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## "When Hearts Command"

By ELIZABETH YORK MILLER

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

### CHAPTER XIII.—(Cont'd.)

"And I must get back to the hotel," murmured Mrs. Carnay. "No, no, Alice. You're not to come with me. I've left poor Uncle John far too long. He'll be feeling most neglected."

Ardeyne moved the table so that she could pass. "I met Mr. Gaunt just now," he said. "He gave me a message for you."

Jean lifted her brightly inattentive glance. "Yes?" she inquired absently. "He wants you to bring your brother to see him."

"Oh, yes—how kind! Yes, I will." And she, too, hurried away.

Alice looked anxiously after her.

"I don't think mummy is very well. I do hope she hasn't caught Uncle John's flu." Did you notice, Philip? She doesn't seem at all herself."

"She looks a little feverish," Ardeyne admitted.

"Perhaps the climate doesn't suit her, but—oh, I know I should not say it, but for the last few days I've been rather sorry Uncle John came. He's made a perfect slave of mummy. He's a selfish, fussy old man. This was to have been a holiday for her."

Ardeyne inquired if she had seen much of her "Uncle John."

"Scarcely anything at all," she replied. "Mummy's so afraid I'll catch his cold."

"Do you—do you remember him very well?" Ardeyne was not consciously pumping her, but there was one thing he most certainly had to find out.

Alice laughed uncomfortably. "I don't remember him at all. I never heard of him until mummy announced that he was coming. I've wondered—is it wrong of me to say this—if there's something just a little queer about him. Poor old mummy's just hating his being here, although she doesn't let on a word. That isn't her way. But I know her so well. She's perfectly wretched and—and so am I."

"My dear! And I thought—"

"Oh, I know. I am happy, Philip. Only—but we can't talk here. There are too many people about."

Then wait a moment while I pay the bill, and we'll go."

He went inside to settle for the tea, and then suggested that they take a rather roundabout course home, up behind the Convent School to the hillside overlooking Sasso and around to the back of the hotel by the Via dei Colli.

As they began to scramble up she gave him her hand.

How lovely it was in the silence of the hills at sunset, the colors soft yet vivid, the air so still that its breath was like a scented whisper.

At the top they halted and looked back. It seemed as though they were alone together in a painted dream world. Far out at sea drifted the grey trail of a steamer's smoke; some little birds piped apprehensively in the olive grove behind them; at their

feet was spread a carpet of purple violets.

"Philip—you do love me, don't you?"

Behind the question lay her instinctive jealousy of Carrie Egan, but nothing more. There was neither guile nor deceit in the eyes which met his with such yearning trust. And if there had been—?

He held her to him so closely, kissed her so ardently—yet with remorse, too—that Alice was a little frightened.

"Philip!" she gasped. "Don't—please! Someone might see... you're crushing my hat, dear."

"I love you—I love you—love you!" Ardeyne exclaimed, his lips brushing her soft cheek. "Nothing shall ever take you away from me—nothing in this whole wide world."

"But nothing can—nothing will." She laughed happily.

"Nothing," he repeated, as one making a vow to himself.

"Has—anyone tried to?" she asked, moved by his strange manner. In spite of herself she kept thinking of that too-familiar Mrs. Egan.

"Of course not—my foolish little love!"

### CHAPTER XIV.

Dawn, pink-fingered, felt stealthily along the rim of the eastern horizon, but it was dark and silent in old Bordighera as a woman skirted the edge of the town, her anxious face set towards the heights of Monte Nero. Just before the road descended to the turning to the cemetery, she halted for a moment and studied a wooden sign on the high pink wall which enclosed a small villa.

The sign said that this was the Villa Charmil, that it was to be let furnished, and particulars were to be obtained at the Laiterie of one D. Benetti. It was just light enough for the woman—Jean Carnay—to read the lettering. She pressed close to the grilled gate and, peering through, obtained a restricted view of a tiny garden and house. "Villa Charmil," she repeated to herself. "I wonder—?"

Then she went on, hurrying in the vain hope of beating the sunrise.

It was now four o'clock, and she had only slept a few hours. What would the porter think of her leaving the hotel so early? She had told him that she was going for a walk. Well, that was true enough. It was a good stiff walk to the summit of Monte Nero before breakfast.

She had left a note for Alice and another for Hugo, but she hoped to be back before either of them awakened. Oh, for Tomaso and his roomy saddle! Oh, for a pair of sensible shoes!

But she was used to the martyrdom of high heels, and her mind was so filled with grinding anxiety that for once she scarcely noticed any physical discomfort. Her main idea was to get on as fast as possible, and reach Hector Gaunt's farm ahead of the sun.

Brighter and brighter grew the eastern sky, and poor Jean panted and plodded up and up through the endless terraces, not even pausing for a moment's rest at the little chapel. In the gloom of the dawn dark figures bent silently over the long rows of stocks and carnations, gathering produce for the flower market. Now and again a laden mule or donkey came slipping and clattering down the path attended by a peasant boy or woman. Jean exchanged greetings with the beasts' guardians, who showed no surprise at seeing an English lady abroad so early and alone.

Now the sun came up, beating her by a good half hour. For the last lap she found a short cut, a steep, muddy path that sorely taxed her strength, and soiled her skirt and shoes with red earth. Above her she could see the farmhouse silhouetted against the blazing gold of the sunrise, and Hector Gaunt, himself, working with a couple of men and his old woman on one of the lower terraces. She called out to him and was answered first by his dog. Then he dropped the tool he carried and came rushing down to meet her.

"Jean, what does this mean? Why didn't you send for me? I would have come. I was waiting for you to send for me."

Jean began to cry little weak whimpers, like a distressed child at the sight of its mother, and Gaunt lifted her bodily in his arms.

"There, my dear—my poor dear. Don't wriggle, please. Maria!" He called to the old woman and bade her make some fresh coffee. The workmen stared with unsmiling eyes at the sight of their master carrying a white-clad signora in his arms, and the old dog sniffed along behind wagging his stiff, rheumatic tail.

Jean's arms went around Gaunt's neck. She could not well help herself, but it was a comforting position, and she became more and more conscious of her aching feet and altogether unhappy frame of mind. It was good to be taken care of, if only for a little while; good to weep on somebody's shoulder.

"Never-mind. Whatever it is, we'll fix it all right. There, my poor dear, try not to cry any more. We'll soon have you looked after."

"Oh, I do want to be looked after—I do!" she wailed, her lips puckered dismally.

She realized for the first time in years that she was dead sick of looking after other people. All her life long she had been doing it—first old Madame Douste, then Hugo, then Alice, now Hugo again. There seemed to be no end to the thing.

Hector Gaunt carried her into the big, warm kitchen and Maria brought a basin of water for her feet and a pair of Gaunt's woollen socks, miles too large. She sat in a rickety old chair with her feet in the basin, and told Gaunt all about her troubles, unconscious of her utterly dishevelled appearance. Her hair was straggling about her ears, there was a smudge of red clay across one cheek furrowed with tear stains, her skirts were all drabbed.

Hector Gaunt tended her with a maternal solicitude. He dried her feet himself and pulled on the clumsy socks, setting her own shoes and stockings to dry before the fire. He took off her hat and mopped her face with the same damp towel he had used for her feet, and finally he gave her a bowl of steaming coffee.

Meanwhile Maria was being admonished as to breakfast.

"Oh, I couldn't eat a thing! I must start back almost at once. Please don't have anything cooked on my account," Jean implored him.

But Gaunt assured her that it was not wholly on her account. Working on the land since four o'clock, he was quite ready, he said, to indulge in something more substantial than a Continental breakfast. Only they must eat here in the kitchen. The dining-room was as cold as a tomb until the sun got into it.

He cooked the bacon and eggs himself, while Maria laid a corner of her well-scrubbed table with a checked cloth, blue and white, and brought a loaf, a pot of honey, and a little pink jug of cream.

Jean sank into a blissful state of expectancy. For all she had protested, the smell and sight of the food made her hungry. The kitchen, with its strings of onions, and dried peppers hanging from the rafters, and the wide, open hearth, where a few olive-wood logs crackled, was a pleasant, homely place. Gaunt frizzled the eggs and bacon over a charcoal brazier. He was so tall that he had to dodge the strings of onions when he straightened up. Some hens came pecking and cackling into the doorway, as though curious about the visitor, and Maria shooed them away with raucous reproach for such familiarity.

(To be continued.)

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### RULES FOR CHILDREN.

A clean body has a good deal to do with creating a clean mind, therefore a few simple rules for parents and teachers may not be amiss:

Teach children to wash their face and hands when they get up, before meals and before going to bed.

Encourage them to use polite expressions, such as "Good morning" and "Good night," "Thank you," "Much obliged," etc.

Remind them not to expect to do just what they want to do, but to cheerfully do what they are asked.

Insist that truthfulness and honesty in everything is the only safe policy.

Remind them to be kind to all dumb animals and to attend promptly to their wants.

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