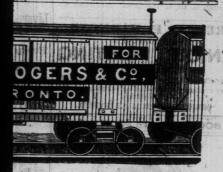
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That Girl,

The girl stood on the kite on floc:

The folks were all in 1e1—
She softly op'd the kitchen door,
And went into the shid.

She found some kerosene in there,
And with it she returned;
The smoking wood began to flare,
And then more brightly burned.

The girl in pride looked all around, And then she smiled in glee— Then came a burst of thunder sound; The girl—oh, where was she? Ask of the fragments which you see Upon the kitchen floor— These were the girl, but they'll not be

PERCY'S MISTAKE OR, LOVE WINS.

"You flatter me," returned Percy, won dering what her opinion of him would be if she knew the actual facts of the case.

"Not at all, I'm sure; I second my wife's wish most heartily," added the colonel, shaking Percy's hand warmly, while there was a general su due murmur of—"so kind," "so good," "charmed," "indebted," "enchanted," from every one in the rom.

ladies fraternized with equal pleasure on either side.

Mrs. Thurnam was only too pleased to find a little human fellowship at the bay.
Petcy had ample opportunity now to follow Durnford's excellent advice, and "ingratiate himself with the old people."

He would much have preferred ingratiating himself with the daughter, but Lepauvre n'a pas de choix.

With the children Percy was a favorite directly.

question Mr. Levenshalme concerning her, else his knowledge of her should appear to warrant a previous introduction, and the Levenshulmes naturally supposed that he had been as ignorant of their existence before this fortnight at the Bay, as they had been of his.

One afternoon chance favoured him with a long tete-a-tete with Mrs. Levenshulme. The rest of the party had gone on a nutting expedition; she had pleaded fatigue, and Percy had remained with her.

They had climbed the hill, and upon the summit had left the beaten track, and had found a luxurious resting allege in the deep found a luxurious resting-place in the deep

Percy was dabbling with colours and brushes.

Mrs. Levenshulme had begged him to sketch the grey towers of Reculvers for her, and he was a very fair artist as amateurs go.

"Now," he thought, as he sketched rapidly the outline of the cliffs, "now, if I cannot contrive to lead the conversation naturally up to that girl, and get to know something about her, I must be a weak. character. How shall I begin?"

As yet he did not even know her name, "Iwee," he had discovered was a pet name for Isabel the second daughter, a child of twelve.

of twelve.
"Even'in" was Lady Blue-eyes' pronou-nciation of Evelyn—her big brother, aged

ten.

Happily for him Mrs. Levenshulme unsuspectingly began the subject herself.

"You sketch remarkably well," she said, pausing in her crewels to watch him. "I so often wish I had not given up my painting. I painted very fairly as a girl, but since I have been married, I have hardly held a brush. Moral to artists—never marry." "If that moral were enforced as law,

"If that moral were enforced as law, I feat that art would speedily grow a dead letter in the world," geturned Percy.

Mrs. Levenshulme laughed.
"Ah, well, May has taken my place. She paints better than I ever did."
"Your daughter!" he questioned, with an interest he strove vainly to conceal.
"Yes, my eldest daughter. You have not seen her of course; she is away, I am sorry to say; I miss her dreadfully. I wish she were here."
"So do I," observed Percy mentally. May, then, was her name. A sweet name, but it did not suit her, he thought.
"She was fond of drawing when she was a baby; she would play with a slate and pencil for hours, and when she was older she used to draw her own face in the glass, little puss. She was seven then, and let me see, she is eighteen now," continued Mrs. Levenshulme musingly.

There was a pause.

There was a pause "I expect your daughter is fond of mu-sic," he said, making a desperate attempt to prolong the conversation by means rational

painting are generally united," he said, attering a statement that would have launched him into an indefensible argument, had his companion been argumentatively inclined. "And you are musical?"

Mrs. Levenshulme shook her head laughingly.

at all, she is more devoted to riding than anything else. She used to ride in India a great deal with her father. May is not at all an orthodox young lady, Mr. Thurnam, she is a wild girl, a regular romp; we feel quite depressed and gloomy at home when she core away."

she is a wild girl, a regular romp; we feel quite depressed and gloomy at home when she goes away."

Percy marvelled.

He could not associate the clear-cut profile and the shaded blue eyes of the maiden he knew with the dashing merry careless picture Mrs. Levenshulme described.

Nevertheless he supposed it must be the delicious waywardness of her character, and he listened with charmed ears. he listened with charmed ears.

"She will be coming home soon, I wonder if she will be at all changed," said the mother reflectively; "I mean in face and figure; I hope not."

Percy wondered what particular change six weeks or so could work in a face, but supposed his companion had some hidden reason for making the remark.

"I need not ask if any member of your family is charming," he said gallantly, "but will you be angry if I ask if Miss May resembles the rest."

"Ah, you are probing a weak postion of

dering what her opinion of him would be if she knew the actual facts of the case.

"Not at all, I'm sure; I second my wife's wish most heartily," added the colond, shaking Percy's hand warmly, while there was a general sut due murmur of so kind," "so good," "charmed," "indebted," "enchanted," from every one in the rem.

The gentlemen exchanged cards, and then Percy made his escape, saying that he would call the next day and ascertain that the little follow had not suffered from his exposure to the night air.

"He di'ta' me lay, but I li' 'im," murmured the sleepiest of sleepy voices as the door colsed.

"There can be little doubt," wfote Percy to Durnford that night, "that I am nearly as desperate a villain as you are, but I have conquered society. I know 'those people' at last."

Percy interested Mrs. Thurman's maternal heart so deeply in his description of Harold's eharms and adventures, and the distress and subsequent joy of his parents, that she was really to be favorably impressed with the collowing day, the two ladies fraternized with equal pleasure on either side.

Mrs. Thurnam was only too pleased to find a little human fellowship at the bay. Petcy had ample opportunity now to follow Durnford's excellent advice, and "in gratiate himself with the old people."

He would much have preferred ingratiating himself with the children Percy was a favorite "Here is one like the picture, and here to standing at one of the windows, contemplating the sea, when ahe called him to a side-table.

"Here is one like the picture, and here to standing at one of the windows, contemplating the sea, when ahe called him to a side-table.

"Here is one like the picture, and here is the last she had taken," she said holding."

Percy's stalwart figure disappear by inches under a steady pour of shingle from four spades, wielded by four excited pair of hands.

Mrs. Thurnam smiled; she could not say in excuse he was fond of children, for until now she thought he considered them little pests, and avoided them whenever they came in his way.

100ked.

10 ne glance was sufficient to tell him all he needed to know, and more.

It was not the face of the girl he had met needed to know, and more.

It was not the face of the girl he had seen enter head followed in a crowded roadway.

He stood bewildered, staring blankly at the picture.

Was this sawy dark-eyed girl real ly her daughter?

Mrs. Levenshuline came to his side.

"Do you like it?" she said proudly.

"Oh, very much—immensely! it is charming," he said hurriedly. "This one," taking up the non-fency photograph; "do you consider it very like her?"

"A perfect likeness: I can fancy I hear her speaking when I look at it."

"Ah—indeed!"
Percy felt dazed; he turned the card absently in his hands.

"Taken in London, I suppose?"

"No," said Mrs. Levenshulme innocently, "in Germany. May has been studying there for more than a year."

Percy did not swoon.

Percy did not swoon.

He admired the portraits, discussed photography as an art with the colonel, walked with the party on the pier, listened to the familiar waltzes and inspiriting galops, and then declined an invitation to supper, and went home to the hotel to

REWARDED.

He determined to abandon the pursuit al-It was a foolish freak. Durnford was quite right—the girl might be dead, or married, or in America by this time.

He had followed the Levenshulmes use-lessly.

lying at your feet.

One evening in December, Percy was driving through falling snow down Portland Place, eu route for Park Village East, and dinner at the Levenshulme's.

Despite his littleness, he looked very handsome as he entered the drawing-room at Meade Cottage.

He was early, the first arrival save

There were only two ladies in the room Mrs. Levenshulme one, the other a slender figure in black velvet, standing at the hearth, looking down at the firelight that played upon her hair, one hand resting upo the marble mantlepiece, the other toyin with a fan.

He could not see her face as he entere

at last.

She was standing near him; he could speak to her without fearing an loy "I beg your pardon."

They had met in an ordinary conversational manner, within four civilised walls and they had met at the Levenshulmes after

TO BE CONTINUED.

sembles the test?"

"Ah, you are probing a weak portion of a mother's heart," said Mrs. Levenshulme gaily; "you know I am terribly proud of my whole flock. If you will know, I must tell you that I consider May the flower of my family. She is admired very much. She was painted a little while ago; an artist begged she would sit for him; the first evening he met her. I suppose that is held to be an assurance of beauty in public opinien?"

opinien?"

"As what did he paint her, a Greek?"

"A Greek," echoed Mrs. Levenshulme surprised; "why should you imagine that? I don't think any of us belong to the classical type. No, he painted her as a gipsy girl."

directly.

"How very kind your son is to take such trouble to amuse my little ones," Mrs. Levenshulme said, as the ladies watched Percy tealwart forms dispressed by inches.

little pests, and avoided them whenever they came in his way.

His behaviour surprised her as much as it surprised himself.

Still he was contented; he was workings steadily through the parents towards daughter; he would meet her in time.

It was annoying that she did not appear at Herne Bay.

Day after day workings that she did not appear at Herne Bay.

Day after day workings that she did not appear at Herne Bay.

His meditations brought him speedily t

There was no help for it.

As far as he could see, he had been for lowing the wrong people all the time. CHAPTER VII.

After his depressing discovery, Percy suddenly became aware that Herne Bay was intensely wearisome, and wondered how he could have endured its monotony so long. He regretted that they had not gone to Biarritz; he regretted bitterly the trouble he had taken now the stream of his endeavers had set only towards that herefrented. ors had set only towards this ineffectual

essly.

He had schemed and waited, and just as his fingers were closing upon the alluring bubble—puff ! it had exploded into thin air. It was folly—he would have no more of it. In this frame of mind he went back to

town.

Durnford was still at Heidelberg.

So Percy soethed his perturbed feelings by a week's shooting at a friend's invitation, and endeavored to forget Herne Bay, and everything, and every one connected with it. The intimacy between the Thurnams and Levenshulmes did not end at the bay.

Mrs. Thurnam took an early opportunity of renewing it in town.

The wheel of events turns slowly—

The wheel of events turns slowly-slowly; yet before you are aware even the shadow, the thing you desire may be

He could not see her face as he entere, but before she had turned he knew her.

"My niece," said Mrs. Levenshulme.

"Mr. Thurman. Miss Courtney."

It was so natural.

It was such a common-place introduction, that as they bowed towards each other, he could hardly assure himself that he was not dreaming—that he had really met her at last.

He had made a slight error; she was th

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