

been so rude, you must have misunderstood him."

"You mean that I do not speak the truth!" said Louise, who was in the frame of mind which made her anxious to quarrel with everyone. "It is quite time I went."

She had fully expected Ronald to entreat her to remain, but he had not made any allusion to the subject, or offered the smallest apology. She had looked brilliantly handsome, and flirted desperately with a military man of middle age who was present, but Ronald had looked on with utter indifference, and for the first time she saw that she had no influence whatever over him. She deeply regretted having said she would go, it would have been far better, from her point of view, to have remained and seen how things were going on at the mill, (for that some mystery was connected with the strange girl she was certain), but it was now too late for this.

"I meant nothing of the kind," said Mrs. Westlake in response to Louise's angry speech; "it never occurred to me that you were not speaking the truth. I said you must be mistaken."

"My dear," Mr. Westlake remarked, "Louise is in a bit of a temper; she'll soon get over it, and one of these days we shall get a letter from her saying she would like to come down to Willowbridge again."

Louise at once saw the opening, and availed herself of it.

"Dear Mr. Westlake, you are quite right, I was out of temper. Perhaps it is the heat. I should like to come and stay with you again very much."

"That's all right," replied Mr. Westlake, who did not like jars between old friends, "we shall keep you to your word."

Ronald had said good-bye to her at breakfast in a pleasant, friendly manner. He had chosen to ignore totally the scene of the day before. But she had followed him to the door, and this was her parting speech:

"Good-bye, and I hope you will regret your conduct to me."

Seeing he made no reply her temper overcame her; she added viciously, "And I hope that girl will bring you nothing but trouble."

He looked at her with contempt and departed.

"We must get another young lady to stay in the house or you will be dull," said Mr. Westlake to Haselfoot, as both gentlemen returned from seeing Miss Ormonde off.

"I shan't be dull," that cheerful young man replied; "I am going to fish, and I don't want girls hanging about when I'm fishing. By the time you have put on their baits, and taken their fish off the hooks, and heard them scream when it is landed you aren't able to do anything yourself."

BUT he acknowledged to himself that the society of the pretty girl in the factory, mill hand or not, would have been vastly agreeable.

"Besides," he continued, "I can only stay a couple of days, and there will be no end to do here. Your son will ride with me this evening."

"Why stay only a couple of days?" "Because I am appointed to a destroyer, and must be off."

"A destroyer?" repeated Mr. Westlake, much puzzled.

"Yes; a torpedo destroyer. Those little low vessels that run like an express train in the water, in which you get drenched if there is any sea on, as they have no bulwarks."

"Save me from such craft; I do not like getting wet."

"But look at their speed! I could race any steamer in the harbour and beat it hollow."

Mr. Westlake was still sceptical as to their advantages, and replied that he preferred an express train, personally.

That morning the foreman, Simpson, came to Ronald.

"Beg pardon, sir, but here are some written directions of yours, and Brown can't read 'em, no more can't I."

Ronald smiled pleasantly; it was to his mind a Heaven sent opening.

"I do write an atrocious hand, Simpson, when I am in a hurry,—and I nearly always am in a hurry. I have been thinking whether it would not be a good plan to engage a young woman as a typist. What do you think?"

he said with wily intent.

"I think, sir, if you mean a young woman to write your letters, and make them look like print, it would be a blessed thing for the factory. Spiders ain't nothing to your writing sometimes, sir."

Ronald laughed heartily; he was delighted; the onus of the appointment was now thrown on Simpson's shoulders.

"I will certainly engage one," he said. "Ask in the mill whether any of the young women can typewrite, and I will select one of them."

"They typewrite! They can't do it."

"Oh, very well," returned Ronald, with apparent resignation, "but run them over in your mind."

The next moment Simpson exclaimed, "I shouldn't wonder if Mary Williams could. She is a clever girl; seems nothing she can't do. The girls chaff her and call her My Lady."

"I suppose she is thoroughly well conducted?"

"Couldn't be more so, sir."

"And I am sure she is well educated. She would be very useful to me in my correspondence. Just ask if any of them can typewrite, and I will make my own selection."

This double dealing was not at all to his liking, but he was painfully anxious to save any scandal concerning Mary, and considered everything right that would spare her pain. Simpson departed.

"Can any of you young females work a typewriter?" he asked, when there was a cessation of work.

A peal of jeering laughter was his reply; when it was over, Mary replied: "I can."

She imagined he wanted something written for himself, and was always ready to do anyone a service.

"Of course My Lady can do everything," said a strapping girl of twenty; "plays the pianer and violin like a professional, I shouldn't wonder."

Mary smiled; it happened she was an adept at both, but she made no remark.

"You hold your tongue, Jane Matthews," said Simpson, "and Mary Williams you come along with me."

He told her of the proposed appointment as soon as he was out of hearing of the other girls, expatiating on its advantages.

"I shouldn't wonder if the master gave you double wages if you work hard and please him," he said. "And don't forget, my dear, that it's me as has entirely got the situation for you."

"I will not forget," said Mary, greatly amused at this view of the case, and understanding Ronald's motive at once. "You have been very kind to me since I first came, and I shall not forget it. I never forget a kindness. But perhaps my work will not be good enough for the master."

"Come along now, and see him yourself."

(To be continued.)

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Through all the pleasant meadow side
The grass grew shoulder high,
Till the shining scythes went far and wide,

And cut it down to dry.
These green and sweetly smelling crops

They led in waggons home;
And they piled them here in mountain tops,

For mountaineers to roam.
O what a joy to clamber there,

O what a place for play,
With the sweet, the dim, the dusty air,

The happy hills of hay.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.



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