The soft conversation, the tender

Why I have danced every dance!"
"Does that make happiness?"

"I love dancing with you!

There was a dangerous tenderness

there except when they rested on her. "Come," he went on, as she did not

answer, "I think you know that in

"I should say it depended upon

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### HESTER, AND A LEGACY

"Do you mean that you kept them for me?"

"I tried to; every one was asking for them, but I said I was engaged, and kept my program hidden."

He was silent, looking over her head with a sudden gravity on his face. It was flattering, of course, but he did not like it. He knew the style of girl he had to deal with quite well, and he despised it in his heart as coldand he despised it in his heart as cold-hearted, passionate, and calculating. else had done, it was true, and she He had too often been favored with thought that he must in common civflattery of this kind to misunderstand ility call to inquire how she was with it, and had become somewhat cynical on the subject of feminine affection in consequence. It had been offered him not that of a man in love or even of again and again at first sight by wo- one who intended making a proposal men whose sole object was to become of marriage. The new dress, the Lady Lynmouth, and the more that sprained ankle, the alluring manner had been given him of that descriphad all been in vain. She had not won tion the more he had longed for a him yet; it still remained a thing to be genuine and deep affection-one that was based on knowledge of himself and had no thought of self-interest to back it. That Miss Langworthy had designs on him he could not doubt, and in any other mood than his doubt, and in any other mood than his wards that of her niece's in particu-present one he would have made short lar, had taken great interest in arwork of her; as it was, she served to ranging "flirtation nooks," as Mrs.

of allowing her to monopolize both. Still, he did not encourage her. covered?" he said presently in his one particular couple in her mind's

and he succumbed to the temptation

not quite strong yet. I was dread-directed the gardeners to group a for quite strong yet. I was dread-directed the gardeners to group a "Don't worry to come to night but in any case. I lead to the gardeners to group a grove of palms and plants around two dear," he wen to come to-night, but, in any case, I to come to-night, but, in any case, I promised my grandmother that I tudes near together. All and everywould not dance much. Do you mind if we sit down now? It is aching a little and I think I had better rest it. little, and I think I had better rest it Lynmouth and Lady Muriel whose

"Certainly! Where would you like of these artificial aids might be to sit—over by your chaperon?" "I think not, thank you! It is so evening. hot here, isn't it? Suppose we go into the conservatory? It is so deliciously cool in there, and I do so love the smell of flowers, don't you?"

As is often the case, every one mice the flirtation-nooks except those for whom they had been expressly prepared. Lord Lynmouth had availed the conservation of the conservatio

His answer was brief and his tone with some other lady; Lady Muriel not particularly encouraging, but he had paid them visits, but always with had to take her into the conservatory some other man. for all that, and his mother and Lady Augusta watched them go. The latter looks never came off; they did not Augusta watched them go. The latter felt that it was not for this that she had planned all those soft couches in secluded nooks in the dimly-lighted dangerous conservatory, and Lady Lynmouth drew her lips together in Lynmouth drew her lips together in tight line and worded the will different times, and had yet a seventh a thin tight line and worded the will different times, and had yet a seventh n her own mind that was to cut him visit with her in prospect before the

The conservatory, as has been cousin, and could there be any possimentioned, was dimly lighted, and there were luxurious divans placed at convenient intervals among the boxes of flowers and flow-

came she pleaded that her ankle still little? f they rested a little longer. He though he was always made welcomed the refrained because he could and gave it a little squeeze.

The though he was always made welcomed the refrained because he could and gave it a little squeeze.

The refrained because he could and gave it a little squeeze.

The refrained because he could and gave it a little squeeze.

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The refrained because he could and gave it a little squeeze.

The refrained because he could and gave it a little squeeze. the camellias and talking together in low voices. Violet was in her element on an occasion like this, and treated he knew she did not care for him and would have been completely turned. As it was, he let her do as she would have meant misery and disaster for her. There was bad blood in and only told himself now and again that he was behaving like a fool, but knew it-and the one redeeming point that there was nothing else open to in his selfish and dissipated character

behind the camellias. When at last she detected them her son's eyes holy for him to go near.

nad sometimes been and nad avoised best. He clasped her hand a little more closely, and for some time he more closely, and for some time he met her steadily, and his look told But to-night he was allowing him-her that he meant to do as he chose and to flirt with anyone who took his

attention. It suited her to turn a lit- towards her greater than ever. tle faint in the middle of the waltz and to cling to him for support-it was her ankle, she said, a sudden had been sitting side by side for some twist had hurt it. He supported her from the room, and since the conserwatory was exactly opposite and she made a sign towards it, he again took with unseeing eyes, slowly moving

She felt better at once in the cooler and forwards mechanically, and had ced claret and fanned her and did all in his power to revive her, believing, turned quickly. manlike, that she was really in pain. tention Miss Lanwgorthy would willingly have dispensed with, and since that good lady fussed around her, declaring that the only thing to for, naturally. do was to go home at once, she was obliged to resign herself to her fate, whom one danced with—it does with dance in silence. atraid to recover too rapidiy, and con- me. I should like to waltz with you soling herself with the thought that the whole evening, for instance, but she would not be missing any more I should think it a frightful fag if I dances with Lord Lynmouth. Perhad to confine myself to—whom haps it was as well after all to leave shall I say?—well, anybody else in the ball as an interesting invalid— fact."

ability it would lead to another call very well, I am afraid-nothing like of inquiry on his part. In Mrs Laing-Stoner."
any case he would help her to "I love dancing the carriage—she limping gracefully you know that, Muriei?" and leaning on his arm — and she could murmur her thanks and apologies in his car and make herself and in his handsome careworn eyes more interesting in her dependence there was an intensity never seen and affliction than if she were enjoy-

ing commonplace, robust health

All this came off exactly as she wished, and he was putting her cloak through the hall. Again her eyes took in the situation, and again her heart swelled with anger. She would have no penniless coquettes reigning at Lynmouth, and if he married this oir! would have to pay for his, ma. caprice, for not one penny of her money should either of them have.

among the revellers.

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your heart of hearts, though won't own it, and it's because I am fond of you-fond as a friend of your face and understand its expression. What is it that is troubling you and making you unhappy? Tell me!" done in the future.

"There is nothing to tell. I am enjoying myself very much."
"You might say that all day and all night and I wouldn't believe you. Come little one, what is it?"

Then CHAPTER XVII. Lady Augusta Dovercourt, possessed a feminine weakness in the direction of all love-affairs, and toin a lower voice, "Is it a man?"
"Harry!"—turning to him with eyes
of startled indignation. "Of course

fill his time and engage his attention, Laing-Stonor called them, when mak-"Yes, it is, I'll be bound- some ing her preparations for the ball.
Although planning for the benefit brute of a fellow who makes love to you and then goes and breaks your of all dancers who might desire a few moments to themselves, she had one particular couple in her mind's eye when she ordered screens placed in the hall or hot quite strong yet. I was dreadof all dancers who might desire a

less of her protestations. worth it—we none of us are! He's a selfish dog, like the rest of us, no doubt, and is after your money into

quick championship of her hero, fall brought to a happy climax during the As is often the case, every one filled best man that ever lived-generous and honorable and chivalrous and

He did not smile, as he might have himself of them, it is true, but always done; he never laughed at her romantic fancies and girlish dreams, though he was apt to sneer at any thing approaching sentiment from the mouths of other people.

find out if he's worthy of you," he urged. "You can confide in Cousin Harry, can't you, for you've done it ever since I helped you make castles in the sand and carried you home on my back? Do you remember those old

days at Bognor?"
"I-don't know," she answered abend of the evening. Was she not a sently. She was looking away from him, and had evidently not been listening to his last words. Lord Lynmouth, with Violet on his arm, was among the banks of flowers and flowering trees. One or two couples occupied the first seats they came to, but they found one further along where it was darker and more secluded, and there they sat down, and he opened her fan for her and allowed her to flatter him in her soft, insinuating way.

They were engaged to each other for the next dances, but when they came she pleaded that her ankle still looks like that, there is surely some excuse for a man losing his head a little?

He said nothing but waited till the disturbing couple passed out of sight, Harry seldom went to Dovercourt, then he put his hand suddenly over though he was always made welcome

cause Muriel was far dearer to him "You mustn't fret, Muriel; it will all come right somehow—for you. than his own worthless life, because Suppose we go back to the ball room him to such a battery of soft glances and such a running fire of sweet words that had he been a younger and less experienced man his head would here here completely turned to love him it concerns the knew she did not care for him and the knew she did not care for him to such a battery of soft glances he intended that she never should. He was a "bad lot" he was aware, and Muriel was an angel, and if by any chnce she learned to love him it cone whit nearer what we want." He rose and tucked her hand under his

They entered the ballroom, and, putting his arm around her waist, they joined the throng that was whirlhis veins—he was incorrigible, and he was his chivalrous instinct of self- ing to the delightfully throbbing Once his mother passed through sacrifice towards the girl he loved. music of the last waltz. The air had the conservatory, leaning on the arm She should never know that he loved a sadness in it to which Vereker's or old General Trotter, and while she talked her keen eyes sought around her for the couple who were hidden her for the couple who were hidden had sometimes been and had avoided was a farewell to all that he loved

"Remember," he said presently." and to flirt with anyone who took his he thought he was entitled to it "that whatever happens you have aland partly because there was a ways one friend ready to do anything Later on in the evening he had another waltz with Violet, and this time she had a new plan for engaging his she had a new plan for engaging his voice that made his love and longing other end of the earth for you—if it towards her greater than ever.

"You are not happy this evening," he said to her suddenly after they had be to the suddenly after they gar! Dont be afraid to ask me. It would give me pleasure to serve you the only real good sort of pleasure minutes behind the azaleas and or-

there is left in life." "Thank you," she said in a low voice. Then, looking up at him. "You the white feathered fan backwards speak as though you were unhappy, and forwards mechanically, and had I thought you had a splendid sort of air, she said, and he fetched her forgotten him and her surroundings life—such lots of excitement and gaietv and going about!"

for the moment, but at his words she "Oh, so I have-everything a man an want! Don't you worry about me, "Nothing is the matter. Of course He also fetched her chaperon, an attention Mice I am enjoying myself! What an idea. little girl!" he returned, meeting her eyes with a reassuring smile. But the smile changed into one that was grim as she looked away again, "That is what one comes to a ball

and the handsome worn face was inexpressibly sad as they finished the

(To be Continued)

Dr. W. H. Montague Ill. Winnipeg, Sept. 8.—The Evening Telegram says: "Dr. W. H. Montashe might have done—and in all probability it would lead to another call Summer home in Kenora, and is confined to his bed. He was boating with Don't a number of friends when he became seriously ill.'

#### in his voice as he leaned nearer her. Rats' Store of Grain Broke Down Ceiling

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