

POOR DOCUMENT

KATE VALLIANT.

With --the-- Circus!

(Continued.)

"That is being too exacting on behalf of your sister," she said, faintly coloring. "You let her go to a place I abominate, and then want me to accompany her, and so mean to waste me of which I thoroughly disapprove."

"But you disapprove on such impossible grounds," he urged.

"Impossible, are they? 'Kate has been in love with riding, all her life,' you told me once. I now tell you she's in love with a rider—who has been your stable-boy."

"If I forbid her going—if I disappoint the child—will you take it as evidence of my belief in what you say?"

"Indubitably I shall—and so will everyone else," she said defiantly.

"Then Kate and I will go together; it shall never be thought that her own brother wronged her by degrading suggestions."

"He spoke so hotly and turned away so abruptly, to conceal his indignation, that he did not catch the quick, triumphant glance which flashed from Blanche's eyes across the room to Godfrey."

"In justice to Godfrey, it must be told that he did not flash back a similar one. On the contrary, he lowered his eyes, and though the blood rushed to his forehead, it was rather the scorch of shame which he felt, than a glow of triumph or satisfaction."

"Now this question arises, dear, how shall we all go to the circus, this afternoon?"

Phillip addressed his sister cheerfully and politely, with a conviction that he had been goaded into his line of action by Kate's mind.

"Supposing we give it up, Phil? If the other don't care about going, I'll give it up, and explain away our absence pleasantly to Ralph," she said eagerly, and Miss Carroll's comment on Kate's surrender of her desire to go, settled Philip in his determination.

"We none of us doubt that you could soothe Ralph's outraged feelings, but why take the office of comforter upon yourself, Kate? Philip is willing to go with you to-day; why disarrange this plan, and make a new one, which will give you the trouble of privately interviewing the sensitive circus-riider?"

"How curiously you twist what I say, about 'Kate expostulates,' and 'she is so cool and calculating, that whatever happens, she will be above suspicion of character!' Will you not give me credit for my own sense, as I feel myself to be?"

"You shall see me ride away and on my honor I'll stay away till you come back!" she said, moved by a sudden impulse, as if she had a chance of making her point.

"There was such contempt and reproach in her tone that he could not resist her for a few moments. Then he said:

"I am the one to blame. Never think anything of your interest more than she. She is so cool and calculating, that whatever happens, she will be above suspicion of character! Will you not give me credit for my own sense, as I feel myself to be?"

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pleasant to her that both the sisters should remain behind, leaving the field open to her. It was also pleasant to her that Blanche should be outwitted.

The landau drove off followed by the dog-cart, and Mrs. Beaufort retraced her steps into the house. Now that they were gone, she saw that Godfrey had ridden off and Blanche remained secluding herself in her room, the married sister began to experience the sensation of having done something foolish and unadvised.

After all, the packing up for Godfrey, which she had assigned as a reason for remaining behind, could not be done by her until she came back to direct her, and she had promised not to come back till the others returned from the circus. "I believe, too, that he'll keep his promise," she thought, and she began to hope that her sister would not hear that she had stayed at home.

Blanche, meanwhile, who had not been able to witness the departure of the party who had gone to the circus, and who was consequently ignorant of the fact of her sister having stayed at home, drew off all semblance of fatigue and desire for rest, and the sound of the carriage wheels died away in the distance. She rose from the sofa walked swiftly to the window, ran up and cautiously peered blind and looked out eagerly in the direction of a small copse known as the Wilderness, to the left of the lawn.

"After, slightly, she heard to hasten her impatient and muttering something about 'men being such idiots, they always made a bundle of the smallest matrigs that had a chance of getting out, she went and stood for another minute before the glass, rearranging her hair, and placing a hat upon it becomingly. Then she slipped off her engagement ring, laughing as she did it.

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your spying and sneaking after me. After all, what have you discovered? I have come out for a walk alone—in the grounds that will soon be my own. What can you make of that?"

"Nothing, if it were not for your own words. You forget that you addressed Godfrey by name when you heard me coming. Thank God, you were mistaken—he is a better fellow than you think him. He has fled from temptation to bear the brunt of her own folly and reckless wickedness, her own unassailable vanity and cruel folly—alone!"

"Gone!" in her exult, in the defiant spirit which this unexpected check had evoked, Blanche repeated her exclamation regardless of the deductions her sister might draw from it. Unusually Mrs. Beaufort began to recognize the impossibility of having done more harm than good by the course she had pursued. Perhaps Blanche had really meant to let Love be the lord of all, and resign riches and Philip, and cling to Godfrey. Then the absurdity of such a supposition struck her! There was nothing ivy-like about Blanche. What she needed for support were the substantial and came from a good banking account and profuse acres. No! there had been no wild romance in the latest departure in the affair between Blanche and Godfrey. It was all vanity and cruelty on the woman's part, weakness of will and strength of passion on the part of the man! Strengthening herself with this reflection, the married sister spoke:

"You need not doubt it, Godfrey is 'gone,' if not from Hasseton altogether, at least from me. I did stay home this afternoon to act the miserable part of detective because I saw you were bent on bringing ruin upon everyone within reach of you. I did stay home to see Oh! Blanche! why is it that, holding such a fate as you do in the hollow of your hand, you still go on being yourself! Let Godfrey go in peace if you mean fairly by Philip Wyndham. If I've nothing to say, only I pity Godfrey."

"I mean to be mistress of Hasseton; my fact consent. 'I pity you' is a very good name to put on the back of a man who has done wrong. You need not be so kind as to tell me that, Blanche, will you? I acted so entirely for your good."

"People have a habit of saying that when they judge and impute all manner of evil and folly to one."

"But as things have turned out, you will bury the hatchet, won't you?"

"We shall always seem to be very good friends, I suppose, Lon. Philip likes you and I shall never heartlessly endanger my own happiness by heartily running counter to any of his harmless fancies."

"Is it to Philip, then—'tho' you have looked poor Godfrey up to this very day?' Mrs. Beaufort allowed herself to get angry as she questioned this.

Blanche remained maddeningly cool as she answered.

"None but a fool would ever have supposed for a moment that it could possibly annoy one but Philip, as Philip owes Hasseton."

"Ah, Blanche don't say that, it's too heartless. I'm sure poor Godfrey Wyndham believed to-day that you were ready to break with Philip for his sake."

"Then he was a fool, a mistaken fool. I am sorry to say; but he thought so who did not let me see the test, and keep his appointment?"

"Can you ask why? He remembered his honor."

"When he was reminded of it by you," Blanche interrupted. "Well, all's well that ends well. Godfrey has loved—and still loves you very dearly, and with the most perfect equanimity that it is Philip whom I intend to marry. You need not do duenna for me any more."

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- Men's Indian Tan Moccasins reduced from 60 to 25cts
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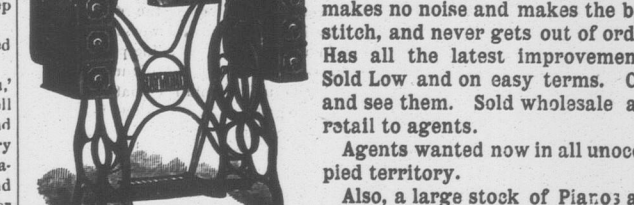
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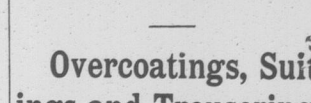
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