

about this? I expect you've reckoned on my liking you and our getting married as soon as possible."

"Oh, no, I assure you I haven't."

"Two days ago."

"Was that the very first? Then you haven't been plotting a long time?"

"I haven't plotted it at all."

"Do you mean to say it isn't true that you came here to see if I'd do?"

"I—"

"Never mind. You needn't tell fibs about it. Is it true?"

"I don't tell fibs," said Lord Portsea.

She looked at him hard. Never was there a truer pair of eyes than the blue ones that met her searching gaze.

"You look as if you don't," she conceded. "I guess it's not you at all, it's your mother. Ah, you look guilty now. Yes, that's it. Your mother planned it. You've just been brought here like a machine. What fun! They're looking at us again. Smile!"

This time there was something so arch, so piquant in the lovely face that Lord Portsea forgot his part altogether and gazed at her as if he had never seen a girl in his life before.

Lady Portsea and the Hon. Mr. Stoddart-Stoddart were talking comfortably together out of earshot of everybody.

"A billionaire, you say?" queried Lady Portsea.

"Yes, he doesn't know himself how much he has."

"And how did you say he made it?"

"Quite nicely. Out of steel."

"You have seen him?"

"Yes, he brought his daughter here himself. You see—there have been so many expenses in the family lately."

"I quite understand. I hope he behaves handsomely."

"Magnificently! We've got a new motor, we've taken Lady Addy's house in Park Lane for the season, and we're hoping to pay our debts. His cheques are, well, frankly, colossal."

"It's unfortunate your two boys are both married."

"Yes, they married before the American girl came."

"So sorry," murmured Lady Portsea.

"Of course, you understand he it impossible, this man Kinnersly. But then he knows it. He wants to stay in the background always he says."

"And the wife?"

"Oh, horrible. So I am chaperoning the girl through the season. And, well he made it quite clear to me that he wished her to marry a peer. He was most explicit. He said, 'Some Americans won't let their daughters marry English lords, but I've got no prejudices that way. I had much rather see her married to an earl than to a commoner. So would her mother. In fact, that's what I brought her to England for, I want her to marry a lord.' These were his own words."

"Oh, if John would only be reasonable and unprejudiced!"

"Look at them now."

They caught that second smile of

Mamie's and that look in Lord Portsea's eyes.

They nodded to each other, well pleased, and fell to thinking pleasantly of what the future might hold for them both.

In the meantime the American girl was laying down the law with what she called a "bully" idea.

"We'll pretend we like each other, we'll be chums and we'll take them all in splendidly."

"But what is your object?"

"I want to have a good time, don't you see, and if Mrs. Stoddart-Stoddart wrote to dad and said that a lord wanted to marry me and I'm not behaving well to him, dad might come and take me home before the season really begins."

"I see."

"I want to meet the King and Queen and all the other royalties, and see all the old palaces. You know we haven't any over our side. And—and—there's someone else."

"A man."

"How clever of you. How did you guess? Yes, it's a man from America. I heard he was coming to London this spring and I want particularly to see him."

Lord Portsea thought he had never heard anyone put such an emphasis on a word as the American girl laid on that word "particularly."

"So now it's all right," she said. "We'll be nice to each other always, and we'll quite understand each other. Mrs. Stoddart-Stoddart is going to invite you

and Lady Portsea to stay a week. You'd better come, don't you think?"

"I don't know about that," said Lord Portsea. "I'm in mourning you see and am not supposed to go anywhere just yet."

"Oh, but there won't be anyone there but me."

"That's just it," muttered Lord Portsea.

"Now you're doing it worse than ever, but perhaps you can't help it. I guess it's only your expression."

At that without any warning Lord Portsea suddenly and thoroughly smiles. His companion stared at him in amazement. Why, he was downright handsome, this poor silly coon of a young Englishman whose mother was dragging him about in search of a rich wife.

"I think you're the funniest child I ever met," he said.

But the American girl did not approve of being called a child.

"I'm pretty sure you will not play your part properly," she said, and marched off to the piano, if a fairy can be said to march, where she played coon songs for the rest of the evening while Lord Portsea sat and looked at her, uncertain whether the acting had begun or not.

"There's one thing I want to ask you," said Mamie. It was the second day of the visit, and they were sitting in the hall by a big fire, tired out after a sharp round of tennis in which Mamie had come off a loser.

"I don't want to pry into your private

# Whipping a Tired Horse Does Not Give Him Strength

**Y**OU may whip a tired horse so that he will win a race or get his load over a bad spot in the road, but that does not add to his strength. In reality it further depletes his reserve of strength and leaves him exhausted.

And so it is with the nerves of the human body. You may by use of stimulants accomplish the work in hand or by deadening the nerves with narcotics you may stop the headaches.

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