

UNCLE MAX.

CHAPTER XXII.—Continued. "I don't like the way she talks about you, went on Jill indignantly. "She always says things when she's alone; not exactly saying things so much as implying them."

do not suppose that I said such flattering things to you, she returned, seriously. "You seem to draw out my thoughts while one is thinking them."

CHAPTER XXIII. THE MYSTERY AT GLADWYN. Just then Leah entered the room to replenish the fire, and Gladys dropped my hand hastily and took up a screen.

CHAPTER XXIV. WAKING MAY ENDURE FOR A NIGHT. I could not suppress an exclamation when Mr. Hamilton mentioned the name.

destruction; and I maintained and shall maintain to my dying day, and I am sure that Mr. Cunliffe agrees with me. Gladys was still standing in the porch; her hair shone like a halo in the soft lamp-light, her eyes were fixed on the falling snow. I had said good-by to her so hastily; I wish you were not going, Gladys; I shall miss you.

under the shrubs, but a sudden impulse made me linger. Gladys was still standing in the porch; her hair shone like a halo in the soft lamp-light, her eyes were fixed on the falling snow. I had said good-by to her so hastily; I wish you were not going, Gladys; I shall miss you.