

UNCLE MAX.

CHAPTER XXXII.—Continued.

Of course it was Jill, smiling and waving towards the balcony; she could not see Mr. Tudor under the awning, but she had caught sight of my silk dress. She always turned round to watch her. She had a good seat, and rode gracefully; the dark habit suited her; she bridled her unmanageable locks into an inviolable knot that kept them tidy.

god out her ruby velvet and was trying to fasten it with her trembling fingers. "Oh, you are obstinate, Jill: you ought to be made on this night of all nights." She was good no answer to this, and, seeing her bent on her own way, I brought her a brooch, and would have smoothed her hair, but she pushed me away.

shire, paying visits, and then to Scotland. Sara had never been there before, and we took care that she should have a thoroughly enjoyable trip. My dear, before three months were over she had forgotten Henry Brabazon's existence. It was just a girlish sentimentality; nothing more. When we got back to town we made Mr. Brabazon understand that his attentions were displeasing to your uncle, and before the next season he was engaged to a rich young widow. I do not believe Sara ever missed him.

themselves by their own names: among his mates he is known as 'The Whistler,' or 'The Blackbird,' or 'Gentleman Jack.' "Well, never mind about his name," I replied, impatiently. "I want to speak to him. Where does he live? Will you kindly give me his address?"

hand. The next moment a fierce, angry light had come to his eyes. "What do you mean? who are you?" he demanded, in a trembling voice, but even at the moment's agitation I noticed he spoke with the refined intonation of a gentleman.

belief, and Ned's too, that he has got into some trouble with the governor." "No, I am sure you are wrong," I returned, with a sigh; "but I am very much obliged to you for the trouble you have taken. If you hear anything more about Jack Poynter, or can find out where he lives, will you communicate with me at this address?"

CHAPTER XXXIII. JACK POYNTER. My conscience felt decidedly uneasy that night: in spite of all argument to the contrary, I could not shake off the conviction that it was my duty to speak to Aunt Philippa. I ought to warn her of the growing intimacy between the young people.