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CHAPTER XXIX.—Continued.

"She is not rich!" he said, "she is alone in the world, and I— I was murmuring to myself, as he went home, "and I must be rich in order to give her all." He sighed a little, and then hummed "Winter Roses."

Katharine went to her room, strangely elated. Mr. Dillon was interesting; she would go to see his aunt on Saturday.

CHAPTER XXX.—The Glove.

June came. There were no more concerts in town. Herr Teufelsch was about to take his annual trip to Vienna, to confer with "the supreme Leschetzky," and he persuaded Katharine that it would be a wise thing to spend these months in one of the German or Italian cities, where, according to his view, the only great singing masters lived. He did not recommend Vienna, but Munich, where he had a sister, or Naples, where his brother taught, might do. In either of these cities he could secure friends for Katharine. She was almost persuaded to go; she had a little money, for she had been saving of late, and Herr Teufelsch assured her that this was the best investment she could make. The journey had no charms for her; she did not care especially for Dresden or Naples; she would have preferred to spend the summer in one of the many beautiful and quiet green spots near the city. But, since her voice must be the one gift which was to gain her way in the world, she determined to cultivate it to the utmost. She made her preparations with some reluctance. The boat was at its best in June, and she had learned to love it. The scent of the honeysuckle filled the street

in which she lived, and the air was balmy. Biddy wrote just at this time—only a few lines—urging her to come to London; little was said, except this. Katharine thought it ominous. This was not the way in which young and happy brides generally write.

Katharine had met Mr. Percival one day as she was coming out of John's Church. He held out his hand, with a look of genuine pleasure.

"Well, my dear," he said, "where have you been?"

"At home—hard at work," she answered.

He shook his head and looked at her with keen eyes.

"You are worried. I can see that. Now let us be gay. We shall have a great spree, and a good talk. Shall it be soda water at Evans', or an ice at Sauter's?"

Katharine laughed. It was pleasant to see Mr. Percival again.

"The ice, please," she said. "And Percival?" she asked, as they turned into Chestnut street.

"Well, busy. Great charity strawberry festival for abandoned dogs at Germantown. I don't know whether the abandoned dogs or the festival is at Germantown—that's the way the cards read. Why don't you come to see Mrs. Percival?"

"She never comes to see me."

"Oh, she can't—too busy. Why, even I am abandoned for the dogs! Society is the modern Moloch. There is not a better woman in the world than my wife, when she lets her heart direct her. But this society business has so enervated her, that I don't think anything but a stunning blow will ever break the crust. She is fond of you, but—oh, don't let us talk of the shams and the artifices. Come and see us, when you can. I have read all the books the can. I have read all the books the priest recommended to me. But you know, Miss O'Connor, your religion frightens me. One should have to be awfully good to be a Catholic. Think of what the Mass means. I have just been reading Percy Fitzgerald's "Jewels of the Mass," a lovely book, and—but here we are at Sauter's."

Katharine and Mr. Percival seated themselves at one of the tables, and were served with one of their unequalled ices, in which Mr. Percival, like all good Philadelphians, took a proper pride, and in which the pensive Katharine was not without interest.

"This is nice," she said.

"Don't you regret the luxurious life at Kenwood?"

"Oh, no," she said, "I should be content in my work if I were near a friend. Mrs. Carey has gone away—she is happy; she no longer needs me. Biddy is married."

Mr. Percival's face changed.

"The Worths had a cable from her to-day. Wirt is coming back. There has been a nasty row. Your Biddy has a temper, I fancy. They didn't get along well in London; Wirt is coming back alone. He has dropped all the St. John crowd. They

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On this June afternoon, as she watched Dillon as he sat under the grape vine arbor in the little yard at the back of the house, color was again in his cheeks and brightness in his eye; but he did not speak much. He was lying back in a steamer chair, looking at the sky and humming "Winter Roses," when his aunt made up her mind. She saw that he was not happy; at his age, in her experienced mind, there could only be one cause. She looked at him, thin, wasted, pensive, in the grey suit—much—too big for him now; and she called a little boy who was coming from school. That little boy took a note to Katharine.

After that, her aunt took up her sewing and waited. She loved her nephew and she loved Katharine, and perhaps they—well, she would soon know.

When Katharine reached home after her talk with Mr. Percival, she found the note. It contained a request that she would call without delay on Dillon's aunt. She took a great deal of trouble with her toilet, and pinned a June rose on her black dress. In a short time she was ringing the bell of the little house. The servant admitted her—she saw with a sense of disappointment that only her friend, the aunt, was in the parlor. But the disappointment did not last long. Dillon came in slowly, at his aunt's summons. And then the sweet-looking old lady suddenly disappeared.

"You have been ill!" Katharine exclaimed in horror. "Oh, why did you not let me know?"

"Why?" he asked, with some bitterness. "I know the tenor of your society too well to commit such a breach of propriety. What right had I? Heaven knows, I was very lonely—but you were the last person I should have thought of asking to come here. Outside of Devine and the priest, nobody came."

"I have come."

"You are very kind."

"But when your aunt sent for me she did not tell me you were ill—I must be honest about it," she added, hardened by his tone of reproach.

"My aunt sent for you!" He looked at her, and his tone softened. "And you came. But I wish you had not—I can't tell you why—but I wish you had not—your face had almost ceased to haunt me; I was gaining peace; but now—"

"Now?"

The door bell tinkled.

Dillon was still weak; and the appearance of Katharine had shaken his nerves. In his ordinary health he would have been suave, cool, sarcastic; at least, he would have known how to hide his feelings. That tinkle of the bell reminded him that at any moment this interview, so delightful, so sad, so irritating, might end.

"May I show you to the garden?" he asked. "You are fond of flowers, and that ringing precludes the coming of someone probably to see my aunt."

He led the way through the passage to the long, narrow, old-fashioned garden, bordered with box, and sweetened and colored by clumps of carnations and roses. The sunlight, coming red from the West, cast the flickering arabesques of vine leaves and tendrils on the brick pavement beneath the arbor. Katharine noticed how lonely his hands were, and how loosely his

clothes set upon him. A thrill of pity ran through her heart. Dillon, the strong, the witty, the self-reliant, was a different man from Dillon the nervous, dependent, sad man before her. It seemed wonderful that one man could show these two phases. She felt a new interest in him, and as if in a flash, she wondered for the first time whether he were really interested in her. She took note of the little table, with a half-emptied tea-cup, a bottle of medicine, upon it; and there was a glove too—a woman's glove, such as she herself might have worn. His manner was odd; she glanced at the glove and smiled slightly; she understood it. Walter Dillon had made her the center of his thoughts, and this address came from that fact. Her sight of the glove gave her confidence. She recognized by intuition what girls who have read many novels are always on the lookout for—that they find out by means of set rules of sentiment—that this fragile glove was more powerful than any steel gauntlet of past ages in the hands of a warrior. Dillon offered her the basket-chair, and she sat upon the cushions as gracefully as she could, for she was not used to steamer chairs. The sunlight tinged her hair with gold, and touched her long eyelashes with luminous reflections. Dillon stood near her, leaning against the arbor.

"Forgive me," he said. "I have no right to find fault with what you cannot help. You are rich, and you are back among the flatterers, the painted butterflies of life, and you must live your life amongst them."

Katharine found his irritation inexplicable no longer. It was pathetic, and like all pathos, not altogether unpleasant.

"Why are you so angry against the rich?" she asked, demurely. "I fancy they are seldom as proud or as sensitive as the poor."

"It is not the rich that I hate, but the riches which have come between me and hope. I know it was foolish, Miss O'Connor, and I have given it up. My aunt did not know—"

"Your aunt?" asked Katharine; it was not beneath her to enjoy his embarrassment when she felt that she could set it all right in a moment?

"I fancy from some things I must have said—since she has repeated them to me—that she imagined you were engaged, and had quarrelled." He colored. "Consequently, she sent for you, and left us in the parlor in that unusual way. If she had told you things I said, it has been out of the mistaken goodness of her heart. I have fully realized the barrier between us, and can only say that my hallucination was temporary."

Katharine was amused; she could easily understand his morbid, imaginative state of mind—and what harm was there in making him somewhat uncomfortable, since she could make him happy at any moment.

"And what did you say?" she asked, looking innocently at him.

"Did you scold about me?"

"Ah, then I feel that I keep my self-respect," he said, relieved. "I am a fool, I am sure—"

"No, only a man," said Katharine coolly, "some people think the terms

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