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"ECHOES of the Past;

The Recompense of Love!"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

That big world of which Mina had spoken, both political and social, had by no means ceased to take an interest in Clive Harvey. Of course all sorts of rumors had flown around purporting to account for his sudden disappearance not only from political life, but from social ken. It was generally known that he had almost secretly married a girl from the ranks of the people, the class for which he had done so much; but no one could give any accurate information about his bride, the cause of his withdrawal from the parliamentary arena, or even his whereabouts; and when he returned to Ralborough as its master, the interest in him and his bride became intense, and society was looking forward with an eager curiosity to their appearance in its midst.

And presently they appeared; the house in Eaton Square had, for the first time for a lengthy period, been put into thorough repair, redecorated and refurbished; and on a certain evening, early in the season, Clive introduced his wife to society at a large reception at Lady Dalrymple's. To say that society was startled by the contrast which Mina in all her loveliness and youthful grace presented to the mental picture which society had drawn—"I believe she was quite a common person, my dear; a factory-girl, or one of those singing persons"—is but to describe the sensation inadequately.

She was at once received, not only into favor, but with a fervor of admiration which, as Clive laughingly declared, was calculated to increase the size of the beautiful little head he loved so well. It need scarcely be added that this same modesty added fuel to the fervor of her admirers.

But if Mina's social success may be described as extraordinary, there is only one word by which to designate that of Tibby when, yielding to Mina's insistence, she appeared at Mina's side; and the word is phenomenal. She leaped into popularity at one bound, and Quilton and Clive stood by and watched her, the one with laughing delight, the other with impassive calm, devoid of the slightest sign of surprise, as Tibby soared triumphantly through the celestial spheres of what she called "the upper ten." No function of any importance was considered complete without the presence of the dainty form and the pretty, shrewd face of the charming Mrs. Quilton.

The fashionable world petted and caressed her; they copied her walk, her gestures, her every accent; they quoted her sharp sayings and were never tired of laughing at and applauding her witty comments and rejoinders. The society papers presented her portrait in the supplements and embalmed her epigrams in paragraphs; and, through it all, strange to say, and yet not strange to

say, Tibby kept that wonderful little head of hers perfectly level.

"They are just like anybody else, William Henry," she informed Quilton, after one occasion of particular triumph. "They are just like the people down at the Rents; only they have got into the habit of washing their faces and always eating with their forks instead of their knives. They're just as fond of a lark, and just as easy to get at; and you've only got to show that you consider yourself quite as good as they are, if not a little better, to get on with them all right. There's only one thing you mustn't do, you mustn't be afraid of them. They get the pull of you then. Frinstance, last night when the Duchess of Melbury asked me if Mina was once a flower-girl, before she went on the stage—like her cheek, wasn't it?—I said yes; and that she made up the bouquet the duchess carried on her wedding-day. For, you see, I 'appen to know that the duchess was on the 'alls,' and that she ran away with that softy the duke when he was Lord Poultry and used to hang about the stage doors."

Quilton laughed with a quiet enjoyment; but Elisha—he was a great swell by this time, and was almost as much in request, on account of his musical gifts, as his brilliant daughter—Elisha looked rather aghast.

"What did she say, Tibby?" he asked.

"Oh, she's not a bad sort, the duchess," replied Tibby, with a grin. "She looked me up and down for a minute; then she burst out laughing, a regular music-hall laugh, and said quite good-temperedly: 'What a sharp little dear you are; plucky, too! I'm very fond of that sister of yours—though how she came to be your sister goodness only knows! She's coming to stay with me at Melbury, and you must come, too. Mind, I'll take no refusal! You'll keep some of the cheeky ones in order. And I like you.'"

Of course Clive was proud of Mina's success—he was almost as proud of Tibby's—but as the season wore on and Lord Chesterleigh's and Lady Edith's return was announced, he had some grave and anxious moments; for he knew that the ordeal of a meeting with them would have to be gone through. How should they meet? Lady Edith had formally terminated their engagement by a note of two lines written at Talmuir, soon after her arrival there. Clive knew, more by Quilton's manner than his words, that Lady Edith had consented, probably without knowing the extent, the murderous character of the plot, to Sara's attempt to avenge her mistress' supposed wrong. He acquitted her of a full knowledge of Sara's diabolical plot, which she had so very nearly carried out with Koshki's assistance, but she had been so closely concerned in it that he wondered how she would bear herself at their first meeting.

(To be Continued.)

His Majesty has once more shown his consideration and kindness by arranging that not only the Royal Mews but the whole of the big riding school attached shall be put at the disposal of soldiers returning to Victoria in the early hours of the morning.

Love in a Flour Mill,

OR,

The Romance of Two Loyal Hearts!

CHAPTER II.

A dinner at Thorden Hall had reached the middle course of its stately progress.

At the head of the oval table sat Evelyn Desborough, her pretty, girlish face, her pretty, girlish dress, lighting up the dark and somewhat gloomy room; for the candles had only just been lit and were feebly contending with the red glow of the sunset which came through the tall window. Opposite her sat her father, Sir Reginald Desborough.

He was an emaciated, stern-looking man with an absorbed and preoccupied air, and his gloomy eyes were fixed on a spot of the tablecloth from which he only occasionally raised them; he spoke but seldom, and appeared to be rapt in his thoughts. On either side of the table sat two men; one, Mr. Lexham, an oldish man, was the family lawyer; the other, Dexter Reece, a younger man, with keen eyes, was a distant, a very distant, connection of the Desboroughs, who had come down to make a survey of the estate.

To these two men Evelyn was talking brightly and pleasantly enough, and with the charming frankness of a young, well-bred, and beautiful English girl; but it was evident to both the men that she was screening, making up for, her father's inhospitable taciturnity.

"It is your first visit to Devonshire?" she said to the younger man, in a voice low but clear and full of music, and it seemed to match her face and her natural, graceful attitude and little feminine movements. "I am almost glad you don't know our wonderful county, for I shall enjoy showing you some of it to-morrow. It's the most beautiful spot in the world—to me. But that's only natural," she added, with a smile, "for, though I was not born here, I'm fond and proud of it. If you crane forward a little—no, the other side of the epergne—you can get a glimpse of the river below. To me it's the most famous river in the world, for down it sailed some of our grand heroes to fight the Armada."

Dexter Reece glanced at the view, but his eyes went back to her face instantly.

"In the wood, on the other side there, Sir Francis Drake used to play when he was a boy; and in the little fishing port, three miles farther down the river, there are still descendants of some of the Spaniards who were brought there as prisoners, or came ashore from the wreck. You can tell them by their faces; some of them still wear their hair long and in ringlets, and bear Spanish names. Oh, it's a wonderful county, I assure you, and it is simply alive with great and glorious historical associations and traditions. I must take you round to-morrow. Mr. Lexham must come with us—that is, if he is not too busy; which he generally is when he pays us these short and fleeting visits," she added, with a charming nod and pout of reproach at the old lawyer, who shook his head and shrugged his shoulders penitently and regretfully.

"You are more than kind," responded Dexter Reece, with a grateful inclination of his head and a deferential lowering of his eyes. "I shall be delighted to accompany you. It has been the dream of my life to make acquaintance with glorious Devon."

"Very well, then," she said, "we will have the phaeton directly after breakfast, and I will take you to some of my favorite spots; and please remember

member that I shall expect you to be enthusiastic."

There was a pause, during which Mr. Lexham made some casual remark to Sir Reginald, receiving a curt nod by way of response; then Reece glanced round the oak-panelled room, said:

"The Hall is very old, is it not?" "Oh, very," assented Evelyn. "Some of the old part dates back to the fifteenth century; but there is only a tower and a bit of a wing remaining; and they are held up by the ivy only, I think. You must see them. And the Desboroughs have been here all the time; that long line of portraits which stretches right round the hall and up the staircase represents an unbroken succession; they are all there—"

She stopped suddenly, a faint color rose to her face, her eyes drooped, and she seemed troubled by some memory. The butler, with his two noiseless satellites, had placed some decanters of claret and port on the table, and was standing at the side with folded hands as if his task were done. Evelyn glanced at her father, and, with the smile with which the hostess mutely preludes her departure from the table, rose and left the room. Dexter Reece opened the door for her, his head bent, his whole attitude one of deference, then returned to his seat.

Sir Reginald, as if aroused from his gloomy reverie by his daughter's departure, waved his hand towards the wine, but he did not fill his own glass; and presently he said, in coldly courteous tones:

"I will beg your permission to leave you. But pray do not rise; stay and finish your wine. You will like a cigar afterwards. Lexham, you know your way to the smoking-room. I hope you will pardon me; to sit long is somewhat painful to me."

He rose, the butler advanced and extended his arm, and Sir Reginald, laying his hand on it, went out of the room, limping slightly. The two men drank their wine in silence for some minutes; then Reece said:

"Sir Reginald is in bad health, I fear?"

Reece had made his remark an interrogation, masking his curiosity with an expression of polite, casual interest; he was really burning with curiosity concerning everybody and everything connected with Thorden Hall, which he had entered that evening for the first time, though he had heard of it and thought of it many times.

(To be Continued.)

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Time it! Pape's Diapiesin will digest anything you eat and overcome a sour, gassy or out-of-order stomach surely within five minutes.

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ETIQUETTE**

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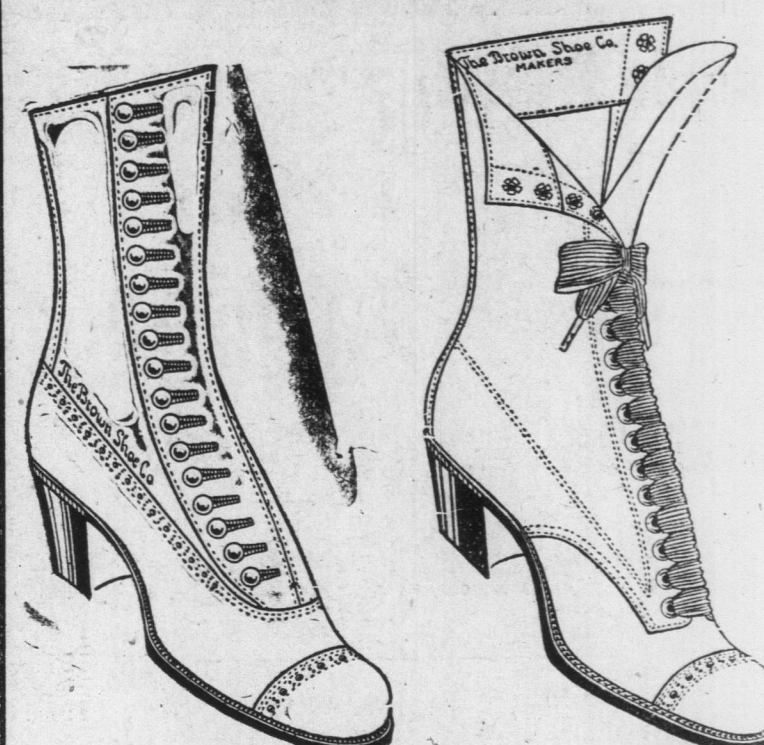
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