

TAKE IT FOR
CRAMPS—COLIC—DIARRHOEA

APPLY IT FOR
BRUISES—SPRAINS—SORE THROAT



Happiness At Last, OR Loyalty Recompensed.

CHAPTER XIV.

"There, it is down!" she said, with a laugh. She shook her hair loose, and smiled up at him as one school-girl smiles at another. "That is how I looked a few months before you saw me at the Zoo," she said.

He looked at her, and then suddenly away from her, lest she should read his secret in his eyes.

"You must have been rather a nice-looking girl," he remarked, with an effort at careless badinage.

"I wasn't, really. I was a very ugly child," she said. "I remember Bobby used to call me the plain bun, and saw you about his expecting to see a long-legged, ugly little girl at the railway station haven't I?"

While she was speaking, she was doing up her hair rapidly and carelessly. He stooped to pick up some of the hair-pins which had fallen, and saw a piece of brown ribbon which had either fallen from her hair or some part of her dress.

He waited until she had finished, then he picked up the ribbon.

"Do you want this?" he said.

"What is it? Oh, thanks!"

He held it in his hand.

"If you don't particularly want it, I'll tie up the plans with it," he said, with an air of indifference.

"No, I don't want it. Is it long enough?"

"Quite," he said, as he rolled up the plans and wound the ribbon round them. "I'm going down to the village to see Cobbet. Could you—will it be convenient for you to meet me there this afternoon? There are some things Bright wants to ask you about. You and Bobby might come up to tea afterwards, if you'd be so gracious."

"Very well," she said at once and brightly. "I am going in to help to make a pudding. I am learning to cook, you know. Bobby says I always forget the principal ingredient—generally the sugar—but he always has two serves, and the proof of the pudding is the eating thereof."

She talked on—the talk of a happy, heart-free girl—and he listened with a mingling of pleasure and pain. Her innocence and unconsciousness hurt him that morning. He got up almost suddenly.

"I must go," he said, abruptly, and left her.

"They met in the village in the afternoon, interviewed Mr. Bright, and then met Bobby, and went up to the Hall to tea. It was served on the terrace, and she presided, as she had done on

several previous occasions. Gaunt watched her. Never had she seemed more perfect in every tone and movement. Looking at her was like listening to an exquisite piece of music which makes the heart ache with an infinite longing.

"Show Bobby the plans, Lord Gaunt," she said, presently.

Gaunt went into the library and brought them. They were untied and in confusion.

"Why, what a jumble you have got them in! Where is the ribbon you tied them up with?" she asked.

He colored for an instant and looked round with the awkwardness of a man.

"I—I must have dropped it," he said. It was folded neatly in his waistcoat pocket over his heart.

"Ah," said Bobby, "want my opinion? Well, my opinion is that you are pauperizing the whole place between you; and I'm rather glad that I'm going out of it, and so can chuck what little of the responsibility that has fallen to my share."

"Going out of it!" said Decima.

He nodded as he lighted a cigarette.

"Yes, old Brown"—Brown was his coach—"thinks that I ought to go up to London to polish up my French and German; so I'm going right away; that is, in a week or two."

"Oh, Bobby!" said Decima, aghast.

"Don't cry. Is its brother going to leave it for a few weeks? Never mind! He'll come back soon and bring his little sister a nice little doll."

"Going up to London," said Gaunt. His heart sunk, for he knew that Bobby was away, he should not be able to see so much of Decima, for Bobby had played the useful part of chaperon.

"You'll go into diggings, I suppose? See here, I've some chambers in town, you go up to them. You'll be doing me a service if you will."

Bobby stared.

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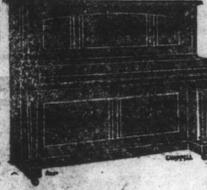
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where, having dismissed Hobson, he stood with her ribbon in his hand.

"I am a fool!" he said. "I am living in a fool's paradise, and I shall wake presently to find myself in—the other place. I'll burn this. Yes; I'll burn it—and try and forget her." He held the poor little ribbon to the candle—but drew it back with something like a groan on his lips. The ribbon slept on his heart that night—and every night; and his heart said to it: "I love her—I love her!" and the ribbon murmured back, "I know it!"



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