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If there are any complications about which you need advice write in confidence to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

Happiness At Last;

Loyalty Rewarded.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Besides, there are several things at the Hall I want to find fault with," said Gaunt; and he turned in the direction of the house, as if taking her assent for granted.

Decima yielded without another word, and they passed up the avenue—there was a gang of men working on the road—and into the Hall.

Gaunt looked round, and then at Decima.

"The place looks very different to what it did on your first visit," he said, quietly. "There has been some sunshine in it."

"Oh, yes," said Decima, innocently. "That big window wanted cleaning. I was so nervous about it, for I was afraid they might break some of the stained glass; and I knew it couldn't possibly be replaced; but they were very good and did not break even the tiniest pane."

They went into the morning-room, where lunch was laid, and the butler and the footman promptly set the necessary additions for the three unexpected guests. Then Gaunt placed Decima's chair beside his own, and with a nod dismissed the servants.

"You shall help the potatoes, Deane; and perhaps Miss Deane will cut the bread. We'll wait upon ourselves. That's clear, if you'll open it. Bright, while I carve the fowl. Miss Deane, I hope you are hungry. I have the appetite which I feel I deserve. A thick slice, please. Ah, mind your hand!" he broke off.

Decima laughed.

"I shall not cut myself. You forget



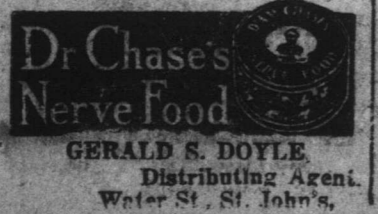
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that I am used to it—now."

"She cut herself two mornings running at the first go off," said Bobby; "and I never see her wield a knife without a shudder, lest the weapon should slip from her hand and dig into some part of my anatomy."

Decima laughed brightly.

"Don't believe him, Lord Gaunt. It was only once, and it was an old knife with a sharp back. Bobby is an exaggerator. I am not so clumsy as he makes me out."

Gaunt looked at the graceful figure, at the white hands so deftly—and yet with a certain girlish caution—using the big knife, and smiled. Clumsy! The girl's every action and movement was grace itself. Then he looked away suddenly and began to talk.

Was this the grim, preoccupied man he had met in the Zoo? Decima thought, as she listened—listened with her eyes fixed on his face, and her eloquent mouth "molded to a smile." As for Bobby and Bright, they were in the seventh heaven of enjoyment; for with the tact and skill of a man of the world, Gaunt was making the meal a delightful one for them all. And through all his efforts—so perfectly concealed—he glanced now and again at the beautiful face beside him with a curious expression in his eyes. He did not overwhelm her with attention, scarcely addressed her directly, but he got her everything she wanted with his own hands.

"You haven't found any fault yet, Lord Gaunt," said Decima, suddenly. He looked up and smiled.

"You wait," he said, almost like Bobby. "Wait until you have had your lunch and are strengthened to bear it. I have a great deal to say, I assure you."

"I'm quite ready," said Decima, leaning back, her eyes smiling into his. "I don't believe you have any fault to find."

"Come with me, then," he said. "You'll find some cigars and cigarettes in the sideboard, you fellows. Smoke where you like. It's Bachelor's—for an instant he paused, and the faint smile faded from his eyes; but the hesitation was only momentary and not noticed by the others—"Bachelor's Hall, and I smoke everywhere. Come with me, and I'll show you."

They went into the hall. Decima walking beside him, and entered the drawing-room.

"How have you managed to transform this grim old place into a palace of beauty?" he said, looking round the newly decorated and furnished apartment. "It is wonderful, wonderful! And the change, the transformation, runs all through the house. I've sat in this chair—who ordered it? They had gone into the library, but Bobby and Bright had remained in the hall.

"Who?" said Decima, unconsciously. "Oh, I did. It wanted an easy-chair. Do you like it? Have you sat in it? It is really comfortable?"

"It is," he said. "You ordered it? Have you tried it?"

Decima shook her head. "No."

"Try it, and let me see how you like it," he said.

She sat down and leaned back, looking up at him with a smile.

"It is delicious!" she said. "Are you going to find fault with this?"

He did not answer for a moment, but stood looking at her as if lost in thought. Then he said, hastily:

"Yes; it is too comfortable. I sat there last night. I shall sit there every night—He broke off suddenly. "It will tempt me to be lazy, and I have so much to do."

Decima colored and looked at him timidly.

"Have we—Mr. Bright and I—asked for too much?" she said.

"You will be sorry that you have come. Perhaps you are already?" His eyes rested on her with a strange smile.

"No, I am not sorry," he said. "I hope you are not—will never be."

Decima opened her eyes upon him.

"Oh, why should I be?" she said, innocently.

He looked down at her rather gravely.

"I meant that I hoped you might not be disappointed in me," he said. "I am full of good intentions, aroused by you—and Mr. Bright," he added, quickly. "But good intentions—well, we all know how unreliable they are."

She was silent a moment, then she said:

"You mean that it will be very dull for you, and that you may want to go? But will it be so dull? Bobby says that you will have plenty of visitors, that all the county people will come and see you, and are eager to welcome you."

He took a pace or two across the room.

"I shall see no one," he said, quietly but decidedly. "I hate society. I mean"—for he was conscious that the frank eyes were regarding him with grave surprise—"I like solitude, solitude."

A faint color grew in her cheeks.

"And yet—yet you asked Bobby and me to come here to-day."

"That is different," he said, quickly. "I meant solitude shared by you—and your brother. You do not understand. You could not, unless you knew what my life has been—" He broke off, warned, so to speak, by her wondering eyes. "Society, as it is understood, is hateful to me," he said; "it drives me mad. But if you will let me see you—and your brother as often as you can—well, my good intentions might prove more durable than most. Miss Deane—" He stopped, frowned, then went on, Decima's eyes fixed on him with

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him for a week. It was touch and go between us, a toss-up, which should bite the dust. There are two bullet-gentle intentions. "I have taken a liking to your brother. I want to have him for a friend. I haven't another friend in the world. He may not care to have my friendship; I am so much older."

"Are you so very old?" she said, with faint surprise.

He looked at her for an instant with a curious smile.

"Not quite so old as I look, perhaps, but still—Are you looking at that leopard's skin?" for her eyes had dropped to the fur at her feet, one of a score of such furs which had come down from his chambers in London.

"I shot him in the Bengalese jungle. He was a man-eater, and I stalked holes, you see. The first made him angry and thirst for my blood; the second finished him. You are fond of books? Look at this. It is the first edition of Lavater. There are a good many first editions here. My great-grandfather was a bibliomaniac. And there is a collection of miniatures in the cabinet in the gallery." Bobby and Bright were seated in the hall, smoking Gaunt's choice Havanas, and Gaunt said, as he passed them: "Going to show Miss Deane the miniatures."

The cabinet was locked, but he burst it open and took out some of the contents. They were exquisite specimens of Hilliard, Cosway, and Lawrence, and as he named them and related their history, Decima stood close beside him. So close that, once or twice, as she bent to look at the painting in his hand, the soft tendrils of her brown hair swept his cheek. She was not conscious of her nearness, but as she touched him, and he felt the hair, like thistles, against his face, Gaunt shivered slightly and his lips came together tightly.

He replaced the miniatures in the cabinet and turned to the pictures. He had said that he did not understand them, but he talked about them eloquently enough now; so eloquently, that Decima listened with her frank eyes fixed on his face so intently that, now and again, he faltered and stopped. Then he caught sight of the tattered flags depending from the vaulted roof, and he told her their history, not boastfully, but simply and carelessly.

"You can see them more plainly—you can see the shot and shell-holes in them—if you stand here," he said; and he drew her to a favorable spot.

She stood quite close to him again. All unconscious still that the touch of her sleeve was thrilling through him. "Oh, how proud you must be of them!" she said, looking up at him with her innocent eyes wide open, her lips apart.

"Proud of them; ashamed of myself—there were glazes in those days; we are—that are we now?"

"You can't fight battles and lay down your life for the king's colors, but you—you can rebuild cottages and schools, and make people happy," said the pupil of Lady Pauline Laocelles.

"Make other people happy—you," he said.

"Are you not happy?" she asked in a low voice, her eyes seeking his face.

"Yes—now," he said.

"Now that you have come back to settle at Leafmore?" she said with a smile.

"Exactly," he said, quietly, and after a moment.

"Decima! Bobby called from below. 'I must go!' she exclaimed.

"So soon?" said Gaunt.

She looked at her watch.

"It is quite late! Yes, I must go. I have ever so much to do at home. But thank you so much for telling me all these things, Lord Gaunt."

(To be continued.)

Revers placed on a long-waisted close-fitting blouse give it an etou effect.

That lovely shade of heliotrope with a silvery sheen has come in again.

Small capes appear on suits, hanging like a straight collar to the waist.

The suit combining plain and checked materials is exceedingly smart.

A coat of white duvetine is embroidered in black and trimmed with black fur.

Draping hats are being trimmed with little duvetine roses of delightful colors.

Small collars for dark blue frocks are made of Irish lace combined with Valenciennes.

Buckles of bronze have come into favor and are used on dresses of duvetine and satin.

For the smart fall frock, blue serge, strikingly embroidered, is a great favorite.

A smartly turned-up hat of gray velvet has as trimming row after row of silver stitching.

Collars and cuffs of yellowed eyelet embroidery are used on a brown-and-white gingham.

Overbushes, simple of line, of opaque materials and oriental coloring will be favored.

A straight frock of coarse thread lace is bordered with gold braid and worn over black silk.

A smartly cut coat of chamote

Fashions and Fads.

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