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LOST!

BY WAIF.

CHAPTER III.

Guy Sinclair, the millionaire, was sitting in his private office with his sad eyes looking at some papers on the table before him. These papers were yellow and old, and there was an indiscrutable something about them that might make one of acute sensibilities imagine they were receiving a photographic shade from the mind which communed with them through Guy Sinclair's eyes. He is a quiet, gentle, grave-looking man; one who has left the hopes and joys of a life-love to moulder among the ruins of the past and stepped out into the grey twilight of the future, with the path bordered, not with pansies as of old, oh no! only the cold blossoms that spring up beneath the step of duty. Such blossoms may bring contentment and gratify the reason, but they never thrill the heart or permeate the senses, no matter what moralists may say to the contrary. A low tap at his door caused a drawer to be suddenly opened and as suddenly closed, and when Harriet Percy was announced no records of the past lay before the millionaire, and its shadows were gone from his face. He had not caught the name, but arose to receive her courteously as it was his nature to do; a look of surprise and doubt arrested him for a moment, and Harriet Percy and Guy Sinclair stood gazing into each others eyes. But it was only for a moment, for the doubt cleared away, and a smile, beautiful as a woman's rested on the sad face.

"Yes, I see," he said, "you are King Percy's daughter."

"Did you know me, sir?" asked Harriet, looking up into the eyes which had won her confidence with one glance.

"No, my dear," was the reply, "but you are so like your father, that I could not rest in doubt save for a moment," and he caressed the soft cheek with his hand as he gazed earnestly at

her. "You are the last of many children and was dearly loved I know. Do you remember your parents Harriet?—that is your name I believe."

"My memory is indistinct concerning papa, but I recollect dear ma well; I was young," she pleaded confidently "and am giddy I'm afraid."

"Yes, yes," and he smiled again, "like King Percy, but your heart is sound I'm sure like his,—I hope so at least, for my poor boy's sake."

"Why do you say *poor boy*?" asked Harriet quickly.

He evaded the question by remembering that his guest was standing; then said pleasantly, "a girl's query my dear."

"Mr. Sinclair," explained Harriet her fair, young face growing grave and earnest as she spoke "I was impelled to come there though I knew many people would say it was altogether wrong for me to yield to an impulse, and that etiquette would bid me wait till I was invited at least. But, though you profess to have known and loved my parents, and though you have been my guardian and have cared for me all these years past, I cannot help fearing there is, or was some impediment which I ought not to have disregarded by coming to see you without permission; if so, I hope you will excuse and forgive me. It is not curiosity that has brought me, though that I believe is one of a girl's prerogatives; but because I had so much on my mind, after the communication you made through Mr. Frost, that I felt there was no other way of relieving it."

"You have done quite right to obey your instincts, my child," said Mr. Sinclair assuringly, "and there is no impediment, no palpable one at least, that should have been removed first. I am very happy to see you and I trust you will speak freely of whatever is perplexing your mind."

"How kind you are, sir, to give me so much liberty," answered Harriet in a glow of gratitude, "for you know it is not easy to speak of such matters to a stranger and one so much my senior. Since I have been in here, Mr. Sinclair,