

THE DEEDS OF FAITH.

CHAPTER III. SQUIRE ADRIEL. 'Miss O'clock and Miss Desmond...

Laura Desmond's Choice.

BY AGNES M. STEWART. CHAPTER II.—[CONTINUED]

At three o'clock she awoke, and counted every quarter by the clock of the village church till it struck four...

She listened attentively, and could hear his deep breathing within, and was turning away, when, as if by an uncontrollable impulse, she knelt down and pressed her lips on the ground...

And so, before even the domestics at Riverside were out of their beds, Miss Desmond had quietly walked to the little village station, and had reached Exeter in time to catch the early train to Waterloo.

She was on the platform ten minutes before the train would start; so ten minutes seemed like an age, so terrified was she...

She did not like the dirty carriage in which she was placed, but her rough companions; but she saved her money, and had agreed that no one would look for her otherwise than as a first-class passenger.

CHAPTER IV. LOOKING FOR LORNA.

'What a shabby neighborhood! how many everything looks thought Laura, and she was right; marble streets, shabby old-fashioned houses...

'In a few hours you shall know all you wish to know. I am sure you will have quarreled with my friends. I need hardly add that I am very tired, having traveled from Deseronto the morning, and that I shall like to stay here now if you will let me do so.'

'I consider that it is quite impossible to remain at Riverside after what has passed; do not worry about me, I feel very miserable, but shall take no wrong step, and before many days you will write to me again.'

'I think you're no better than a born fool. How often have I told you not to show strangers into my home, and so many light-fingered folk about you! It may readily be imagined when I saw the man, that I was robbed one of these days.'

'I have no occupation, that is to say none at present. But what do you want for your room, including attendance, and as she looks, Laura's pulled off her glove, thus displaying a costly diamond ring, the birthday gift of her old friend.'

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CHAPTER V. LOOKING FOR LORNA.

'Well, what will they be for? In your mother living with you? If so, and you'll not give much trouble, I will let them for a guinea, a week, including all extras.'

'I have no mother. I was brought up by myself, and can give you no references unless this evening or perhaps to-morrow morning,' said Laura, drawing out her purse...

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