KIND HEARTS AND CORONETS

I. HARRISON

Kind Hearts are more than Corenets, And simple faith than Norman Blood.

CHAPTER III. His Own People.

maid was spreading out before her -though sometimes one's look belies what is passing through his or her mind. She had given word that she was to be denied to all callers, for that, under the circumstances, she considered the proper thing to do.

"Mrs. Lindsay is prostrated by grief,
and cannot be seen," was the formula. So kind visitors left their cards and cannot be seen," was the formuland, and, from all accounts, his land condolences, and none of the bereaved family put in an appearance except "Miss Mildred" when the one who called happened to be of more than usual importance.

There were three women gathered about the couch on which the languid ther critical. After all, she decided mentally, black would not be unbecoming to her fair hair and youthful features—though it made one look

behind him.

"I want to speak to you, Estelle," he said. "Are you busy?"

hands behind him. Time had not tears, was but a step with her. softened his proud face—rather made There was something in Eric Lindit more severe. He had the Lindsay say's proud eyes when he looked at or feeling or thought for a person's more like a statue than a woman

Hugh.

to-morrow." "The Governor will?" in surprised A quiver of exultation shot tones. had attended a reception in Colum- ly. bia, at which she saw how ceremony and homage waited hand in hand on the great man who was her husband's friend. And he was coming to the Manor! At that moment Estelle Deykmann experienced one of those spasms of gratitude she often felt towards her husband for marry-

This is a gloomy occasion, I ad-" went on Eric Lindsay. still, I'd like the place to look its If you have any order to give He to make it so, give it at once. will probably come back here after the interment." He glanced at another telegram he held. "Listenthis is from my nephew, Estelle. 'Fortunately was home when news came. Will leave at once.' Now, what do you think of that? Young Does he mean to insinuate beggar!

"He might not have been able to come had he been at business. I be-lieve he is in business, isn't he?" ventured Aunt Estelle. She did not say this without result. Eric Lindsay stiffened, and his heavy brows met. Occasionally his wife jarred very much on his finer feelings.

"Business, did you say? Yes, if you call a lawyer a business man. To my mind it is a good thing to be a lawyer—especially for him. It may fit him for a higher position."

He spoke significantly. Mrs. Lindsay bit her lip and raised her smelling salts to her nose again, deliberately.

"Is there no other way but that?"

she inquired. 'What-that he get Lindsay? There is no other way I can see. I flatter myself that the old house and the old name are as dear to you now as they are to me-you wouldn't have it pass into a stranger's hands?'

"Too bad, too bad," she said, sigh-"Since the 'Reformation' there has never been a Romanist—"
She paused. She was scarcely up
in the history of the "Reformation"

or of Romanism. But just then she remembered that the most famous heroes of her husband's line had been Catholics, and was silent. "He is not one of us," she finished, sugges-Uncle Eric smiled in a sarcastic

"We'll make him one," he said.
"Look around you, Madame Lindsay

-think of what the place is, and what it has to back it. I tell vou there is no man living who wouldn't living who wouldn't there is no man living who wouldn't living who wouldn't there is no man living who wouldn't is the New York brazado," It is the New York brazado, "It is the New York brazado," It is the New York brazado, "It is the New York brazado," It is the New York brazado, "It is the New York brazado," It is the New York brazado, "It is the New York brazado," It is the New York brazado, "It is the New York brazado," It is the New York brazado," It is the New York brazado, "It is the New York brazado," It is the New York brazado, "It is the New York brazado," It is the New York brazado, "It is the New York brazado," It is the New York brazado, "It is the New York brazado," It is the New York brazado, "

"I wouldn't care so much," she said at last, plaintively, "but Hugh's father was so very strange and dis-Up in her pleasant boudotr, on the morning of the day before the funeral of her nephew, Mrs. Eric Lindsay reclined upon her satin couch, a vinaigrette placed on a small, table close at her elbow. She was resting languidly among the many hued cushions, and did not seem much interested in the black clothes her maid was spreading out before her "Like mother, like son Eric. Will "Like mother, like son, Eric. Will you care for this nephew, do you

think? Can he expect--' "Judging from this telegram he expects nothing," said Eric Lindsay.
"At least one thing my brother Hugh never could do—toady. He wouldn't humble himself to the King of Eng-

about the couch on which the languid mistress of the manor was lying — Aunt Hannah (housekeeper and general factotum, who had been so long Mrs. Lindsay's right hand that she could not make up her mind to do anything without her), Julie, her maid, and Jane, the seamstress. The latter held up each separate garment for inspection, and for a thoroughly fatigued lady, Mrs. Lindsay was rather critical. After all, she decided ment and air of good breeding that her elder cousin lacked. Mrs. Lindsay was proud of this girls' pride and of her stateliness, of her chilly hauteur, and quiet, dignified reserve. The large eyes were deeply violet and heavily fringed, the full lips were red and warmly moulded—but both eyes and the critical. After all, she decided member of her household, she would never, by look or word, do anything to disturb Gertrude's simple piety.

"At your age, my child, one is apt to attach significance to such things," she said, relapsing into her most languid manner. "When you are older you will understand."

"Never any more than I understand to-day," she said quietly. "If you—"" lips were too cold in expression for you-

by a slim figure barely up to her sion. Please try to be less sentimenso old, and at her age a woman must be so careful! She really was not old in appearance by any means. As formed, with fine little limbs, and a which has neither sense nor feeling." for vanity-well, she was still alive. head over which tumbled bronze curis Gertrude folded her arms across A sharp tap at the door made her in riotous confusion. A proud little her breast, as was her habit when A sharp tap at the door made ner in riotous confusion. A plant nervously and bring the salts to head, set on a throat splendidly form-her nose. A tall, erect, handsome ed for such a young creature. The him. man, with snow-white hair and mus- contour of throat and chin and lips tache, entered the room. It was the and nose and brow was exquisite: I a single care for that dead body master of Lindsay Manor. Patrician, Her eyes were brown with gold downstairs, uncle, except that it is aristocrat, were stamped in every fine tints in them like her hair, and her the shell that once held a soul. Oh, line of his face. He glanced about eyebrows were penciled straight lines Uncle Eric, it frightens me to think him quickly-at the three servants, above them, giving character to what where that soul is now. To think and at his wife, as he closed the door the superficial observer might desig- that perhaps-" nate a childish face. Her lttle red mouth was made for smiling, though "I want to speak to you, Estelle," mouth was made for smiling, though it could droop like a chidden baby's her cushions.

"Only seeing to my mourning," she at a harsh word. Everything about her showed life and vitality, change and movement. Her countenance was them on the chairs for a while—you like a mirror, in which were reflect.

"I want to speak to you, Estelle," mouth was made for smiling, though it could droop like a chidden baby's her cushions.

"Go away, go away," she cried.

"You will have me all upset. I was a certain masterfulness about him that rather startled the old Eric Lindsay walked to the window and stood looking out of it, with his hands bin Time had not rage to tenderness, from laughter to hands bin Time had not tears, was but a step with her.

eyes—a peculiar glinty shade of blue, her that never came into them when nerves than—" ried all the haughtiness of his race Perhaps his heart could have told a in his bearing and in his manner. His story, for Gertrude Waring's mother voice, too, had an imperious note in in her youth had been just such a girl it, as if its owner had never asked as her daughter was now. There had a favor, but was used to command- been a romance in his life-a romance New York City late that afternoon, ing them. Once the room was clear very few knew of, and sometimes and caught the midnight express from of the servants he turned to his wife. the sweetness of what might have Jersey City. It meant a tedious "I have just received two telegrams," he said, curtly. "One is from the Governor, and one from up at Lindsay, and educated as her very much. The sudden journey rathown sweet will dictated, for the maser vexed him. He had earned his transfer of the manor never forbade her holiday, and had made up his mind say, curiously.

And this one weakness of to have four weeks of indolent ease his made his wife very irritable at before starting out to the battle times. It annoyed her, and she was again. the little orphan, who, it must be

> "Did you take a look at the guest rooms before you came up, Mildred?" applying the bottle to her nose.

> "Yes, Aunt Estelle." Mrs. Lind-say was "Aunt Estelle" to both girls by reason of her greater Everything is in good order. When is Hugh coming?" "Any moment now," said Eric

> Lindsay. "I have received a telegram from him." "And you-Gertrude? What have you been doing with yourself all morning?"

Gertrude opened her big brown eyes was in one of her aggressive tem-

"Why, Aunt Estelle, what have I done to you now? I think Mildred rooms without my assistance—if that There were depths to his nature is what you mean. You know I just which no one among those he loved His thoughts flew back to France,

hate details."
"I know it, indeed. It would be away and more practical. It disturbs me to think-

"It need not!" retorted the girl a ttle sharply. "Practical, indeed! little sharply. "Practical, indeed! What is practical, my dear aunt, is always tiresome and often vulgar!" She delivered this shaft with flashing eyes, and walked to the window. Mildred sat down on the taboret at

Mrs. Lindsay's feet. Gertrude's way, Aunt Estelle-a bad way, maybe, but we can't change it. She has cried her eyes out over him straightening a candle there, and praying until I think her knees are

worn out." Had there been a shade of tenderthing. Gertrude turned from her contemplation of the outside world to look at the group.

"Don't talk like that, Mildred-as

"We'll make him one, he said. There he lies dead, who, three days over him up altogether. He had the extent of the mistress of Lind-think of what the place is, and ago was Lindsay's future lord and gone over the time table carefully, say's wealth. Rather an aristocrat

Gertrude opened her lips to reply, then shut them quickly. The years came, and she turned to the window again to hide them. Eric Lindsay bent his steel-blue eyes upon her.

"I trusted Harold Lindsay while he lived, Gertrude," he said. He never justified himself to any living being for any action he saw fit to do, save to Gertrude—and, strangely enough, she was the only one who failed to hotice it. "Gave him my full trust—and he betrayed me. His brother (whose name I have forgotten) was at least honest and above board with me, for all his faults and follies. The man lying below shall have every honor that, as a dead Lindsay, he is en-titled to—every jot and title. But beyond this I will not go."

"Gertrude wants her prie dieu tak-en downstairs," said Mildred again, her perfectly even tones-tones that Gertrude, in a sudden fit of re-bellious rage, felt that she hated her. "I do not like to mention it, uncle Eric, but you should forbid it. She will exhaust herself. She," Mildred put up her hand to cover a yawn, prays too much as it is."

Anger dried the last tear in Gertrude's eyes. "Do you think my praying harms

the dead?" she burst out, passionate-"Peace, peace!" cried the master of the manor. "I will have peace. You mean well, and no one shall interfere with yoy or your praying. But it strikes me that you overdo it."

The tears in the girl's eyes had A soft knock interrupted his harsh qualification of the dead man down-stairs. In answer to Mrs. Lindsay's permission, Mildred Powell entered. Sorry for this "benighted" little

their coloring.

She was followed almost instantly "Let us quit this," said Uncle Eric.

She was followed almost instantly "I am not in the mood for discus-

"I am no sentimentalist-nor have

She was interrupted by a shrill scream. Mrs. Lindsay sat up among

less girl! You have no more regard newcomer. She was very chilling-

something like cold steel, and he cartured on any other living creature. hear, for she made her way to the lity, the next master of Lindsay. The hear, for she made her way to the dark, golden-glinting eyes of little door quickly and vanished.

Hugh Lindsay left Westport for anything. And this one weakness of to have four weeks of indolent ease

wont to make stinging remarks to It was a jaded and weary man that the little orphan, who, it must be reached Charleston Friday. He did across her face. Only last year she confessed, did not receive them meek not sleep a wink-he never could in a train, and he felt cross and irritable and much disgusted with life. But he found a good room at one of the asked Madame Lindsay, once more best hotels, and after a hearty meal and a rest he felt more like the Hugh Lindsay he knew every day. Before going to bed he made all inquiries concerning trains and connections for the next morning. It was part of his plan not to spend a night at Lindsay Manor. He had been a mere boy when his father came back from that last memorable visit, and in his heat of passion said many things the listening lad, seemed to bear prin- thiscipally on their religion, which Uncle madame well enough to know that she term "Romish marriage," and as he grew up realized its significance. He had a rugged pride of his own at the bottom of his genial, happy disposition a pride as unlike the familim. is able to look around one or two ous Lindsay pride as dark from day. you!' better for you if you were less fly- a soul the counterpart of his own, might enter into and wonder at and love him for. The very thought that a anyone at Lindsay Manor might conhis uncle's favor galled him beyond hear a friendly word." endurance. Yet such a summons as The master of the manor gave his he had received could not well be ignored without deadliest insult. He planned to make his visit as brief as cut in, almost surlily, "You "She had been in the room beside Charleston for the little way station, Harold's coffin," she said. "That is Kenthoro, early the next morning, and would doubtless find some sort of conveyance to take him to Lindsay. He meant to engage it for the releston and take the morning train for

All this he planned to his own satness in the cold voice the words might isfaction as he turned comfortably on have sounded kind. She, in truth, his pillow. And as Hugh Lindsay did not mean them unkindly. She never planned anything in his life never planned anything in his life stated the facts as facts—in some without doing his very best to carry what of a wondering tone, if any- it out, he thought he could well man-

gaged the same room for that even-ing, and took train for Kentboro. if you had no more feeling than - Even after reaching the little out of God. than a wooden doll!" She clenched the way station he found that there her little hands passionately. "I was a fifteen mile drive before him, can't understand you—any one of so that he did not get to I indsay "p-you," she cried, her voice trembling til ten o'clock. Eric I indsay had



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"We are all together now," said irs. Lindsay. "Let him come up Mrs. Lindsay. Eric

"Very well. Bring Mr. Lindsay to us, said Uncle Eric. Hugh Lindsay, waiting in the drawing-room, stiffened a little when the servant came to him. A haughty smile curved his lips and his head went a bit higher. He was of the Lindsay blood-and it always desired and expected ceremony.

Uncle Eric had not thought to see such a nephew as the tall, high-What else she said Gertrude did not man who was to be, in all probabil-Gertrude sought him also.

> "My, what a big nose he has!" thought, regretfully. "Ha such a nice, straight nose." Aunt Estelle was doing her very best to appear at her ease, but as the stranger's glance swept around the dainty room, somehow she felt insignificant. His eyes, a steely-

> blue, like her husband's seemed to pierce through her. There was something in them which was not all Lindsav. "You are-Hugh?" asked Uncle

Eric, in a hesitating tone.

The cold smile deepened—it crept from lips to eyes now. "I have the honor," he returned,

bowing, "to be Hugh Lindsay, at your service. You, I presume, are my Uncle Eric?" It was cool greeting between peo-

ple of one blood. Strange to say Uncle Eric was rather pleased than otherwise. He held out his hand, and the younger man took it gravely. "This is your Aunt Estelle. Mrs. Lindsay bowed. Her nephew bowed.

"My cousin, Miss Powell," she said "Ugh!" thought the man. "Cold better left unsaid-things which, to icicles down one's back are fire to

"My ward, Miss Waring," said Eric in amusement. She understood the Eric hated. He remembered the Lindsay. The sweet face that turned to meet his glance had red lips smiling in friendly fashion.

"Welcome, Cousin Hugh," she said. holding out her two small hands to him. "I am glad-so glad to see

ever knew existed. They were depths which some privileged soul— and his heart grew all the gentler to and his heart grew all the gentler towards this young creature for comparison.

"Thank you," he said, and his full tones took on a tenderer note. sider him a possible candidate for "Thank you, cousin. It is good to

wife a quick glance. "This is no joyous occasion," he

possible, however. He would leave pardon us that we have but little Charleston for the little way station, speech to spare. We are much disspeech to spare. We are much disturhed--"It is mine to pray for pardon," said Hugh, turning to his uncle hast-

"I meant no offence-but Miss all this morning—fixing flowers here, straightening a candle there, and would then spend the night at Char- a little sister some hat like her." "You have but the one sister?" asked Mrs. Lindsay, graciously.
"No, madame, I have two—and one

younger brother. "Your mother—is she in good health?" asked Eric Lindsay now, conscious of his lack of manners.

"My mother?" They were not well enough acquainted with him to note the change in his voice when he spoke that dear name. "My mother is in the best of health indeed, thank

The visitor seemed to have the quality of rendering them all uncomfort-Here was no man conscious of the master of I indsav's lower.

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(To be Continued.)

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