



## Phyllis Dearborn

OR, THE  
Countess of Basingwell

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"I think it was," answered Flora, brightening visibly under the genial influence of the little creature. "Shall you like me, do you think?"

"I do now. But you must let me paint you—your picture, I mean. Painting you would be like painting the lily, I should say. You are tired, I fancy. Phyllis, she is tired."

"She nursed in the hospital all last night and all day. I should think she would be tired. I am going to make her a cup of tea, and then she is going straight to bed."

"What a tyrant she is!" said Carrie. "She treats me the same way; and you've got to do just what she says; for all she's so sweet and mild-looking."

"I should, anyhow," answered Flora. "She is my superior officer."

"Oh, in the hospital?"

"Yes, Sister Phyllis—may I call you Sister Phyllis out of the hospital? It brings me nearer than Miss Phyllis."

"Call me Phyllis. I'd like it better."

"And call me Carrie. Nobody is formal with me. It would be out of place, you know. Even my ear calls me Carrie. But, alas! he isn't my ear at all, but somebody else's."

Flora laughed at the mock senti-

mentality of the bright little cripple.

"I would like to call you Carrie, and Phyllis, Phyllis; but if I do you must call me Flora."

"Oh!" cried Carrie, in a tone of dismay, "that's different."

"Why different?"

"You are so stately. Well, you are, you know, and although Flora is a stately sort of name, and fits you delightfully, I don't know that I could quite do it. I will say Sister Flora until I'm used to it. But Phyllis will. She looks so quiet and mild, but I assure you she isn't afraid of anything, or anybody. She's prouder than—oh, than anything."

"Carrie, you sha'n't have any toast if you talk in that way," said Phyllis. And then, as she caught a wistful expression on the face of the stately beauty she said, "Will call you Flora with pleasure."

"Thank you, and I will tell you my name. It is—"

"You don't need to if you don't wish," said Phyllis, quickly.

"I prefer to do it. It is Flora Warner."

Quick, involuntary glances were exchanged between the two girls, and then Carrie broke out:

"What a lovely name! Do you know

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than he was; but something occurred, with which he had no responsibility, and I said he must not come any more. We have never seen him since. That is the whole story of Sir Lionel Warne, and you must never mind Carrie when she runs on about him. She thinks he is no less than an angel."

"So do you, Phyllis Dearborn—She will faint!"

Flora had risen to her feet as if galvanized at the sound of that name. Phyllis was by her side in an instant.

"What is it? Are you ill?" They both laughed, and Flora said,

"Because my dearest heart—and so is Phyllis', only she won't admit it—is given to a man with that name."

"I thought he was an earl," said Flora, looking wonderingly at the deep red in the cheeks of Phyllis.

"Oh, he is now. But his real name is Warne. You won't tell anybody, will you?"

"No," laughed Flora.

"The famous Sir Lionel Warne. Phyllis! she's going to faint."

CHAPTER XXXV.

Flora did not faint. Phyllis had run to her, and had been ready to do the right thing in the emergency; but Flora had recollect herself, and said, with a faint smile:

"No, I am not going to faint. I never do such a thing—never have. I fancy I am more tired than I thought."

"Well," said Phyllis, "the tea and the toast are ready, and after you have eaten you must lie down. My room is there, and you shall have it for to-night. Please don't protest."

I often sleep with Carrie when we are alone, don't I, Carrie?"

"Her name is Miss Honesty," said Carrie.

"Carrie!"

"My Sir Lionel gave her the name," said Carrie, "and it does suit beautifully."

Phyllis flushed but said no more, and Flora drank her tea and tried in vain to eat some of the crisp toast.

She was aching to ask a question, and at last she did.

"Did you know Sir Lionel Warne, then?—Sir Lionel, who became the Earl of Basingwell?"

"Indeed we did," said Carrie, emphatically. "It was a short, but what you might call a very complete acquaintance. Phyllis—Phyllis, the straightforward and honest—would have none of him, and that ended the story."

Flora looked at Phyllis with an eager, burning curiosity.

"Carrie should not say that," said Phyllis, with a pained look. "It will give you a wrong impression. Sir Lionel rescued me one night from some ruffians—"

"She had gone out at midnight to get a doctor for me," interjected Carrie.

"He went with me to the doctor's, and I found out, then, that he was the famous Sir Lionel, whose picture we had often seen, and of whom we had read so much. He asked about Carrie, and I told him I would like him to come and see her, knowing she would be wild with joy if he would.

He did come the next day, and nobody could have been nobler and better

"Then there was another silence, and Phyllis broke it by saying:

"Are you sure of this? How do you know? My mother died thinking it was not so."

"I know it, I know it!" answered Flora, eagerly; "but when the old earl died he left a confession which told the whole truth and showed where the proofs of the marriage were. You are the Countess of Basingwell."

"I wish mother had known," was Phyllis said.

"Then," said Carrie, "whose mind could not be held quiet for long, 'I have my famous Sir Lionel again. He isn't an earl any more, is he?'

"Not any more," said Flora, sadly.

Then a quick thought flashed into the mind of Phyllis.

"You will have to claim them, then Phyllis," said Carrie.

"Well," said Phyllis, wearily, "there is no need of haste, for I could not get out of Paris now. And you, she said to Flora, 'must rest or you will be ill. Will you not go to bed?'

"You will not shun me for what I have told you?" she said, pleadingly.

Phyllis stooped and kissed her.

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	Andrews, Violet, Maxse St	A	Hawkins, Mrs. John	Penney, Miss Violet, Bond St	
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		E	Hatton, P. J., late Placencia	Pike, Mrs. R., Pt. Pleasant	
		F	Hanams, Frederick, Hayward Ave.	Pike, Arthur, Pleasant St.	
		G	Harris, Miss, care Lemire, Rd.	Piercy, Jessie, care G. P. O.	
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		V	Hanlon, Mrs. Joseph, Moore St.	Roberts, Mr. C., Clecar Road	
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			Cooper, Mrs. Terence, LeMarchant Rd.	Rodway, Mrs. Edward	
			Connolly, Mrs. John, Job's St.	Roberts, Annie, card	
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			Deary, Mrs. Garrison Hill		
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			Gallop, D., care Mrs. R. Kenny		
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