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and magnetism. Apparently heedless that she had fallen, and that he had caught her, she sprang ashore. Jake, the mysterious attendant at The Lilies, came quickly to her side, and, listening closely to some communication he had to make, she passed with him out of sight.

When Gayhart had fastened the boat he came ashore, leading Arthur, and listening absently to his artless talk. As they emerged from the trees they observed lights moving rapidly through a wing of the mansion, where they were generally stationary and inconspicuous. It occurred to him that something unusual had happened, and fearing some disaster, he quickened his pace.

On reaching the house, Mrs. Lorne was not to be seen; but in the course of half an hour she came quietly into the parlor and sat down at the piano. A white ribbon which bound her hair seemed to make her face white too.

"Are you sick, mamma?" asked Arthur.

"I am very chilly. I think we were too long on the water," she answered, and began playing quietly, though she did not sing that night.

When Gayhart had gone to his chamber he could not sleep. The

he knew that it was not occupied by the family, and was not the servants' quarters.

"Some one must be mad or drunk there," he said to himself, in considerable wonder, which increased until he decided that the male servants must be engaged in orgies unknown to their mistress. Indignant that her kindness should be imposed upon, he decided to investigate the matter on his own responsibility in the morning. But the following day no opportunity occurred, and to his surprise he again, on listening at the window in the evening, heard the hideous sounds which had now grown familiar and were more quickly detected.

But on this evening they were soon discontinued. The moonlight faded; all was soon dark and silent.

During the night a chilly fall storm set in which continued for several days. But to a man of Gayhart's quiet tastes the confinement was not irksome. Arthur's lessons were given during the early part of the day. During the afternoon and evening Mrs. Lorne, in the most gracious and charming mood, gave him her company. As they sat together around the light blaze behind the network of the brass fenders, Gayhart talking of his travels, or lunched impromptu, or



"Writhing from beneath Gayhart, Lorne raised a hand to the window sill."

weight of that slight form seemed still upon his heart.

"She is rarely sweet and wise. I love her. Why should I not tell her all, and ask her to marry me? Could not her lovely friendliness for me deepen into something warmer?"

The sweet, daring thought prevented his closing his eyes until nearly morning. But the next day Mrs. Lorne was not visible. Only a little lace handkerchief, marked "Genevieve," substituted her graceful presence in the silent parlor. She was confined to her room by an indisposition.

When Gayhart had parted from Arthur that evening he shut himself up in his room, and again gave way to his thoughts. As he sat by the window, he became conscious of distant sounds exceedingly strange—mingled shouting and yelling. He recollected that he had often heard it as he sat there listening; but he had never given the matter any attention. Now his attention was held by the impression that the sounds were within the house, and, as they were unpleasant and intimidating in character, he leaned from the window and located them at the west wing of the house, where he had lately seen the moving lights. It was an entirely unknown part of the house to him; but

closed an evening by singing in company, no wonder the sweetness and peace of these home comforts determined Gayhart to make an effort to secure them forever.

One evening Arthur having a headache had gone upstairs with his nurse. Gayhart was alone in the parlor, looking absently from the window out upon the hardy lilies which had survived the storm. Mrs. Lorne entered, more than usually gentle and sweet.

"I am afraid you are getting homesick, Mr. Gayhart. What can I do to make the evening pass pleasantly to you?"

He turned and led her to a seat.

"Listen to me," he said.

Then he told her all. That he was in no sense a poor or dependant man, and that he loved her.

"Love me—love me!" she repeated, half-starting up, a flush staining her face, then leaving her very pale. "What can you mean? Do you not know?"

He stood looking at her in wonder, unable to account for her extreme agitation. She rose and stood before him.

"How you have misunderstood me!" she cried. I have tried to please you, to win your esteem and regard; but—

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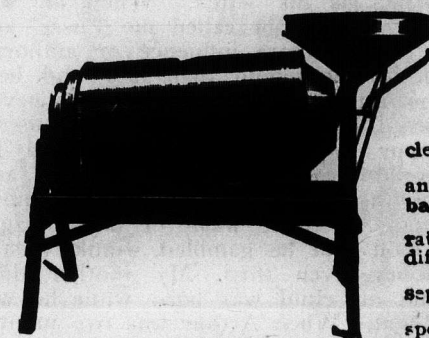
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