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Dr. Aram Kalfian

(Continued from page 18.)

"I want you to do something for me, dearest," he said, having taken the precaution to look round, and make sure that they were quite alone.

"Yes, Dick; what is it?"

Letting the last notes of the "Liebestod" fade away in exquisite harmony, Enid rose from the piano and turned an inquiring face to her lover.

"I have something I want you to take charge of. Its safety is a vital affair to me; and I have reason to believe that at the present moment it is in danger in my hands. One attempt has already been made to deprive me of it; it was baulked by a happy chance, but another and more successful attempt might follow at any moment. I want you to lock it up somewhere amongst your belongings, and let no one, no matter who they be, see it, or know that I have passed it on to you."

"Very well, dear, give it to me now, and I will take it straight up to my room and lock it up."

Dick placed the packet in her hands, and, concealing it in a fold of her skirt, she left the room. A few minutes later she returned.

"It's all right, Dick," she said reassuringly. "It will be perfectly safe where I have put it."

The young man, who was seated on the sofa, took her two hands prisoner and drew her down by his side.

"It will be safe," he said, with a warning emphasis, "just as long as no one knows it is in your possession, and not a moment longer."

"Well, that will be until I give it back to you," she said, with a smile, then added wistfully: "It is such a joy to me to be able to do even a tiny thing like this for you, love! I wish—I wish—you would tell me a little more of the troubles and worries which oppress you; surely I have a right to my share of them. You seem lately to envelop yourself in mysteries. I am not complaining, but I find it hard to feel myself shut out of your confidence."

"Yes; it is hard on you, and hard on me," replied Dick gloomily. "I have told myself again and again that it is my duty to give you up, but I have grown a coward. I shirked the pain of it."

"Dick!" she cried, in an agonized tone. "What are you saying? Do you no longer love me, then?"

He caught her passionately to him.

"No longer love you?" he repeated. "You are to me as a cup of pure fresh water to a man dying of thirst in the wilderness. Never doubt my love for you, sweetheart, whatever happens!"

For a moment she yielded herself up to his embrace—to the happiness of loving and being loved. Then came a thought, which poisoned her joy, and gently, very gently, she drew herself from his encircling arms.

"Why, then, did you frighten me so terribly?" she asked, in accents of soft reproach. "Why did you speak of its being your duty to give me up? Was it—was it because of some other woman whom you loved before you knew me?"

"Some other woman!" he echoed, in evident surprise. "No other woman exists in the world for me, darling, but you."

"Not now—but before you knew," she persisted, "that such a person as Enid Anerley existed?"

"I have had boyish fancies in my time, dozens of them, I daresay," he answered; "but I never knew what love—true love—was, Enid, before I met you; you taught me, dearest, its full beauty—its holiness."

His voice dropped to a whisper, as with bent head he raised the two little soft, white hands to his lips. There was a long silence between them—the silence of a perfect understanding, and of feelings too deep for utterance. In answering as he did, Dick was no hypocrite—he had spoken the literal truth. His boyish fancy for Mrs. Alston had evaporated under the spell of the deeper feeling which followed it, much as the morning mist encircling the hill-top is dispelled by the rising sun. He never thought of her now, but to connect her with the shuddering horror of his father's death.

For a moment Enid was tempted to speak to Dick of the anonymous let-

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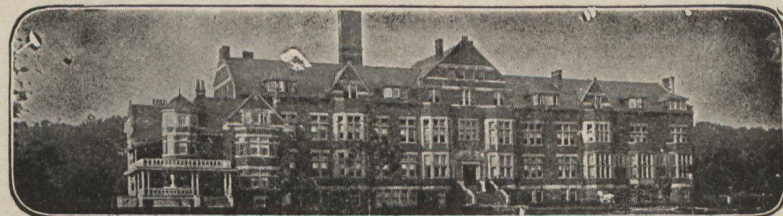
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