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The Earl's Son;

TWO HEARTS UNITED.

CHAPTER XIII.

How dull the days have been, how she had longed for a gallop on Sally, for a walk in the woods, for a saunter across the flower-gemmed lawns at which she had gazed so longingly!

And why had not Ralph Farringdon returned her handkerchief? She had left it at the hut, and he could not have failed to find it. And why had he not come up to the house to enquire for her? Surely, it was the least he could do; it was, indeed, almost his duty to have done so. Oh, how shameful, how humiliating it was that she could not get him out of her mind, that she should always be recalling the incidents of the morning of the accident, should go over the things he had done and said!

Yes; she was almost glad that Mr. Talbot Denby was coming down. He would bring the news, the atmosphere from the world of London with him; of her world, for she, too, was one of the great Lynton family. He would tell her what was going on, talk to her of famous people—in fact, help her to forget this well-nigh insane preoccupation in the young man who, ever since he had come to the Court, had been thrown across her path. She had been almost rude to Talbot the other day; well, she would try and efface the impression she must have made upon him, she would make amends for her cold and proud treatment of him.

She chose her grandest dress that night and displayed none of her usual impatience when Goodwin was doing her hair. As she looked in the glass dreamily, she wondered whether she was really as beautiful as some of her enthusiastic girl friends had declared her to be. If she were, then no wonder Ralph Farringdon had been so shy and confused; he who was so unused to the refinement of a lady. No doubt Fanny Manson's was the kind of prettiness he would appreciate and admire.

"But he didn't admire her," she told herself. "He didn't seem to have noticed that she was even pretty! Oh, there I am again! As if it mattered to me whether a gamekeeper considered a laundry-maid pretty or not! I'll wear my pearl suit to-night, Goodwin."

"Yes, miss," Goodwin assented with alacrity, for your lady's maid always finds a subtle and a vicarious pleasure in decking her mistress with costly jewels. "Lor, how they and that frock do suit you, miss!" she added with a long breath as she stepped back and surveyed Veronica with a critical admiration. "They're beautiful; it's beautiful altogether."

She helped Veronica down and

paused a moment at the drawing room door to see Mr. Talbot Denby's start of welcome and admiring surprise as he came forward and offered his arm.

"Uncle has been telling me of your accident, Veronica," he said. "I can not tell you how sorry I am! I do trust you are no longer in pain, and that you will soon be well again."

He bent over her with an anxious expression in his dark eyes and, when he had taken her to the couch, seated himself beside her, still looking at her with an intent interest. She noticed vaguely that he had said "Uncle" instead of "My uncle," or "Lord Lyntonborough," as he had been wont to do.

"Oh, no; I am in no pain now. In fact, I can walk well enough; but Doctor Thorpe insists upon my not doing so. I have a shrewd suspicion that he is something of an old woman."

"No, no; he is quite right," he said, defending the doctor eagerly. "You cannot be too careful, Veronica. Directly I heard of your accident I felt that I must come down."

Veronica rewarded him with surprise.

"Uncle wrote and told me about it," he explained.

"Oh, but I'm afraid you have left London—the House—Wasn't it very inconvenient?"

He smiled as a man smiles when he puts aside the suggestion of sacrifice. "I should have come however inconvenient it may have been; but I had no difficulty in pairing; and, though I was to have spoken to-night—Ah, well, there are plenty of men who will be glad to take my place! I knew you would find it dull, and I thought I might cheer you up, perhaps."

They went in to dinner; he put a stool in place for her foot, and all through the elaborate meal he devoted himself to her, talking in the low, insidious voice of the man who strives to soothe while he interests, his dark eyes seeking and holding her with a new and effective expression

of deference and the desire to please.

The earl sat and watched them in silence, his pallid face impassive enough, his keen eyes veiled by their lowered lids; but the shadow of a smile flashed over the insouciant features when Talbot, on Veronica's rising, sprang to his feet and offered her his arm to the drawing room.

When he returned to the dining room, the earl had gone; and Talbot sank into a chair, poured out a glass of port and, lighting a cigarette, fell to thinking deeply.

"She's a beautiful woman," he mused, not realizing that, like most gamblers, he was insensible to beauty of any kind. "She'd fill the position admirably—she runs this place well—and there's the money. Yes; I hate marriage, but—I'll do it!"

When he went into the drawing room again Veronica looked up from her chair with a smile which he

might well have construed as one of welcome and pleasure; for she had been trying to tell herself that he was handsome and amiable and distinguished, and that—that she was overcoming her old dislike for, and distrust of, him.

He sat down beside her and exerted himself to amuse her; and, of course, he succeeded; for Mr. Talbot Denby was a good talker when he pleased, and he had the knowledge of his world at his finger-tips.

He told her stories of the great people she had read of or heard of from the Saintsbury and other friends, and he contrived so to speak of them as if she belonged to his set, and when he referred to politics he managed with infinite skill to convey to her the impression that he was one of the wire-pullers rather than one of the puppets, and gradually, with the most perfect art, he glided to a personal note.

Insensibly Veronica grew interested; for there is nothing more flattering to a woman of mind and sense than to be made the confidant of a man who looms largely in the public eye.

"I suppose you are very ambitious?" she said, as she leaned back and fanned herself slowly.

He made a little deprecatory gesture with his long, white hands.

"Yes, I think I am. I imagine most men are. Oh, yes, I am ambitious, and sometimes I think—but I am afraid you will deem me egotistical, Veronica."

"What were you going to say?" she asked, ignoring his modest appeal.

"Well, I was going to say that I think I might succeed, if—if the thing were worth fighting for."

"But isn't it?" she asked. "I thought fame and power were always worth having."

"Ah, yes," he murmured. They are if—if one has someone to share them with. They are empty and unsubstantial baubles, just bubbles of air, if one is alone, is working for oneself only. And I am alone, you know, Veronica."

He bent forward, his hands clasped on his knees; his dark eyes on her face. She could scarcely fail to understand him, and the color would have risen to her face if she had not fought to keep it down.

"But so many great and successful men are unmarried—that is what you mean, do you not?—and they think it worth while."

"Ah, yes, but they are of different temperament and nature to me," he said, in a low voice. "No success would mean much to me unless it were sweetened by the approval, the acceptance of—of someone I cared for. Given that someone, I am convinced that I could rise to any height. I can imagine no happiness greater than that which would fall to me in laying my triumph at the feet of the woman I loved."

Veronica shut her fan slowly and seemed absorbed in getting the folds right.

"I think I will go up now, if you will please ring for my maid," she said.

He rose slowly. So soon! Ah, but yes! you are tired; not in pain, I hope and trust! No! I am glad! Will you come for a drive with me in the morning, Veronica?"

She inclined her head.

"Thanks, I shall be very pleased." He gave her his arm to rise, and helped her with impressive care towards Goodwin, and his long fingers closed over hers tightly as he bade her "good-night." But, notwithstanding the pressure, his hand struck cold, and it seemed to send a chill through her.

CHAPTER XIV.

Veronica lay awake that night for some time, trying to interest herself in Talbot's career and to persuade herself that she did not dislike him as much as she did; indeed, that she rather liked him. At any rate, he had succeeded in diverting her mind from—dwelling upon—other persons, and she felt almost grateful to him.

He appeared at breakfast looking handsome and distinguished in his suit of light-grey tweed, and he greeted her with an anxious enquiry after her foot, and hoped that she was well enough to go for her drive.

When Veronica came down dressed for the outing she found a low phaeton and a pair of ponies waiting.

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"I ordered this because you will be able to get into it easily," he said.

"Will you drive, or shall I?"

"Oh, I'll drive—if you don't mind; I hate being driven."

As he handed her the reins he dismissed the groom with a nod.

"Is Grimes not coming?" said Veronica.

Talbot shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, no. Is it necessary? One can talk so much more freely without a man close on one's back."

She assented with a careless gesture, and they drove off. The ponies were fresh, and Veronica was fully employed for a time in keeping them in hand; and Talbot, as he sat beside her, glanced now and again at the lovely, unconscious face; not with the agony of anxiety and uncertainty of the lover, but with the cold calculation of the man who wishes to assure himself that he is choosing the right moment.

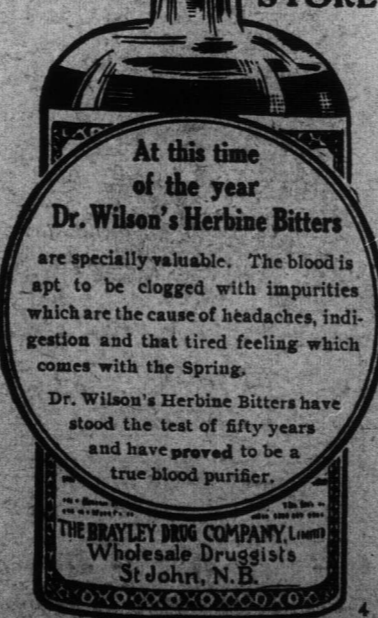
When the ponies had settled down he talked of the country, and matters pertaining to the estate, in the manner in which he had talked to her last night; then he grew rather silent, and Veronica's thoughts were beginning to stray in their usual direction; but presently he broke the silence with a suddenness which made her start.

"Veronica," he said in a low voice full of simulated earnestness. "I had an object in asking you to drive with me this morning. I wanted to speak to you on a subject which is of the greatest importance to me—to both of us."

(To be Continued.)

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