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Only a Beggar;  
—BUT—  
A Queen Among Women

"It's all right," Desmond March observed. "They can't hear us. And, if they could, they are, most of them, too drunk to understand," he added contemptuously. "Now, if I am right in my conjecture, and I see by that expressive face of yours, Garling, that I am, I ought to do my duty as a good citizen, call a policeman directly you get into the street, and give you into custody. But it's lucky for you that some of us seldom do our duty. No; I don't care a hang whether you report yourself at Scotland Yard or not. But you shall report yourself to me, instead."

With a nod and a smile, he drew out his dainty pocket-book, extracted a card, and flicked it across the table.

"There's my address. Just look in, let us say, every Monday—"

Garling took up the card, glanced at it, crushed it in his strong hand, and, leaning forward, made a gesture as if to demand Mr. Desmond March's particular attention.

"Look here," he said, his face white as his voice thick with emotion. "You asked me what I'd been doing. Suppose—I say suppose—I'd been abroad trying to turn over a new leaf, trying to earn a decent, honest living, and suppose I'd succeeded. Do you think that, having given the police the slip, got rid of the past, I'm going to drop back into being the tool, the slave, of the first fine gentleman that happens to spot me?"

"That's exactly the supposition I'm acting on, Garling," responded Desmond March. "Why, man, don't you see, if you hadn't been on the square for some time past, if you hadn't a character to lose, you'd have told me to go to the devil long before this? You'd have whined and promised anything, everything—and made a bolt for it the moment you left me."

The man's deeply lined face worked, and he regarded the smiling one of Desmond March as if he were fascinated.

"Tut, tut! Give me credit for some small amount of penetration," March went on. "It's just because you are

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Avoid disappointment by asking your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pinex," and do not accept anything else. A guarantee of absolute satisfaction goes with this preparation or money promptly refunded. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

on the square, my good fellow, that you will do as I order you. You've come back to England, to dear old London—what a charm there is in it for the exile, isn't there? The little village with its cheerful pubs, its cabs and its crowds, its little places like this of Moss', its lighted streets and its fogs and mists. How you chaps, who have to bolt from it, pine for it, long for it! Oh, I know! And you want to stop here. You've had enough of foreign parts—they're all beastly, aren't they? Yes! Here you are back again with some money in your pocket—"

The man started slightly and seemed to arouse himself from a fit of preoccupation, in which he had been listening only absently to Mr. Desmond March's smooth, soft voice.

"I'm—I'm a poor man, sir," he said, with his eyes downcast.

Desmond March laughed. "Just enough for a spree, eh? Well, have your spree; but don't forget that if I want you I shall require to see you where to put my hand on you. Call it a whim of mine, if you like; but I've a fancy for keeping you on the string—"

Garling's face darkened and his eyes glowered.

"I'm a bad 'un to hold!" he said threateningly.

Desmond March laughed up at him. "I like holding bad 'uns. What, is it closing time, Moss?" to the Jew, who came to them, rubbing his hands and with a deprecatory smile. "All right. An old servant of mine, Moss." He indicated Garling by a nod. "Strange to meet him here, eh? Yes; we're going. Come along, Edward." He clapped Garling on the shoulder—and smiled covertly as Garling started, as if the action recalled unpleasant experiences. "Moss likes to keep early hours!"

Garling walked with him into the street.

"Good-night," said Desmond March. "But, I'm forgetting—you haven't given me your address!"

"Twenty-nine Old Ham Street," said Garling sullenly.

"Old Ham Street? Ah, yes, off the Tottenham Court Road. A laundress of mine used to live there. Nice, quiet street; just the place for a respectable man. Call me a cab, please."

ed resignation to every decree of fate, however hard, he muttered: "No, I can't go—I want to see her; I must see her, if it's only for once. What made me come here to-night? It was the solitude, the living alone, as drove me out for some amusement, anything to help me to forget, to pass the lagging time. No, I can't go, and I won't."

CHAPTER XII.

Diana waited until the school feast had broken up; and to the very last some of the children clung round her; indeed, she carried one child, asleep, in her arms to his home, one of the cottages on the road to Rivermead; but she had moved, and spoken like a person in dreamland.

Could it be true that Lord Dalesford loved her? It had come so suddenly, so unexpectedly, that the surprise, the shock of his declaration confused and bewildered her.

He loved her! In the midst of the din and clamor of the children's voices his words rang in her ears, and in her heart; and every now and then she stopped short in what she was doing and gazed before her, with a scarlet blush burning in her cheeks; so that the young harpies surrounding her stared at her and demanded to be told what was the matter.

How well he had spoken, how handsome he had looked, how considerate and gentle he had been with her, and how patient! He was coming to-morrow. To-morrow—why, that was only a few hours ahead! And she would have to give him her answer. What should she say to him?

The most important time of her life had come; the hour on which all the future hung. And her answer? Did she love him?

She did not dare ask herself the question until she had reached the solitude of her own room; where she sat with her hands clasped in her lap, her eyes fixed, not on vacancy, but the mental vision of his grave, earnest face; and she could see it so plainly.

Lord Dalesford's wife! Her face flamed and her heart beat tumultuously with a sense of joy and doubt, and something nearly akin to dread.

For Lord Dalesford was not the sort of man she would have chosen—if she had not seen him, if he had not been by her side every day, as he had been since she came to Rivermead. She would have warned any girl friend against marrying the man whom the world regarded as one of those who live the life of indolent ease and selfish pleasure. And yet—

and yet—why did the thought of being his cause her to thrill, send a warm current through every vein? How long she sat pondering, a voice in her heart deafening that of prudence, of doubt, even of conscience, she did not know; but pre-

sently there was a knock at the door and Mrs. Burton said: "The supper is laid. Are you coming down, Diana?"

Diana answered in the affirmative, and after bathing her face went down. Mrs. Burton had not been to the school treat. She had pleaded a headache; but it was only an excuse for avoiding the function, as she avoided, whenever possible, any appearance in public. The meal had been laid in the morning room, and Diana, as she went to her place, paused and, bending down, kissed her aunt, who was already seated.

Mrs. Burton looked up at her quickly, and noted the rapt expression in Diana's eyes; but she said nothing until she had dismissed the maid; then she asked: "Did it go off successfully, Diana?"

"Oh, yes," Diana replied. "Very." She hesitated a moment, then she said in a low voice: "Aunt Mary, Lord Dalesford has asked me to be his wife."

Mrs. Burton laid down her knife and fork and looked at the downcast face as if she were stupefied.

"Lord Dalesford—has proposed to you!" she gasped, at last, her face white and drawn.

"Yes," said Diana, in a low voice, her eyes still downcast. "He asked me this afternoon—"

Mrs. Burton leaned back, gripping her hands under the table.

"And—and what did you say? You refused him, Diana?" She spoke with difficulty, her breath coming painfully.

"No; he is coming to-morrow for my answer."

"It must be 'No!'" said Mrs. Burton, almost sternly.

Diana raised her eyes with grave surprise, and regarded the white face with alarm.

"No? Why, Aunt Mary?"

"Why?" repeated Mrs. Burton hoarsely. She was silent for a moment, her under lip caught in her teeth, her hands gripping each other more tightly. "It—it isn't a suitable match for you," she said thickly.

"He is a nobleman—the son of an earl—he will be Lord Wrayborough. And you—you—"

She stopped and her lips twitched.

"Yes, I know," said Diana quietly. "There is the difference in rank, position."

"That's not the only objection," Mrs. Burton broke in tremulously.

"He is not a good man, he belongs to the class—oh, Diana, you won't do it, you won't do it!" Her voice broke to a wail. "He's not worthy of you; he doesn't know what love means; your way of life isn't his; you wouldn't be happy with him. No woman can rely upon a man of that sort—"

(To be Continued.)



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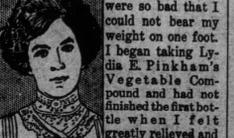
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Police Court, 30th October, 1914.  
A. W. KNIGHT,  
Acting Stipendiary Magistrate.  
oct20,14

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