

Her Lord and Master

erate manner. And with such a sweet wife. You don't deserve her."

"Mother, don't scold him," said Indiana, pleadingly. Thurston cast on her an indescribable look.

Jennings appeared then, and announced that the carriage was waiting to take Lady Canning for her morning drive. She sat in displeased silence, until her maid brought her bonnet and cloak. Before she left the room, she turned severely to Thurston. "I do not wish to see you again until you tell me you have abandoned this foolhardy, heartless idea, for good and all." She took Indiana in her arms. "My darling, forgive him, for my sake."

"I will, dear Lady Canning," said Indiana, angelically. "I—it's very weak, I know, but I couldn't be angry with him—no matter what he did." Thurston stared at her, aghast at such hypocrisy. Indiana led Lady Canning