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"ECHOES of the Past; OR, The Recompense of Love!"

CHAPTER XIII.

"What is the matter, Mina?" he asked. "Why do you say that, why do you shrink from me? Come back to me, dear one?"

She shook her head. "No—I must not," she whispered sadly. "It is wrong—ah, you know it is. You can't marry me, you ought not to; and I ought not to have said I—what I did. But—piteously—it slipped from me, I could not keep it back."

"Why should you, dearest?" he said, and his voice was feeble, for the passion had exhausted him. "I love you, and you—you love me, Mina. I know it—and why should we not be married, dear child?"

She shook her head again. "Because you are a gentleman, ever so much, ah, ever so much above me. You—you forgot that I was what I am, a girl who has got her living by singing—and in the streets!"

Her face went hot again and she hung her head. It was the old story, the old story that dates back to Adam and Eve; knowledge may bring power, but it often brings unhappiness. Mina had learned to be ashamed of her lowly past. Clive was too wise, comprehended her state of mind too clearly, to attempt to laugh away her scruples.

"Is that what is troubling you, Mina?" he said. "Dearest, don't let it do so. I had forgotten; but, remembering it, I honored you for striving to repay the kind-hearted man who had sheltered and fathered you. And as to me, well," he laughed, "I'm a gentleman, I hope; but if I haven't sung in the streets, I've spoken in them."

"That is different," she murmured. "Is there any difference? I doubt it," he rejoined quite gravely, for he knew how difficult it would be to overcome the obstacle she had raised. "You sang—for money, and I did not spot for the mere love of it. I wanted to gain something, place, power, and, yes, money; for I've not too much of it. So that, if there is anything derogatory in the two businesses, there is not much to choose between them."

She sighed and looked at him appealingly.

"I am not fit to be your wife," she said. "There is so great a difference. I can't argue with you, sweet," he

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said; "but put it this way: if you were what you call a 'lady'—mind! I say you are, in my eyes, a lady of the best, the purest type; Heaven's own—and I got my living—yes, by singing in the streets, would you, if you loved me, turn away from me?"

"You said you would not argue," she whispered imploringly.

"Answer, dearest! But you would not. I know your heart too well to want an answer. So there you are, dearest, and say: 'Clive, you are right and I am wrong, and I will be your wife.'"

But she kept beyond his reach, her head turned aside as if she dared not trust herself to meet his ardent eyes.

"No," she said at last, "not now."

"Why not now?" he asked.

"Because—" she hesitated, "because you are ill—you don't realize—it would be cruel, unfair, to let you pledge yourself—"

Passionately as he loved her, much as he admired her fine discernment and instinctive delicacy, he was conscious of surprise.

"Dearest, there is a reproach in that," he said gravely. "It is I who should not have spoken—I am in your care, have traded on your pity, your goodness to me."

"No," she breathed swiftly. "You have not done anything wrong—you could not. Ah, don't speak! I feel so—so weak, as if I must listen, as if I must do what you want! And all the while I know it is wrong; that you may come to be sorry that you have asked me."

"I see," he said feverishly. "Well, we'll appeal from Philip sick to Philip sound! Dearest—he laughed—"do you think I'm almost rambling still? You shall see! We'll wait till I'm better—till I'm well enough to come to you instead of having to beg you to come to me—you cruel girl! We'll wait. But, Mina, you know that I love you, that I shall not change—that I shall love you always, sick or well?"

The tears sprang to her eyes and she clasped her hands, it was so hard not to go to him, to surrender herself!

"Yes; we will wait," she said in broken accents; "and until—until you are better we will forget that—"

"You will have to do all the forgetting," said Clive. "I can't promise you on my part. Dearest, my head is burning."

With a pitiful, self-reproachful cry she sprang to him to renew the bandage; his arm went up to clasp her, then, as she drew back murmuring, "Ah, you promised!" the arm fell and he sighed with reluctant assent; but his eyes dwelt on her with a passionate avowal that made her tremble.

CHAPTER XIV.

The door opened and Elisha entered and approached the bed on tiptoe. "I'm awake and kicking," said Clive cheerily.

Elisha nodded congratulatingly. "That's first-rate, sir," he said. "Do you think you're well enough to see a visitor?"

Clive stared and Mina looked toward the door apprehensively, jealously.

"I got your address from the lady at one of the houses where I teach, and I went there. There was a gentleman coming down the stairs, and I asked him if he knew whether Mr. Clive lived there. He looked doubtful for a moment, then he said:

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"Yes!" and I told him—

"But I asked you not to tell anyone," said Clive gently.

"That's right, sir," assented Elisha meekly; "and I didn't give him no particulars. I just said that you was ill, and he said he was a friend of yours and that he'd come along and see."

"What is his name?" asked Clive.

Elisha scratched his head. "It's a queer sort o' name, sir, an' I'm sorry to say it's gone; something like counterpane, as near as I can remember."

"Quilton!" said Clive, with a sigh of relief, for he could rely on Quilton's discretion. "Let him come in."

As Quilton entered, Mina went toward the door. He made way for her and looked at her in his impassive way. Then he stopped dead short, his colorless eyes fixed on her downcast face. His lips opened as if he were about to speak, then he checked himself; but as he held the door for her he opened his lips again, again hesitated, but at last said: "I hope he is well enough to see the?"

As he put the question, his eyes resting blankly on her face, he held his head on one side as if waiting, listening intently, very much as a particularly deaf man waits to catch some sound.

She scarcely raised her eyes, and answered in a low voice: "Yes—I think so; but he must be kept quiet."

His lips closed, his thick eyelids drooped over his eyes, and he emitted a kind of sigh, as if some question in his mind were answered.

"Thank you," he said in his expressionless voice. "I will be careful."

He waited until Elisha had followed Mina out, then he went to the bedside and looked down at Clive with a countenance so impressive that it seemed to indicate an absolute lack of interest.

"What is it—football? No; they don't play football in the summer. Been run over?"

Clive laughed shortly. "No; a row at a meeting."

"The people turned on their friend, eh?" said Quilton. "Thought they would; they always do; it's only a question of time."

"You're unjust, Quilton," said Clive smiling. "The trouble arose from a misunderstanding."

"Trouble generally does," said Quilton. "Badly hurt?"

"Not at all; nothing to speak of. Got a bash on the head—as you see, I shall be all right to-morrow—in a day or two. I'm sorry my friend here told you."

Quilton nodded. "Didn't want publicity? Strange how you shrink from that which most public men want—advertisement. You must have been pretty bad; are bad, in fact, now. Brain concussion, fever?"

"You might be a doctor," said Clive, rather pettishly; the fever was still on him. "No—I don't want this accident of mine cackled about."

"Sure? It would make a splendid article in The Beacon. Don't alarm yourself"—as Clive stirred and muttered under his breath. "Once more I'll sacrifice myself on the altar of friendship. Is there anything I can

do? Got a good doctor?"

Clive nodded. "First-rate," he said. "And I'm in the care of the best of friends, who have done and will do everything that could or can be done."

"So I see," said Quilton. He sat down and stared before him, as insistent in appearance as a wooden lull. "Some of your humble proteges, I suppose?"

"They're just friends," said Clive, with a touch of impatience.

"Admirable institutions, the hospitals," hinted Quilton.

"I know," assented Clive. "But I am just as well off here. And you can't do anything for me, thanks very much. By the way, Quilton, I shall esteem it a favor if you'll hold up about this accident of mine. See?"

"Quite easily. I'm discretion itself; in fact, I'll slip in a paragraph in The Beacon saying that you have been called out of town."

"That's good of you," said Clive, with the first sign of gratitude he had shown. "And I'm awfully obliged to you for looking me up."

The door opened and Tibby entered with a calf's-foot jelly purchased from the ham-and-beef shop round the corner. She stopped short at sight of Quilton and jerked up her head aggressively.

"Sorry!" she said in hushed but defiant tones. "Didn't know you'd a visitor, Mr. Clive. Don't disturb yourself on my account, young man," as Quilton rose.

"Not at all," said Quilton. "May I mention that I'm not a young man, Miss—"

"Burrell, Tabitha Burrell is my full christening name; but my friends call me Tibby for short."

"Miss Tibby," said Quilton. "I said friends, young—old man," she remarked sharply, but still in the subdued voice.

"Pardon," he said impassively. "At any rate you have been a good friend to Mr.—to my friend here."

"Thanks," snorted Tibby. "When your testimony is required it will be asked for an' the postage paid. An' now if you'll let me put this jelly down afore it shakes itself orf the plate."

Quilton made a space for it on the table, and she dumped it down and stood for a moment, with her arms akimbo, eying Clive.

"I may be mistook," she said, addressing the opposite wall slowly and meaningly, "but I've a kind of hidea that the doctor said as he wasn't to be hexcited."

"I'm sorry if my visit has done so," said Quilton. "Perhaps he ought not to see too many people."

"Shouldn't wonder if you're right; one of 'em's goin', anyhow," said Tibby, and, with a significant nod of the ridiculous bonnet, she sailed out.

Quilton stood looking at the opposite wall, at which she had been staring.

"One of your friends appears to be somewhat—eccentric," he remarked, not by any means resentfully, but as if he were stating an undeniable fact.

Clive laughed. "She is rather. But there isn't a better-hearted girl—"

"It's her sister who is nursing you?" said Quilton.

Clive moved his head on the pillow restlessly.

"Yes. She isn't her sister."

The words had slipped out, been forced from him by his instinctive desire to differentiate Mina from the other two. He regretted the words the minute he had spoken them, but words, alas, are of the few things one cannot recall. Quilton, however did not appear to display any interest in the information.

"Well," he said. "I'll take Miss Tabitha's gentle hint, and relieve you of my presence. It isn't likely that you will want to see me again; but if you should, send a messenger or a wire."

"Thanks very much; I will," said Clive. "And I'm very grateful to you for calling."

(To be Continued.)

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Fads and Fashions.

Underwear is less elaborate. The hair is worn close to the head. Tricorn hats are in good fashion. Buttons are being used for trimming. Evening frocks are still without sleeves. Many of the new suits and frocks are belted. Skirts of dance frocks are extremely full. All colors are dull and lines somewhat severe. Children's coats are made with quaint capes. Paris is now wearing many leather belts. Feather turbans are in fashion again this fall. Small street hats are higher than they have been. Brocaded silks will be used for afternoon dresses. Fashion is not quite sure about wearing crinolines. Light Havana brown is one of the good winter colors. A great many flowers are seen on fluffy evening dresses. Fur bands and ribbon combine to form a novel trimming. Self-covered buttons are used both for silk and cloth frocks. Some coats have full sleeves gathered into little bands of fur. Pointed velvet belts are seen on some of the new full coats. Gray kimmer makes a charming border to a green cloth coat. Gray is a popular shade. It is combined with black or dark blue.

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