

Though the ladies dined alone, the sake of something table was bright with the old family to say. plate, and the dinner elaborately plance, and the dinner claborately planned and served, with a footman behind each of their chairs, and the majestic butler presiding with as much solemnity as if it were a state aftair. Once or twice in a pause of the con-versation—for Lady Blyte tried her utmost to make herself agreeable and

versation-for Lady byte tries her vitmost to make herself agreeable, and succeeded—Signa found herself un-consciously thinking "All this was cffered to me last night, and I refused it": but there was no regret in the thought, only a vague wonder how she, so insignificant and poor, could have had the courage to refuse,

"Good night, my dear," said the old lady, as they took their candlesticks. "Remember you are your own mis-tress. If you would like to have breakfast in your own room—"" "Oh, no, no!" said Signa, with a

"You shall do just as you like, my dear," and once more she kissed her. Not once had Sir Frederic's name been mentioned.

On the morrow Signa found hat her ladyship had meant what she had said in the most literal manner, for the butler came to inform her that the head groom had come to receive her orders, and on Signa looking toward Lady Blyte, the old lady said, quietly:

"If you would wish to ride or driv my dear, tell him so. I will go with you if you like." The orders were given, and they

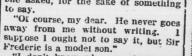
went for a long drive round the estate, stopping now and then at some cutiying farm; Lady Blyte pointing out in an indirect way the beauty and richness of the place, and impressing Signa with the value of all she had refused

In the evening she asked Signa if In the evening she asked Signa in she would sing to her, and praised Signa's voice with such earnest ap-proval and admiration that Signa's heart warmed still further toward the proud old patrician.

So three days passed in the pleasant, casy fashion with which the rich can casy rashion with which the rich can make them pass; sometimes the two drove together, sometimes Signa took her book and wandered through the park. During one of these rambles she came upon the ruined tower which Sir Frederic had shown her.

It stood somewhat lonely in a corner of the park, and was kept by an old man as deaf as a post. Signa got him the steps; and he would sit at the bottom while she colled herself up in a shady nook on the round platform at the top, and read or mused. It was more often the latter than the former, the book would lie on her lap un-heeded, and her thoughts would go back to the deserted Grange and Hector Warren. From where she sat she could see the island on which they sheltered in the cave. How genule and thoughtful he had been that day! how full of meaning she had leemed his every word and look! And yet he had gone without a word of gooy-bye even. In all her life she had never met a man who came more near to her beau-ideal of what a man should be, she thought. And she found her-self wondering if she should ever see him again; her heart ached with a strange pain as she told herself that they might perhaps never meet while life lasted, that she had heard his

they might provide for the last time. Note for the last time. On the third evening, as they sat in the drawing-room after dinner, Lady Blyte leaning back on a couch, Signa mending some old lace which she had begged to me allowed to do, Lady Blyte gently approached the subject may always in her heart and the said. There was silence for a momen. Signa loaked through the window, in-to which the last rays of the setting sun were pouring faintly, mingling with the light from the few wax-can-des. What could she say' She knew mow that Lady Blyte was aware that the dreaded what the



"I don't know why you should not "I don't know why you should not say so," said Signa, cently. "Well, my dear, every mother is supposed to think that her goose is a swan. I don't know about Frederic's

being a swan, but he is a very good KOOS at any rate.' And she smiled and sighed.

Signa was silent. It was dangerous

Signa was shent. It was dangerous ground they were approaching. "You don't know much of him as yet, my dear," said her ladyship, soft-ly; if you did, I think you would admit IV; If you did, I think you would admit that he is a good son. They say that a good son makes a good husband, and I think it is true. But Fredoric is more than that. You know, my dear, how well the estate is managed; I don't suppose any place is so well don't suppose any place is managed; i don't suppose any place is so well looked after, that anybody's people-I mean the farmers and the tenants-



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are so comfortable and satisfied. There is not one of them but would give b'rederic a good character as a land-lord and master."

-one luurmured something inaudibly.

"They have never had so popular a master of the hounds as he has been, and is," went on Lady Blyte, rather and is," went on Lady Blyte, rather nervously, for all her pride. "They like a man who rides straight, as they Ared a man who rides straight, as they call it, and who keeps a good field. Frederic takes a high place in the county, and he could take a still high-er if-if he married the right sort of Defron my dear

person, my dear." "I am sure of that," said Signa,

"A fain sure of that," said Signa, warmiy, but flushing crimson. "Of course it is time he was mar-ried," resumed the old lady, with a pause. "His father was settled before his age Nothing would crimen his age. Nothing would give me more pleasure than to see a young mistress at the Park."

"It has a very good and fitting mis-tress now, dear Lady Blyte," said poor Signa.

poor Signa. "Thank you, my dear; but I have passed my time. I am old and lazy, and don't care for company, and there should be more life at the Park than I can have in it. As for me, I should be glad to retire into the shade. You know I have that pretty little house I pointed out to you in the Park. I should like to go there very soon. I should not be a very troublesome



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and would make a woman happy, if devoted love and unceasing tender ness could bring a woman happiness."

ness could bring a woman happiness." There were tears in the proud eyes, and Signa felt her own grow dim. "Forgive me, my dear, for boring you," said Lady Blyte, gently. "I did not mean to speak of it, but out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaks and my heart is very full of Frederic's weifare. I cannot tell you how anxious I am to see him settled and happy; but I can tell you this, that whomso-ever he may bring to me, I will receive as a daughter and love as a very ever he may bring to me, 1 will receive as a daughter and love as a very daughter of my own. I will not say any more, dear: not a word." "Do not," said Signa, almost inaud-

"Do not," said Signa, almost inaud-ibly, and she rose and came and stood beside her, and put her hand hesitat-ingly on the satin-clad shoulder. "No, I will not say any more," re-peated the old lady. "But I am glad I have opened my heart to you, my dear. If—if—it had been you whom Frede.ic had chosen, I could say what I have said with even greater earnest-ness;" and she turned and put her hand in Signa's. Signa looked down at her—at the

Signa looked down at her-at the proud face so humble and almost pleading, and her heart ached! If she pleading, and her heart ached! If she could but have knelt beside her and whispered, "He has chosen, Lady Blyte, and I will be your daughter if you will have me!" But she could not.

bive, and 1 will be your daughter in you will have me!" But she could not. There seemed to be a hand upon her heart keeping her hack. With a little nervous gasp she turn-ed away and left the room. A footman stood at the door ready to receive any commands. Her maid waited for her in her own room. The whole place seemed devoted to her. If she could but say "Yes," and take it all! With a sense of spiritual and men-tal bewilderment and indecision she went upstairs and got her hat from her maid, and wandered out on the ter-

maid, and wandered out on the ter race

At that moment she almost thought hat she would try and forget Hector Warren, who had gone without a word of farewell, and strive to give herself

of farewell, and strive to give herself to Sir Frederic. The evening seemed stifling—the young moon sailing in the blue heav-ens seemed to cye her with impatient scorn for her weakness in thinking of a man who had, by this time, no doubt, clean forgotten her. With a sigh she wandered across the lawn, and aimlessly, absently, found herself in the path leading to the Tow er. With a longing to be quite alone.

er. With a longing to be quite alone, and away from the great big place, she hailed the sight of the round, ivygrown turret with a weicome sigh, and nurried on.

The old man who kept the key was The old man who kept the key was sitting at the door of his cottage smok-ing a short pipe and half askeep, but he rose and touched his hat mechani-cally, and drew the key from his poc-

signa nodded, and he crawled up the stairs and unlocked the gate at the top-looked round atmiessly with the manner or all keepers of snow sights,

Sigan murmured something, and glanced at the gate. A vague feeling of uneasiness and alarm possessed her, though she strove to dispel it by

11 19

"Have you been to the park?" she asked. "I suppose they told you J was here? I hope I have not alarmed Lady Plyte. I ought to have said that was going out for a stroll." He shook his head.

"No, I have not been home. I knew you were here, because I saw you-tecause I watched you." Signa colored. Watched me, Sir Frederic?"

He nodded. he said, huskily. "I have Yes,"

been watching you ever since you came here. That is the truth. I do

"Then-then," said Signa, aston-ished and troubled, "you have not been to London, Sir Frederic?" "No," he replied. "I intended going." I took a ticket, and travelled half way; then I found I could not 30, and I came back by the next train.

could not leave you, knowing that you were here!" "Sir Frederick!"

"It is of no use. Call it madness, what you will. I could not tear my-self away from the spot where you Do not be angry with m

"I ought to be very angry," said Signa, coldly. "Lady Blyte assured me that you had gone to London, cr



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should not have come to the Parl after what had passed between us. You must know that, Sir Frederic."

"I know it," he said, a.most sul-lenly. "I offer no excuse. I have found out that I cannot bear to be away from you. Signa-

"I think you had better call me by a more formal name, Sir Frederic," she more formal name, Sir Frederic," sne Said, gravely, and with an appearance of calmness, which belied her trem-bling frame and beating heart, "Do not be angry," he pleaded. "Let me call you by the name by which I think and dream of you, night and day uncessingly, it can do you no

day, unceasingly; it can do you no harm. Signa, you will think me mad to plead in this way, and I think that I am almost mad; but it is for love of

I am almost mad; but it is for love or you. You asked me to forget you, and I tried, but I cannot. Signa, if you still refuse to accept my love, I am a ruined man, utterly ruined and un-dene! Think how madly I must love you when I can forget honor and self-respect as I have done. I have crept

about my own place like a poacher or a chief, just to get a glance at you, just to hear your voice, though only at a distance; that was all. I did not mean to approach you, to speak to you. It was sufficient for me to know that I was near you, watching over

"Sir Frederic-"" He put up his hand, and Signa saw that it trembled against the moonlight

"Hear me out. I say I did not in-"Hear me out. I say I did not in-tend to approach you, but to jight, as I maded under the trees within sight of the house, alraid of my own keepers. I saw you come from the house; were unhappy and and crawled down again, leaving Signa seated on the rustic chair on troubled, and I could not resist the temptation. I followed you here, even at the risk of arousing your anger and scorn." He paused for want of With a gesture of relief she took off her hat to let the cool air fan her breath and stood staring at her, ia-



deed, more like a man bereft of his

senses than a rational being. "I feel that I ought to be angry," said signa, trembling, and attempting to pacify and soothe him, "and I am sure that Lady Blyte will be very sorry and annoyed; but let me go, please," and she made a movement to-ward the gate, between which and her he stoed.

"Stay for a few minutes," he plead-ed. "1---I cannot go to the Park to-night. I could not face my mother. Will you not stay with me for a few minutes? I will see that you reach the house safely."

"I cannot stay," said Signa. "It is getting late, and Lady Biyte will be uneasy 'Are you afraid to trust yourself

with me?" he asked, half angry, haif painfully. "You need not be. Signa, I love you as deeply and passionately as a man can love a woman." "Sir Frederic, I cannot, I will not

listen. "why should you be so hard to me?" he pleaded, almost with a sob. "What is there in me that should make you hate me so?"

"I don't hate you!" sho said, trembling and troubled, her eyes fixed on the gate, before which he stood fixed and immovable.

"Then why cannot you promise to try and love me? Why will you not, at least, permit me to love you? will wait—wait for years, if you will but say the word. I am not fearful of the result; I can and will be patient. Signa, for Heaven's sake listen .o me!

"I have listened too long, Sir Frederic," she said, flushing with indig-nant pride. "Is this a time to—to press your suit? It—it is almost an ineric,

press your suff it—it is annost an in-suft to talk to me like this!" "I insuit you!" he exclaimed—"I who worship and revere the ground you walk on. Ah, you would not say this if Hector Warren had spoken as l

have spoken." Signa turned pale, and confronted him with all her maidenly pride blazing in her eyes. "What right have you to speak of

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Then she stopped, for something-he very falseness of the retortthe verv of the retortchoked her.

"Let me pass, please,' she demanded, tremblingly. But he did not move.

"Will you tell me plainly and distinctly, that you do not care for him?" he said, hoarsely.

"I will tell you nothing-I will not answer such a question," she replied, looking him full in the face.

"Then it is true," he groaned, bit-ing his lip. "But for him-this operasinger, this adventurer, coming from

no one knows where—you would have learned to love me!" (To be continued.)

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them, and make them otterings of gold, silver, and iron. Third: Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord they God in vais, for this were less-majeste. Fourth: Remember that thou keep holy the Lusitania Day, when I tri-umphed over my wicked enemles, and cast them and their wives and little cast them and their wives and little

cast them and their wives and there ones into the deep. Fifth: Honor thy father and thy mother, unless I bid thee kill them, when thou shalt do so, that thy days may be long in the land.

Sixth. Thou shalt do all murders that I command thee to do. Seventh: Thou shalt commit any

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nocence. Tenth: Thou shalt covet thy neighbor's land, his home, his wife. his ox, his ass, and everything that is his, and thou shalt hate thy neighbor.

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ness crossed his face, "that some rich person had left a policeman or a con-

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ous to them. After I had read two or three of such things I made up my mind to put on an extra touch of courtesy in cases of old women and old men. I too, had a chance offered me. A fine old lady took my car, and house how to find on some ord of

I helped her to find a seat and an-

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Layd Blyte nodded, and moved the

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the platform.

Layd Blyte nodded, and moved the screen so that the light fell on the beautiful face opposite her. "I have not heard from my son, Sir Frederic." Signa started slightly, and took up the lace again. "Did you expect to hear from him?" If Frederic had made his choice, I think I could say something in his fa-vor to the girl he had chosen," said Lady Blyte. 'I could say to her, in simple truth, that he was one in a thousand; that though he may not be as clever and brilliant as come that he is stanch, and true, and steadfast,

torehead, and gave herself up to deep and troubled thoughts. Could she old lady should say next. "If Frederic had made his choice, I bring herself to be Lady Blyte, of

Plyte Park? She was still battling with the prob-lem when she heard a step ascending the stairs. It stopped near ne, and, thinking it was the old man grown impatient of waiting, she picked up her hat and rose

her hat and rose. As she did so, she saw it was not

shrank back.

As she uid so, she saw it was not the keeper of the tower, but Sir Fred-cric Blyte stood beside her. With a cry of alarm, for it almost seemed as if her intense thought of him had called him to her side, she shrank back.

CHAPTER XVII.

So sudden and unexpected was the presence that Signa shrank back and

presence that Signa shrank back and uttered a faint cry of alarm. Sir Frederick put up his hand reas-suringly, and tock a step toward her. As he did so, he came within the moonbeams, and Signa saw that his face was white and haggard, and his whole manner quite different to that where helenged to him usually ha which belonged to him usually. He which belonged to him usually. He looked like a man who had endured either a long silence or some terrible anxiety; his eyes were bloodshot—his lips tremulous—his whole bearing elo-quent of deep and barely suppressed excitement.

"Sir Frederic!" she said, in a tone "Yes," he said, "It is I. I am afraid I-I alarmed you?" "A little," she assented, trying to

"A little," she assented, trying to speak naturally, even to smile; for, after all, there was nothing to be alarmed at. "I did. not know you were in Northwell, and certainly did not expect to see you here." He was silent for a moment, as if struggling for calm and composure, and he clasped his hands on a stick he carried and looked hard at the ground; then he said: "Yes, I am here. Are you—are you glad to see me?" and he lifted his eves to her face with an unsettled, troubled gaze.

troubled gaze.

spreaders.



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"But what about the dogs and cats? "But what about the dogs and cats? They are even worse than the rats and mice, for they are the favorite household pets of the country. They not only have free access to many homes, but are taken into the arms of women and children of the family and fondled and caressed, often when they are loaded with disease germs. Dogs and cats are inordinately filthy. Nothing is too dirty for them to get Nothing is too dirty for them to get into with their feet and mouths; no place terrifies them pecause of the

They densities them recause of the diseases that may be lurking there. "They delight to roam about questionable places, especially at night, and expect to receive twir customary caresses next day. They are expensive to feed and dangerous to have around. Why will sensible people here them?

"Dogs, cats rats and mice are reach Mercy street. She had to change from my car to another, and I tender ly helped her off the platform and gave her the most minute directions. gave her the most minute directions. For the next two days I felt that i would be named in her will, but then something happened that made me be-lieve that I would not."

lieve that I would not." "And what happened?" was asked. "I was called to head quarters on a complaint made by that very old wo-man I had used so nicely. She had entered a complaint of negligence against me, and I was called up to ex-plain " plain.

"But what cause had she?" "It was that I did not raise my cap to her when turning to get on my cap to her when turning to get on my car after directing her. I have given un all hope of a legacy and gone back to my usual politeness and no more. guess all the grateful old women die off here I took the inter the set off before I took the job."--Baltimore American.

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