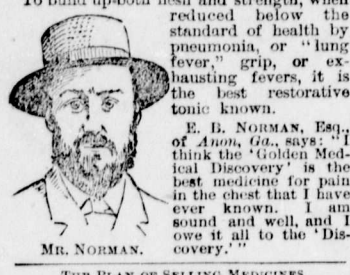


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ARMINE.

CHAPTER XI. Early in the following week Egerton called at the apartment of the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, but was informed by Madelon that M. Duchesne was not at home.

It was a few days after this that, remembering the young lady who in Mrs. Bertram's drawing room had told him that her mother and herself received on Friday, he went to pay his respects.

"Why, Mr. Egerton, I thought you had quite forgotten us!" "Do I prove forgetfulness by coming on the first Friday after you told me it was your day of reception?" he asked.

"We do not expect our special friends to wait for that day," she answered; "and although you do not deserve for me to say so, we consider you one of our special friends."

"Mr. Egerton," she said, "has probably been too much occupied in attending Socialist meetings to pay social visits."

"The slight satiric ring of the voice was so familiar that at the first sound of it Egerton knew whom he should see, even before he turned to find himself confronting Sibyl Bertram."

"Miss Bertram's kindness, no doubt, prompts her to suggest an excuse for one who has none to offer for himself," he said.

"I cannot answer at all for what I might do in your place," she replied.

"I do not disagree with you," said Sibyl, with the ring of scorn in her voice that Egerton had often heard.

"We are speaking of different things," said Miss Bertram. "You are talking of actions, I am alluding to a quality. Money cannot purchase the heroic soul any more than it can the mind of Plato."

AYER'S THE ONLY Sarsaparilla ADMITTED READ RULE XV. Articles that are in any way dangerous or offensive, also patent medicines, nostrums, and trums, and empirical preparations, whose ingredients are concealed, will not be admitted to the Exposition.

"Perhaps I am not so much in want of a definite aim in life as some of my friends are good enough to take for granted," said Egerton, who began to feel that the persistent hostility of this young lady was too unprovoked.

"It is certainly more comfortable," said Mrs. Dorrance, smiling, while Miss Bertram rose and walked away as if in silent protest against such philosophy.

"Not your taste, Sibyl," said Miss Dorrance. "Why should you slander yourself by intimating such a thing? I was claiming for you that, despite all your fancies for high art and many other high things, you have a genuine love of chiffons."

"I think I took her then," said Miss Bertram, "mindful of the difficulty which I experienced when I first reached Paris, in inducing any one to take me."

"I am afraid that it is very nearly all that it means to most of us," answered Miss Dorrance.

"I am speaking of the Magasin du Louvre," said Laura, with a burst of laughter.

"I do not disagree with you," said Sibyl, with the ring of scorn in her voice that Egerton had often heard.

"We are speaking of different things," said Miss Bertram. "You are talking of actions, I am alluding to a quality."

"I am speaking of the Magasin du Louvre," said Laura, with a burst of laughter.

"We are speaking of different things," said Miss Bertram. "You are talking of actions, I am alluding to a quality."

himself at the hands of this imperious, clear-eyed young lady. It was Miss Dorrance who now interfered in his behalf.

"My dear Sibyl," she said, "tell us how to recognize a hero. Or rather, tell us who is a hero. You speak as if you knew many."

"On the contrary," answered Miss Bertram, "I do not know one."

"I think," replied Egerton, "that heroism is all around us to a greater extent than we know or believe. It often hides under very humble disguises, and we must look closely in order to detect it."

"There is no reason why we should hesitate to confess it," said Miss Dorrance. "We were only speaking of you: we were saying that you dress very well."

"I flatter myself that my fancy for art has something also to do with my toilettes," said Miss Bertram. "But may I ask what possibly led to such a choice of subject?"

"I understand it, but I have no sympathy with it," was the reply. "Why should those who have the means and leisure to live in great centres of art, and who are often shamefully indifferent to everything except social trifles, scorn those who, less fortunate than themselves, can only see these great and glorious things by taking advantage of cheap travel?"

"Very true," said Mr. Talford; "but many of the possessors of riches do not care more about culture than they do about merit."

"I do not agree with you," said Sibyl, with the ring of scorn in her voice that Egerton had often heard.

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"You don't say anything about intellectual women," observed Miss Dorrance.

"For the very good reason that the Pere Monsabre does not address his conferences to them," Egerton answered, smiling.

"That is very ungallant of him, then," said the young lady, as she rose to shake hands with some friends who came forward to make their adieux.

"I feel that I owe you an apology, Mr. Egerton. I had no right to speak as I did when you first arrived—to imply criticism on your conduct and opinions. I beg your pardon."

"I am not so much in want of a definite aim in life as some of my friends are good enough to take for granted," said Egerton, who began to feel that the persistent hostility of this young lady was too unprovoked.

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