## "BONNY KATE,"

## A TALE OF SOUTHERN LIFE.

BY

## CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER XIV.

"I count myself in nothing else so happy.

As in a soul remembering my good friends."

The household are assembled at luncheon, when Miss Vaughn and Tarleton finally make their appearance-manifestly to the relief of Randal, whose testlessness has been exceedingly great. Even Janet, who has declared herself callous on all matters of sentiment, confiles to Kate that she is sorry for him.

"Indeed! Happy Miss Brooke! But do you not think you might find some one on whom to bestow your heart who would appreciate it more ?"

"I am sure Miss Brooke appreciates it very much," says Kate.

"Who could fail to appreciate it ! But there are degrees in everything, you know. And I hope the best part of your heart is still in your own possession," he adds, in a lower tone, as they walk across the hall.



"I am glad to know you."

"Not that a man who is so foolish deserves for one to be sorry for him," adds that uncompromising young person, "but how can one help it! He is jealous of Frank Tarleton, and subject, so she flashes in reply one of her brightsays he believes that there has been some artangement between Miss Vaughn and Frank to meet here. Would not that be mean of Miss Vaughn to take advantage of Randal's in-

fatuation to come here to meet another man?" It would be worse than mean—it would be dishonourable "cries Kate, indignantly. "But

why should you think of such a thing "
"It is Randal who thinks it, not I. But it is very evident that Frank is one of her victims. They met as if they had known each other since the Flood, and in about half an hour they started to walk, and have not been heard of

This conversation takes place when Kate first returns home. A little later, the beli for luncheon rings, and she goes down, meeting Mr. Yaughn in the hall. He is probably waiting for her, since he is engaged in examining a gun, which he puts down as soon as she appears "I wonder if you know now unkind you have

been this morning, my far cousin " he says, advancing. "I have been watching and waiting for you for hours—and bored to death, by me add, for the want of you—and all the while you were suffering yourself to be selfishly monopolized by Miss Brooke."

"I was very widing to be monopolized," answers Kate. "I have lost my heart to Miss Brooke."



Janet, Kate and Will bring up the rear.

It does not occur to Kate that this is more than a trick of flirtation, such as society men like to practise, especially on an inexperienced est glances



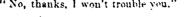
"The best part of my heart is very safe," she

"Safe, but not out of reach, I hope," whispers, as they enter the dining-room.

"That depends entirely upon who reaches after it," she answers, advancing to the table.

A few minutes later Miss Vaughn and Tarleleton appear, the former still wearing her hat, and looking radiantly handsome with the bright glow of exercise on her face.

"Such a beautiful day, and such a beautiful country!" she says, with an air of enthusiasm. 'Mr. Tarleton has been kindly acting as cierrone, and taking me to all manner of lovely places.—We were resting from our exertions when you met us," she goes on, addressing



Tarleton offers his hand with a smile

are not able to ride any horse in the stable

There's Harry Lee

"You are not going to use him this afternoon, then "---for Harry Lee is Will's own

"No; I am going shooting It is not worth while to offer you a gun, I suppose, Mr. Vaughn. But you'll come, Tarleton--won't you?"

Tarleton assents ; but, pending the shooting, makes an effort, after luncheon, to see Kate alone; in which endeavour he is frustrated by Fate and Mr. Vaughn, aided and abetted by the girl herself, who, after the information she has received, capped by the scene at the spring, has no desire for a tête-a-tête. She fences him off with adroit cleverness, and at last has the satisfaction of seeing Will and himself tramp away, gun apiece on their shoulders and two pointers in their train.

This satisfaction, however, is not apparent in her face, or her eyes, which gaze rather wisttully after the retreating figures.

"How strange," she observes, addressing Mr. Vaughn, "that you should prefer a stupid tide with me to going with them."

"Allow me," says that gentleman, "to correct your term 'Stupid' is an expression which is not in the least applicable to the ride as far as i am concerned, whatever it may be so far as you are."

"Oh, I always find riding pleasant; but if I were a man, I should like sport much

"I like it as a diversion now and then; but I should not like to make it the staple amusement of my life, as men who live in the country

often do."
"Is it more frivolous than many things which make the staple anusements of men who live in cities?" asks Kate, who has in her all the partisen spirit which often accompanies stanch

loyalty,
"Perhaps not; but you will admit that there are greater possibilities of culture in a different order of amusements. I think"—here the speaker smiles—"that, when you come to know another form of life, you will wonder how you

have ever tolerated these things."
"That shows how little you know of me," says Kate. "No life in the world could ever win my heart from 'these things,' as you call

them."
"Pardon me if I say that you have never tried the life of which I speak.

"And in all probability never shall try it; but still I know that I should always love best "You looked as if you had no objection to resting indefinitely," responds that lady.
"How could one be anxious to leave such a the life I lead now."

"What! Can you not imagine that operas and balls are better than for bunds, and jewels



"Oh" says Rate, "he is a widower!"

even more becoming than autumn-leaves to -glancing at some of the latter which she wears

in her heir.
"To many people, no doubt," she answers.
"but not to me. Don't try

To turn a country head For pastime, ere you go to town

i know what suits me best."

"But it is exactly on that point we take issue I am sure you do not know what suits you. Life holds a better role than that of Di Vernou for you, or I am greatly mistaken."
"Does it?" (carelessly.) "Well, we shall

see. Now I must go and mend my habit, which I was so unfortunate as to tear the other day. I hope you are a good horseman. The last time I rode-Harry Lee he ran away with me, and Daredevil is a horse who fully merits his name

"I will take sare of you to the best of my ability," says Mr. Vaughn: "and I hardly think Daredevil will run away with me."



"What, Pierce!" he says, " is it you

Having endeavoured in this kind manner to secure the discomfort of her escort, Kate retires to mend her habit. In crossing the hall, she is accosted by Mrs. Lawrence.