

Reminders for men
 To buy a tube of Mennen's Shaving Cream
 To pay the gas bill
 To buy a tube of Mennen's Shaving Cream
 To pay the gas bill

MENNE'S SHAVING CREAM

The Broken Circle!

CHAPTER XVII.
 CHAPTER XVIII.

Half an hour passed, and they were still talking under the veranda on the western terrace. It seemed to Leah but a few minutes, and yet what a change had been wrought in the time! Quite suddenly, and almost unconsciously to her, the whole world had changed for her—her life had grown complete. But a little while before her heart had been desolate. Despite the brilliance with which she had been surrounded, there was a sense of chill and loneliness, of unrealized wishes, of vague hopes, of ungratified desires—a sense of the emptiness of all things. It had vanished as snow before the sun, and a sweet harmonious sense of the fullness of life, had taken possession of her. She could have stood for ever by the passion-flowers, looking at Sir Basil and listening to him; but the general remembered the duties of hospitality.

"You will stay for the day?" he said. "One of the grooms can ride over to Glen for anything you may want."

He did not know that his niece, whom the noblest and wisest in the land had failed to win, was waiting with the keenest anxiety to hear whether their guest would accept her "role's" invitation.

"Leah," said Sir Arthur, "perhaps Sir Basil would like some refreshment after his long walk. You walked from Glen, I believe?"

"Yes, I came through the woods," replied the young baronet. "I envy you those woods and the river."

"If you will take my advice, Sir Basil," said the general, "you will have some claret-cup. For a warm morning like this there is nothing like it. I will join you in a few minutes—I have to see my steward. Leah, you will take Sir Basil into the house. When he has had some refreshment, he will join the party on the lawn."

With a smile for his niece and a bow for his guest, Sir Arthur hastened away, leaving them alone together. It seemed to Leah as though the air throbbed; her heart beat fast, her hands trembled; all the rest of the

world had fallen from her, and she stood alone with him.

"This is a beautiful old place," he said. "I like the river. What fanciful lights and shades there are on it!" The calm, quiet words brought her down from an exalted frame of mind to commonplace life.

"It is indeed lovely," she said. "Do you like boating? I am very fond of it. I have a pretty little boat of my own, and I spend many hours upon the water. But I must not forget my uncle's instructions. You must come and have some refreshment."

She replaced the trailing sprays of the crimson flowers which she had held all this time in her hand. She did nothing in the least degree unusual, yet every little incident was vividly stamped on her mind. With the strange feeling about her she walked by his side down the long terrace. She took him into the drawing-room.

"Bring some light refreshments—also some fruit," she said to a servant; and with her own hands she offered him some delicious grapes.

She remembered every word he uttered, every glance, every movement of his; and when he had taken what he wanted she looked at him with anxious, happy eyes.

"Shall we go on to the lawn now?" she asked.

"I am quite at your service, Miss Hatton. Have you a large party at Brentwood?"

She looked at him again, with the dreamy, vacant gaze of one who has forgotten everything, then remembered suddenly, and blushed as he had seen no other woman blush before. The first thought that occurred to him was that perhaps she had a lover among the visitors, and was shy of mentioning his name—else why that vivid, beautiful blush? It was gone now, and she was smiling as she spoke.

"Not a very large party," she replied—"the Duke and Duchess of Rosedale, old friends of Sir Arthur's; Lady Maude Trevar, who is distantly related to the duchess; Colonel Farquharson, whom my uncle loves very dearly because his face is bronzed and he calls luncheon 'tiffin.'"

"Old Indian friends, I suppose?" said Sir Basil.

"Yes, they were inseparable for some years. There are also Captain Langley and a very pretty niece of the old Colonel's. That completes the list."

"It sounds like a very good list, too," he said.

She remembered how he held the door open as she passed, and when the long train of pale amber was caught he stooped down to free it. She remembered how they passed through the grand old entrance hall, and out by the side door on to the lawn. The duchess was seated in the shade of the great cedar tree, with Lady Maude by her side, and pretty May Luson, who was evidently ready for mischief. Not far from them the colonel—a fine, handsome, elderly man, with a long, grey, drooping moustache—was enjoying a cigar and a newspaper. Captain Langley had been reading aloud to the ladies, but had been dismissed, because, as the duchess solemnly assured him, he had no taste for anything but humor.

There was some little stir when Leah, with her handsome cavalier, appeared. The duchess looked up with a smile. Leah led him to her first, and her grace gave him a very kindly greeting—all women were attracted to Sir Basil the moment they saw him.

They passed on to Lady Maude Trevar—a tall, handsome woman, somewhat past her prime, but evidently bent upon making the best of herself. She received him with a mixture of what she intended to be girlish diffidence and womanly frankness; both falling, the effect was lamentable.

Captain Langley was very pleased, and pretty May, looking more like a fair rosebud than anything else, laughed with delight.

"You live at Glen, Sir Basil?" she said. "I have seen a picture of Glen. There are innumerable fountains and terraces."

"I hope you will honor me by coming to see its attractions," he responded. "The general has promised me that pleasure."

He was quite at home with them in a few minutes. The colonel—who, while he abused India, knew no pleasure out of it—began to discuss with him the probabilities of a frontier war. Captain Langley aired his grievance—which was that some one most decidedly his inferior had been promoted over his head—and revealed that he was in a state of chronic indignation about it.

In a very short space of time Lady Maude Trevar decided that Sir Basil was worth any trouble to win. He was at home with them all, and quite happy. The duchess called him to her side, and began a long conversation with him. She was delighted with him, and considered him quite an acquisition: A rich and handsome young baronet with a fine estate, he would want a wife; and already she had begun to think of those of her acquaintance who were eligible for the post. She regretted that Lady Maude was old and past; her thoughts never went to Leah.

Leah had called to mind not once, but a hundred times, that he was to be with them the whole day. She sat watching him with contented, happy eyes, with a light on her beautiful face, as he went from one to another, thinking there was no other like him.

During the afternoon the duchess called Leah aside.

"Leah," she said, "we must do something to entertain your young neighbor. I do not like to see his handsome face shadowed by melancholy. What can we do?"

"We will do anything that you suggest," replied Leah.

Something in her voice made the duchess look up.

"Leah, child," she cried, "what have you been doing to yourself?"

"Nothing," replied Leah.

"Nothing? Nonsense!" said the duchess, energetically. "I could almost believe that you had been rearing!"

"I have done nothing of the kind," replied Leah, half indignant, half amused. "Why do you say such a thing to me?"

"My dear child, I receive a change in you. A new soul shines out of your eyes; your face is transfigured! It has struck me at times that you had a restless expression, as though the world did not quite answer to your wishes. It has gone now. You look as though your heart had awakened." She wondered still more when she saw a crimson blush cover the beautiful face. "What is it, Leah? You have always trusted me. You may say what you will, but I am quite certain that there is something which would account for the change in you. Why, what happy eyes you have! I never saw the golden gleam in them so plainly as I do this morning."

With all her keen sagacity and worldly knowledge, it was wonderful that she did not connect the coming of the stranger with the change in Leah.

(To be continued.)

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