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# With Edged Tools

By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN Author of "The Sowers." "Roden's Corner." "From

CHAPTER I. Y dear madam, what you call heart does not come Sir John Meredith was sitting slightly behind Lady Cantourne, leaning toward her with a

somewhat stiffened replica of his for ner grace. But he was not looking at her, and she knew it. They were both watching a group

"Sir John Meredith on Heart," said old lady, with a depth of signifi-

"And why not?"

"Yes, Indeed. Why not?" Sir John smiled with that well bred cynicism which a new school has not yet succeeded in imitating. They both onged to the old school, these two and their worldliness, their cynicism, to a bygone period. It was a clean period in some ways—a period devoid of slums. Ours, on the contrary, is an to the detriment of our hands-mental, literary and theological.

Sir John moved slightly in his chair, eaning one hand on one knee. His back was very flat, his clothes were perfect, his hair was not his own, nor yet his teeth, but his manners were entirely his own. His face was eighty years old, and yet he smiled his keen society smile with the best of them. was not a young man in the

"No. Lady Cantourne," he replied. "Your charming niece is heartless. She will get on." Lady Cantourne smiled and drew the glove farther up her stout and moth-

erly right arm. "She will get on," she admitted.
"As to the other, it is early to give murmured. And Lady Cantourne turned on him with a twinkle amid the

"For which?" she asked. "Cholsissez!" he answered, with a

belle of that ball, Miss Millicent Chyue, who was hemmed in a corner by a group of eager dancers anxious to insert their names in some corner of her card. She was the fashion at that time, and she probably did not know that at least half of the men crowded round because the other half were there. Nothing succeeds like the success that knows how to draw a

edly enough, but with aft that hauteur each new applicant - a single which conveyed to each in turn the fact that she had been attempting all slong to get her programme safely into his hands. A halting masculine pen will not be expected to explain how she compassed this, beyond a gentle intimation that masculine vanity had a good deal to do with her success.

"She is having an excellent time," said Sir John, weighing on the modern phrase with a subtle sarcasm. He was addicted to the use of modern phraseology spiced with a cynicism of his

"Yes; I cannot help sympathizing with her-a little," answered the lady.

"Nor I. It will not last." "After all," she said, "she is my sister's child. The sympathy may only be a matter of blood. Perhaps I was like that myself once. Was I? You

can tell me." He fumbled at his lips, having reasons of his own for disliking too close scrutiny of his face.

"That is more than probable," he answered rather indistinctly. "Then," she said, tapping the back of his gloved hand with her fan, "we ought to be merciful to the faults of a succeeding generation. Tell me, who is that young man with the long stride who is getting himself introduced

"That," answered Sir John, who prided himself upon knowing every one-knowing who they were and who they were not-"is young Oscard,"

"Son of the eccentric Oscard?" "Son of the eccentric Oscard," "And where did he get that brown

"He got that in Africa, where he has been shooting. He forms part of some one else's bag at the present moment." "What do you mean?"

"He has been apportioned a dance. Your fair niece has bagged him." The other young men rather fell back before Guy Oscard-scared, perhaps, by his long stride, and afraid that he might crush their puny toes. This enabled Miss Chyne to give him the very next dance, of which the music

was commencing, "I feel rather out of all this," said Oscard as they moved away together. "You must excuse uncouthness." "I see no signs of it." laughed Milli-

cent. "You are behaving very nicely. You cannot help being larger and stronger than-the others. I should say it was an advantage and something to

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who look so clean and correct. Shall we dance?" "Yes," she said, means.

it is a feeling of unkemptness and

want of smartness among these men

and in a few seconds she found that her partner was worthy of her skill. "Where have you been?" she asked presently. "I am sure you have been away somewhere, exploring or some

thing."
"I have only been in Africa shoot-"Oh. how interesting! You must tell

me all about it!" She was watching the door, all the

Presently the music ceased, and they made their way back to the spot whence he had taken her. She led the way thither by an almost imperceppressure of her fingers on his arm. There were several men waiting there, and one or two more entering the room and looking languidly round. "There comes the favored one," Lady Cantourne muttered, with a veiled glance toward her companion. Sir John's gray eyes followed the di-

rection of her glance. "My bright boy?" he inquired, with wealth of sarcasm on the adjective. "Your bright boy," she replied.

"I hope not," he said curtly. They were watching a tall fair man in the doorway who seemed to know everybody, so slow was his progress into the room. The most remarkable thing about this man was a certain race of movement. He seemed to be cially constructed to live in narrow t, but being of slight build he moved vith a certain languidness which saved him from that unwieldiness usually as-

Such was Jack Meredith, one of the best known figures in London society. He had hitherto succeeded in moving through the mazes of that cotorie, as he now moved through this room, without jarring any one,

CHAPTER II.

ISS MILLICENT CHYNE was vaguely conscious of success -and such a consciousness is apt to make the best of us a trifle elated. It was certainly one of the best balls of the season, and Miss Chyne's dress was without doubt one of the most successful articles of its sort

Jack Meredith saw that fact and noted it as soon as he came into the freshment. The son seemed to know room. Moreover, it pleased him, and his whereabouts better than the father he was pleased to reflect that he was no mean critic in such matters. There | conservatory. could be no doubt about it, because he knew as well as any woman there. He in silence looking around them. Fiknew that Millicent Chyne was dressed | nally their eyes met. in the latest fashion; no furbished up gown from the hands of her maid, but asked Sir John abruptly. a unique creation from Bond street. "Well," she asked in a low voice as ing pleasantly. she handed him her programme, "are

you pleased with it?" "Eminently so." She glanced down at her own dress. It was not the nervous glance of the debutante, but the practiced flash of experienced eyes which see without ap-

"I am glad," she murmured. He handed her back the card with the

orthodox smile and bow of gratitude, but there was something more in his "Is that what you did it for?" he in-

quired. "Of course," with a glance half

coquettish, half humble. She took the card and allowed it to drop pendent from her fan without looking at it. He had written nothing on it. This was all a form. The dances that were his had been inscribed on the engagement card long before by smaller fingers than his. She turned to take her attendant partner's arm with a little flaunt, a

little movement of the hips, to bring her dress and possibly her self more prominently beneath Jack Meredith's notice. His eyes followed her with that incomparably pleasant society smile which he had no doubt inherited from his father. Then he turned and

mingled with the well dressed throng, bowing where he ought to bow, asking with fervor for dances in plain but influential quarters where dances were to be easily obtained. And all the while his father and

Lady Cantourne watched. Behind his keen old eyes Sir John watched Jack go up and claim his dance at the hands of Miss Millicent Chyne. He could almost guess what they said, for Jack was grave, and she smiled demurely. They began danc-

ing at once, and as soon as the floor became crowded they disappeared. Jack Meredith was an adept at such matters. He knew a seat at the end of a long passage where they could sit, the beheld of all beholders who happened to pass, but no one could possibly overhear their conversation, no one could surprise them. It was

essentially a strategical position. "Well," inquired Jack, with a pe-culiar breathlessness, when they were seated, "have you thought about it?"

She gave a little nod.

They seemed to be taking up some onversation at a point where it had been dropped on a previous occasion. "And?" he inquired suavely. The society polish was very thickly coated over the man, but his eyes had a

hungry look. By way of reply her gloved hand crept out toward his, which rested on the chair at his side. "Jack!" she whispered, and that was

It was very prettily done, and quite naturally. He was a judge of such matters and appreciated the girlish simplicity of the action fully. He took the small gloved hand and pressed it lovingly. The thorough

of his social training prevented any

further display of affection.
"Thank heaven!" he murmured. The music of the next dance was beginning, and, remembering their social obligations, they both rose, She laid her hand on his arm and for a moment his fingers pressed hers. He smiled down into her upturned eyes with love, but without passion. He



Well," inquired Jack, "have you though for a second risked the "gent man" and showed the "man." He was suggestive of a forest pool with a smiling, rippled surface. There might be depth, but nothing had yet reached be

"Jack," said Sir John as they passed on, "when you have been deprived of Miss Chyne's society, come and console yourself with a glass of sherry." The dutiful son nodded a semi-in different acquiescence and disap-

"Wonderful thing, sherry!" observe Sir John Meredith for his own eaifica

He waited there until Jack returned and then they set off in search of re "This way," he said-"through the

"And you think there is a chance o her marrying you-unless, of course

"With all due modesty, I do." Sir John's hand was at his mouth He stood up his full six feet two and looked hard at his son, whose eyes were level with his own. They were ideal representatives of their school. "And what do you propose marrying

upon? She, I understand, has about eight hundred a year. I respect you too much to suspect any foolish notions

"Of course," said Sir John, "when die you will be a baronet, and there will be enough to live on like a gentleman. You had better tell Miss Chyne that. She may not know it. Girls are so innocent. But I am not dead yet, and I shall take especial care to live some time."

"What is your objection?" inquired Jack Meredith after a little pause. "I object to the girl."

man of heart." "Heart?" repeated Jack, with a sus-

quence. Besides, in this case surely that is my province. You would not "She could not do that; not enough sleeve."

on ladies' dress. "But," he added, "we will not quarrel. Arrange matters with the young lady as best you can. I shall never approve of such a match, and without my approval you cannot well marry."

"Indeed?" "Your approval means money," explained this dutiful son politely. "I might manage to make the money for

Sir John moved away.
"You might," he admitted, looking back. "I should be very glad to see you doing so. It is an excellent thing And he walked leisurely away.

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ue and Waterloo, Ia.; Omaha, Neb.,

vond the surface

Sir John Meredith and his son stood "Are you in earnest with that girl?"

"I am," replied Jack. He was smilsomething better turns up?"

of love in a cottage."

Jack Meredith made no reply. He was entirely dependent upon his fa-

the civilized world.

"Upon what grounds?" "I should prefer you to marry a we

picion of hereditary cynicism. "I do not think heart is of much conse have her wear it on her sleeve?"

Sir John Meredith had his own views

"I do not admit that."

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