

UNCLE MAX.

CHAPTER XLV.—Continued.

"He might have allowed me to tell you brother," for those few reproachful words haunted me.

Chatty, and came face to face with Miss Darrell. She was in her crumpled yellow dress, and her dark hair hung over her shoulders—her eyes looked bright and strange. I moved back a step and laid my hand on the handle.

before he had finished she had clasped his arm with her two hands and her face was hidden in them.

he replied, rather nervously. "But, of course, if it be still a secret, I must beg your pardon for my abruptness."

the empty coach-house, and walked quickly to the gate, followed closely by Nap, jumping and fawning on him.

had come now, I thought, trying to pull myself together, for I felt decidedly nervous.

CHAPTER XLVI.

NAP BARKS IN THE STABLE-YARD.

I was arranging some flowers that Max had sent me the next morning, and waiting for Gladys to join me, when Mr. Hamilton came in.

"Where is Gladys?" he asked, looking round the room; but when he heard that she had not finished dressing, he would not hear of my disturbing her.

My patience was being severely exercised after this, for Eric did not go straight to his lodgings.

Good resolutions, like a squalling baby at church, should be carried out.