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ing in her eyes whose rays seemed to warm Ralph's heart. "It reminds me of the courtier who nearly let the King of Spain burn to death because it was not etiquette to tell him that his coat had caught alight at the fire before which his majesty was standing."

Ralph laughed, but it was a shaky laugh.

"And you ran some risk," she said, in a low voice.

"Oh, no," he said, promptly; "not a bit. And if I had—" He checked himself and glanced through the window; but Veronica rested her head more comfortably as if she did not share his impatience.

"And what did Mr. Talbot Denby say to make you so angry?" she asked, as smoothly as before.

Ralph colored. "Oh, I don't know. He was rather trying—Then you saw us?" he broke off, penitently. "I'm sorry!"

"You should endeavor to control your temper," said Veronica, with sweet severity.

"That's so," responded Ralph, with a meekness which would have astonished and gratified Talbot Denby.

"And did you take the trout to—Mrs. Mason?" asked Veronica, after a pause.

Ralph nodded, his brow clearing at the change to a subject free from embarrassment.

"Yes, and she was very much obliged."

"Very pretty girl, her daughter," remarked Veronica, soft as butter.

"Yes, oh, yes," agreed Ralph, without the slightest enthusiasm.

"You don't think so," she said, with wide-open eyes of surprise.

"Yes, oh, yes—at least, I haven't thought—oh, yes, I suppose she's pretty! To tell you the truth, I haven't noticed her particularly."

A smile—was it of satisfaction?—curved the beautiful lips and shone softly in the lovely eyes, but she said, as if disappointed with him:

"I don't think you have very good taste."

"Perhaps not," he admitted. "I don't admire that kind of face, I suppose."

"Really! And yet is is a very favorite one: fair, good complexion, with almost golden hair—"

"Yes, I know," he admitted absently.

"What type do you admire?" she asked, with an affectation of casualness and indifference which a woman would have detected in a moment, but which was lost on Ralph, who, of course, promptly fell into the snare.

"I like a girl with soft, dark hair, and grey eyes, violet eyes, and rather a pale face—what do you call it?—old ivory, and long lashes—"

(To be Continued.)

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CHAPTER X.

"I have worn shabby clothes, have gone about with wet feet because my boots were in holes, and I had to tramp to the factory with my work because I couldn't afford the penny for the bus."

"Good Lord!" he murmured, with a sense of guilt; for her words sounded like an accusation against the world of which he was a member.

"But I consoled myself all the time with the thought of what I was—a Gresham. Nothing could rob me of that consolation, and it supported me in the bitterest hour. That was pride, you'll say. I daresay. It is because I have suffered so much that I am proud. Do you think if Charles the First had been snatched from the scaffold at the last moment and restored to power that he would not have been all the more proud because of the sufferings, the slights, the insults, he had borne?"

Ralph nodded.

"I see," he said, in a low voice. "But, after all, you had your consolation, your support. You knew you were of high birth, that one day you

might climb onto the throne—as you have. Some of us have no such help in our troubles and struggles. We're of the mud and mud we must remain. We're hewers of wood and drawers of water—" He stopped and shook himself. "That's rot, though, isn't it?" he said, with a laugh. "Why, I've read somewhere that half the House of Lords consists of men whose fathers, or they themselves even, have risen from the lower classes."

"Yes," she said. "In no country in the world has a man so many chances of rising to the highest position as in England."

His eyes kindled and his face flushed; then he laughed and sighed in a breath.

"Yes; I know all that. I used to think that I'd fight my way and come out on top or somewhere near it, but—oh, well, I'm a lazy sort of beast, and too easily satisfied. Give me a chop and a pipe and the country to eat and smoke them in, and I'm content. As I said, my mother used to lecture me upon my future and try—poor dead soul—to inspire me with ambition. And if she had lived, perhaps—But she died, and I'm just a gamekeeper."

The statement of his status seemed to remind him of the fact that he was talking too freely to the great lady.

"Burchett's a long time," he said. "I suppose he has had some difficulty in getting a carriage."

"It could not be here yet," said

Veronica. "Will you please put something under my foot? The couch is so hard."

He took one of his coats from a nail and, folding it, raised the injured foot as gently as a woman could have done and placed it on the improvised pillow.

"Thank you," said Veronica.

"Are you suffering much pain?" he asked, standing and looking down at her wistfully.

"No; not now. I'm suffering most from hunger," she replied, with a smile.

He looked round eagerly but helplessly.

"There's nothing but bread and cheese," he said.

"Yes; give me some, please," she said.

He sprang to the cupboard and brought some to her.

"I'd make you a cup of tea, but there wouldn't be time—What a confounded time the carriage is—"

"Oh, tea with cheese! They would not go well together, would they?" she remarked, with a little grimace as she took the plate.

He saw that she found it awkward to hold it, and took it from her.

"I'll hold it," he said. "I wish there was something better."

"Oh, don't apologize," she said. "I've known the time when bread and cheese would have seemed a feast of luxury."

Her novel humility stirred him to the depths.

"Why did you tell me that—that you were once poor?" he asked, impulsively.

She raised her eyes—they were so very near his as he bent forward with the plate in his hand—and smiled pensively.

"I—don't quite know. Perhaps I did not like you—anyone—to think that I was proud, proud of my birth and wealth. Perhaps it was because—Oh, I don't know! How nice this is! Though it's rather difficult eating in this position—"

She made as if to raise herself higher on the hard horse-hair cushion, and Ralph set down the plate

quickly, and putting his arm round her helped her into the desired attitude.

"Thanks," she said, softly. "You are very strong—I want to tell you that I am sorry I was rude to you yesterday." Her eyes were raised to his for a moment, then were downcast again.

The transition was so sudden, the glance of the violet eyes so heart-thrilling, that Ralph caught his breath.

"You—rude—" he stammered.

"Yes," she said, almost meekly, as she nibbled daintily at the bread and cheese, and looked at him with half-lowered eye-lids. "I don't know what possessed me. I suppose it was temper. All women are bad-tempered, you know."

"No, no," he remonstrated with an almost indignant denial. "Not all! You—"

"I am; very," she said, demurely. "I always was. Pride and ill-temper go together, you know—How thirsty bread and cheese make one!"

He sprang to the cupboard.

"There's some beer—" he said, doubtfully.

"Water, please," she returned, smoothly. "O, thank you! But it was ungrateful as well as ill-tempered after all your—kindness."

Ralph's face went the color of brick dust.

"I—I—beg your pardon," he stammered. "I didn't think for the moment—I only thought—blood-poisoning, you know—it's very dangerous—But great liberty—"

"Yes," she said, with a smile gleaming

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