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keeper paused for a sufficiently inoffensive word—"there might be uneasiness."

"For fear Lord Lockington should leave him his property?"

"Oh, hush, it's not for us to discuss these things, and I'm afraid you already know too much."

Edna hung her head and smiled faintly. But she persisted with another question.

"And don't you think that Lord Lockington ever sees his cousin?" she asked, softly.

Mrs. Holland looked at her in alarm. "No, of course he doesn't," she said, rather anxiously. "How can he see him, when he never goes out, and never receives anybody?"

Edna bent her head again, but said nothing.

The silence that followed was broken by the arrival of Lady Lockington's maid, who looked flushed and worried. She said her Ladyship wished to speak to Mrs. Holland, and added in a low voice, which was just loud enough for Edna to hear:

"She's in a terrible way. She has an idea that there's something going on that's being kept from her, and she wants Revesby to take her into the old wing, but he keeps making excuses. I don't know what's going to happen, but there's something," added the maid, nervously.

Mrs. Holland left Edna, who was shivering and looking more disconsolate than ever, to obey the summons of Lady Lockington, whom she found in a great state of excitement, complaining that the butler would not admit her into the old wing, and that he had taken her letter, so he said, to Lord Lockington, but had brought no answer back.

What did Mrs. Holland think? Would she undertake to go to the old wing, and to ask Lord Lockington if there were any answer to her note?

"I will tell you frankly," her Ladyship went on, "that my letter to his Lordship concerns this singing girl, Miss Bellamy. I am very sorry you ever introduced her into the house, Mrs. Holland, as she is a young person who strongly gives me the impression that she is not to be trusted."

"Indeed, I am sorry to hear you say so, my Lady. And I don't think you will find my Lord agree with you. He expressed himself very well pleased with her music, and also with her modest manners and gentle ways."

Lady Lockington raised her eyebrows. "The word modesty has changed its meaning if Miss Bellamy is very modest," she said, sharply. "She was at Mr. Kage's this morning, when she was supposed to be singing and playing to Lord Lockington."

Mrs. Holland flushed and looked troubled. This interview was taking place in the White Saloon, which they had all to themselves.

"I want you to go to the old wing, and to try to get an answer to my letter from my Lord."

The housekeeper hesitated. Even while she did so, there were sounds of footsteps in the hall outside, and the housekeeper drew back a little as they came nearer to the door.

Lady Lockington, uneasy, looked from the woman before her to the door, and back again.

"Who is it?" she asked, quickly. "I don't know, my Lady. But I heard the front door open just now. It's a visitor, I suppose."

"I've said that I'm not at home to anybody."

But the words were not out of her mouth when the door opened, and a footman announced: "Mr. Ringford, my Lady."

The Viscountess turned pale. Mr. Ringford was Lord Lockington's solicitor, and never came down from London except on business of the most important kind, and not unless he was sent for.

"Lord Lockington has sent for you?" she asked, as the housekeeper withdrew.

"He sent for me very early this morning, your Ladyship, and I came at once," said Mr. Ringford, as he took the chair she offered him. "I regret to have to communicate the gravest news about him."

Lady Lockington clenched her hands tightly, with a sudden intuition. "Do you mean that he's ill, without my having been informed of the fact, although

I'm in the house?" she asked in amazement.

"Not only that, but—there is graver news still to communicate, I deeply regret to say."

She began to understand. "Do you mean to say," she asked, in a trembling voice, "that he was allowed to—to die without my being informed that he was ill?"

"I believe that it was his wish that you should not be disturbed by the news of his illness sooner than could be helped," said Mr. Ringford, guardedly. "And doubtless the end came with too much suddenness for it to be possible to inform you in time."

But the lady had suspicions that this was not exactly a true statement of the case, and that the lawyer knew it.

"It is a most shocking thing," she said, indignantly, "that he should have been allowed to die without having me by his side, without having his nearest and dearest round him."

"One of his relations was with him, your Ladyship," said Mr. Ringford, reassuringly.

Lady Lockington turned white. "Who was it?" she asked, faintly.

"His young cousin and heir, Mr. John Lockington, was with him up to the last," said the lawyer.

(To be continued.)

Ownership.—"Do you own your own home?"

"Yes. That is I now own the right to pay the taxes, the repair bills, and the monthly intsallements on the principal."—Detroit Free Press.

Wise Boy.—Teacher—"What is the stuff heroes are made of, Tommie?"

Tommie—"You'll have to excuse me, teacher, but I'm not booming any particular breakfast food!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Safe Bet.—"I think," said young Trotter, "I'll draw that money Uncle John left to me. I'm thinking of a trip abroad."

"But," protested his mother, "you were going to save that for a rainy day."

"Well, I'm going to London. I'll be sure to find a rainy day there."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Precious Attributes.—"Why are diamonds so highly valued?"

"I suppose," replied Mr. Growcher, "it's because they are made of carbon, which is the equivalent of coal, and at the same time looks like ice."—Washington Star.

An Opportunity.—"Now, ladies and gentlemen," said the conjuror, pointing to his magic cabinet, "I beg to call your attention to the great illusion of the evening. I will ask any lady in the audience to enter the cabinet. I will then close the door; when I open it again the lady will have disappeared, leaving no trace."

In the second row of the audience a puny, undersized man, with a haunted, harassed expression, turned, with a strange gleam of hope in his dull, mild eyes, to an enormous female who sat next to him. She had a strong, stern face, with black beetling brows, and a chin like the ram of a first-class battleship.

"Maria, dear," he said eagerly, "won't you oblige the gentleman?"—Ideas.

To the Point.—Politics consists of two sides and a fence.—Atchison Globe.

Literature.—A Western paper recently offered a prize for the best story to be written by a pupil of the public school.

Here are a few passages from the contributions: "Cora Brown was fortunately the possessor of a birthday, for she was the daughter of rich friends." "But all this time a cloud was gathering over Mrs. Delaney, which grew large as years went by, and that cloud was full of grasshoppers." "My father desired me to marry a bank president, a handsome, reckless man, fond of naught save the gaming-table." "Vat I dell you, vat I dell you," shouted the Irishman. "As she entered the room a cold, damp smell met her sight."—The Argonaut.



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