Lorrie
—OR—
Hollow Gold

"You get plucked every time, don't you? The good people who arrange these things have come to the conclusion that they want men with brains in the army, and you—and I—haven't got as much brains as old Goodall, the gardener, have we? Why a man should want brains to go and shoot people, or be shot at, rather beats me, but it is so, isn't it Jack? And—there you are, you know!"

"What's all this coming to?" he growlingly inquires, not unnaturally, "and what are you driving at?"

"I'm not driving at anything. I'm only putting the case plainly, and trying to cheer you up, Jack."

"Cheer me up?"

"Yes. Nothing cheers one up sooner than having the case stated plainly," she goes on with an arch glance "and in addition to being a duffer, Jack, you are also extravagant."

"Extravagant! I like your cheek, Lorrie——"

"Do you? How nice of you! You may kiss it, if you like, Jack," and with assumed innocense she puts her head sideways invitingly.

"Oh, bother!" he exclaims. "You know what I mean."

"Oh, I see; cheek is slang for impudence! Oh, no; you are not extravagant—not by any means! You haven't spent your quarter's allowance, and got into debt, and lost money to that odious chum of yours——"

"Who's slangy now! Chum! Let me tell you, my child that Guy Kendale is anything but odious!"

"He is odious to me," she says, imperiously, her eyes flashing and a dash of color coming into her cheeks which makes the dark eyes look like diamonds washed in dew. "If it hadn't been for him you would have passed this examination; you were always starting off somewhere with him and getting into mischief instead of sticking to your reading."

"A fellow can't live with his nose glued to books."

"And then he gambles, and he always manages to win——"

"Oh, no, he doesn't; he lost a pot of money to Harry Trevanion the other night."

"At any rate, you always manage to lose, which amoqnts to the same thing, Jack, so far as you are concerned. Then, I suppose, he drinks——"

"I never saw Guy Kendale drunk in my life."

"A man who drinks needn't get drunk. But didn't I hear father say that he had heard there had been five champagne suppers at the barracks in one week?"

"Well, and if there were? What are the fellows to do? It's a beastly dully life, Lorrie, I can tell you; a fellow must do something to amuse himself!"

"All right! Only, Jack, it appears to me—did you ever hear the story of the china cup and the iron saucepan?"

"Oh, bother!"

"The china cup thought it could sail down the stream in the company of a friend called iron sucepan, but unfortunately, they came into collision, and——It's all very well, Jack, but you are the china cup and Lord Guy the iron saucepan. The moral——"

"Oh, bosh! I tell you what it is, Lorrie, I believe your chief objection to Gut Kendale is that he happens to be a viscount. If he were the son of a parson or a sweep, you wouldn't mind so much; but it's just because his father's an earl——"

"It's a wicked story!" she retorts. "And it has nothing to do with it!"

"You're a republican, if you only knew it."

"Am I? I don't know want it is. As to your friend being a viscount, that's got nothing to do with the argument, which is that he is rapidly leading you, my dear Jack, to the Old Harry!"

"Nonsense!"

"Oh, nonsense, is it? All right. But what's going to be the end of it, Jack? You know how fearfully hard up we are. If you'd seen Greta's face when the butcher's bill came in yesterday!—it was enough to turn one into a vegetarian. How we manage to exist and clothe ourselves is a problem and a mystery! We shall be reduced to aberenthy biscuits and empty flour sacks directly" and she laughs.

pose it, I can't have any money I can't. It's a beastly nuisance I don't know where the money goes. As soon as I change a sovereign it's gone, melted, flown! What's the use of being born if one hasn't any coin?"

"Give it up; ask me another. Why don't you ask what's the use of being born at all?".

There is silence for a moment, during which, after stealing a glance at his downcast, boyish face, she slips her hand into her pocket.

"You want this money very bad, Jack?"

"I couldn't want it badder," he replies.

"Well, then, look here, I'll give you this," and she holds out a crumpled five-pound note. "Pupsie gave it to me yesterday to buy a dress, and some things with, but I can wait till next quarter——"

"No, no! I won't take your last money, Lorrie; you" glancing at her shabby lengthened frock and battered hat "you want it bad enough yourself. I shan't take it."

"Oh, yes, you will," she asserts confidently. "Don't be ab idiot Jack. I tell you I can do very well without it. It won't matter if I am a little seedy. I'm not going into the army, you know, and I haven't got a viscount for a chum. If I had—which Heaven forfend!—I dare say I should want a five-pound note from you! Take it, dear boy; it's a good one, unless pupsie has taken to forgery!"

"No. But you are a good sis, and I shan't forget it; you are a brick, Lorrie, that is what you are."

"Thanks. It is a great, a noble, an overwhelming compliment, and is worth five pounds by itself. There, don't be stupid," and she thrusts the note into his hand "Go and pay your bills—or some of them, Jack—and don't look any longer as if you were going to be hanged and didn't like it."

He takes the note, of course, and his face flushes. The Latimers are not a demonstrative family, and Jack and Lorrie are not given to embracing, but as he stands beside her, the boy, smitten with gratitude and admiration, stoops and touches her smooth cheek with his lips. Lorrie makes a little grimace and wipes the assaulted spot.

"Jack, you'll have a mustache—when it comes—like a scrubbing brush. I can feel the incipient bristles already. I say, it isn't often a sermon is accompanied by a five pound note, is it? I wonder which will last longest! It all depends. I suppose, how soon you play cards with Lord Guy."

"I won't paly again, I promise——"

"Oh, don't! I don't want you to go into Carshal barracks and say, 'I musn't play any more, because I promised my little sister!' That would amuse your friend, Lord Guy, and you would never hear the last of it!"

"Look here, Lorrie, you do him an injustice — upon my soul you do! If you knew him as well as I do——"

"Which the gods forbid!"

"You would acknowledge that Guy, is a very different sort of fellow to what you think him! Why, any one to hear you talk would think that he was as black as Old Nick! And as to money, there isn't a more generous fellow on the face of the earth! He'd share his last crust——"

"So would I; I hate crusts!"

"He'd give his last penny to help a fellow! But the poor old chap is as the rest of us. His father is as poor as a churchmouse. Guy says he's the poorest peer in England, and that he doesn't get much more allowance than I do."

"And consequently is compelled to make up the deficiency by unlimited loo and billiards! All right, Jack; we'll admit that your friend is an angel — will that do? Well, I wish he'd spread his wings and fly away. I wish——"

Before her second wish can be pronounced, there comes the sound of horse's hoofs on the road beyond the low wall, and a young man rides up at a good pace.

"Hullo, Jack! Meditating among the tombs!"

Jack starts and looks with a sudden flush at Lorrie. She is hidden by an intervening tombstone from the road, and, holding up her finger warningly, slips from her perch and still more completely conceals herself.

"How do you get in there?" demands the newcomer. "Where's the gate? Never mind!"

And putting the horse to the wall, he hops over in the long grass and drops lightly from the saddle.

Dolores peeps from behind her hiding place, and sees a tall, stalwart figure, with a handsome face, in which the most conspicuous features are a pair of beautiful and expressive eyes and a straight Grecian nose. The hair, cut short, is as golden as a man's dare be, and the mustache glitters like the precious metal fresh from the beater's hammer. He is dressed in a suit of cords, with breeches and leather gaiters, and the whole suit sits upon him as if it had grown to the graceful limbs.

It is a handsome face, and something more than handsome — it is a taking one. The eyes are bright and full of youth's light-heartedness; one knows that the lips hidden behind the golden mustache are more familiar with a smile than a sneer, and there rings in the clear voice the music which goes at once to the heart of the listener, and makes him sorry when it ceases.

Why can't we all be young and handsome and good tempered? What a much nicer world it would be all round!

Dolores, from her ambush, takes in all the newcomer's points, with a girl's intuitive quickness, then drops softly on the grass, and curls herself up to wait patiently until he is gone again.

"Thought this must be your place when I saw it," he says, looking round. "Jolly evening, isn't it? Hope you don't mind my coming over the wall? He'll stop as still as a mouse," nodding at the horse.

"Oh, it's all right. Just off parade?"

"Yes, shut up shop for the day. What a jolly plate! Quite like a picture!"

And, to Jack's dismay, shared by Lorrie, he jerks himself on to the the tombstone which she has just left and lights a cigar.

"Yes, awfully jolly. Hadn't any idea there was anything so pretty in the neighborhood."

"No?" says Jack. "I thought you knew it, and that you'd been here before."

"No, I wasn't asked."

"We, my people are very quiet," Jack says. "We don't see many people."

"Just so, of course; clergymen like to be quiet. But I rode over because I wanted to see you, old man, on business."

"If it's that I. O. U., I am awfully sorry. I can give you some of it——"

"No, it isn't that. I don't want any of it, thanks, old man, all the same; I've just got some over from the governor. He sent it this morning. I can let you have some, if you like," and he thrust his hand into his breast pocket.

"No," says Jack, quietly. "I don't want it; I've got some; enough to go on with."

"All right! No, it wasn't about money, Jack, or, rather, not in that way I wanted to see you about. I've had a letter from the governor, and a pretty stiff letter it is. Says among other things, that this coin he sends me will be the last till the Lord knows when!"

"And yet you offered half to me?"

"Eh? Oh; yes, of course. Sufficient for the day, etcetera. But about the letter; do you know any people about here called Belford, Melcam?—no, that isn't it!" He takes a letter from his pocket and refers to it. It is closely written, and covers four pages, and after some time finds the passage he wants. "Oh, here it is—Melford?"

"Yes, they live behind here. What about them, Guy?"

At the name Lorrie starts, and leaning upon her elbow, takes a long look at the handsome stranger, a look in which surprise is the principal expression. So this is Lord Kendale!

Anything less than the countenance which should belong to dissipation than the one before her, it would be difficult to imagine!

"Why, just this. You know my governor is hard up. Always was, always is, and always will be, I suppose. The Kendales have always been poor; that's why we've got a naked man for our crest; our early ancestors were so deucedly hard up they couldn't afford clothes, don't you know!

"And if things don't improve, old man, the last of the Kendales will resemble the earliest. 'Pon my word, I'm inclined to turn Socialist, or whatever they call those fellows, who want to have a general division, and start afresh all round; am, indeed," and he laughs again.

"But the governor's letter. I haven't read it all, the governor writes such a deuce of a hand. Kind of a neat spider crawled-out-of-the inkstand sort of fist. Poor old governor! If fate had made him a small farmer instead of a peer of the realm don't you know—but where were we? Oh, these Belfords——"

"Melfords," corrects Jack.

"Of course, Melfords. It seems that the governor knows something of them; papa Melford is in the House, and the governor met him at one of their political palavers. Appears that pap Melford is a kind of Croesus, rolling in riches, millionaire sort of old bird!"

"Yes, he is very rich," says Jack.

"Just so. Hold on a bit longer, old man, and I'm coming to the point. This old Melford has got a daughter, hasn't he?"

Jack nods.

"Ah, I thought so; from the governor's Egyptian heiroglyphics I wasn't quite sure it wasn't hatter or martyr. According to him, Miss Belford——"

"Melford", corrects Jack for the third time.

"Of course. Miss Melford will come into all the old man's money and the governor, who is always trying to find a happy heiress to offer the family shrine, thinks she'd be just the kind of sacrifice to suit me.

"Says I'm to call there and make their acquaintance; do the amiable, in fact. Reminds me that I've nothing in the world to look forward to but a wealthy marriage and implores me to remember that he looks to me to lift the family of Kendale out of the mire. Says that it's just as easy to fall in love with a girl with money as it is to think you've fallen in love with one without, and that it's far more satisfactory. Worldly old parent, isn't he?" and he laughs.

"Well?" says Jack.

"Well, that's about all, you know. I must oblige the governor, if I can. As to falling in love"—he stops and makes a grimace — "that's another thing. I'm not given to falling in love much myself, which is rather a good thing under the circumstances, but if I were inclined to be spoons on a girl it would have to be the right sort."

"I suppose so," says Jack, glancing at the stalwart, graceful figure and the handsome, carelessly bright face with a boyish admiration.

"Yes, by Jingo! Jack, did you ever think of the kind of girl you'd like to marry?"

"Can't say I have," says Jack dubiously.

"Hem!" mediatively staring at the smoke which he puffs out through his almost closed lips, "the sort of girl I should fancy, now, is——What's that?"

"That" is Lorrie, making an attempt to get away from the unpleasant position of unseen listener to a gentleman's confessions; but the noise she makes in moving and Lord Guy's question send her back promptly to her old place, where she sits with her head against the tombstone, and her face very red.

"It—it must be a rabbitt," says Jack, with extreme awkwardness. "Won't you come inside and see my father, Guy?"

"Thanks, old fellow; in a minute! Let me finish my cigar! Yes, Jack, I think I can see the girl I shall go down before. Tall—she must be tall—with fine eyes and brown hair, with an air like imperial, what you may call it, Juno's. A woman who could hold her own in a big assembly, or at the head of a fellow's dinner table, you know.

"I see," says Jack, "a kind of professional beauty, a sort of Madame Tussaud's queen in her Court train."

"That's something like it, only more so. Now I can imagine what these Bel—Melfords are. The father made his money out of iron rails, so the governor says, and isn't at all a bad sort of old fellow. Rough and ready, I expect! Slap you on the back, and eats his dinner with his knife, principally. But that doesn't matter if your father-in-law is rich, you know. Eccentric, that's what they call it. And the girl, well, I expect she's rather loud and fond of colors. Talks about 'my pa's place,' and all that kind of thing."

"No, she isn't; but that don't matter! You will see for yourself."

"Anybody else in the family?"

"A brother," replies Jack.

"Ah! Nice fellow?"

"Don't know much of him," he says shortly, "and what I know I don't——"

"Jack! Jack!" cries a soft, sweet, grave voice from the Rectory garden.

"That is my sister Margaret calling", he says. "Come in with me, will you?"

"You go first," says Lord Guy, "she may want to speak to you. You can come back for me—if you want me."

Jack goes off, having quite forgotten Lorrie, and Lord Guy settles himself upon the tombstone to wait comfortably.

The sunset glow grows redder, a bank of clouds creep up from the sea and tint the lapping waves with a purple hue. Lord Guy looks round upon the scene, whistling softly, and the minutes—to Lorrie, hours, days, weeks!—pass slowly.

Presently the horse—a good and obedient beast, who has been brazing close to the wall—takes a few steps forward for fresh grass.

Hullo!—trespassers beware, old lady!" says Lord Guy, and getting down, he walks toward it.

As he does so, he comes full upon the girl curled up in the long grass.

He doesn't start, but stands stock still, and as he looks a sudden thrill of admiration—or is it only surprise?—runs through him.

Perfectly motionless, she lies with her eyes closed, and Lord Guy with a breath of relief and satisfaction, stands and gazes at her. In all his life he has not seen a more beautiful picture; and the witching face, with its Cupid mouth and long lashes sweeping the clear, olive-pale cheeks, gets photograpged upon his brain and heart.

How she knows that he is standing looking at her, seeing that her eyes are closed, it would be difficult to say, and it would be as difficult to describe her sensations. Fidgets of the most pronounced type take possession of her, she feels as if she must move, sneeze or die.

And then the folly, the stupidity of hitting upon such a device! She might have known that he would stand and stare at her!

The second pass; upon the heart, or is it the imagination of the young man, the beautiful motionless face is having a daagerous and alarming effect, if Lorrie could but guess it. He does not know who she is; by the seedy dress, with its too palpably false flounce, by the battered hat, Lord Guy thinks that she may perhaps be the sexton's daughter. As a matter of fact, a lady looks very much less like a lady than usual when her eyes are closed and she is shabbily attired.

A desire, a most unaccountable desire, seizes him.

He has never been in love—so he says—in his life; he scoffs at those of his fellows who go down before the blind god, women were made to dance with, play tennis with, flirt with, if you like—but love!

And yet some mischievous imp whispers in his ears:

"Bend down and kiss her!"

He tells the imp to go to—its recognized abiding place, he tells himself that to take advantage of a sleeping girl would be——well, certainly unfair.

"But she won't know it," whispers the imp. "Kiss her softly and she won't awake! Where's the harm? It's the loveliest face you have ever seen, or will see. Quick, or you are too late!"

In truth, he is almost too late, for Lorrie has just decided to open her eyes, decided that to remain in her present position is impossible, when, stealing softly toward her, he kneels on one knee, and—not yet! Even as he bends his lips and the yellow mustache almost touches her eyelids, a horsefly comes buzzing down between them.

Now awake, Lorrie!

He knocks the fly away with an indignant frown, then, flushing slightly, he touches the lid nearest him with his lips.

As he does so, at the exact moment Jack's voice is heard bawling to him.

With a feeling of—is it shame?—he springs up, and, without a glance toward the girl, leaps over the grass plot and goes to his horse.

"Oh, here you are!" says Jack. "My sister says, will you come and dine with us, Guy?"

Lord Kendale, busy with his bridle, doesn't turn his head. If he had done so he would have seen the slim, girlish figure flying toward the house — and looks down at his clothes.

"In this get-up Jack?" he says. "Impossible, isn't it?"

"Oh, no," says Jack. "We don't dress. Take us as we are, you know."

"Well, if your sister won't mind these groomy togs——"

"Come on," says Jack, in true English fashion, and the two young men make their way from the churchyard into the rectory drive.

The old man who acts as groom, coachman, gardener and general factotum takes the horse, and Jack leads his friend into the house.

The rectory is small and old; and the square hall is as simple as that of a country cottage, but there is a look of refinement about it which is not lost upon Lord Guy. A coat of arms, representing a raven and a withy branch and three red stripes, is fastened to the head of the old oak stairs.

"Come up to my room and wash your hands," says Jack.

His room is a small one near the roof, but, simply furnished, as it is, there is the same air of refinement about it. As they descend, Lord Guy catches a glimpse of a woman's frock disappearing in a distant doorway of one of the upstairs rooms, and hears a door slammed violently.

Jack laughs, but before Lord Guy can ask him why, the rector comes to the drawing-room door to receive his guest in the hall in good old fashioned manner.

He is a very tall, thin old man, with thin, white hair, brushed back from his white forehead. An aristocrat, every inch of him, and the smile with which he extends his hand—which one does not often meet with nowadays.

"My son has persuaded you to stay Lord Kendale, you are very kind."

Lord Guy glances at his dress and murmurs a few words of apology but the white hand waves them aside.

"We are plain and simple people, and homely to the fullest extent. Greta, my dear, Lord Kendale!"

A graceful girl, with soft, fair hair and gently, gray eyes, gives him her hand, and in a voice which in its quietness and softness and gentleness harmonizes with her face, says a few words of greeting.

Then a bell rings and they go in to dinner. The dining-room is old, and the walls are rather darkened with age, but it is the dining-room of a gentleman. The rector takes his seat and glances at an empty chair, and then at Greta.

Before he can say anything, however, the neat, grave parlor-maid murmurs something in Miss Latimer's ears.

Lord Guy catches "Miss" somebody or other "will not come down," and the dinner commences, with the chair still empty.

It is necessary to remark that Lord Guy is not a shy man. Before five minutes have elapsed, before the remains of the trout which Jack caught in the stream that morning have left the table, Lord Guy is talking to Miss Latimer as if he had known her for at least a couple of years. Not the cut-and-dried talk of a stranger at his first introduction, but the free-and-easy chatter of a young man without a care in the world and the consciousness of a pretty girl, with a sweet, angelic face, for a listener.

Before the mutton cutlets have been got rid of his pleasant laugh has rung through the room, causing Greta to smile in answer, and even waking the rector from the dreamland from which he seems to emerge only to the demands of politeness and presently—marvel of marvels! — the rector is talking too!

Why, I wonder, do clergymen take such a deep interest in warlike topics? Is it because they are forbidden to do any fighting on their own account that they like to converse upon the battles and sanguinary engagements?

Guy knows all about the last little war, and tells all he knows, describing the hottest hand-to-hand fight in the intrenchments with the aid of a knife and two spoons, enlarging upon the bravery of the officers and men, and quite omitting to mention his own part in it, until Jack says:

"Guy was in it himself, and got wounded."

"Only a dig in the arm from an assegia," says Lord Guy carelessly. "Awful nuisance, for I lost the rest of the fun. It was hot work while it lasted, and dry work, too, for our fellows at home here forgot to send out the soda water and the rest of it until we were just starting home. You couldn't get a drop of decent water under two-and-sixpence a pint, and as for food"—he stops suddenly, and his eyes grow "fixed as stars within their spheres," his fork, upon which is impaled a piece of cutlet, is suspender between his plate and his mouth, and his handsome face grows slowly but surely the color of a beetroot.

For the door opened and a slim figure enters the room. It is not a ghost, it is only a girl, a girl with a tinted ivory face, with soft, dark, hair with long lashes sweeping her cheeks.

Only a girl! Yes, but it is the girl whose eyelid Lord Guy has kissed only half an hour ago!

The shabby dress has disappeared, and in its place is a soft, creamy one, simple enough, in all conscience, but setting, clinging to her graceful figure in a way that makes Lord Guy tremble, actually tremble!

For he sees that she is not the sexton's daughter, not a "young person" from the village, not, in short, a girl to be kissed at a venture, but a lady!

Slowly she glides toward the table and without a word sinks into her seat, her glorious lashes still hiding the eyes which he has not yet seen.

"Ah Lorrie, headache better, my dear? Lord Kendale, my daughter, Dolores."

Lord Guy shuts his mouth, which has been wide open since the moment he pronounced the word "food," and inclines his head.

"I—I didn't know you had two sisters."

"Oh, yes," says Jack, staring at Lorrie, and wonderinb what on earth has happened to her, why she, she whose self-possession and confidence are a by-word in the family, sits munchance and silent as a marble statue.

"Headache! Got a headache, Lorrie? Why, you hadn't it in the churchyard half an hour ago!"

Then she lifts her eyes to Loed Guy's face and says, slowly, carelessly;

"No. I caught it there. It was sleeping in the open air."

Lord Guy catches at his glass and gulps down a draught of the old claret, with his face redder than the cherry.

"Good heaven! Does she know?" and after a second or two he ventures to look across at her.

But the dark eyes look out from the lovely face full upon his, as innocent and inscrutable as a child's.

Not by a quiver of a lid does she show the slightest sign that she is aware that the lips have touched it, that the yellow mustache has lain caressingly upon her forehead.

And Lord Guy, drawing a breath of relief, which he struggles to conceal, leans back in his chair and wipes from his brow the drops of perspiration which his guilty conscience has called up.

CHAPTER II.

Lord Guy kept his eyes fixed on his plate, and all his pleasing eloquence seemed to have deserted him. He forgot to finish his account of the privations of the army in Zululand; appeared, indeed, to have become suddenly smitten with dumbness. Jack, who had never seen his chum so "taken" before, stared at him in amazement.

Could it be possible that the appearance of Lorrie had wrought the change? Could it be possible that Guy Kendale was shy? At the idea of Guy being stricken with shyness at the sight of a girl like Lorrie, Jack smiled. Perhaps had "trodden" on a piece of bone and was suffering from a toothache, or perhaps the claret had disagreed with him?

As Jack at the best of times is anything but a brilliant conversationalist, and Lorrie eats her dinner with her nose in the air, and an expression as of being quite alone, the rector and Margaret try to "make the conversation."

But it is of no use. Every time Lord Guy's eye catches the dark ones opposite, which appear to be fixed on vacancy just beyond his shoulder, he grows wild and monosyllabic in his answers, and the rector is constrained to carry the burden himself, which he does with the infinite grace of a social martyr. If the rector had found the greatest rogue unhung at his table, he would have felt in honor bound to entertain him until the end of the meal, and before he handed him over to the police.

So he talks to the young captain viscount, though Lord Guy only says, "Yes," "No," "Indeed," and "Really," in response.

The meal comes to an end, and the two girls having left the room, the rector passes the claret decanter.

"No more wine?" he says, as Lord Guy declines. "Jack, you will find a box of cigars on the sideboard. I do not smoke myself," he adds.

Lord Guy rises instantly, declaring that he doesn't care in the least about a cigar, but Jack, who knows him well, says:

"Come out to the garden, It is very jolly now!" and the two young men pass out, leaving the rector to sink into the east-chair with a sigh of relief.

Lord Guy lights his cigar and walks by Jack's side across the lawn in silence for a moment or two, then he says:

"Jack, why didn't you tell me that you had two sisters? You never said anything about the second one"—this he adds in a tone of injury.

"Didn't I? I thought you knew. Perhaps I forgot," says Jack, with all a brother's carelessness.

"What—what is her name? I didn't quite catch it," says Lord Guy, after a few seconds of thoughtful puffing.

"Dolores. Lorrie. We always call her Lorrie."

"Dolores! Dolores! It is a very pretty name."

"Think so?" says Jack, indifferently. "We don't, I suppose, or we should call her by it, or else it's because it's so jolly unsuitable."

"Unsuitable?"

"Yes. Dolores—quiet, sad kind of name, you know, and there isn't much that's sad and quiet about Lorrie," and he laughs. "If they'd called her Polly or Kitty, now, there would have been some sense in it. The governor says that she's got more chatter than all the rest of the family for two generations back, and as for mischief——"

"She wasn't very talkative tonight," hazards Lord Guy, quietly.

"No," says Jack, as if it had just occurred to him. "Said she got a headache, though she was all right half an hour ago, and was bullying me like a good 'um. No, she didn't say much, did she?"

"Only one sentence," says Lord Guy.

"Oh, she'll make up for it when you're gone. It isn't often she has a quiet fit! It isn't any use taking notice of her—got a temper! The governor says that we've spoiled her—youngest daughter, you know! Did you buy that polo pony after all?"

But Lord Guy doesn't seem very interested in the pony, upon which, only two days ago, he had volumes to say; and, seating himself upon the low wall which divides the rectory lawn from the churchyard, smokes silently, not to say thoughtfully.

For the life of him he cannot get Miss Dolores Latimer's face out of his head. He had thought her beautiful enough as she lay behind the tombstone in her old serge frock and with her eyes shut, but in the soft cream dress—with her eyes open, the dark, lustrous orbs which seemed to go through him and burn a little hole somewhere in the region of his heart—her loveliness haunts him. Did she mean anything by her "I caught it sleeping in the open air," or was it only an innocent remark? Good heavens! if she knew that — that he had kissed her! She, the rector's daughter! Did she know, and was it that made her so silent? If so, the best thing he could do would be to get his horse and ride off and give the rectory a wide berth for the rest of his life.

But somehow he does not go. Instead, he sits and pretends to listen to Jack, who, in happy ignorance of his friends absorption, is giving him, for the second time, a full and complete account of the way in which he caught a trout which figured on the dinner table.

Meanwhile the two girls had gone into the drawing room, a low room with old-world furniture, and a wide, stretching window, which opens on to the lawn. Arrived there, Greta gets out her work; not a piece of fancy work which is as ornamental as it is useless, but a coat of Jack's, out of the sleeve of which he has, after the manner of the sons of men, wrenched the lining.

Greta is the good angel of the rectory. It is she who runs the house, manages the servants, pays the butchers and grocer's books when there is any money, and pacifies those irate tradespeople when there isn't. She is busy from morning to night, never foolishly, aggressively busy, but always at work — up stairs, and in the upper chambers. If she sits down for a few moments there is sure to be a basket of mending by her side, and a needle and cotton in her hands.

If anybody wants anything in the rectory, it is "Where's Greta?" If anything goes wrong, it is "I say, you know, look here, Greta!" If the rector gets a button off his shirt, or wants gruel or a mustard plaster, it is Greta who is called upon. If any of the parishioners are in want of beef tea and blankets, they walk up to the rectory and inquire if they can see Miss Margaret, please.

Not one thinks of applying for anything to Lorrie. It is not expected that she should be worried. She does nothing, and she does it definitely well!

At the present moment she wanders up and down the room with her soft, dasky head tilted back upon her hands, clasped behind her neck, her eyes half closed in meditation for a few moments, then she drops upon the music stool and begins to play.

She can play. Of geography, history, the polite languages, alas! of grammar also, she knows little or nothing; but she can play, and sing, not with the correctness of a musician, but with a touch in her voice that are as bewitching and tandalizing and seductive as her dark eyes or the curve of her sweet red lips.

"Oh, bother! who cares? Greta, don't you think"—music—"that it is awfully cool of that young slip of aristocracy to swoop down upon us to dinner in this fashion?"

"Lord Kendale," my dear Lorrie! Fancy calling him a slip! He is broader than Jack, and he is anything but short. Why shouldn't he Jack asked him?"

"I didn't suppose that he came uninvited," retorts Lorrie, running up and down the keys in an elaborate scale, "even the cheek of a viscount isn't equal to that, I suppose."

"My dear Lorrie, I wish you would not use such slang words."

"Jack—Jack—caught it of him; it's the only useful thing I ever did get from him, and he bestowed the measles and the whooping cough and the scarletina upon me, if you remember. But, seriously, Greta, I don't think this young viscount is the proper sort of companion for my brother John!"

"He seems rather more than otherwise," she says, calmly.

"Rather nice! That is what one says when there is a doubt whether the pudding is eatable or not. Rather nice! So he is—he is just like a doll."

"A doll?"

"Yes; pretty blue eyes and golden-towy hair, and a dear little mouth and pretty little hands."

"Really, anything less like a doll than Lord Guy I never saw. His eyes are blue—or aren't they?—and his hair is light; but whoever saw a doll with a tanned face? And as to his hands, they are a good shape, but not small, not tiny hands, and white, like papa's. A doll! That isn't fair, Lorrie." And she laughs again. "You seem to have taken rather a dislike to him. Why?"

Lorrie swings round on the stool and looks at the quiet face bent over the coat then with a dash of color returns to the keyboard and commences a march from Chopin.

"A dislike! I positively hate him!"

"My dear Lorrie!"

"Hate him! As to why, I —don't—know," this last rather hesitatingly. "I'm sure he's wicked—why, we know he is—and it's quite proper to hate wicked people. As for you, Greta, you are such an abandoned creature that I really believe you are half in love with him already."

"Not quite half, dear," Greta says. The march from Chopin proceeds, but comes to a sudden stop again.

"I suppose the Melfords are very rich, Greta? I mean disgustingly rich?"

"Mr. Melford is a wealthy man, yes," says Greta.

"Ah!" with a sigh. "How I hate wealthy people! Why should some people have all the money and others none? Why shouldn't pupsie be rich, now, as well, or instead of Mr. Melford? Look at pupsie, with his beautiful face and his white hair and small, nice hands; why, he looks as if heaven intended that he should be rich. And there's Mr. Melford, with his turn-up nose, and carroty whiskers, and his great red hands, now, he looks as if he were intended to be poor, to be in his shirt sleeves all day, and wear a paper cap like Bloobs, the carpenter, in the village. Oh, dear, Greta, shouldn't you like to be rich?"

"I should like to have enough to pay the housekeeping bills regularly."

"Oh, nonsense! that's not what I mean. I mean to have loads of

"FRUIT-A-TIVES" WILL CURE RHEUMATISM

McMillan's Corner, Ont., Sept. 30th, 1910.

"Your remedy, "Fruit-a-tives" is a perfect panacea for Rheumatism. For years, I suffered distressing pain from Sciatic Rheumatism, being laid up several times a year, and not being able to work at anything. I went to different doctors who told me there was no use doing anything, it would pass away.

Fortunately, about two years ago, I got "Fruit-a-tives" and they cured me.

"Since then, I take them occasionally and keep free from pain, I am satisfied that "Fruit-a-tives" cured me of Rheumatism and they will cure anyone who takes them". JOHN B. McDONALD.

"Fruit-a-tives" is the greatest cure for Rheumatism, Sciatica and Lumbago in the world.

"Fruit-a-tives" cures, because like fruit juice it purifies the blood—regulates kidneys, bowels and skin—and thus keeps the whole system free of uric acid. Take "Fruit-a-tives" and you will find instant relief and a prompt cure.

50c. a box—6 for $2.50—trial size, 25c. At dealers or from Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

Deceased was a Well Known and Exceptionally Popular Young Man.

The death occurred rather suddenly on Thursday afternoon of William Ferrier, son of Mrs. A. B. Ferrier.

The deceased had been a life-long resident of Berlin, and for the past nine years had been employed in the freight office at the Grand Trunk Station, where his abilities won for him the respect and esteem of his employers.

"Billy," as he was familiarly known by his many friends about town, was a general favorite, and his sudden death will be deeply and sincerely regretted.

The deceased was 24 years of age, and is survived by a wife and one child, to whom the sympathy of the community will be extended.

In addition to his mother three sisters and three brothers survive. The brothers are Messrs. Byron, of Guelph, Silas and Oliver of Berlin, and the sisters, Miss Alice, Mrs. W. H. Rhodes, Berlin, Mrs. H. Sturm, Berlin.

The funeral from the late residence of the deceased, 75 Victoria street, on Saturday afternoon, will be private, and friends are requested not to send flowers. Interment will be in Mount Hope Cemetery.