the shore at Deal in the last few days, says an English paper.

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

A Change of Address.
Johnnie was begging his father to let him have a second piece of cake.
"When I was a boy," said Father, "I was allowed to have only one helping."
Johnnie thought this over for a minute, and then said:
"Daddy, aren't you glad you live with us now?"

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