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she said, stifling a sigh, as she regarded the little heap of invita- her more slowly and timidly. "And side the breakfast plate, "we must go, of course. I must not forget that you do not belong to me altogether."

"Oh, indeed!" he said. "And to whom also do I belong, pray?"

"To these, and these, and these," she said, turning over the notes from the Roboroughs and the Ferndales and the that we ought to wait; that it wasn't rest. "We must do our duty, dearest. good manners; but I knew you She hesitated, and looked at him

"Out with it," he said, with a smile. "I'was thinking what a nice quiet time we would have down here, you and I but if you've got an idea that it's your duty-duty with a capital D-to drag poor 'Pevensey Castle,' Decie-" me into a round of dinner-parties, I'm quite certain that you'll do it. But go on. What were you going to remark?"

"I was going to say that I didn't want you to get tired of me-of living a sort of Darby and Joan existence." Gaunt laughed with an affectation of

"My dear Decima, that's a little too thin. As if I didn't know that you are dying to gad about among these people and be petted and made much of; as if there were any special merit in on a visit, and Maude insisted upon ing pretty to look at and having comingwove which get over people.

rose and put her arms round his neck and her fingers on his lips. 'You'll have the servants come in and see you," he said, pretending to wife, this is my wife, Mrs. Watson-

"And if they do?" she retorted. "They all know I'm weak enough to

be in love with you still." They did the round of dinner-par- a few minutes later, and speaking in ties, and, as Gaunt had prophesied, De- an under-tone, so that Maude, who a was petted and made much of. In due course they returned the hos- whom she was trying to talk all at pliality extended to them, and dinners, once, might not hear. Her mother's and dances, garden-parties, and im- face flushed with gratitude and hapnptu luncheons for a time "ruled | piness.

firm" at Leafmore It was after one of these quiet lunches, which was eaten in the dining-room and on the terrace indiffer- She is all the world to me, Lord Gaunt. ently, that Decima, who was seated But if it had not been for you we on the lawn beside Lady Roborough should never have reached Africa, and and Aunt Pauline-that lady had long | Maude-" ago forgiven Gaunt, and had grown absurdly attached to him-saw a fly said Maude at that moment. "As if she coming up the drive.

"Who are these, dear?" asked Lady | thanked; I know that." Roborough, "More visitors? If so, it is to be hoped there is some lunch

"I don't know whom it can he" said Decima, looking at the middle-aged and rather nervous-looking lady, and time; you are going to stay with us, side her in the carriage.

At this moment Gaunt, followed by Lord Ferndale and the other gentle- ally. , came down the terrace and join-

sight of Gaunt, jumped up, called to the driver to stop, and getting out, ran she said, after a quiet munch. quickly across the lawn and seized Gaunt's hand with a cry of innocent

Gaunt looked down at her for an in stant or two in doubt and uncertainty

"Yes," she responded, clinging to his hand, and nodding at him and then

back at her mother, who was following tions which very soon appeared be- you are glad to see me? You don't mind my coming, do you?" "Glad! I should think so!" said

Gaunt. "How do you do, Mrs, Watson?" he added, extending his hand to her

"There, I said so!" exclaimed Maud. "Mamma said we ought not to come; wouldn't mind, that you'd be glad to see me. And. Oh. I did so want to see

Gaunt, all aglow with pleasure, turn ed to Decima and the others.

"This is Mrs. Watson and little Maude, my fellow-passengers on the But Decie had guessed their identity

efore this, and had given an eager hand to the rather embarrassed lady. "Oh. I am so glad to see you-se very glad!" said Decima, with "the Decima voice and smile," as Lady Roborough called it. "Oh, let her come to me. Edward!" she said, wistfully

and she drew the child to her eagerly "I ought to apologize for this-this ntrusion." said Mrs. Watson, nervously; "but-but we are in England

"And you very properly and kindly yielded," said Gaunt, gratefully. "It was very kind of you; and if I tried I couldn't tell you how glad I-and my

are to see you!" "I said so, mother!" said Maude,

nodding triumphantly. "How well she looks!" said Gaunt

"Yes: she Africa. Oh, it is a wonderful country, and-and I can never be too thankful!

"Mamma's trying to thank him," could. Besides, he doesn't like being

"Come, Maude," said Mrs. Watson.

"We will go now, Lady Gaunt." "Indeed you will not!" said Decima, with gentle sternness. "You are not going for a long time, oh, a very long

are you not, Maude?" Maude looked from Gaunt to Decima, then nodded and smiled ecstatic-

"Oh, yes, yes. Please, Mamma," she said, beseechingly; and Gaunt render-There is some one coming—who is ed any discussion futile by sending for

said Decima. Before she could fin- their luggage. Come in! on the New Edison. machines, Compare the Then hear the record- two! Rack ings he has made for one FRED V. CHESMAN, Edison Dealer. It's NEW EDISO

A little later when the other guests had gone—with the exception of Lady Roborough, who was staying in the na and she were sitting at tea with Mrs. Watson on the terrace. Maude was on Gaunt's knee and Mrs. Watson was telling the other two ladies of the child's marvelous recov-

"And how well you look-how well and strong!" Maude was saying to aunt. "We read all about the fire and what you did, and mamma said she was afraid you'd die; but I said no, that you were too strong. Do you remember how you used to lift me, chair and all, and carry me-just as if I were a baby; like your dear little one in the

nursery upstairs?" "You're a very big baby now, Maude," emarked Gaunt.

"Yes; am I not? And I'm so strong too. Oh, do you think I ought to have any more cake? Well, just this piece. What a pretty lady Lady Gaunt is!" "Yes; I think so too. I'm glad you

agree with me." "And how-how happy, how happy she looks!" remarked Maude, contemplating Decima thoughtfully. "Yes: I think she's fairly happy, Maude," he assented, "I don't beat her

very often. Yes, I think she's happy." "I know why," said the child, with quiet laugh.

Lady Roborough heard her and looked round. "Because she hath 'Her Heart's De-

sire," she quoted to Gaunt. Maude looked from one to the other rather puzzled for a moment or so, then she smiled up at Gaunt triumphantly, as if she had guessed the rid-

"She means you!" she said, shrewdly,
THE END.

Then followed a silence, broken at ast by Georgina with a giggle. "We are getting gay in Newton legis, aren't we, Jeanne?"

"Are we?" says Jeanne, placidly; didn't know it. Why?" "Haven't you heard, really?" says Maud. "We've got a visitor—a real, genuine visitor. Fancy, in the winter,

culpable indifference.

"Well, we don't know who he is," answers Georgina; "but he has taken rooms at Mrs. Brown's, the carrier's, you know. Maud thinks he's a gentleman but I say it's so unlikely-isn't

Jeanne shakes her head indifferently; she does not quite follow. "There's no hunting, and no fishing

ow, nothing, in fact, to bring a gentleman down to Regis, is there?" "No," says Jeanne, "I suppose not." "We can't make it out," continues

the busybody always assumes when balked of its prey. "He means to stay, for he has taken Mrs. Brown's room for three months. Isn't it strange?" "Is it?-I mean yes." says Jeanne.

"Quite mysterious!" echoes Maud; of course mamma doesn't know what to do. If he is a gentleman, papa would call-he has been here four days; surely you have heard of him?"

"Yes," said Jeanne. "I remember Hal saying something about it, but I had forgotten it." But the Misses Lambton smile rather incredulously.

"Of course, dear," murmured Maud. "Well, there he is, and of course we must find out who he is! Doesn't Mr. Bell know?

"I haven't asked him." replied Jean ne. simply. "Really!" exclaimed Georgina. "We thought Mr. Bell, being the curatethe clergyman-would be sure to

know. The clergyman ought to know everybody in the place, oughtn't he?" "Not if he doesn't want to, I suppose," said Jeanne, coolly, "But he will be here directly—then you can

with a slight dash of color. "It is really of no interest to us-is it, Georgynot the slightest. Would be quite too ridiculous to ask Mr. Bell."

"Quite too ridiculous!" murmured Georgina. "We only thought you might know, dear.'

"I don't," says Jeanne, in her direct fashion, which equally means: "Also

I don't care." At this the two Misses Lambton rise oth their muffs, and mince forward on their high heels to say adieu, and imost get clear of the room, when Maud, being foremost, is nearly knocked off her high heels by Hal, who, rashly concluding that they have taken their departure, comes bursting into

"I-thought you'd gone!" he blurts out, boy-like, adding insult to injury. "Hal," says Jeanne, reprovingly, "be ore careful.

"Very sorry," says Hal, with a deep one, and expressive of injury. "Hope I haven't hurt you!"

"Oh, not at all," responds Maud niling with her brigand hat knocked on one side by the cond whole thin frame tottering on her nigh heels-"not in the very slightest You'll come to the park to-morrow

Hal's frank face at once grows dark



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candles and the figure eight," simpers Geoorgina.

dread stricken. "Thank you—I mean I shall be very glad," he says, in the voice of a firstclass undertaker.

"How kind!" murmurs Maud, smiling down at him as if he were an interesting baby in long clothes, "Goodby, dear Jeanne, good-by! Mind you are not to ask Mr. Bell who the mysterious stranger is? Perhaps he's a prince in disguise!" And they both laugh a high falset

"Who's that?" asked Hal, aroused t nterest: "the man who has taken Brown's diggings?"

Both nod with well-feigned playful-

"Yes: isn't it mysterious?" "Not a bit." says Hal, who has all 36 inch material. his sister's directness: "he's an artist. I saw old Brown take an easel and a lot of things out of his cart. He's an are attractive for this style. The width

"An artist!" echoes Maud, in a tone 2 yards with plaits extended. of supercilious disappointment, and rith as much contempt as if Hal had to any address on receipt of 15c. in said "a chimney sweep."

"Oh, really! It's too absurd, ain't it, dear?" appealing to Jeanne. "Fancy our thinking papa ought to call!" and she laughed disdainfully. "It's quite too amusing. An artist! Of course, when one thinks of it, he couldn't be a gentleman coming to Regis in the winter."

thrusts his hands deep into his ockets, and so in another chorus of good-bys, the Park ladies take their departure. Hal draws a long breath, which cul-

minates in a whistle, and dances the

Jeanne says nothing, Hal stares and

jovial steps of an emphatic "break-"Thank goodness, they've gone. Of all the idiots-

"That will do. Hal." "Well, they are; now aren't they? An artist. Thought he was a gentleman." mimics the boy, throwing up his eyebrows after Miss Maud's fashion; "I wish I'd said he was a pateniotion man; that would have fetched them,

Jeanne smiles, and with a sudden throwing up of her well-rounded, throwing off a huge weight. (To be continued.)

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