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"Yes," he said, eagerly, "I love yet

a month ago, but for circumstances

don't hear any more! Let me pass-

"No, don't go, I implore you!" he

way like an image of stone.

It was a foolish speech.

Jeanne put her hands over her

"Hear me!" he pleaded: "I am no

onger a younger son; I am no long-

er Clarence Fitzjames! my brother

beautiful eyes.

Bettera Peasant Than a Peer,

CHAPTER X. REPULSED.

"To see me!" exclaimed Jeanne opening her eyes to their widest. "Yes," he said. looking at her with an earnest admiration and eagerness in his eyes, which, now that they were not screwed up by an eyeglass, were to you, to tell you something Je-Miss Bertram.

"Me?" said Jeanne, innocently. "Won't Aunt Jane do as well-and He smiled uneasily.

"Miss Bentram," he said, "I'm afraid I've done pryself an injustice-I'm afreid that I haven't appeared to the can't lose you!" best advantage-down here underander the peculiar circumstances, and and, that you don't think very high-

"Indeed," said Jeanne, her forejend wrinkling itself perplexedly; said, proudly; then she wrung her "you have always been very kind to hands; "oh, let me go-I won't hear

me Mr. Fitzjames." any more! "No; you have been very kind to me," he said, earnestly. "I feel that oughly astounded by her persistent now, when I think what a consummate refusal to hear him. "Let me tell you idiet you must often have thought me. all-everything. If-if you think that I don't mind other women, or what I am poor-" they think; but you are different, and

I want you to think well of me." her breath, and with set teeth. Jeanne at that moment, if the truth | "If you think me poor and not in

quiet and silent. I was last night, but that is changed The fact is, the truth is," he went the money I received was--ong more hurriedly, and bending toward her, with his hands clasped on his knees, earnestly; "I haven't known my own mind-no, I mean that I knew what I wanted to do, and what my people wanted me to do, and-and, like a fool, I haven't the courage to act like a man. Now it is different, and, Miss Bertram, I have come over early, like this, to tell you that-Jean-

He stopped; for Jeanne, amazed and bewildered, had risen slowly. "Don't go-I beg you won't go until-you have heard me!" he said, earnestly, and rising hurriedly, so that he was between her and the op-

Let me say what I have to say, though I tell it so badly. The truth is, dead?" Miss Bertram-Jeanne-I love you!" H was said at last, and not so badly, after all. But, well or badly, it staggered Jeanne, and kept her mo- dare you call me 'Jeanne'! What have

then I say that it would make no diference to me if you were a duke or

ered: but Jeanne, taking advantage of his amazement and con usion, pushed past him, and, before recover himself, is flying toward the house, and safely locked in

Clarence, the new Viscount Lane ared stupidly after the retreating rm for a full minute, then he pass d his white hand over his brow, and owled out an oath.

Amazement, chagrin and mortified vanity strove with baffled passion, as he picked up his hat and tried to

That he should be refused as the onorable Fitzjames was hard to be leved, but that any one should deeline the honor of picking up the handkerchief thrown by the Viscount Lane, heir to an earldom, was simply

But he had to believe it at last, and after standing for a few minutes to realize it, walked off, by a path, to the gate.

Still less than before would one have recognized in this gloomy brow and sullen mouth the exquisitedly -that is why I came this morning; calm and non-chalant Clarence. and I could have said it as truthfully "What an ass I have been," he mut-

over which I had no control. I love tered, "and aft to no purpose! What you most devotedly, and I will do will my people say when they hear my very best to win your love. I this? How beautiful she looked as she stood stamping her feet. By Jove, "Stop oh, stop!" cried Jeanne, finding her tongue at last. "I can't, I I thought she would strike me! A child, too a child! Could she have understood? Yes, I put it plainly let me pass!" for he blocked the door-"God bless my darling!" enough. And she refused a coronet! Phew! I must be as ugly as sin, orpleaded. "I know what you think, but of something. And now there's that confounded pillmaker and his gang!" swear that I have thought of no one he exclaims, with a shudder. "That's else than you, and that I feel certain a lucky escape, anyhow. I can't go to see you. I want to say something De stop! Jeanne, I swear I love you, back there, and I won't, that's flat! that it could be no other than you. and have loved you all through; and They'll hear of this everybody, my I've wished that I'd never seen that people, too, and the old earl will rave

like a madman, and--" beastly Park, and the people there! He stopped muttering, for he heard the rustle of a muslin dress behind "Let me pass!" breathed Jeanne, him, and, looking around, saw, to trembling: "I won't hear any more." his astonishment. Jeanne hurrying "But you must!" he cried, exciteddown the path. ly, "I love you, Jeanne, madly; I

He raised his hat and slipped his feet in the stirrup to beat a hasty retreat, when he heard her call him. Transfixed for an instant, Jeanne Instantly the blood rushed to his paused, the fire in her cheek and face. She had thought better of it. But a glance at Jeanne's face as she stood "You have not got me yet," sh at a little distance, sent him cold

breath, just long enough for him to note with longing pangs the exquisite "Won't?" he said, hoarsely, thorgrace of her lithe figure; then she

"Mr. Fitzjames," she said, with a little remorseful tone, "I-I am very pardon." "Let me go!" cried Jeanne, below sorry if I have been rude-or-or unkind-no!" for encouraged with a wild late, but I've the appetite of a tiger, hope, he had dropped the bridle and Mrs. Brown, for all that. It's the salt must be told, thought that he had tak- a position," he went on, still block taken a step nearer. "No, I only came water, I suppose." because I felt—because I did not like you to go away without saying goodby, and thinking that I had been unstateful. Indeed, I am very much-

obliged." "Is that all?" he said, sullenly. "That is all," said Jeanne; "except -" and her eyes dropped; "I am

s dead and I am Viscount Lane!" and very-very sorry." as he spoke, he drew a black-edged "You should you be?" he said, with envelope from his pocket. sneer. "Young ladies are generally "I am a viscount now, and the next proud enough-

n succession, Jeanne," he said, "and Jeanne's eyes flashed, and her you-if-if you will only listen, will graceful figure drew itself as straight he Countess of Airdale. You will not as an arrow. "I am not proud of anything you

Jeanne's small, pink hands drop have said," she breathed, quickly. "I ped from her ears, and she looked at shall not remember it—I shall forget him with an indignant fire in her it in five minutes."

"There will be plenty to remine "And you can come and-and say you." he said, sullenly. this to me with your brother just "No." said Jeanne, firmly: "for no

one will know." "Jeanne!" he pleaded. "You mean-" he said, eagerly, "Jeanne-Jeannel" she cried has "I mean," said Jeanne, with sweet sionately, her eyes full of tears, "how dignity, "that I shall tell no one what

I done or said that you should do so -And the Worst is Yet to Come

> "Thanks-thanks," he exclaims. -I-of course a fellow doesn't like to be pointed at, you know, and-it's very thoughtful of you."

-what you have told me this morn-

"You may rest quite assured," said Jeanne. "And good-by." "You will tell no one?" he said. Jeanne hesitated a moment, a sudden crimson dyed her face. Then she

said, firmly and quietly: "No one. Good-by," and she held out her hand. "Good-by," he said, taking it con fusedly, and springing into the saddle

> CHAPTER XI. HUMANITY,

Meanwhile, where was Vane? It was very near morning before he startled Mrs. Brown from her beauty sleep by resping on tiptoe up the narroy stairs to his room, and long before Jeanne had awakened from her firs love dream, he was striding down to the sea again; his bathing towels on

The draught of happiness which he had drunk so heartily the preceding ight had wrought a great change im, and as he half ran, half trot ing aloud, a thing he had not or scanne, so with him; the whole



lieve quickly. The First Mentholatun

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He jumped into the boat, rowed ou giving a good-morning to Old Griffin, who was tinkering about the Nanc

"Fine mornin' for a sail," says th old man, pulling his forelock. "'Spec to the wind. God bless her!" "Aye-aye," echoed Vernon echoing the benediction in his heart.

Then, having made Old happy with a cigar, and half a crown to buy a light for it, he started home-

"In an hour I might go up to them and I shall see my Jeanne-my little Jeanne," he thought, Mrs. Brown stared at her eccentric lodger very much as Aunt Jane stared

at Jeanne, for he came in whistling "one o' them furrin' tunes," as Mrs. Brown called it, and "seemed like a boy," as he pitched the towels on chair and strode up and down the room while she arranged his simple Like every one else who had com

Brown had grown attached to her handsome lodger, and was never so pleased as when she could get a few words with him. "I'm afraid you haven't much ap

petite this morning, sir," she said, gathering up the wet towels. "Why not?" asked Vernon Vane, ooking guilty. "You wasn't home till so late. Of

heard you go up, sir, begging your "All right!" he laughed. "Yes, I was

Brown, with a sigh; "but for all that, I do tremble when I hear you go down to the beach, for the old people say you be so reckless."

"Nonsense!" he said. again. "Don't be afraid, Mrs. Brown, there's no danger. I value my life, now, beyond a lac of rupees, No. shan't drown myself!"

And leaving the bewildered Mrs Brown to puzzle over his new mood in the kitchen, he fell to breakfast. It was a hurried meal, for all his houghts were of Jeanne, and before very long he had caught up his hat and was starting to plead his lov

with Aunt Jane. Just as his hand was on the gate however, the postman came down the street, pulled up short, and with a touch of his hat, gave him a letter. Vernon Vane glanced at it, and wa hrusting it, carelessly in his pocket, when, as if by a second thought, he took it out again and opened it.

For a few lines he read hurriedly humming the while; then suddenly the air ceased, and he looked thoughtful and at last he hurried back into the house, and with the letter in his hand, lips curling with the haughty scorn of fell to pacing the room. It was not a very long letter, and

> it was not in a lady's handwriting. This was it: (To be continued.)

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Hence the quest of the priests en ently the three have bred consid rably, for eight double-finned gold-sh have been discovered. Further arch, however, is being made for

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